The Jataka

edited by E. B. Cowell

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The Jataka

ed. E. B. Cowell

[1895]

The Jataka is a huge collection of fables framed as previous incarnations of the Buddha, many of which either have parallels or derivatives in western folklore and literature. Although the Jataka is not considered part of the canonical Buddhist scripture, it is very popular. Each tale usually has a concise moral, and the entire collection is a browsers' delight.

The Jataka, Vol. I
tr. by Robert Chalmers ed. E.B. Cowell [1895]
The first of six volumes of the complete Cowell translation of the Jataka.

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The Jataka

Volume I

tr. Robert Chalmers

ed. E. B. Cowell

[1895]

Contents Start Reading Page Index Text [Zipped]

VOLUME I | VOLUME II | VOLUME III | VOLUME IV | VOLUME V | VOLUME VI

The Jataka is a massive collection of Buddhist folklore about previous incarnations of the Buddha, both in human and animal form. Originally written in Pali, and dating to at least 380 BCE, the Jataka includes many stories which have traveled afar. Many of these can be traced cross-culturally in the folklore of many countries.

Title Page
Preface
Contents
Errata

Book I.--Ekanipāta

No. 1. Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka
No. 2. Vaṇṇupatha-Jātaka
No. 3. Serivāṇija-Jātaka
No. 4. Cullaka-Seṭṭhi-Jātaka
No. 5. Taṇḍulanāli-Jātaka
No. 6. Devadhamma-Jātaka
No. 7. Kaṭṭhahāri-Jātaka
No. 8. Gāmani-Jātaka
No. 9. Makhādeva-Jātaka
No. 10. Sukhavihāri-Jātaka
No. 11. Lakkhaṇa-Jātaka
No. 12. Nigrodhamiga-Jātaka
No. 13. Kaṇḍina-Jātaka
No. 14. Vātamiga-Jātaka
No. 15. Kharādiya-Jātaka
No. 16. Tipallattha-Miga-Jātaka
No. 17. Māluta-Jātaka
No. 18. Matakabhatta-Jātaka
No. 19. Āyācitabhatta-Jātaka
No. 20. Naḷapāna-Jātaka
No. 21. Kuruṅga-Jātaka
No. 22. Kukkura-Jātaka
No. 23. Bhojājānīya-Jātaka
No. 24. Ājañña-Jātaka
No. 25. Tittha-Jātaka
No. 26. Mahilāmukha-Jātaka
No. 27. Abhiṇha-Jātaka
No. 28. Nandivisāla-Jātaka
No. 29. Kaṇha-Jātaka
No. 30. Muṇika-Jātaka

No. 31. Kulāvaka-Jātaka
No. 32. Nacca-Jātaka
No. 33. Sammodamāna-Jātaka
No. 34. Maccha-Jātaka
No. 35. Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka
No. 36. Sakuṇa-Jātaka
No. 37. Tittira-Jātaka
No. 38. Baka-Jātaka
No. 39. Nanda-Jātaka
No. 40. Khadiraṅgāra-Jātaka
No. 41. Losaka-Jātaka
No. 42. Kapota-Jātaka
No. 43. Veḷuka-Jātaka
No. 44. Makasa-Jātaka
No. 45. Rohiṇī-Jātaka
No. 46. Ārāmadūsaka-Jātaka
No. 47. Vāruṇi-Jātaka
No. 48. Vedabbha-Jātaka
No. 49. Nakkhatta-Jātaka
No. 50. Dummedha-Jātaka
No. 51. Mahāsīlava-Jātaka
No. 52. Cūḷa-Janaka-Jātaka
No. 53. Puṇṇapāti-Jātaka
No. 54. Phala-Jātaka
No. 55. Pañcāvudha-Jātaka
No. 56. Kañcanakkhandha-Jātaka
No. 57. Vānarinda-Jātaka
No. 58. Tayodhamma-Jātaka
No. 59. Bherivāda-Jātaka
No. 60. Saṁkhadhamana-Jātaka
No. 61. Asātamanta-Jātaka
No. 62. Aṇḍabhūta-Jātaka

No. 63. Takka-Jātaka
No. 64. Durājāna-Jātaka
No. 65. Anabhirati-Jātaka
No. 66. Mudulakkhaṇa-Jātaka
No. 67. Ucchaṅga-Jātaka
No. 68. Sāketa-Jātaka
No. 69. Visavanta-Jātaka
No. 70. Kuddāla-Jātaka
No. 71. Varaṇa-Jātaka
No. 72. Sīlavanāga-Jātaka
No. 73. Saccaṁkira-Jātaka
No. 74. Rukkhadhamma-Jātaka
No. 75. Maccha-Jātaka
No. 76. Asaṁkiya-Jātaka
No. 77. Mahāsupina-Jātaka
No. 78. Illīsa-Jātaka
No. 79. Kharassara-Jātaka
No. 80. Bhīmasena-Jātaka
No. 81. Surāpāna-Jātaka
No. 82. Mittavinda-Jātaka
No. 83. Kālakaṇṇi-Jātaka
No. 84. Atthassadvāra-Jātaka
No. 85. Kimpakka-Jātaka
No. 86. Sīlavīmaṁsana-Jātaka
No. 87. Maṁgala-Jātaka
No. 88. Sārambha-Jātaka
No. 89. Kuhaka-Jātaka
No. 90. Akataññu-Jātaka
No. 91. Litta-Jātaka
No. 92. Mahāsāra-Jātaka
No. 93. Vissāsabhojana-Jātaka
No. 94. Lomahaṁsa-Jātaka

No. 95. Mahāsudassana-Jātaka
No. 96. Telapatta-Jātaka
No. 97. Nāmasiddhi-Jātaka
No. 98. Kūṭavāṇija-Jātaka
No. 99. Parosahassa-Jātaka
No. 100. Asātarūpa-Jātaka
No. 101. Parosata-Jātaka
No. 102. Paṇṇika-Jātaka
No. 103. Veri-Jātaka
No. 104. Mittavinda-Jātaka
No. 105. Dubbalakaṭṭha-Jātaka
No. 106. Udañcani-Jātaka
No. 107. Sālittaka-Jātaka
No. 108. Bāhiya-Jātaka
No. 109. Kuṇḍakapūva-Jātaka
No. 110. Sabbasaṁhāraka-Pañha
No. 111. Gadrabha-Pañha
No. 112. Amarādevī-Pañha
No. 113. Sigāla-Jātaka
No. 114. Mitacinti-Jātaka
No. 115. Anusāsika-Jātaka
No. 116. Dubbaca-Jātaka
No. 117. Tittira-Jātaka
No. 118. Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka
No. 119. Akālarāvi-Jātaka
No. 120. Bandhanamokkha-Jātaka
No. 121. Kusanāḷi-Jātaka
No. 122. Dummedha-Jātaka
No. 123. Naṅgalīsa-Jātaka
No. 124. Amba-Jātaka
No. 125. Kaṭāhaka-Jātaka
No. 126. Asilakkhaṇa-Jātaka

No. 127. Kalaṇḍuka-Jātaka
No. 128. Biḷāra-Jātaka
No. 129. Aggika-Jātaka
No. 130. Kosiya-Jātaka
No. 131. Asampadāna-Jātaka
No. 132. Pañcagaru-Jātaka
No. 133. Ghatāsana-Jātaka
No. 134. Jhānasodhana-Jātaka.
No. 135. Candābha-Jātaka
No. 136. Suvaṇṇahaṁsa-Jātaka
No. 137. Babbu-Jātaka
No. 138. Godha-Jātaka
No. 139. Ubhatobhaṭṭha-Jātaka
No. 140. Kāka-Jātaka
No. 141. Godha-Jātaka
No. 142. Sigāla-Jātaka
No. 143. Virocana-Jātaka
No. 144. Naṅguṭṭha-Jātaka
No. 145. Rādha-Jātaka
No. 146. Kāka-Jātaka
No. 147. Puppharatta-Jātaka
No. 148. Sigāla-Jātaka
No. 149. Ekapaṇṇa-Jātaka
No. 150. Sañjīva-Jātaka
Index of Proper Names

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. I.

TRANSLATED BY

ROBERT CHALMERS, B.A.,

OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[1895]

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TO

PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, LL.D., PH.D.,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL

THE TRANSLATOR

PREFACE.

IT was an almost isolated incident in Greek literary history [1], when Pythagoras claimed to remember his previous lives. Heracleides Ponticus relates that he professed to have been once born as Æthalides, the son of Hermes, and to have then obtained as a boon from his father ζῶντα καὶ τελευτῶντα μνήμην ἔχειν τῶν συμβαινόντων [2]. Consequently he remembered the Trojan war, where, as Euphorbus, he was wounded by Menelaus, and, as Pythagoras, he could still recognise the shield which Menelaus had hung up in the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ; and similarly he remembered his subsequent birth as Hermotimus, and then as Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos. But in India this recollection of previous lives is a common feature in the histories of the saints and heroes of sacred tradition; and it is especially mentioned by Manu [3] as the effect of a self-denying and pious life. The doctrine of Metempsychosis, since the later Vedic period, has played such an important part in the history Of the national character and religious ideas that we need not be surprised to find that Buddhist literature from the earliest times (although giving a theory of its own to explain the transmigration) has always included the ages of the past as an authentic background to the founder's historical life as Gautama. Jātaka legends occur even in the Canonical Piṭakas; thus the Sukha-vihāri Jātaka and the Tittira Jātaka, which are respectively the 10th and the 37th in this volume, are found in the Culla Vagga, vii. 1 and vi. 6, and similarly the Khandhavatta Jātaka, which will be given in the next volume, is found in the Culla Vagga v. 6; and there are several

other examples. So too one of the minor books of the Sutta Piṭaka (the Cariyā Piṭaka) consists of 35 Jātakas told in verse; and ten at least

of these can be identified in the volumes of our present collection already published; and probably several of the others will be traced when it is all printed. The Sutta and Vinaya Piṭakas are generally accepted as at least older than the Council of Vesāli (380 B.C.?); and thus Jātaka legends must have been always recognised in Buddhist literature.

This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that Jātaka scenes are found sculptured in the carvings on the railings round the relic shrines of Sanchi and Amaravati and especially those of Bharhut, where the titles of several Jātakas are clearly inscribed over some of the carvings. These bas-reliefs prove that the birth-legends were widely known in the third century B.C. and were then considered as part of the sacred history of the religion. Fah-hian, when he visited Ceylon, (400 A.D.), saw at Abhayagiri "representations of the 500 bodily forms which the Bodhisatta assumed during his successive births [1]," and he particularly mentions his births as Sou-to-nou, a bright flash of light, the king of the elephants, and an antelope [2]. These legends were also continually introduced into the religious discourses [3] which were delivered by the various teachers in the course of their wanderings, whether to magnify the glory of the Buddha or to illustrate Buddhist doctrines and precepts by appropriate examples, somewhat in the same way as mediæval preachers in Europe used to enliven their sermons by introducing fables and popular tales to rouse the flagging attention of their hearers [4].

It is quite uncertain when these various birth-stories were put together in a systematic form such as we find in our present Jātaka collection. At first they were probably handed down orally, but their growing popularity would ensure that their kernel, at any rate, would ere long be committed to some more permanent form. In fact there is a singular parallel to this in the 'Gesta Romanorum', which was compiled by an uncertain author in the 14th century and contains nearly 200 fables and stories told to illustrate various virtues and vices, many of them winding up with a religious application.

Some of the birth-stories are evidently Buddhistic and entirely depend for their point on some custom or idea peculiar to Buddhism; but many are pieces of folk-lore which have floated about the world for ages as the stray waifs of literature and are liable everywhere to be appropriated by any casual claimant. The same stories may thus, in the course of their long wanderings, come to be recognised under widely different aspects, as when they are used by Boccaccio or Poggio merely as merry tales, or by some Welsh bard to embellish king Arthur's legendary glories, or by some Buddhist *samaṇa* or mediæval friar to add point to his discourse. Chaucer unwittingly puts a Jātaka story into the mouth of his Pardonere when he tells his tale of 'the ryotoures three'; and another appears in Herodotus as the popular explanation of the sudden rise of the Alcmæonidæ through Megacles' marriage with Cleisthenes' daughter and the rejection of his rival Hippocleides.

The Pāli work, entitled 'the Jātaka', the first volume of which is now presented to the reader in an English form, contains 550

Jātakas or Birth-stories, which are arranged in 22 *nipātas* or books. This division is roughly founded on the number of verses (gāthās) which are quoted in each story; thus the first book contains 150 stories, each of which only quotes one verse, the second 100, each of which quotes two, the third and fourth 50 each, which respectively quote 3 and 4, and so on to the twenty-first with 5 stories, each of which quotes 80 verses, and the twenty-second with 10 stories, each quoting a still larger number. Each story opens with a preface called the *paccuppannavatthu* or 'story of the present', which relates the particular circumstances in the Buddha's life which led him to tell the birth-story and thus reveal some event in the long series of his previous existences as a *bodhisatta* or a being destined to attain Buddha-ship. At the end there is always given a short summary, where the Buddha identifies the different actors in the story in their present births at the time of his discourse,--it being an essential condition of the book that the Buddha possesses the same power as that which Pythagoras claimed but with a far more extensive range, since he could remember all the past events in every being's previous existences as well as in his own. Every story is also illustrated by one or more *gāthās* which are uttered by the Buddha while still a Bodhisatta and so playing his part in the narrative; but sometimes the verses are put into his mouth as the Buddha, when they are called *abhisambuddha-gāthā*.

Some of these stanzas are found in the canonical book called the Dhammapada; and many of the Jātaka stories are given in the old Commentary on that book but with varying details, and sometimes associated with verses which are not given in our

present Jātaka text. This might seem to imply that there is not necessarily a strict connexion between any particular story and the verses which may be quoted as its moral; but in most cases an apposite stanza would of course soon assert a prescriptive right to any narrative which it seemed specially to illustrate. The language of the gāthās is much more archaic than that of the stories; and it certainly seems more probable to suppose that they are the older kernel of the work, and that thus in its original form the Jātaka, like the Cariyā-piṭaka, consisted only of these verses. It is quite true that they are generally unintelligible without the story, but such is continually the case with proverbial sayings; the traditional commentary passes by word of mouth in a varying form along with the adage, as in the well-known οὐ φροντὶς Ἱπποκλείδῃ or our own 'Hobson's choice', until some author writes it down in a crystallised form [1]. Occasionally the same birth-story is repeated elsewhere in a somewhat varied form and with different verses attached to it; and we sometimes find the phrase *iti vitthāretabbam* [2], which seems to imply that the narrator is to amplify the details at his discretion.

The native tradition in Ceylon is that the original Jātaka Book consisted of the *gāthās* alone, and that a commentary on these, containing the stories which they were intended to illustrate, was written in very early times in Singhalese. This was translated into Pāli about 430 A.D. by Buddhaghosa, who translated so many of the early Singhalese commentaries into Pāli; and after this the Singhalese original was lost, The accuracy of this tradition has been discussed by Professor Rhys Davids in the Introduction to the first volume of his 'Buddhist Birth Stories' [3]; and we may safely adopt his conclusion, that if the prose commentary was not composed by Buddhaghosa, it was composed not long

afterwards; and as in any case it was merely a redaction of materials

handed down from very early times in the Buddhist community, it is not a question of much importance except for Pāli literary history. The *gāthās* are undoubtedly old, and they necessarily imply the previous existence of the stories, though not perhaps in the exact words in which we now possess them.

The Jātakas are preceded in the Pāli text by a long Introduction, the Nidāna-kathā, which gives the Buddha's previous history both before his last birth, and also during his last existence until he attained the state of a Buddha [1]. This has been translated by Professor Rhys Davids, but as it has no direct connexion with the rest of the work, we have omitted it in our translation, which commences with the first Birth-story.

We have translated the quasi historical introductions which always precede the different birth-stories, as they are an essential part of the plan of the original work,--since they link each tale with some special incident in the Buddha's life, which tradition venerates as the occasion when he is supposed to have recalled the forgotten scene of a long past existence to his contemporaries. But it is an interesting question for future investigation how far they contain any historical data. They appear at first sight to harmonise with the framework of the Piṭakas; but I confess that I have no confidence in their historical credibility,--they seem to me rather the laboured invention of a later age, like the legendary history of the early centuries of ancient Rome. But this question will be more easily settled, when we have made further progress in the translation.

The Jātakas themselves are of course interesting as specimens of Buddhist literature; but their foremost interest to us consists in their relation to folk-lore and the light which they often throw on those popular stories which illustrate so vividly the ideas and superstitions of the early times of civilisation. In this respect they possess a special value, as, although much of their matter is peculiar to Buddhism, they contain embedded with it an unrivalled collection of Folk-lore. They are also full of interest as giving a vivid picture of the social life and customs of ancient India. Such books as Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman's 'Rambles' or Mr Grierson's 'Bihār Peasant Life' illustrate them at every turn. They form in fact an ever-shifting panorama of the village life such as Fah-hian and Hiouen-thsang saw it in the old days before the Muhammadan

conquest, when Hindu institutions and native rule prevailed in every province throughout the land. Like all collections of early popular tales they are full of violence and craft, and betray a low opinion of woman; but outbursts of nobler feeling are not wanting, to relieve the darker colours.

Professor Rhys Davids first commenced a translation of the Jātaka in 1880, but other engagements obliged him to discontinue it after one volume had appeared, containing the Nidānakathā and 40 stories. The present translation has been undertaken by a band of friends who hope, by each being responsible for a definite portion, to complete the whole within a reasonable time. We are in fact a guild of Jātaka translators, *çreshṭhi pūrvā vayaṃ çreṇiḥ*; but, although we have adopted some common principles of translation and aim at a certain

general uniformity in our technical terms and in transliteration, we have agreed to leave each individual translator, within certain limits, a free hand in his own work. The Editor only exercises a general superintendence, in consultation with the two resident translators, Mr Francis and Mr Neil.

Mr R. Chalmers of Oriel College, Oxford, has translated in the present volume the first volume of Prof. Fausböll's edition of the Pāli text (five volumes of which have already appeared). The second volume will be translated by Mr W. H. D. Rouse, late fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who will also be responsible for the fourth; the third will be translated by Mr H. T. Francis, Under-Librarian of the University Library at Cambridge, and late fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Mr R. A. Neil, fellow and assistant-tutor of Pembroke College, who hope also to undertake the fifth [1].

E. B. COWELL.

Footnotes

vii:1 But compare the account of Aristeas of Proconnesus in Hdt. iv. 14, 15.

vii:2 Diogenes Laert. viii. 1.

vii:3 iv. 148.

viii:1 Beal's transl. p. 157.

viii:2 Hiouen-thsang twice refers to Jātakas, *Julien*, i. 137, 197.

viii:3 See Prof. M. M. Künté's paper, *Journ. R. A. S. Ceylon*, viii. 123.

viii:4 In the curious description of the Buddhist grove in the Harsha-carita, viii., Bāṇa mentions owls "which repeated the Bodhisattva's Jātakas, having gained illumination by continually hearing them recited."

x:1 We have an interesting illustration of the proverbial character of some of the Jātaka stories in the Sāṇkhya Aphorisms, iv. 11, "he who is without hope is happy like Piṅgalā," which finds its explanation in Jāt. 330. It is also referred to in the Mahābh. xii. 6520.

x:2 As *e.g.* Fausböll, iii. p. 495. Cf. *Divyāvad*. p. 377, 1.

x:3 See also several papers in the eighth volume of the *Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the R. A. Society*.

xi:1 This latter portion partly corresponds to the well-known *Lalita-vistara* of the Northern Buddhists.

xii:1 A complete index will be given at the end of the last volume.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE vii

1. APAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA 1

(Two merchants travel with caravans across a desert. One, beguiled by goblins, throws away his drinking-water in the desert and is devoured with all his people and cattle; the other completes his journey safely.)

2. VAṆṆUPATHA-JĀTAKA 9

(Travelling across a desert, a caravan through mistake throws away its water, &c. In their despair the leader has a well dug, till far down water is found, and perseverance saves the caravan from death.)

3. SERIVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA 12

(Two hawkers are successively offered by its unwitting owners a golden bowl. The greedy hawker over-

reaches himself, whilst the honest one is richly rewarded.)

4. CULLAKA-SEṬṬHI-JĀTAKA 14

(A young man picks up a dead mouse which he sells, and works up this capital till he becomes rich.)

5. TAṆḌULANĀLI-JĀTAKA 21

(An incompetent valuer declares 500 horses worth a measure of rice, which measure. of rice in turn he is led to declare worth all Benares.)

6. DEVADHAMMA-JĀTAKA 23

(Two princes going down to a haunted pool are seized by an ogre; the third, by correctly defining 'godlike,' saves his brothers.)

7. KAṬṬHAHĀRI-JĀTAKA 27

(A king refuses to recognize his son by a chance amour; the mother throws the child into the air, praying that, if he be not the king's son, he may be

killed by his fall. The child rests in mid-air, and the king recognizes him as his son.)

8. GĀMANI-JĀTAKA 29

PAGE

9. MAKHĀDEVA-JĀTAKA 30

(A king, finding a grey hair in his head, renounces his throne to prepare as a hermit for death.)

10. SUKHAVIHĀRI-JĀTAKA 32

(A king who becomes a Brother proclaims the happiness he has found.)

11. LAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA 34

(Two stags; one through stupidity loses all his following, whilst the other brings his herd home in safety.)

12. NIGRODHAMIGA-JĀTAKA 36

(Deer in a royal park, to avoid being hunted, decide that lots shall be cast to select a daily victim. The lot having fallen on a doe big with young, the king of the deer offers himself as a substitute at the block and saves not only his own life but also the lives of all living creatures.)

13. KAṆḌINA-JĀTAKA 42

(A mountain-stag, enamoured of a doe, is by her allowed to fall prey to a hunter; the doe escapes.)

14. VĀTAMIGA-JĀTAKA 44

(By a bait of honeyed grass a wild antelope is lured by slow degrees into a palace.)

15. KHARĀDIYA-JĀTAKA 46

(A deer which would not come to be taught the ruses of deer, is caught in a trap.)

16. TIPALLATTHAMIGA-JĀTAKA 47

(A deer which had learnt the ruses of deer, being caught in a snare, effects its escape.)

17. MĀLUTA-JĀTAKA 50

(A tiger and a lion dispute whether it is the dark or the light half of the month which is cold.)

18. MATAKABHATTA-JĀTAKA 51

(A goat, which was to be sacrificed by a brahmin, shows signs of great joy and of great sorrow. It explains the reason for each emotion.)

19. ĀYĀCITABHATTA-JĀTAKA 53

(Offering sacrifice to get release from a vow, is not true 'Release.')

20. NAḶAPĀNA-JĀTAKA 54

(Thirsty monkeys came to a pool haunted by an ogre. Their leader miraculously blows the knots out of canes and with these the monkeys safely slake their thirst.)

PAGE

21. KURUṄGA-JĀTAKA 57

(A hunter up a tree throws down fruits to lure a deer within aim. The deer detects the artifice and escapes.)

22. KUKKURA-JĀTAKA 58

(Carriage-straps having been gnawed by palace dogs, a king orders all other dogs to be killed. The leader of a pack of dogs reveals the truth by causing an emetic to be applied to the royal dogs of the palace.)

23. BHOJĀJĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA 61

(A charger falls wounded when his rider has captured six out of seven kings. Seeing that a hack is being saddled in his place, the charger asks to be saddled again, makes a last effort and dies in the hour of victory.)

24. ĀJAÑÑA-JĀTAKA 63

(A story similar to the above about two chariot horses,

one of whom is wounded and is about to be replaced by a sorry beast.)

25. TITTHA-JĀTAKA 64

(A royal charger refuses to take his bath because a hack had bathed at the spot.)

26. MAHILĀMUKHA-JĀTAKA 67

(An elephant listening to robbers' talk, kills his mahout; by listening to virtuous converse he becomes good again.)

27. ABHIṆHA-JĀTAKA 69

(An elephant, missing his playmate, the dog, refuses to eat until the dog is restored to him.)

28. NANDIVISĀLA-JĀTAKA 71

(How by incivil words to his bull a brahmin lost a bet, which by civility to the animal he afterwards won.)

29. KAṆHA-JĀTAKA 73

(How a bull drew 500 carts in order to earn money for his poor mistress.)

30. MUṆIKA-JĀTAKA 75

(A hard-worked ox is discontented with his own hard fare, when he sees a lazy pig being fattened up. Another ox explains that the pig is being fattened to be eaten; and the discontented ox accepts his position.)

31. KULĀVAKA-JĀTAKA 76

(Through the practice of goodness tending to the diminution of crime in his village, a man is falsely accused by the headman and sentenced to be trampled to death by elephants. The elephants

refuse to harm him. Being released, he builds a caravansery, in which good work (against his wish) three out of four of his wives take part: At death he is reborn as Sakka. His three good wives are reborn in heaven. He seeks out the fourth and exhorts her to goodness. As a crane she refuses to eat a fish which

shewed signs of life; reborn a woman, she is eventually born a Titan and espoused by Sakka.)

32. NACCA-JĀTAKA 83

(The animals choose kings. The daughter of the king of the birds (the Golden Mallard) chooses the peacock for her husband. In dancing for joy the peacock exposes himself and is rejected.)

33. SAMMODAMĀNA-JĀTAKA 85

(Quails caught in a net, rise up in a body with the net and escape several times. After a time they quarrel and are caught.)

34. MACCHA-JĀTAKA 87

(An uxorious fish being caught, fears his wife may misconstrue his absence. A brahmin sets him free.)

35. VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA 88

(A baby-quail is about to be engulfed in a jungle-fire, when by an 'Act of Truth' he quenches the flames round him.)

36. SAKUṆA-JĀTAKA 91

(A tree in which birds dwell is grinding its boughs together and beginning to smoke. The wise birds fly away; the foolish ones are burnt.)

37. TITTIRA-JĀTAKA 92

(A partridge, a monkey and an elephant living together, decide to obey the senior. To prove seniority each gives his earliest recollection.)

38. BAKA-JĀTAKA 95

(A crane by pretending that he was taking them to a big lake, devours all the fish of a pond. A wise crab nips the bird's head off.)

39. NANDA-JĀTAKA 98

(How a slave was made to tell where his master's father had buried his hoard.)

40. KHADIRAṄGĀRA-JĀTAKA 100

(In order to stop a Treasurer from giving alms to a

Pacceka Buddha, Māra interposes a yawning gulf of fire. Undaunted, the Treasurer steps forward, to be borne up by a lotus from which he tenders his alms to Māra's discomfiture.)

PAGE

41. LOSAKA-JĀTAKA 105

(How a Brother through jealous greed was condemned to rebirths entailing misery and hunger. Finally, when reborn a man, he is deserted by his parents and brings suffering on those around him. On board ship, he has to be cast overboard; on a raft he comes to successive island palaces of goddesses, and eventually to an ogre-island where he seizes the leg of an ogress in form of a goat. She kicks him over the sea to Benares, and he falls among the king's goats. Hoping to get back to the goddesses, he seizes a goat by the leg, only to be seized as a thief and to be condemned to death.)

42. KAPOTA-JĀTAKA 112

(A pigeon lives in a kitchen. A greedy crow makes friends with him, and, being also housed in the

kitchen, plans an attack on the victuals. The crow is tortured to death, and the pigeon flies away.)

43. VEḶUKA-JĀTAKA 114

(A man rears a viper, which in the end kills its benefactor.)

44. MAKASA-JĀTAKA 116

(A mosquito settles on a man's head. To kill it, his foolish son strikes the man's head with an axe with fatal effect.)

45. ROHIṆĪ-JĀTAKA 117

(Like the last; a pestle takes the place of the axe.)

46. ĀRĀMADŪSAKA-JĀTAKA 118

(Monkeys employed to water a pleasaunce pull up the trees in order to judge by the size of the roots how much water to give. The trees die.)

47. VĀRUṆI-JĀTAKA 120

(Seeing customers whet their thirst with salt, a young potman mixes salt in the spirits for sale.)

48. VEDABBHA-JĀTAKA 121

(Captured by robbers, a brahmin makes treasure rain from the sky; a second band kills him because he cannot repeat the miracle. Mutual slaughter leaves only two robbers with the treasure. One poisons the other's food and is himself slain by his fellow.)

49. NAKKHATTA-JĀTAKA 124

(A chaplain thwarts a marriage on the ground that the day fixed is unlucky. The bride is given to another.)

50. DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA 126

(To put a stop to sacrifices of living creatures, a king vows to offer a holocaust of such as take life, &c. Sacrifices cease.)

51. MAHĀSĪLAVA-JĀTAKA 128

(A good king meets evil with good. Refusing to sanction war, he is captured and buried alive in a charnel-grove. How he escapes the jackals, acts as umpire for ogres, and regains his sovereignty.)

52. CŪḶAJANAKA-JĀTAKA 133

53. PUṆṆAPĀTI-JĀTAKA 134

(Rascals drug spirits for purposes of robbery. Their intended victim discovers the plot because they do not drink the liquor themselves.)

54. PHALA-JĀTAKA 135

(How in defiance of warnings greedy fellows ate a poisonous fruit. How their leader knew it must be poisonous though it looked exactly like a mango.)

55. PAÑCĀVUDHA-JĀTAKA 137

(How Prince Five-weapons fought the ogre Hairy-grip, and, though defeated, subdued the ogre by fearlessness.)

56. KAÑCANAKKHANDHA-JĀTAKA 140

(A farmer finds a heavy nugget of gold. By cutting it up into four pieces, he is able to carry it away.)

57. VĀNARINDA-JĀTAKA 142

(How the crocodile lay on a rock to catch the monkey, and how the latter outwitted the crocodile.)

58. TAYODHAMMA-JĀTAKA 144

(A monkey gelds all his male offspring. One escapes; the father, seeking to kill him, sends his son to an ogre-haunted pool. By cleverness the son escapes death.)

59. BHERIVĀDA-JĀTAKA 146

(A drummer by too much drumming is plundered by robbers in a forest.)

60. SAṀKHADHAMANA-JĀTAKA 147

(A similar story about a conch blower.)

61. ASĀTAMANTA-JĀTAKA 147

(The wickedness of women shewn by the endeavour of a hag to kill her good son in order to facilitate an intrigue with a youth.)

62. AṆḌABHŪTA-JĀTAKA 151

(Another story of the innate wickedness of women. A girl is bred up from infancy among women only, without ever seeing any man but her husband. The story of her intrigue with a lover and of her deceits toward her husband.)

PAGE

63. TAKKA-JĀTAKA 155

(A wicked princess seduces a hermit who devotes himself to her. Being carried off by a robber chief, she lures the hermit to her new home in order that he may be killed. His goodness saves him and her ingratitude destroys her.)

64. DURĀJĀNA-JĀTAKA 158

(Wives a bar to the higher life.)

65. ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA 160

(Women common to all.)

66. MUDULAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA 161

(How a hermit fell in love and was cured.)

67. UCCHAṄGA-JĀTAKA 164

(A woman's husband, son and brother are condemned to death. Being offered a choice which she will save, she chooses her brother and gives the reason.)

68. SĀKETA-JĀTAKA 166

(Why a Brahmin and his wife claimed the Buddha as their son.)

69. VISAVANTA-JĀTAKA 167

(A viper bites a man and refuses under threat of death to suck out the poison.)

70. KUDDĀLA-JĀTAKA 168

(Private property a bar to the higher life. Conquest over self the highest conquest. Sakka builds a monastery for a sage and a converted people.)

71. VARAṆA-JĀTAKA 172

(How a lazy fellow, who picked green boughs for firewood, hurt himself and inconvenienced others.)

72. SĪLAVANĀGA-JĀTAKA 174

(The story of the good elephant and the ungrateful man.)

73. SACCAṀKIRA-JĀTAKA 177

(The ingratitude of a prince, and the gratitude of. a snake, a rat and a parrot.)

74. RUKKHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA 181

(Union is strength, among trees as among men.)

75. MACCHA-JĀTAKA 183

(How the good fish ended a drought And saved his kinsfolk.)

76. ASAṀKIYA-JĀTAKA 185

(A caravan is saved by a wakeful hermit from being looted.)

PAGE

77. MAHĀSUPINA-JĀTAKA 187

(Sixteen wonderful dreams and their interpretation.)

78. ILLĪSA-JĀTAKA 195

(How a miser was cured by his father reappearing on earth and distributing the son's wealth in the exact semblance of the son.)

79. KHARASSARA-JĀTAKA 202

(A village headman privily incites robbers to carry off the taxes collected for the king.)

80. BHĪMASENA-JĀTAKA 203

(A valiant dwarf and a cowardly giant. The dwarf does the work, and the giant gets the credit. The giant's growing pride is brought low in the face of danger; the dwarf is honoured.)

81. SURĀPĀNA-JĀTAKA 206

(The effects of strong drink on hermits.)

82. MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA 209

(See No. 41.)

83. KĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA 209

(Not the name but the heart within makes the man.)

84. ATTHASSADVĀRA-JĀTAKA 211

(The paths to spiritual welfare.)

85. KIMPAKKA-JĀTAKA 212

(Like No. 54.)

86. SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA 213

(The brahmin who stole in order to see whether he was esteemed for goodness or otherwise. The good cobra.)

87. MAṀGALA-JĀTAKA 215

(The folly of superstitious belief in omens and the like.)

88. SĀRAMBHA-JĀTAKA 217

(Like No. 28.)

89. KUHAKA-JĀTAKA 218

(The hypocritical hermit who stole the gold, but punctiliously returned a straw which was not his.)

90. AKATAÑÑU-JĀTAKA 220

(A merchant is befriended by a merchant in another country, but refuses to return the service. The revenge taken by the good merchant's servants.)

PAGE

91. LITTA-JĀTAKA 221

(A sharper swallows dice which had been poisoned in order to teach him a lesson.)

92. MAHĀSĀRA-JĀTAKA 222

(A queen's jewels are stolen by monkeys. Certain innocent persons confess to the theft. How the monkeys are proved to be the real culprits, and how the jewels are recovered.)

93. VISSĀSABHOJANA-JĀTAKA 227

(A lion's fatal passion for a doe.)

94. LOMAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA 229

(The futility of ascetic self-mortification.)

95. MAHĀSUDASSANA-JĀTAKA 230

(How King Sudassana died.)

96. TELAPATTA-JĀTAKA 232

(A prince wins a kingdom by resisting the fascinations of lovely ogresses. A king who yields, is eaten, with all his household.)

97. NĀMASIDDHI-JĀTAKA 237

(Discontented with his name, a youth travels till he learns that the name does not make the man.)

98. KŪṬAVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA 239

(A rogue is hidden in a hollow tree, to feign to be the Tree-sprite who is to act as umpire in a dispute. A fire

lighted at the bottom of the tree exposes the cheat.)

99. PAROSAHASSA-JĀTAKA 240

(A brahmin dies and states his spiritual attainments in a formula which only one of his pupils understands.)

100. ASĀTARŪPA-JĀTAKA 242

(A beleaguered city is captured by cutting off supplies of water and firewood.)

101. PAROSATA-JĀTAKA 243

(= No. 99.)

102. PAṆṆIKA-JĀTAKA 244

(To test his daughter's virtue, a man makes love to her.)

103. VERI-JĀTAKA 245

(A merchant rejoices that he has outstripped robbers and reached his home in safety.)

PAGE

104. MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA 246

(An additional fragment of No. 41.)

105. DUBBALAKAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA 246

(An elephant, having escaped from the trainer's goad, lives in constant dread.)

106. UDAÑCANI-JĀTAKA 248

(A young hermit, seduced by a girl, is disenchanted by the number of errands she makes him run.)

107. SĀLITTAKA-JĀTAKA 249

(A skilful marksman reduces a talkative brahmin to silence by flicking pellets of goat's dung down the latter's throat.)

108. BĀHIYA-JĀTAKA 251

(Occasional decency a passport to greatness.)

19. KUṆḌAKAPŪVA-JĀTAKA 252

(A Tree-sprite, whose worshipper feared his gift was too mean, asks for the gift and rewards the poor man by revealing the site of a buried hoard of money.)

110. SABBASAṀHĀRAKA-PAÑHA 254

111. GADRABHA-PAÑHA 254

112. AMARĀDEVĪ-PAÑHA 254

113. SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA 255

(Being belated in a city, a jackal, by a lying promise to reveal buried treasure, induces a brahmin to carry him safely out of the city. The greedy brahmin reaps only indignities from the ungrateful beast.)

114. MITACINTI-JĀTAKA 256

(Of three fishes, two through folly are caught in a net; the third and wiser fish rescues them.)

115. ANUSĀSIKA-JĀTAKA 257

(A greedy bird, after cunningly warning other birds against the dangers of the high road on which she found food, is herself crushed to death by a carriage on that road.)

116. DUBBACA-JĀTAKA 259

(Being in liquor, an acrobat undertakes to jump more javelins than he can manage, and is killed.)

117. TITTIRA-JĀTAKA 260

(A busybody is killed for his chatter by a jaundiced man; and the piping of a partridge attracts the hunter who kills it.)

PAGE

118. VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA 261

(A quail, being caught by a fowler, starves itself till no

one will buy it, and in the end escapes.)

119. AKĀLARĀVI-JĀTAKA 263

(A cock which crowed in and out of season has its neck wrung.)

120. BANDHANAMOKKHA-JĀTAKA 264

(A queen, who had committed adultery with sixty-four footmen and failed in her overtures to the chaplain, accuses the latter of rape. He reveals her guilt and his own innocence.)

121. KUSANĀḶI-JĀTAKA 267

(A grass-sprite and a tree-sprite are friends. The former saves the latter's tree from the axe by assuming the shape of a chameleon and making the tree look full of holes.)

122. DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA 269

(Being jealous of his elephant, a king seeks to make it fall over a precipice. The elephant flies through the air

with its mahout to another and more appreciative master.)

123. NAṄGALĪSA-JĀTAKA 271

(A stupid youth, being devoted to his teacher, props up the latter's bed with his own leg all night long. The grateful teacher yearns to instruct the dullard and tries to make him compare things together. The youth sees a likeness to the shaft of a plough in a snake, an elephant, sugar-cane and curds. The teacher abandons all hope.)

124. AMBA-JĀTAKA 273

(In time of drought, a hermit provides water for the animals, who in gratitude bring him fruit enough for himself and 500 others.)

125. KAṬĀHAKA-JĀTAKA 275

(A slave, educated beyond his station, manages by forging his master's name to marry a rich wife in another city. He gives himself airs till his old master comes, who, while not betraying the slave, teaches the wife verses whereby to restrain her husband's arrogance.)

126. ASILAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA 277

(Effects of two sneezes. One lost a sword-tester his nose, whilst the other won a princess for her lover.)

127. KALAṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA 280

(A slave like the one in No. 125 is rebuked for arrogance to his wife by a parrot who knew him at home, The slave is recaptured.)

PAGE

128. BIḶĀRA-JĀTAKA 281

(A jackal, under guise of saintliness, eats rats belonging to a troop with which he consorts. His treachery is discovered and avenged.)

129. AGGIKA-JĀTAKA 283

(A similar story about rats and a jackal whose hair had all been burnt off except a top-knot which suggested holiness.)

130. KOSIYA-JĀTAKA 284

(The alternative of the stick or a draught of nauseous filth cures a wife of feigned illness.)

131. ASAMPADĀNA-JĀTAKA 286

(A benefactor is repulsed by the man he had befriended. Hearing of this ingratitude, the king gives all the ingrate's wealth to the benefactor, who refuses to take back more than his own.)

132. PAÑCAGARU-JĀTAKA 288

(Like No. 96. The king is thankful to have passed through great perils to great dominion.)

133. GHATĀSANA-JĀTAKA 290

(Because the waters of his lake were befouled by birds roosting in an overhanging tree, a Naga darts flames among the boughs. The wise birds fly away; the foolish stay and are killed.)

134. JHĀNASODHANA-JĀTAKA 291

(Like No. 99.)

135. CANDĀBHA-JĀTAKA 292

(Like No. 99.)

136. SUVAṆṆAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA 292

(The father of a family dies, leaving his family destitute. Being reborn a bird with golden plumage, and discovering the condition of his family, the father gives them a feather at a time to sell. The widow in her greed plucks all his feathers out, only to find that they are gold no more.)

137. BABBU-JĀTAKA 294

(A mouse caught by successive cats buys them off by daily rations of meat. In the end, the mouse, ensconced in crystal, defies the cats, who dash themselves to pieces against the unseen crystal.)

138. GODHA-JĀTAKA 297

(A hermit tries in vain to catch a lizard to eat.)

PAGE

139. UBHATOBHAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA 298

(A fisherman, having hooked a snag, and thinking it a monster fish, wishes to keep it all to himself. How he lost his clothes and his eyes, and how his wife was beaten and fined.)

140. KĀKA-JĀTAKA 300

(A wanton crow having befouled the king's chaplain, the latter prescribes crows' fat for the burns of the king's elephants. The leader of the crows explains to the king that crows have no fat and that revenge alone prompted the chaplain's prescription.)

141. GODHA-JĀTAKA 302

(A chameleon betrays a tribe of iguanas to a hunter.)

142. SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA 304

(In order to catch a jackal, a man pretends to be dead.

To try him, the jackal tugs at the man's stick and finds his grip tighten.)

143. VIROCANA-JĀTAKA 305

(A jackal, after attending a lion in the chase, imagines he can kill a quarry as well as the lion. In essaying to kill an elephant, the jackal is killed.)

144. NAṄGUṬṬHA-JĀTAKA 307

(A votary of the God of Fire, having a cow to sacrifice to his deity, finds that robbers have driven it off. If the god, he reflects, cannot look after his own sacrifice, how shall he protect his votary?)

145. RĀDHA-JĀTAKA 309

(A brahmin asks two parrots to keep an eye on his wife during his absence. They observe her misconduct and report it to the brahmin, without essaying the hopeless task of restraining her.)

146. KĀKA-JĀTAKA 310

(A hen crow having been drowned in the sea, other

crows try to bale the sea out with their beaks.)

147. PUPPHARATTA-JĀTAKA 312

(In order to have smart holiday attire, a wife makes her husband break into the royal conservatories. Being caught and impaled, he has only the one grief that his wife will not have her flowers to wear.)

148. SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA 314

(A jackal eats his way into a dead elephant's carcass and cannot get out.)

PAGE

149. EKAPAṆṆA-JĀTAKA 316

(By the analogy of a poisonous seedling, a wicked prince is reformed.)

150. SAÑJĪVA-JĀTAKA 319

(A youth, who has learnt the charm for restoring the dead to life, tries it on a tiger, with fatal effects to himself.)

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES 323

ERRATA.

P. 30, l. 36, *read* 'He who has trodden...'

P. 113, last l., *read* Cf. Vol. n. p. 362 (Pāli text).

Praised be the Blessed One, the Arahat, the perfect Buddha.

BOOK I.--EKANIPĀTA [1].

No. 1.

APAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

[95.] This [2] discourse regarding Truth was delivered by the Blessed One, while he was dwelling in the Great Monastery at Jetavana near Sāvatthi. But who, you ask, was it that led up to this tale?

Well; it was the Treasurer's five hundred friends, disciples of the sophists [3].

For, one day Anātha-piṇḍika [4] the Treasurer, took his friends the five hundred disciples of other schools, and went off with them to Jetavana, whither also he had a great store brought of garlands, perfumes, and unguents, together with oil, honey, molasses, cloths, and cloaks. After due salutation to the Blessed One, he made his offering to him of the garlands and the like, and handed over to the Order of the Brethren the medicinal oil and so forth together with the cloths; and, this done, he took his seat on one side eschewing the six faults in

sitting down. Likewise, those disciples of other schools saluted the Buddha, and took their seats close by the side of Anātha-piṇḍika,--gazing upon the Master's countenance, glorious as the full moon, upon his excellent presence endowed with the signs and marks of Buddhahood and encompassed to a fathom's

length with light, and upon the rich glory that marks a Buddha, a glory which issued as it were in paired garlands, pair upon pair.

Then, though in thunderous tones as of a young lion roaring in the Red Valley or as of a storm-cloud in the rainy season, bringing down as it were the Ganges of the Heavens [1]. [96] and seeming to weave a chaplet of jewels,--yet in a voice of eightfold perfection, the charm of which ravished the ear, he preached to them the Truth in a discourse full of sweetness and bright with varied beauty.

They, after hearing the Master's discourse, rose up with hearts converted, and with due salutation to the Lord of Knowledge, burst asunder the other doctrines in which they had taken refuge, and betook themselves to the Buddha as their refuge. Thenceforth without ceasing they used to go with Anātha-piṇḍika, carrying in their hands perfumes and garlands and the like, to hear the Truth in the Monastery; and they abounded in charity, kept the Commandments, and kept the weekly fast-day.

Now the Blessed One went from Sāvatthi back to Rājagaha again. As soon as the Buddha had gone, they burst asunder their new faith, and returning to the other doctrines as their refuge, reverted to their original state.

After some seven or eight months' stay, the Blessed One came back to Jetavana. Once again too did Anātha-piṇḍika come with those friends of his to the Master, make his salutation and offering of perfumes and the like, and take his seat on one side. And the friends also saluted the Blessed One and took their seats in like manner. Then did Anātha-piṇḍika tell the Blessed One how, when the Buddha had departed on his alms-

pilgrimage, his friends had forsaken their refuge for the old doctrines again, and had reverted to their original state.

Opening the lotus of his mouth, as though it were a casket of jewels, scented with scents divine and filled with divers perfumes by virtue of his having ever spoken aright throughout myriad æons, the Blessed One made his sweet voice come forth, as he enquired:--"Is the report true that you, disciples, have forsaken the Three Refuges [2] for the refuge of other doctrines?"

And when they, unable to conceal the fact, had confessed, saying, "It is true, Blessed One," then said the Master, "Disciples, not between the bounds of hell [3] below and the highest heaven above, not in all the infinite worlds that stretch right and left, is there the equal, much less the superior, of a Buddha in the excellences which spring from obeying the Commandments and from other virtuous conduct."

Then he declared to them the excellences of the Three Gems as they are revealed in the sacred texts, the following amongst the number,--"Of all creatures, Brethren, whether footless &c., of these the Buddha is the chief"; "Whatsoever riches there be in this or in other worlds &c."; and "Verily the chief of the faithful &c." Thence he went on to say:--"No disciples, male or female, who seek refuge in the Three Gems that are endowed with such peerless excellences, are ever reborn into hell and the like states; but, released from all rebirth into states of suffering, they pass to the Realm of Devas and there receive great glory. Therefore, in forsaking such a refuge for that offered by other doctrines, you have gone astray."

(And here the following sacred texts should be cited to make it clear that none who, to find release and the supreme good, have sought refuge in the Three Gems, shall be reborn into states of suffering:--

[97] Those who have refuge in the Buddha found,
Shall not pass hence to states of suffering;
Straightway, when they shall quit their human frame,
A Deva-form these faithful ones shall fill [1].

Those who have refuge in the Doctrine found
&c., &c.

Those who have refuge in the Order found
&c., &c.

They're manifold the refuges men seek,
--The mountain peak, the forest's solitude,

(*and so on down to*)

When he this refuge shall have sought and found,
Entire release is his from every pain.) [2]

But the Master did not end his teaching to them at this point; for he went on to say:--"Disciples, meditation on the thought of the Buddha, meditation on the thought of the Truth, meditation on the thought of the Brotherhood, this it is that gives Entry to and

Fruition of the First, the Second, the Third, and the Fourth Paths to Bliss [3]." And when he had preached the Truth to them in these and other ways, he said, "In forsaking such a refuge as this, you have gone astray."

(And here the gift of the several Paths to those who meditate on the thought of the Buddha and so forth, should be made clear by such scriptures as the following:--"One thing there is, Brethren, which, if practised and developed, conduces to utter loathing of the world's vanities, to the cessation of passion, to the end of being, to peace, to insight, to enlightenment, to Nirvana. What is this one thing?--The meditation on the thought of the Buddha.")

When he had thus exhorted the disciples, the Blessed One said,--"So too in times past, disciples, the men who jumped to the fatuous conclusion that what was no refuge was a real refuge, fell a prey to goblins in a demon-haunted wilderness and were utterly destroyed; whilst the men who clave to the absolute and indisputable truth, prospered in the selfsame wilderness." And when he had said this, he became silent.

Then, rising up from his seat and saluting the Blessed One, the layman Anātha-piṇḍika burst into praises, and with clasped hands raised in reverence to his forehead, spoke thus:--"It is clear to us, Sir, that in these present days these disciples were led by error into forsaking the supreme refuge. But the bygone destruction of those opinionated ones in the demon-haunted wilderness, and the prospering of the men who clave to the truth, are hidden from us and known only to you. [98] May it please the Blessed One, as though causing the full moon to rise in the sky, to make this thing clear to us."

Then said the Blessed One:--"It was solely to brush away the world's difficulties that by the display of the Ten Perfections [1] through myriad æons I won omniscience. Give ear and hearken, as closely as if you were filling a tube of gold with lion's marrow."

Having thus excited the Treasurer's attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them, as though he were releasing the full moon from the upper air, the birthplace of the snows.

Once on a time in the city of Benares in the Kāsi country there was a king named Brahmadatta. In those days the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant's family, and growing up in due course, used to journey about trading with, five hundred carts, travelling now from east to west and now from west to east. There was also at Benares another young merchant, a stupid blockhead, lacking resource.

Now at the time of our story the Bodhisatta had loaded five hundred carts with costly wares of Benares and had got them all ready to start. And so had the foolish young merchant too. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If this foolish young merchant keeps me company all along, and the thousand carts travel along together, it will be too much for the road; it will be a hard matter to get wood, water, and so forth for the men, or grass for the oxen. Either he or I must go on first." So he sent for the other and laid his view before him, saying, "The two of us can't travel together; would you rather go first or last?" Thought the other, "There will be many advantages if I go on first. I shall have a

road which is not yet cut up; my oxen will have the pick of the grass; my men will have the pick of the herbs for curry; the water will be undisturbed; and, lastly, I shall fix my own price for the barter of my goods." Accordingly he replied, "I will go first, my dear sir." [99]

The Bodhisatta, on the other hand, saw many advantages in going last, for he argued thus to himself:--"Those who go first will level the road where it is rough,. whilst I shall travel along the road they have already travelled; their oxen will have grazed off the coarse old grass, whilst mine will pasture on the sweet young growth which will spring up in its place; my men will find a fresh growth of sweet herbs for curry where the old ones have been picked; where there is no water, the first caravan will have to dig to supply themselves, and we shall drink at the wells they dug. Haggling over prices is killing work; whereas I, following later, shall barter my wares at the prices they have already fixed." Accordingly, seeing all these advantages, he said to the other, "Then go you first, my dear sir."

"Very well, I will," said the foolish merchant. And he yoked his carts and set out. Journeying along, he left human habitations behind him and came to the outskirts of the wilderness. (Now wildernesses are of the five following kinds:--robber wildernesses, wild-beast wildernesses, drought wildernesses, demon wildernesses, and famine wildernesses. The first is when the way is beset by robbers; the second is when the way is beset by lions and other wild beasts; the third is when there is no bathing or water to be got; the fourth is when the road is beset by demons; and the fifth is when no roots or other food are to be

found. And in this fivefold category the wilderness in question was both a drought, and a demon, wilderness.) Accordingly this young merchant took great big water-jars on his carts, and filling them with water, set out to cross the sixty leagues of desert which lay before him. Now when he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin who haunted it said to himself, "I will make these men throw away their stock of water, and devour them all when they are faint." So he [100] framed by his magic power a delightful carriage drawn by pure white young bulls. With a retinue of some ten or twelve goblins bearing bows and quivers, swords and shields, he rode along to meet them like a mighty lord in this carriage, with blue lotuses and white water-lilies wreathed round his head, with wet hair and wet clothes, and with muddy carriage-wheels. His attendants, too, in front and rear of him went along with their hair and clothes wet, with garlands of blue lotuses and white water-lilies on their beads, and with bunches of white lotuses in their hands, chewing the esculent stalks, and dripping with water and mire. Now the leaders of caravans have the following custom: whenever the wind blows in their teeth, they ride on in front in their carriage with their attendants round them, in order to escape the dust; but when the wind blows from behind them, then they ride in like fashion in the rear of the column. And, as on this occasion the wind was blowing against them, the young merchant was riding in front. When the goblin became aware of the merchant's approach, he drew his carriage aside from the track and greeted him kindly, asking him whither he was going. The leader of the caravan too caused his carriage to be drawn aside from the track so as to let the carts pass by, whilst he stayed by the way and thus addressed the goblin: "We are just on our way from Benares, sir. But I observe that you have lotuses and water-lilies on your heads and in your hands, and that your people are

chewing the esculent stalks, and that you are all muddy and dripping with wet. Pray did it rain while you were on the road, and did you come on pools covered with lotuses and water-lilies?"

Hereon the goblin exclaimed, "What did you say? Why, yonder appears the dark-green streak of the forest, and thence onward there is nothing but water all through the forest. It is always raining there; the

pools are full; and on every side are lakes covered with lotuses and water-lilies." Then as the line of carts [101] passed by, he asked where they were bound for. "To such and such a place," was the reply. "And what wares have you got in this cart and in this?" "So and so." "And what might you have in this last cart which seems to move as if it were heavily laden?" "Oh, there's water in that." "You did well to carry water with you from the other side. But there is no need for it now, as water is abundant on ahead. So break the jars and throw the water away, that you may travel easier." And he added, "Now continue on your way, as we have stopped too long already." Then he went a little way further on, till he was out of sight, when he made his way back to the goblin-city where he dwelt.

Such was the folly of that foolish merchant that he did the goblin's bidding, and had his jars broken and the water all thrown away,--without saving so much even as would go in the palm of a man's hand. Then he ordered the carts to drive on. Not a drop of water did they find on. ahead, and thirst exhausted the men. All day long till the sun went down they kept on the march; but at sunset they unyoked their carts and made a laager,

tethering the oxen to the wheels. The oxen had no water to drink, and the men none to cook their rice with; and the tired-out band sank to the ground to slumber. But as soon as night fell, the goblins came out from their city, and slew every single one of those men and oxen; and when they had devoured their flesh, leaving only the bare bones, the goblins departed. Thus was the foolish young merchant the sole cause of the destruction of that whole band, whose skeletons were strewn in every conceivable direction, whilst the five hundred carts stood there with their loads untouched.

Now the Bodhisatta allowed some six weeks to pass by after the starting of the foolish young merchant, before he set out. Then he proceeded from the city with his five hundred carts, and in due course came to the outskirts of the. wilderness. Here he had his water-jars filled and laid in an ample stock of water; and by beat of drum he had his men assembled in camp [102], and thus addressed them:--"Let not so much as a palmful of water be used without my sanction. There are poison trees in this wilderness; so let no man among you eat any leaf, flower, or fruit which he has not eaten before, without first asking me." With this exhortation to his men, he pushed on into the wilderness with his 500 carts. When he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin made his appearance on the Bodhisatta's path as in the former case. But, as soon as he became aware of the goblin, the Bodhisatta saw through him; for he thought to himself, "There's no water here, in this 'Waterless Desert.' This person with his red eyes and aggressive bearing, casts no shadow. Very likely he has induced the foolish young merchant who

preceded me, to throw away all his water, and then, waiting till they were worn out, has eaten up the merchant with all his men. But he doesn't know my cleverness and ready wit." Then he shouted to the goblin, "Begone! We're men of business, and do not throw away what water we have got, before we see where more is to come from. But, when we do see more, we may be trusted to throw this water away and lighten our carts."

The goblin rode on a bit further till he was out of sight, and then betook himself back to his home in the demon city. But when the goblin had gone, the Bodhisatta's men said to him, "Sir, we heard from those men that yonder is the dark-green streak of the forest appearing, where they said it was always raining. They had got lotuses on their heads and water-lilies in their hands and were eating the stalks, whilst their clothes and hair were wringing wet, with water streaming off them. Let us throw away our water and get on a bit quicker with lightened carts." On hearing these words, the Bodhisatta ordered a halt and had the men all mustered. "Tell me," said he; "did any-man among you ever hear before today that there was a lake or a pool in this wilderness?" "No, sir," was the answer, "why it's known as 'the Waterless Desert'."

"We have just been told by some people that it is raining just on ahead, in the belt of forest; now how far does a rain-wind carry?" [103] "A league, sir." "And has this rain-wind reached any one man here?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see the crest of a storm-cloud?" "A league, sir." "And has any one man here seen the top of even a single storm-cloud?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see a flash of lightning?" "Four or five leagues, sir." "And has any one man here seen a flash of lightning?" "No, sir." How far off can a man hear a peal of thunder?" "Two or three leagues,

sir." "And has any man here heard a peal of thunder?" "No, sir." "These are not men but goblins. They will return in the hope of devouring us when we are weak and faint after throwing away our water at their bidding. As the young merchant who went on before us was not a man of resource, most likely he has been fooled into throwing his water away and has been devoured when exhaustion ensued. We may expect to find his five hundred carts standing just as they were loaded for the start; we shall come on them today. Press on with all possible speed, without throwing away a drop of water."

Urging his men forward with these words, he proceeded on his way till he came upon the 500 carts standing just as they had been loaded and the skeletons of the men and oxen lying strewn in every direction. He had his carts unyoked and ranged in a circle so as to form a strong laager; he saw that his men and oxen had their supper early, and that the oxen were made to lie down in the middle with the men round them; and he himself with the leading men of his band stood on guard, sword in hand, through the three watches of the night, waiting for the day to dawn. On the

morrow at daybreak when he had had his oxen fed and everything needful done, he discarded his own weak carts for stronger ones, and his own common goods for the most costly of the derelict goods. Then he went on to his destination, where he bartered his stock for wares of twice or three times their value, and came back to his own city without losing a single man out of all his company.

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[104] This story ended, the Master said, "Thus it was, layman, that in times past the fatuous came to utter destruction, whilst those who clave to the truth, escaping from the demons' hands, reached their goal in safety and came back to their homes again." And when he had thus linked the two stories together, he, as the Buddha, spoke the following stanza for the purposes of this lesson on the Truth:

Then some declared the sole, the peerless truth;
But otherwise the false logicians spake.
Let him that 's wise from this a lesson take,
And firmly grasp the sole, the peerless truth.

[105] Thus did the Blessed One teach this lesson respecting Truth. And he went on to say: "What is called walking by truth, not only bestows the three happy endowments, the six heavens of the realms of sense, and the endowments of the higher Realm of Brahma, but finally is the giver of Arahatship [106]; whilst what is called walking by untruth entails re-birth in the four states of punishment or in the lowest castes of mankind." Further, the Master went on to expound in sixteen ways the Four Truths [1], at the close of which all those five hundred disciples were established in the Fruit of the First Path [2].

Having delivered his lesson and his teaching, and having told the two stories and established the connexion linking them together, the Master concluded by identifying the Birth as follows:-- "Devadatta was the foolish young merchant. of those days; his followers were the followers of that merchant; the followers o the Buddha were the followers of the wise merchant, who was myself."

[*Note*. See Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society 1847, where Gogerly has given a translation of this Jātaka, as also of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 38th, with a brief introduction to the Jātaka-book. See also page 108 of Hardy's *Manual of Budhism*, and Gogerly in the *Ceylon Friend* for August 1838. This Jātaka is quoted in the Milinda-pañho, p. 289 of Rhys Davids' translation in Vol. 35 of *Sacred Books of the East*. There is an Apaṇṇaka-Sutta in the Majjhima-Nikāya (No. 60), but it does not appear to be connected with this, the Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka.]

Footnotes

1:1 The canonical text of the Jātaka book, which consists exclusively of *gāthās* or stanzas, is divided into 'books,' or *nipātas*, according to the number of *gāthās*. The present volume contains the 150 stories which illustrate, and form the commentary of, a single *gāthā* in each ease, and compose the first book. The later books contain an increasing number of *gāthās* and a decreasing number of stories: *e.g.* the second book contains 100 two-gāthā stories, the third book 50 three-gāthā stories, and so on. The total number of the books or *nipātas* is 22, 21 of which form the text of the five published volumes of the Pāli text. The *nipātas* are subdivided into *vaggas*, or sets of about 10 stories, named as a rule after their first story. It has not been thought desirable to cumber the translation with these subdivisions.

1:2 The Introductory Story usually begins by quoting, as a catchword, the first words of the subsequent *gāthā*.

1:3 Literally 'sectaries'; but usually translated 'heretics,' a term which has come to have too theological a connotation to be applicable to philosophers. The six rivals with whom Gotama had chiefly to compete were Pūraṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Ajita Kesa-kambalī, Pakudha Kaccāyana, Sañjaya Belaṭṭhi-putta, and Nigaṇṭha Nāta-putta (see, *e.g.*, the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta* in the *Dīgha Nikāya*, Vol. 1. p. 47).

1:4 This is a surname, meaning literally 'feeder of the poor.' His ordinary name was Sudatta. See the account in the Vinaya (Cullavagga, vi. 4, 9) of how he bought from Prince Jeta the latter's grove for as much money as would pave the ground, and how he built thereon the Great Monastery for the Buddha.

2:1 *i.e.* the Milky Way.

2:2 *i.e.* the Buddha, the Truth he preached, and the Brotherhood he founded. *Infra* this triad is spoken of its the 'Three Gems.'

2:3 Strictly speaking Buddhism knows no hells, only purgatories, which--though places of torment--are temporary and educational.

3:1 The word *deva*, which I have retained in its Pāli form, means an 'angel,' rather than a 'god,' in the godless creed of the Buddhist. See hereon Rhys Davids in his 'Buddhist Suttas,' page 162.

3:2 Dhammapada, v. 188-192.

3:3 See note 2 on p. 8

4:1 *i.e.* almsgiving, goodness, renunciation, wisdom, energy, patience, truth, resolution, loving-kindness, and equanimity. (See

the *Cariyā Piṭaka*, pp. 45-7 of the Pāli text edited by Dr Morris for the Pāli Text Society); see also Jātaka No. 35 &c.

8:1 These four cardinal truths of Buddhism are as follows:--(i) individual existence is pain; (ii) cravings cause the continuance of individual existence; (iii) with the disappearance of cravings, individual existence also would disappear; and (iv) cravings disappear by following the Noble Eightfold Path pointed out by the Buddha. (See hereon Rhys Davids' Hibbert Lecture for 1881.)

8:2 The normal road to the Buddhist ideal after conversion is divided into four successive stages, called the *cattāro maggā* or 'four paths.' The first of these is that trodden by the *sotāpanno* (one 'who has entered the stream' which flows down to the ocean of Nirvana), who is assured of ultimately reaching his goal but has first to undergo seven more existences none of which can be in a state of suffering; the second path is that trodden by the *sakadāgāmī*, the disciple whose imperfections have been, so far eradicated that he has only to 'return' to a human-form once more before attaining Nirvana; the third path is that of the *anagāmī*, the disciple who will 'not return' to earth, but will attain the goal from a Brahma realm; whilst the fourth and last is Arahatship, which is Nirvana. Each of these four stages is further subdivided into two sub-stages, the lower called 'the path,' and the higher 'the fruit.' (See Mahā-parinibbāna Sutta and the commentary thereon of the Sumaṅgala Vilāsinī´.)

No. 2.

VAṆṆUPATHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Untiring, deep they dug*."--This discourse was delivered by the Blessed One whilst he was dwelling at Sāvatthi.

About whom, you ask?

About a Brother who gave up persevering.

Tradition says that, whilst the Buddha was dwelling at Sāvatthi, there came to Jetavana a scion of a Sāvatthi family, who, on hearing a discourse by the Master, realised that Lusts breed suffering, and was admitted to the first stage of the Brotherhood. After five years passed in preparing for admission to full Brotherhood [1], when he had learnt two summaries and had trained himself in the methods of Insight, he obtained from the Master a theme for meditation which commended itself to him. Retiring to a forest, he passed there the rainy season; but for all his striving during the three months, he could not develope a glimmer or an inkling of Insight. So the thought came to him, "The Master said there were four types of men, and I must belong to the lowest of all; in this birth, methinks, there is neither Path nor Fruit for me. What good shall I do by living in the forest? Back to the Master I will go, and live my life beholding the glories of the Buddha's presence and listening to his sweet teachings." And back again to Jetavana he came.

Now his friends and intimates said, "Sir, it was you who obtained from the Master a theme for meditation and departed to live the solitary life of a sage. Yet here you are back again, going about

enjoying fellowship. Can it be that you have won the crown of the Brothers vocation and that you will never know re-birth?" "Sirs, as I won neither Path nor Fruit, I felt myself doomed to futility, and so gave up persevering and came back." "You have done wrong, Sir, in shewing a faint heart when you had devoted yourself to the doctrine of the dauntless Master. [107] Come, let us bring you to the Buddha's notice." And they took him with them to the Master.

When the Master became aware of their coming, he said, "Brethren, you bring with you this Brother against his will. What has he done?"

"Sir, after devoting himself to so absolutely true a doctrine, this Brother has given up persevering in the solitary life of a sage, and is come back."

Then said the Master to him, "Is it true, as they say, that you, Brother, have given up persevering?" "It is true, Blessed One." "But how comes it that, after devoting yourself to such a doctrine, you, Brother, should be the one to show yourself not a man desiring little, contented, solitary, and determined, but a man lacking perseverance? Was it not you who were so stout-hearted in bygone days? Was it not by you single-handed, thanks to your perseverance, that in a sandy desert the men and the oxen belonging to a caravan of five hundred carts got water and were cheered? And how is it that, now, you are giving in?" These words sufficed to give heart to that Brother.

Hearing this talk, the Brethren asked the Blessed One, saying, "Sir, the present faintheartedness of this Brother is clear to us;

but hidden from us is the knowledge of how, by the perseverance of this single man, the men and oxen got water in a sandy desert and were cheered. This is known only to you who are omniscient; pray tell us about it."

"Hearken, then, Brethren," said the Blessed One; and, having excited their attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares in Kāsi the Bodhisatta was born into a trader's family. When he was grown up, he used to travel about trading with 500 carts. On one occasion he came to a sandy wilderness sixty leagues across, the sand of which was so fine that, when grasped, it slipped through the fingers of the closed fist. As soon as the sun got up, it grew as hot as a bed of charcoal-embers and nobody could walk upon it. Accordingly, those traversing it used to take fire-wood, water, oil, rice and so forth on their carts, and only travelled by night. At dawn they used to range their carts in a circle to form a laager, with an awning spread overhead, and after an early meal used to sit in the shade all the day long. When the sun went down, they had their evening meal; and, so soon as the ground became cool, they used to yoke their carts and move forward. Travelling on this desert was like voyaging over the sea; a 'desert-pilot,' as he was called, had to convoy them over by knowledge of the stars [108]. And this was the way in which our merchant was now travelling that wilderness.

When he had only some seven more miles before him, he thought to himself, "To-night will see us out of this sandy wilderness." So, after they had had their supper, he ordered the

wood and water to be thrown away, and yoking his carts, set out on the road. In the front cart sat the pilot upon a couch looking up to the stars in the heavens and directing the course thereby. But so long had he been without sleep that he was tired out and fell asleep, with the result that he did not mark that the oxen had turned round and were retracing their steps. All night the oxen kept on their way, but at dawn the pilot woke up, and, observing the disposition of the stars overhead, shouted out, "Turn the carts round!

turn the carts round!" And as they turned the carts round and were forming them into line, the day broke. "Why this is where we camped yesterday," cried the people of the caravan. "All our wood and water is gone, and we are lost." So saying, they unyoked their carts and made a laager and spread the awning overhead; then each man flung himself down in despair beneath his own cart. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I give in, every single one will perish." So he ranged to and fro while it was still early and cool, until he came on a clump of kusa-grass. "This grass," thought he, "can only have grown up here thanks to the presence of water underneath." So he ordered a spade to be brought and a hole to be dug at that spot. Sixty cubits down they dug, till at that depth the spade struck on a rock, and everybody lost heart. But the Bodhisatta, feeling sure there must be water under that rock, descended into the hole and took his stand upon the rock. Stooping down, he applied his ear to it, and listened. Catching the sound of water flowing beneath, he came out and said to a serving-lad, "My boy, if *you* give in, we shall all perish. So take heart and courage. Go down into the hole with this iron sledge-hammer, and strike the rock."

Obedient to his master's bidding, [109] the lad, resolute where all others had lost heart, went down and struck the rock. The rock which had dammed the stream, split asunder and fell in. Up rose the water in the hole till it was as high as a palm-tree; and everybody drank and bathed. Then they chopped up their spare axles and yokes and other surplus gear, cooked their rice and ate it, and fed their oxen. And as soon as the sun set, they hoisted a flag by the side of the well and travelled on to their destination. There they bartered away their goods for twice and four times their value. With the proceeds they returned to their own home, where they lived out their term of life and in the end passed away to fare thereafter according to their deserts. The Bodhisatta too after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away likewise to fare according to his deserts.

When the Supreme Buddha had delivered this discourse, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:

Untiring, deep they dug that sandy track
Till, in the trodden way, they water found.
So let the sage, in perseverance strong,
Flag not nor tire, until his heart find Peace.

[110] This discourse ended, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in the highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatship.

Having told these two stories, the Master established the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:--"This fainthearted Brother of to-day was in those days the serving-lad who, persevering, broke the rock and gave water

to all the people; the Buddha's followers were the rest of the people of the caravan; and I myself was their leader."

Footnotes

9:1 The terms *pabbajjā* and *upasampadā*, which denote the two stages of initiation for a Brother of the Buddhist Order, and are comparable with the successive degrees of Bachelor and Master in a Faculty, suggest the successive ordinations of Deacon and Priest. But, as it is misleading to use Christian phraseology in speaking of the Buddhist philosophy, these convenient terms have been eschewed in the translation. As will be seen from the Vinaya (Mahāvagga I. 49-51), fifteen was the normal age for *pabbajjā* and twenty for *upasampadā*, the interval being that of five years mentioned in the text.

No. 3.

SERIVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"*If in this faith*." This lesson too was taught by the Blessed One while at Sāvatthi, also about a Brother who gave up persevering.

For, when the man was brought by the Brethren exactly as in the foregoing case, the Master said, "You, Brother, who after devoting yourself to this glorious doctrine which bestows Path and Fruit, [111] are giving up persevering, will suffer long, like the hawker of Seri who lost a golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear a thing concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time in the kingdom of Seri, five aeons ago, the Bodhisatta dealt in pots and pans, and was called 'the Serivan.' In the company of another dealer in the same wares, a greedy fellow who was also known as 'the Serivan,' he came across the river Telavāha and entered the city of Andhapura. Apportioning the streets between the two of them, he set about hawking his wares round the streets of his district, and the other did the same in his district.

Now in that city there was a decayed family. Once they had been rich merchants, but by the time of our story they had lost all the

sons and brothers and all their wealth. The sole survivors were a girl and her grandmother, and they got their living by working for hire. Nevertheless, they had got in their house the golden bowl out of which in the old days the great merchant, the head of the family, used to eat; but it had been thrown among the pots and pans, and having been long out of use, was grimed over with dirt, so that the two women did not know that it was gold. To the door of their house came the greedy hawker on his round, crying, "Waterpots to sell! Waterpots to sell!" And the damsel, when she knew be was there, said to her grandmother, "Oh, do buy me a trinket, grandmother."

"We're very poor, dear; what can we offer in exchange for it?" "Why here's this bowl which is no good to us. Let us change that for it."

The old woman had the hawker brought in and seated, and gave him the bowl, saying, "Take this, sir, and be so good as to give your sister something or other in exchange."

The hawker took the bowl in his hand, turned it over, and, suspecting it was gold, scratched a line on the back of it with a needle, whereby he

knew for certain that it was real gold. Then, thinking that he would get the pot without giving anything whatever for it to the women, he cried, "What's the value of this, pray? Why it isn't worth half a farthing!" [112] And therewithal he threw the bowl on the ground, rose up from his seat, and left the house. Now, as it had been agreed between the two hawkers that the one might try the streets which the other had already been into, the

Bodhisatta came into that same street and appeared at the door of the house, crying, "Waterpots to sell!" Once again the damsel made the same request of her grandmother; and the old woman, replied, "My dear, the first hawker threw our bowl on the ground and flung out of the house. What have we got left to offer now?"

"Oh, but that hawker was a harsh-spoken man, grandmother dear; whilst this one looks a nice man and speaks kindly. Very likely he would take it." "Call him in then." So he came into the house, and they gave him a seat and put the bowl into his hands. Seeing that the bowl was gold, he said, "Mother, this howl is worth a hundred thousand pieces; I haven't its value with me."

"Sir, the first hawker who came here said that it was not worth half a farthing; so he threw it to the ground and went away. It must have been the efficacy of your own goodness which has turned the bowl into gold. Take it; give us something or other for it; and go your way." At the time the Bodhisatta had 500 pieces of money and a stock worth as much more. The whole of this he gave to them, saying, "Let me retain my scales, my bag, and eight pieces of money." And with their consent he took these with him, and departed with all speed to the river-side where he gave his eight coins to the boatman and jumped into the boat. Subsequently that greedy hawker had come back to the house, and had asked them to bring out their bowl, saying he would give them something or other for it. But the old woman flew out at him with these words, "You made out that our golden bowl which is worth a hundred thousand pieces was not worth even a half-farthing. But there came an upright hawker (your master, I take it), who gave us a thousand pieces for it and took the bowl away."

Hereupon he exclaimed, "He has robbed me of a golden bowl worth a full hundred thousand pieces; he has caused me a terrible loss." And intense sorrow came upon him, so that he lost command over himself and became like one distraught. [113] His money and goods he flung away at the door of the house; he threw off his upper and under cloths; and, armed with the beam of his scales as a club, he tracked the Bodhisatta down to the river-side. Finding the latter already crossing, he shouted to the boatman to put back, but the Bodhisatta told him not to do so. As the other stood there gazing and gazing at the retreating Bodhisatta, intense sorrow seized upon him, His heart grew hot; blood gushed from his lips;

and his heart cracked like the mud at the bottom of a tank, which the sun has dried up. Through the hatred which he had contracted against the Bodhisatta, he perished then and there. (This was the first time Devadatta conceived a grudge against the Bodhisatta.) The Bodhisatta, after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Supreme Buddha had ended this lesson, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:--

If in this faith you prove remiss, and fail
To win the goal whereto its teachings lead,
--Then, like the hawker called 'the Serivan [1],'
Full long you'll rue the prize your folly lost.

After having thus delivered his discourse in such a way as to lead up to Arahatship, the Master expounded the Four Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in that highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatship.

And, after telling the two stories, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion, "In those days Devadatta was the foolish hawker; and I myself was the wise and good hawker."

Footnotes

14:1 The scholium here gives the rascal's name as '*Serivā*,' not recognising that the gāthā-word '*Serivāyaṁ*' represents the 'sandhi' of *Serivo* (not *Serivā*) with *ayaṁ*, just as *dukkhāyaṁ* on p. 168 of Vol. I. of the text represents *dukkho ayaṁ*.

No. 4.

CULLAKA-SEṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

[114] "*With humblest start*." This story was told by the Master about the Elder named Little Wayman, while in Jīvaka's Mango-grove [2] near Rājagaha. And here an account of Little Wayman's birth must be given. Tradition tells us that the daughter of a rich merchant's family in Rājagaha actually stooped to intimacy with a slave. Becoming alarmed lest her misconduct should get known, she said to the slave, "We can't live on here; for if my mother and father come to know of this sin of ours, they will tear us limb from limb. Let us go and live afar off." So with their belongings in their hands they stole together out by the hardly-opened door, and fled away, they cared not whither, to find a shelter beyond the ken of her family. Then they went and lived together in a certain place, with the result that she conceived. And when her full time was nearly come, she told her husband and said, "If I am taken in labour away from kith and kin, that will be a trouble to both of us. So let us go home." First he

agreed to start to-day, and then he put it off till the morrow; and so he let the days slip by, till she thought to herself, "This fool is so conscious of his great offence that he dares not go. One's parents are one's best friends; so whether he goes or stays, I must go." So, when he went out, she put all her household matters in order and set off home, telling her next-door neighbour where she was going. Returning home, and not finding his wife, but discovering from the neighbours that she

had started off home, he hurried after her and came up with her on the road; and then and there she was taken in labour.

"What's this, my dear?" said he.

"I have given birth to a son, my husband," said she.

Accordingly, as the very thing had now happened which was the only reason for the journey, they both agreed that it was no good going on now, and so turned back again. And as their child had been born by the way, they called him 'Wayman.'

[115] Not long after, she became with child again, and everything fell out as Before. And as this second child too was born by the way, they called him 'Wayman' too, distinguishing the elder as 'Great Wayman' and the younger as 'Little Wayman: Then, with both their children, they again went back to their own home.

Now, as they were living there, their way-child heard other boys talking of their uncles and grandfathers and grandmothers; so he asked his mother whether he hadn't got relations like the other boys. "Oh yes, my dear," said his mother; "but they don't live here. Your grandfather is a wealthy merchant in the city of Rājagaha, and you have plenty of relations there." "Why don't we go there, mother?" She told the boy the reason why they stayed away; but, as the children kept on speaking about these relations, she said to her husband, "The children are always plaguing me. Are my parents going to eat us at sight? Come, let us shew the children their grandfather's family." "Well, I don't mind taking them there; but I really could not face your parents." "All right;--so long as, some way or other, the children come to see their grandfather's family," said she.

So those two took their children and coming in due course to Rājagaha put up in a public rest-house by the city gate. Then, taking with them the two children, the woman caused their coming to be made known to her parents. The latter, on hearing the message, returned this answer, "True, it is strange to be without children unless one has renounced the world in quest of Arahatship. Still, so great is the guilt of the pair towards us that they may not stand in our sight. Here is a sum of money for them: let them take this and retire to live where they will. But the children they may send here." Then the merchant's daughter took the money so sent her, and despatched the children by the messengers. So the children grew up in their grandfather's house,--Little Wayman being of tender years, while Great Wayman used to go with his grand-father to hear the Buddha preach the Truth. And by constant hearing of the Truth from the Master's own lips, the lad's heart yearned to renounce the world for the life of a Brother.

"With your permission," said he to his grandfather, "I should like to join the Brotherhood." "What do I hear?" cried the old man. "Why, it would give me greater joy to see you join the Order than to see the whole world join. Become a Brother, if you feel able." And he took him to the Master.

"Well, merchant," said the Master, "have you brought your boy with you?" Yes sir; this is my grandson, who wishes to join your Brotherhood." [116] Then the Master sent for a Mendicant, and told him to admit the lad to the Order; and the Mendicant repeated the Formula of the Perishable Body [1] and

admitted the lad as a novice. When the latter had learned by heart many words of the Buddha, and was old enough, he was admitted a full Brother. He now gave himself up to earnest thought till he won Arahatship; and as he passed his days in the enjoyment of Insight and the Paths, he thought whether he could not impart the like happiness to Little Wayman. So he went to his grandfather the merchant, and said, "Great merchant, with your consent, I will admit Little Wayman to the Order." "Pray do so, reverend sir," was the reply.

Then the Elder admitted the lad Little Wayman and established him in the Ten Commandments. But Little Wayman proved a dullard: with four months' study he failed to get by heart this single stanza:--

Lo! like a fragrant lotus at the dawn
Of day, full-blown, with virgin wealth of scent,
Behold the Buddha's glory shining forth,
As in the vaulted heaven beams the sun!

For, we are told, in the Buddhahood of Kassapa this Little Wayman, having himself attained to knowledge as a Brother, laughed to scorn a dull Brother who was learning a passage by heart. His scorn so confused his butt, that the latter could not learn or recite the passage. And now, in consequence, on joining the Brotherhood he himself proved a dullard. Each new line he learned drove the last out of his memory; and four months slipped away while he was struggling with this single stanza. Said his elder brother to him, "Wayman, you are not equal to receiving this doctrine. In four whole months you have been unable to learn a single stanza. How then can you hope to crown your vocation with supreme success? Leave the monastery." But,

though thus expelled by his brother, Little Wayman was so attached to the Buddha's creed that he did not want to become a layman.

Now at that time Great Wayman was acting as steward. And Jīvaka Komārabhacca, going to his mango-grove with a large present of perfumes and flowers for the Master, had presented his offering and listened to a discourse; then, rising from his seat and bowing to the Buddha, he went up to Great Wayman and asked, "How many Brethren are there, reverend sir, with the Master?" "Just 500, sir." "Will you bring the 500 Brethren, with the Buddha at their head, to take their meal at my house to-morrow?" "Lay-disciple, one of them named Little Wayman is a dullard and makes no progress in the Faith," said the Elder; "I accept the invitation for everyone but him."

[117] Hearing this, Little Wayman thought to himself, "In accepting the invitation for all these Brethren, the Elder carefully accepts so as to exclude me. This proves that my brother's affection for me is dead. What have I to do with this proves? I will become a layman and live in the exercise of charity and other good works of a lay character." And on the morrow early he went forth, avowedly to become a layman again.

Now at the first break of day, as he was surveying the world, the Master became aware of this; and going forth even earlier than Little Wayman, he paced to and fro by the porch on Little Wayman's road. As the latter came out of the house, he observed the Master, and with a salutation went up to him. "Whither away at this hour, Little Wayman?" said the Master.

"My brother has expelled me from the Order, sir; and I am going to wander forth."

"Little Wayman, as it was under *me* that you took the vows, why did you not, when expelled by your brother, come to me? Conte, what have you to do with a layman's life? You shall stop with me." So saying, he took Little Wayman and seated him at the door of his own perfumed chamber. Then giving him a perfectly clean cloth which he had supernaturally created, the Master said, "Face towards the East, and as you handle this cloth, repeat these words--'Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity.'" Then at the time appointed the Master, attended by the Brotherhood, went to Jīvaka's house and sat down on the seat set for him.

Now Little Wayman, with his gaze fixed on the sun, sat handling the cloth and repeating the words, "Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity." And as he kept handling the piece of cloth, it grew soiled. Then he thought, "Just now this piece of cloth was quite clean; but my personality has destroyed its original state and made it dirty. Impermanent indeed are all compounded things! And even as he realised Death and Decay, he won the Arahat's Illumination. Knowing that Little Wayman's mind had won Illumination, the Master sent forth an apparition and in this semblance of himself appeared before him, as if seated in front of him and saying, "Heed it not, Little Wayman, that this mere piece of cloth has become dirty and stained with impurity; within thee are the impurities of lust and other evil things. Remove *them*." And the apparition uttered these stanzas:--

Impurity in Lust consists, not dirt;
And Lust we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

———————

[118] Impurity in Wrath consists, not dirt;
And Wrath we term the real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

———————

Delusion is Impurity, not dirt;
We term Delusion real Impurity.
Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast,
He lives the gospel of the Purified.

At the close of these stanzas Little Wayman attained to Arahatship with the four branches of knowledge [1], whereby he straightway came to have knowledge of all the sacred texts. Tradition has it that, in ages past, when he was a king and was making a solemn procession round his city, he wiped the sweat from his brow with a spotless cloth which he was wearing; and the cloth was stained. Thought he, "It is this body of mine which has destroyed the original purity and whiteness of the cloth, and dirtied it. Impermanent indeed are all composite things." Thus he grasped the idea of impermanence; and hence it came to pass that it was the removal of impurity which worked his salvation.

Meantime, Jīvaka Komārabhacca offered the Water of Donation [2]; but the Master put his hand over the vessel, saying, "Are there no Brethren, Jīvaka, in the monastery?"

Said Great Wayman, "There are no Brethren there, reverend sir." "Oh yes, there are, Jīvaka," said the Master. "Hi, there!" said Jīvaka

to a servant; "just you go and see whether or not there are any Brethren in the monastery."

At that moment Little Wayman, conscious as he was that his brother was declaring there were no Brethren in the monastery, determined to shew him there were, and so filled the whole mango-grove with nothing but Brothers. Some were making robes, others dyeing, whilst others again were repeating the sacred texts:--each of a thousand Brethren he made unlike all the others. Finding this host of Brethren in the monastery, the man returned and said that the whole mango-grove was full of Brethren.

But as regards the Elder up in the monastery--

Wayman, a thousand-fold self-multiplied,
Sat on, till bidden, in that pleasant grove.

"Now go back," said the Master to the man, "and say 'The Master sends for him whose name is Little Wayman.'

But when the man went and delivered his message, a thousand mouths answered, "I am Little Wayman! I am Little Wayman!"

Back came the man with the report, "They all say they are 'Little Wayman,' reverend sir."

"Well now go back," said the Master, "and take by the hand the first one of them who says he is Little Wayman, [119] and the others will all vanish." The man did as he was bidden, and straightway the thousand Brethren vanished from sight. The Elder came back with the man.

When the meal was over, the Master said, "Jīvaka, take Little Wayman's bowl; he will return thanks." Jīvaka did so. Then like a young lion roaring defiance, the Elder ranged the whole of the sacred texts through in his address of thanks. Lastly, the Master rose from his seat and attended by the Order returned to the monastery, and there, after the assignment of tasks by the Brotherhood, he rose from his seat and, standing in the doorway of his perfumed chamber, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brotherhood. Ending with a theme which he gave out for meditation, and dismissing the Brotherhood, he retired into his perfumed chamber, and lay down lion-like on his right side to rest.

At even, the orange-robed Brethren assembled together from all sides in the Hall of Truth and sang the Master's praises, even as though they were spreading a curtain of orange cloth round him as they sat.

"Brethren," it was said, "Great Wayman failed to recognise the bent of Little Wayman, and expelled him from the monastery as a dullard who could not even learn a single stanza in four whole months. But the All-Knowing Buddha by his supremacy in the Truth bestowed on him Arahatship with all its supernatural knowledge, even while a single meal was in progress. And by that knowledge he grasped the whole of the sacred texts. Oh! how great is a Buddha's power!"

Now the Blessed One, knowing full well the talk that was going on in the Hall of Truth, thought it meet to go there. So, rising from his Buddha-couch, he donned his two orange under-cloths, girded himself as with lightning, arrayed himself in his orange-coloured robe, the ample robe of a Buddha, and came forth to

the Hall of Truth with the infinite grace of a Buddha, moving with the royal gait of an elephant in the plenitude of his vigour. Ascending the glorious Buddha-throne set in the midst of the resplendent hall, he seated himself upon the middle of the throne emitting those six-coloured rays which mark a Buddha,--like the newly-arisen sun, when from the peaks of the Yugandhara Mountains he illumines the depths of the ocean. Immediately the All-Knowing One came into the Hall, the Brotherhood broke off their talk and were silent. Gazing round on the company with gentle loving-kindness, the Master thought within himself, "This company is perfect! Not a man is guilty of moving hand or foot improperly; not a sound, not a cough or sneeze is to he heard! In their reverence and awe of the majesty and glory of the Buddha, not a man would dare to speak before I did, even if I sat here in silence all my life long. But it is my part to begin; and I will open the conversation." Then in his sweet divine tones he addressed the Brethren and said, [120] "What, pray, is the theme of this conclave? And what was the talk which was broken off?"

"Sir," said they, "it was no profitless theme, but your own praises that we were telling here in conclave."

And when they had told him word for word what they had been saying, the Master said, "Brethren, through me Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith; in times past it was to great things in the way of wealth that he rose,--but equally through me."

The Brethren asked the Master to explain this; and the Blessed One made clear in these words a thing which succeeding existences had hidden from them:--

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Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi, the Bodhisatta was born into the Treasurer's family, and growing up, was made Treasurer, being called Treasurer Little. A wise and clever man was he, with a keen eye for signs and omens. One day on his way to wait upon the king, he came on a dead mouse lying on the road; and, taking note of the position of the stars at that moment, he said, "Any decent young fellow with his wits about him has only to pick that mouse up, and he might start a business and keep a wife."

His words were overheard by a young man of good family but reduced circumstances, who said to himself, "That's a man who has always got a reason for what he says." And accordingly he picked up the mouse, which he sold for a farthing at a tavern for their cat.

With the farthing he got molasses and took drinking water in a water-pot. Coming on flower-gatherers returning from the forest, he gave each a tiny quantity of the molasses and ladled the water out to them. Each of them gave him a handful of flowers, with the proceeds of which, next day, he came back again to the flower grounds provided with more molasses and a pot of water. That day the flower-gatherers, before they went, gave him flowering plants with half the flowers left on them; and thus in a little while he obtained eight pennies.

Later, one rainy and windy day, the wind blew down a quantity of rotten branches and boughs and leaves in the king's pleasaunce, and the gardener did not see how to clear them away. [121]

Then up came the young man with an offer to remove the lot, if the wood and leaves might be his. The gardener closed with the offer on the spot. Then this apt pupil of Treasurer Little repaired to the children's playground and in a very little while had got them by bribes of molasses to collect every stick and leaf in the place into a heap at the entrance to the pleasaunce. Just then the king's potter was on the look out for fuel to fire bowls for the palace, and coming on this heap, took the lot off his hands. The sale of his wood brought in sixteen pennies to this pupil of Treasurer Little, as well as five bowls and other vessels. Having now twenty-four pennies in all, a plan occurred to him. He went to the vicinity of the city-gate with a jar full of water and supplied 500 mowers with water to drink. Said they, "You've done us a good turn, friend. What can we do for you?" "Oh, I'll tell you when I want your aid," said he; and as he went about, he struck up an intimacy with a land-trader and a sea-trader. Said the former to him, "To-morrow there will come to town a horse-dealer with 500 horses to sell." On hearing this piece of news, he said to the mowers, "I want each of you to-day to give me a bundle of grass and not to sell your own grass till mine is sold." "Certainly," said they, and delivered the 500 bundles of grass at his house. Unable to get grass for his horses elsewhere, the dealer purchased our friend's grass for a thousand pieces.

Only a few days later his sea-trading friend brought him news of the arrival of a large ship in port; and another plan struck him. He hired for eight pence a well appointed carriage which plied for hire by the hour, and went in great style down to the port. Having bought the ship on credit and deposited his signet-ring as security, he had a pavilion pitched hard by and said to his

people as he took his seat inside, "When merchants are being shewn in, let them be passed on by three successive ushers into my presence." [122] Hearing that a ship had arrived in port, about a hundred merchants came down to buy the cargo; only to he told that they could not have it as a great merchant had already made a payment on account. So away they all went to the young man; and the footmen duly announced them by three successive ushers, as had been arranged beforehand. Each man of the hundred severally gave him a thousand pieces to buy a share in the ship and then a further thousand each to buy him out altogether. So it was with 200,000 pieces that this pupil of Treasurer Little returned to Benares.

Actuated by a desire to shew his gratitude, he went with one hundred thousand pieces to call on Treasurer Little. "How did you come by all this wealth?" asked the Treasurer. "In four short months, simply by following your advice," replied the young man; and he told him the whole story, starting with the dead mouse. Thought Lord High Treasurer Little, on hearing all this, "I must see that a young fellow of these parts does not fall into anybody else's hands." So he married him to his own grown-up daughter and settled all the family estates on the young man. And at the Treasurer's death, he became Treasurer in that city. And the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[123] His lesson ended, the Supreme Buddha, the All-Knowing One himself, repeated this stanza:

With humblest start and trifling capital
A shrewd and able man will rise to wealth,
E’en as his breath can nurse a tiny flame.

Also the Blessed One said, "It is through me, Brethren, that Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith, as in times past to great things in the way of wealth." His lesson thus finished, the Master made the connexion between the two stories he had told and identified the Birth in these concluding words, "Little Wayman was in those days the pupil of Treasurer Little, and I myself Lord High Treasurer Little."

[*Note*. The 'Introductory Story' occurs in Chapter vi. of Capt. T. Rogers' *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, but the 'Story of the Past' there given is quite different. See Mrs Bode's 'Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation' in the J. R. A. S. 1893, p. 556. See also *Dhammapada*, p. 181, and compare Chapter xxxv. of the *Divyāvadāna*, edited by Cowell and Neil, 1886. The whole Jātaka, in an abbreviated form, forms the story of 'The Mouse Merchant' at pages 33, 34 of the first volume of Tawney's translation of the *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*. See also *Kalilah and Dimnah*, Chapter XVIII. (Knatchbull, page 358).]

Footnotes

14:2 Jīvaka, a prominent lay-follower of the Buddha, was physician to the Magadha King Seniya Bimbisāra. See, for his history, the account in the Vinaya (Mahavagga VIII. 1).

15:1 Buddhism teaches the impermanence of things, and chief of the trains of thought for realising this doctrine is the meditation on the body and its 32 impurities (see Sutta Nipāta I. 11, and the 12th Jātaka *infra*). At the present day every novice in Ceylon, when invested with the yellow robe of the Order, repeats the verses which enumerate the 32 impurities.

17:1 These four branches were (i) understanding of the sense of the sacred books, (ii) understanding of their ethical truth, (iii) ability to justify an interpretation grammatically, logically, &c., and (iv) the power of public exposition.

17:2 When a gift was made, the donor poured water over the hand of the donee. The gift that was here made by Jīvaka was the food bestowed on the Brotherhood, as the Milinda-pañho explains (p. 118) in its version of this story.

No. 5.

TAṆḌULANĀLI-JĀTAKA.

"*Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?*"--This was told by the Master, whilst at Jetavana, about the Elder Udāyi, called the Dullard.

At that time the reverend Dabba, the Mallian, was manciple to the Brotherhood [1]. When in the early morning Dabba was allotting the checks for rice, sometimes it was choice rice and sometimes it was an inferior quality which fell to the share of the Elder Udāyi. On days when he received the inferior quality, he used to make a commotion in the check-room, by demanding, "Is Dabba the only one who knows how to give out checks? Don't we know?" One day when he was making a commotion, they handed him the check-basket, saying, "Here! you give the checks out yourself to-day!" Thenceforth, it was Udāyi who gave out the checks to the Brotherhood. But, in his distribution, he could not tell the best from the inferior rice; nor did he know what seniority [2] was entitled to the best rice and what to the inferior. So too, when he was making out the roster, he had not an idea of the seniority of the Brethren thereon. Consequently, when the Brethren took up their places, he made a mark on the ground or on the wall to shew that one detachment stood here, and another there. Next day there were fewer Brethren of one grade and more of another in the check-room; where there were fewer, the mark was too low down; where the number was greater, it was too high up. But Udāyi, quite ignorant of detachments, gave out the checks simply according to his old marks.

Hence, the Brethren said to him, "Friend Udāyi, the mark is too high up or too low down; the best rice is for those of such and such seniority, and the inferior quality for such and such others." But he put them back with the argument, "If this mark is where it is, what are you standing here for? Why am I to trust you? It's my mark I trust."

Then, the boys and novices [124] thrust him from the check-room, crying, "Friend Udāyi the Dullard, when you give out the checks, the Brethren are docked of what they ought to get; you're not fit to give them out; get you gone from here." Hereupon, a great uproar arose in the check-room.

Hearing the noise, the Master asked the Elder Ānanda, saying, "Ānanda, there is a great uproar in the check-room. What is the noise about?"

The Elder explained it all to the Buddha. "Ānanda," said he, "this is not the only time when Udāyi by his stupidity has robbed others of their profit; he did just the same thing in bygone times too."

The Elder asked the Blessed One for an explanation, and the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi. In those days our Bodhisatta was his valuer. He used to value horses, elephants, and the like; and jewels, gold, and the like; and he used to pay over to the owners of the goods the proper price, as he fixed it.

But the king was greedy and his greed suggested to him this thought: "This valuer with his style of valuing will soon exhaust all the riches in my house; I must get another valuer." Opening his window and looking out into his courtyard, he espied walking across a stupid, greedy hind in whom he saw a likely candidate for the post. So the king had the man sent for, and asked him whether he could do the work. "Oh yes," said the man; and so, to safeguard the royal treasure, this stupid fellow was appointed valuer. After this the fool, in valuing elephants and horses and the like, used to fix a price dictated by his own fancy, neglecting their true worth; but, as he was valuer, the price was what he said and no other.

At that time there arrived from the north country [1] a horse-dealer with 500 horses. The king sent for his new valuer and bade him value the horses. And the price he set on the whole 500 horses was just one measure of rice, which he ordered to be paid over to the dealer, directing the horses to be led off to the stable [125]. Away went the horse-dealer to the old valuer, to whom he told what had happened, and asked what was to be done. "Give him a bribe," said the ex-valuer, "and put this point to him: 'Knowing as we do that our horses are worth just a single measure of rice, we are curious to learn from you what the precise value of a measure of rice is; could you state its value in the king's presence?' If he says he can, then take him before the king; and I too will be there."

Readily following the Bodhisatta's advice, the horse-dealer bribed the man and put the question to him. The other, having expressed his ability to value a measure of rice, was promptly

taken to the palace, whither also went the Bodhisatta and many other ministers. With due obeisance the horse-dealer said, "Sire, I do not dispute it that the price of 500 horses is a single measure of rice; but I would ask your majesty to question your valuer as to the value of that measure of rice." Ignorant of what had passed, the king said to the fellow, "Valuer, what are 500 horses worth?" "A measure of rice, sire," was the reply. "Very good, my friend; if 500 horses then are worth one measure of rice, what is that measure of rice worth?" "It is worth all Benares and its suburbs," was the fool's reply.

(Thus we learn that, having first valued the horses at a measure of hill-paddy to please the king, he was bribed by the horse-dealer to estimate that measure of rice at the worth of all Benares and its suburbs. And that though the walls of Benares were twelve leagues round by themselves, while the city and suburbs together were three hundred leagues round!

Yet the fool priced all this vast city and its suburbs at a single measure of rice!)

[126] Hereupon the ministers clapped their hands and laughed merrily. "We used to think," they said in scorn, "that the earth and the realm were beyond price; but now we learn that the kingdom of Benares together with its king is only worth a single measure of rice! What talents the valuer has! How has he retained his post so long? But truly the valuer suits our king admirably."

Then the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza [1]:

Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?
--Why, all Benares, both within and out.
Yet, strange to tell, five hundred horses too
Are worth precisely this same peck of rice!

Thus put to open shame, the king sent the fool packing, and gave the Bodhisatta the office again. And when his life closed, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended and the two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion,--"Udāyi the Dullard was the stupid rustic valuer of those days, and I myself the wise valuer."

Footnotes

21:1 See Vinaya, Vol. III. p. 158.

21:2 Compare Vinaya, Vol. II. p. 167, and commentary thereon (*Sāmanta-pāsādikā*) for the right of seniors, according to the roster, to be served first. The manciple was to call out the roster.

22:1 In the Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884, p. 127, it is argued from the indefinite use of *uttarā-patha* for all countries north of Benares that the date of writing must be before the 3rd century B.C., when Buddhistic embassies were sent to Mysore and North Canara and when the Dakshiṇāpatha was familiar.

23:1 The text of this stanza does not occur in Fausböll's Pāli text, but is given by Léon Feer at page 520 of the *Journal Asiatique* for 1876 and is embodied in the 'Corrections and Additions' of

Fausböll. That the stanza originally formed part of the Sinhalese recension is shown by the quotation of the opening words as the 'catchword' at the Commencement of the Jātaka. See also Dickson in Ceylon J. R. A. S. 1884, p. 185.

No. 6.

DEVADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Those only 'godlike' call*."--This story was told by the Blessed One while at Jetavana, about a wealthy Brother.

Tradition tells us that, on the death of his wife, a squire of Sāvatthi joined the Brotherhood. When he was joining, he caused to be built for himself a chamber to live in, a room for the fire, and a store-room; and not till he had stocked his store-room with ghee, rice, and the like, did he finally join. Even after he had become a brother, he used to send for his servants and make them cook him what he liked to eat. He was richly provided with the requisites [2],--having an entire change of clothing for night and another for day; and he dwelt aloof on the outskirts of the monastery.

One day when he had taken out his cloths and bedding and had spread them out to dry in his chamber, a number of Brethren from the country, who were on a pilgrimage from monastery to monastery [1], came in their journeying to his cell and found all these belongings.

"Whose are these?" they asked. "Mine, sirs," he replied. "What, sir?" they cried; "this upper-cloth and that as well; this under-cloth as well as that; and that bedding too, is it all yours?" "Yes, nobody's but mine." "Sir," said they, "the Blessed One has only sanctioned three cloths; and yet, though the Buddha, to whose doctrine you have devoted yourself, is so simple in his wants,

you forsooth have amassed all this stock of requisites. Come! we must take you before the Lord of Wisdom." And, so saying, they went off with him to the Master.

Becoming aware of their presence, the Master said, [127] "Wherefore is it, Brethren, that you have brought the Brother against his will?" "Sir, this Brother is well-off and has quite a stock of requisites." "Is it true, Brother, as they say, that you are so well-off?" "Yes, Blessed One." "But why, Brother, have you amassed these belongings? Do not I extol the virtues of wanting little, contentment, and so forth, solitude, and determined resolve?"

Angered by the Master's words, he cried,--"Then I'll go about like this!" And, flinging off his outer clothing, he stood in their midst clad only in his waist-cloth.

Then, as a moral support to him, the Master said, "Was it not you, Brother, who in bygone days were a seeker after the shamefacedness that fears to sin, and even when you were a water-demon lived for twelve years seeking after that shamefacedness? How then comes it that, after vowing to follow the weighty doctrine of the Buddha, you have flung off your outer robes and stand here devoid of shame?"

At the Master's word, his sense of shame was restored; he donned his robes again, and, saluting the Master, seated himself at the side.

The Brethren having asked the Blessed One to explain to them the matter he had mentioned, the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi. The Bodhisatta, having come to birth in those days as the king's son by the queen, was duly named Prince Mahiṃsāsa. By the time he could run about, a second son was born to the king, and the name they gave this child was Prince Moon; but by the time he could run about, the Bodhisatta's mother died. Then the king took another queen, who was his joy and delight; and their love was crowned with the birth of yet another prince, whom they named Prince Sun. In his joy at the birth of the boy, the king promised to grant her any boon she might ask on the child's behalf. But the queen treasured up the promise to be fulfilled at her own good time hereafter. Later, when her son had grown up, she said to the king, "Sire, when my boy was born, you granted me a boon to ask for him. Let him be king."

"Nay," said the king; "two sons have I, radiant as flaming fires; I cannot give the kingdom to your son." But when he saw that, undaunted by this refusal, the queen kept plaguing him time after time, to grant her request, [128] the king, fearing lest the woman should plot evil against his sons, sent for them and said, "My children, when Prince Sun was born, I granted a boon; and now his mother wants the kingdom for him. I have no wish to give him the kingdom; but women are naturally wicked, and she will be plotting evil against you. You had better retire to the forest, to return at my death to rule in the city which belongs by right to our house." So saying, with tears and lamentations, the king kissed his two sons on the head and sent them forth.

As the princes were leaving the palace after their adieux to their father, who should see them but Prince Sun himself, who was playing in the courtyard? And no sooner did he learn what was the matter than he made up his mind to go with his brothers. So he too went off in their company.

The three came to the region of the Himalayas; and here the Bodhisatta, who had turned aside from the road and was sitting at the foot of a tree, said to Prince Sun, "Run down to the pool yonder, Sun dear; drink and bathe there; and then bring us too some water back in a lotus-leaf."

(Now that pool had been delivered over to a certain water-sprite by Vessavaṇa [1], who said to him, "With the exception of such as know what is truly god-like, all that go down into this pool are yours to devour. Over those that do not enter the waters, you have no power granted to you." And thenceforth the water-sprite used to ask all who went down into the pool what was truly godlike, devouring everyone who did not know.)

Now it was into this pool that Prince Sun went down, quite unsuspiciously, with the result that he was seized by the water-sprite, who said to him, "Do you know what is truly godlike?" "O yes," said he; "the sun and moon." "*You* don't know," said the monster, and hauling the prince down into the depths of the water, imprisoned him there in his own abode. Finding that his brother was a long time gone, the Bodhisatta sent Prince Moon. He too was seized by the water-sprite and asked whether he knew what was truly godlike. "Oh yes, I know," said he; "the four. quarters of heaven are." "*You* don't know," said the water-sprite as he hauled this second victim off to the same prison-house.

Finding that this second brother too tarried long, the Bodhisatta felt sure that something had happened to them. So away he went after them and tracked their footsteps down into the water. [129] Realising at once

that the pool must be the domain of a water-sprite, he girded on his sword, and took his bow in his hand, and waited. Now when the demon found that the Bodhisatta had no intention of entering the water, he assumed the shape of a forester, and in this guise addressed the Bodhisatta thus: "You're tired with your journey, mate; why don't you go in and have a bathe and a drink, and deck yourself with lotuses? You would travel on comfortably afterwards." Recognising him at once for a demon, the Bodhisatta said, "It is you who have seized my brothers." "Yes, it was," was the reply. "Why?" Because all who go down into this pool belong to me." "What, all?" "Not those who know what is truly godlike; all save these are mine." "And do you want to know the godlike?" "I do." "If this be so, I will tell you what is truly godlike." "Do so, and I will listen."

"I should like to begin," said the Bodhisatta, "but I am travel-stained with my journey." Then the water-sprite bathed the Bodhisatta, and gave him food to eat and water to drink, decked him with flowers, sprinkled him with scents, and laid out a couch for him in the midst of a gorgeous pavilion. Seating himself on this couch, and making the water-sprite sit at his feet, the Bodhisatta said, "Listen then and you shall hear what the truly godlike is." And he repeated this stanza:--

Those only 'godlike' call who shrink from sin,
The white-souled tranquil votaries of Good.

[132] And when the demon heard this, he was pleased, and said to the Bodhisatta, "Man of wisdom, I am pleased with you, and give you up one of your brothers. Which shall I bring?" "The youngest." "Man of wisdom, though you know so well what the truly godlike is, you don't act on your knowledge." "How so?" "Why, you take the younger in preference to the elder, without regard to his seniority." "Demon, I not only know but practise the godlike. It was on this boy's account that we sought refuge in the forest; it was for him that his mother asked the kingdom from our father, and our father, refusing to fulfil her demand, consented to our flight to the refuge of the forest. With us came this boy, nor ever thought of turning back again. Not a soul would believe me if I were to give out that he had been devoured by a demon in the forest; and it is the fear of odium that impels me to demand *him* at your hands."

"Excellent! excellent! O man of wisdom," cried the demon in approval; "you not only know but practise the godlike." [133] And in token of his pleasure and approval he brought forth the *two* brothers and gave them both to the Bodhisatta.

Then said the latter to the water-sprite, "Friend, it is in consequence of your own evil deeds in times past that you have now been born a demon subsisting on the flesh and blood of other living creatures; and in this present birth too you are continuing to do evil. This evil conduct

will for ever bar you from escaping re-birth in hell and the other evil states. Wherefore, from this time forth renounce evil and live virtuously."

Having worked the demon's conversion, the Bodhisatta continued to dwell at that spot under his protection, until one day he read in the stars that his father was dead. Then taking the water-sprite with him, he returned to Benares and took possession of the kingdom, making Prince Moon his viceroy and Prince Sun his generalissimo. For the water-sprite he made a home in a pleasant spot and took measures to ensure his being provided with the choicest garlands, flowers, and food. He himself ruled in righteousness until he passed away to fare according to his deeds.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. And the All-knowing Buddha, having told the two stories, made the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The well-to-do Brother was the water-demon of those days; Ānanda was Prince Sun, Sāriputta Prince Moon, and I myself the eldest brother, Prince Mahiṃsāsa."

[*Note*. See Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 302, and *Ten Jātakas*, p. 88.]

Footnotes

23:2 I.e. an alms-bowl, three cloths, a girdle, a razor, a needle and a water-strainer.

24:1 I take this to be the meaning of *senāsana-cārikā*, in contradistinction to the ordinary *cārikā* in which the destination was uncertain and in which alms were received from the laity.

25:1 This is another name for Kuvera, the Hindū Plutus, half-brother of Rāvaṇa, the demon-king of Ceylon in the Rāmāyaṇa. As appears from Jātaka No. 74, Vessavaṇa had rule over Tree-sprites as well as Water-sprites, holding his office from Sakka.

No. 7.

KAṬṬHAHĀRI-JĀTAKA.

"*Your son am I*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the story of Vāsabha-Khattiyā, which will be found in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasāla-jātaka [1]. Tradition tells us that she was the daughter of Mahānāma Sakka by a slave-girl named Nāgamuṇḍā, and that she afterwards became the consort of the king of Kosala. She conceived a son by the king; but the king, coming to know of her servile origin, degraded her from her rank, and also degraded her son Viḍūḍabha. Mother and son never came outside the palace.

Hearing of this, the Master at early dawn came to the palace attended by five hundred Brethren [134], and, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, said, "Sire, where is Vāsabha-Khattiyā?"

Then the king told him what had happened.

Sire, whose daughter is Vāsabha-Khattiyā?" "Mahānāma's daughter, sir." "When she came away, to whom did she come as wife?" "To me, sir." "Sire, she is a king's daughter; to a king she is wed; and to a king she bore her

son. Wherefore is that son not in authority over the realm which owns his father's sway? In bygone days, a monarch who had a son by a casual [1] faggot-gatherer gave that son his sovereignty."

The king asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from him by re-birth.

Once on a time in Benares Brahmadatta the king, having gone in great state to his pleasaunce, was roaming about looking for fruits and flowers when he came on a woman who was merrily singing away as she picked up sticks in the grove. Falling in love at first sight, the king became intimate with her, and the Bodhisatta was conceived then and there. Feeling as heavy within as though weighed down with the bolt of Indra, the woman knew that she would become a mother, and told the king so. He gave her the signet-ring from his finger and dismissed her with these-words:--"If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me."

When the woman's time was come, she bore the Bodhisatta. And when he could run about and was playing in the playground, a cry would arise, "No-father has hit me!" Hearing this, the Bodhisatta ran away to his mother and asked who his father was.

"You are the son of the King of Benares, my boy." "What proof of this is there, mother?" "My son, the king on leaving me gave me this signet-ring and said, 'If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me.'" "Why then don't you take me to my father, mother?"

[135] Seeing that the boy's mind was made up, she took him to the gate of the palace, and bade their coming be announced to the king. Being summoned in, she entered and bowing before his majesty said, "This is your son, sire."

The king knew well enough that this was the truth, but shame before all his court made him reply, "He is no son of mine." "But here is your signet-ring, sire; you will recognise that." "Nor is this my signet-ring." Then said the woman, "Sire, I have now no witness to prove my words, except to appeal to truth. Wherefore, if you be the father of my child, I pray that he may stay in mid-air; but if not, may he fall to earth and be killed." So saying, she seized the Bodhisatta by the foot and threw him up into the air.

Seated cross-legged in mid-air, the Bodhisatta in sweet tones repeated this stanza to his father, declaring the truth:--

Your son am I, great monarch; rear me, Sire!
The king rears others, but much more his child.

Hearing the Bodhisatta thus teach the truth to him from mid-air, the king stretched out his hands and cried, "Come to me, my boy! None, none but me shall rear and nurture you!" A thousand hands were stretched out to receive the Bodhisatta; [136] but it was into the arms of the king and of no other that he descended, seating himself in the king's lap. The king made him viceroy, and made his mother queen-consort. At the death of the king his father, he came to the throne by the title of King Kaṭṭhavāhana--the faggot-bearer--, and after ruling his realm righteously, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson to the king of Kosala ended, and his two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:--"Mahāmāyā was the mother of

those days, King Suddhodana was the father, and I myself King Kaṭṭhavāhana."

[*Note*. Cf. Dhammapada, p. 218, Jātaka No. 465, and Rogers' Buddhaghosha's Parables, p. 146. See also an endeavour, in the Ceylon R.AṢ. Journal, 1884, to trace this Jātaka back to the story of Dushyanta and Çakuntalā in the *Mahābhārata* and to Kālidāsa's drama of the Lost Ring.]

Footnotes

27:1 No. 465.

28:1 The word *muhuttikāya* means, literally, "momentary," or perhaps may be translated "with whom he consorted but a little while." Professor Künte (Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1884, p. 128) sees in the word a reference to the Muhūrta (mohotura) form of marriage, which "obtains among the Mahrathas other than the Brahmanas," and which he compares with the familiar Gāndharva form, *i.e.* (legal) union by mutual consent, on the spur of the moment, without any preliminary formalities.

No. 8.

GĀMANI-JĀTAKA.

"*Their heart's desire*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. In this Jātaka both the Introductory Story and the Story of the Past will be given in the Eleventh Book in connexion with the Saṃvara-jātaka [1];--the incidents are the same both for that Jātaka and for this, but the stanzas are different.

Abiding stedfast in the counsels of the Bodhisatta, Prince Gāmani, finding himself--though the youngest of a hundred brothers--surrounded by those hundred brothers as a retinue and seated beneath the white canopy of kingship,

contemplated his glory and thought--"All this glory I owe to my teacher." And, in his joy, he burst into this heartfelt utterance:--

Their heart's desire [1] they reap, who hurry not;
Know, Gāmani, ripe excellence is thine.

[137] Seven or eight days after he had become king, all his brothers departed to their own homes. King Gāmani, after ruling his kingdom in righteousness, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatship. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together and identified the Birth.

Footnotes

29:1 No. 462.

30:1 As to the alternative of the gloss ("phalāsā ti āsāphalam," *i.e.* "'the desire of the fruit' means 'the fruit of the desire'") Professor Künte (Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884) says--"the inversion requires a knowledge of metaphysical grammar such as was not cultivated in India before the 6th century A.D. ..Ṭhe gloss was written about the Brahminical and Jain revival."

No. 9.

MAKHĀDEVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! these grey hairs*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Great Renunciation, which has already been related in the Nidāna-Kathā [2].

On this occasion the Brethren sat praising the Renunciation of the Lord of Wisdom. Entering the Hall of Truth and seating himself on the Buddha-seat, the Master thus addressed the Brethren:--"What is your theme, Brethren, as you sit here in conclave?"

"It is naught else, sir, than the praise of your own Renunciation." "Brethren," rejoined the Master, "not only in these latter days has the Tathāgata [3] made a Renunciation; in bygone days too he similarly renounced the world."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One for an explanation of this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time in Mithilā in the realm of Videha there was a king named Makhādeva, who was righteous and ruled righteously. For successive periods of eighty-four thousand years he had respectively amused himself as prince, ruled as viceroy, and reigned as king. All these long years had he lived, when one day he said to his barber,--"Tell me, friend barber, when you see any

grey hairs in my head." So one day, years and years after, [138] the barber did find among the raven locks of the king a single grey hair, and he told the king so. "Pull it out, my friend," said the king; "and lay it in my palm." The barber accordingly plucked the hair out with his golden tongs, and laid it in the king's hand. The king had at that time still eighty-four thousand years more to live; but nevertheless at the sight of that one grey hair he was filled with deep emotion. He seemed to see the King of Death standing over him, or to be cooped within a blazing but of leaves. "Foolish Makhādeva!" he cried; "grey hairs have come upon you before you have been able to rid yourself of depravities." And as he thought and thought about the appearance of his grey hair, he grew aflame within; the sweat rolled down from his body; whilst his raiment oppressed him and seemed intolerable. "This very day," thought he, "will I renounce the world for the Brother's life."

To his barber he gave the grant of a village, which yielded a hundred thousand pieces of money. He sent for his eldest son and said to him, "My son, grey hairs are come upon me, and I am become old. I have had my fill of human joys, and fain would taste the joys divine; the time for my renunciation has come. Take the sovereignty upon yourself; as for me, I will take up my abode in the pleasaunce called Makhādeva's Mango-grove, and there tread the ascetic's path."

As he was thus bent on leading the Brother's life, his ministers drew near and said, "What is the reason, sire, why you adopt the Brother's life?"

Taking the grey hair in his hand, the king repeated this stanza to his ministers:--

Lo, these grey hairs that on my head appear
Are Death's own messengers that come to rob
My life. 'Tis time I turned from worldly things,
And in the hermit's path sought saving peace.

[139] And after these words, he renounced his sovereignty that self-same day and became a recluse. Dwelling in that very Mango-grove of Makhādeva, he there during eighty-four thousand years fostered the Four Perfect States within himself, and, dying with insight full and unbroken, was reborn in the Realm of Brahma. Passing thence, he became a king again in Mithilā, under the name of Nimi, and after uniting his scattered family, once more became a hermit in that same

Mango-grove, winning the Four Perfect States and passing thence once more to the Realm of Brahma.

After repeating his statement that he had similarly renounced the world in bygone days, the Master at the end of his lesson preached the Four Truths. Some entered the First Path, some the Second, and some the Third. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion between them and identified the Birth, by saying:--"In those days Ānanda was the barber, Rāhula the son, and I myself King Makhādeva."

[*Note*. See *Majjhima-Nikāya*, Sutta No. 83 of which is entitled the Makhādeva Sutta. According to Léon Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) the Bigandet MS. calls this the Devadūta-jātaka. Bigandet in his *Life or Legend of Gaudama* (p. 408) gives a version of this Jātaka, in

which the king is named Minggadewa, and in which the doings of King Nemi (= Nimi above) are given in great detail. See Upham's *Mahāvansi*, vol. i. p. 14, and the 'Nemy' Jātaka referred to by him as the 544th Jātaka. See also *Cariyū-Piṭaka*, p. 76, and Plate XLVIII. (2) of the *Stūpa of Bharhut*, where the name is carved Magha-deva, a spelling which is retained in modern Burmese manuscripts of the Majjhima Sutta from which this Jātaka was manifestly compiled.]

Footnotes

30:2 See p. 61 et seqq. of Vol. i. of Fausböll's text for this account of how Prince Siddhattha, the future Buddha, renounced the world for the Truth.

30:3 The meaning of this frequently recurring title of the Buddha is far from clear, and the obscurity is deepened by the elaborate gloss of Buddhaghosa at pp. 59-68 of the Sumaṅgala-vilāsinī, where eight different interpretations are given. Perhaps the word may mean 'He who has trod the path which the earlier Buddhas trod'; but there is much to be said for the view put forward on p. 82 of Vol. XIII. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, that the meaning is 'He who has arrived there,' *i.e.* at emancipation.

No. 10.

SUKHAVIHĀRI-JĀTAKA.

[140] "*The man who guards not*."--This story was told by the Master while in the Anūpiya Mango-grove near the town of Anūpiya, about the Elder Bhaddiya (the Happy), who joined the Brotherhood in the company of the six young nobles with whom was Upāli [1]. Of these the Elders Bhaddiya, Kimbila, Bhagu, and Upāli attained to Arahatship; the Elder Ānanda entered the First Path; the Elder Anuruddha gained all-seeing vision; and Devadatta obtained the power of ecstatic self-abstraction. The story of the six young nobles, up to the events at Anūpiya, will be related in the Khaṇḍahāla-jātaka [2].

The venerable Bhaddiya, who used in the days of his royalty to guard himself as though he were appointed his own tutelary deity, bethought him of the state of fear in which he then lived when he was being guarded by numerous guards and when he used to toss about even on his royal couch in his private apartments high up in the palace; and with this he compared the absence of fear in which, now that he was an Arahat, he roamed hither and thither in forests and desert places. And at the thought he burst into this heartfelt utterance--"Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, saying, "The venerable Bhaddiya is declaring the bliss he has won."

"Brethren," said the Blessed One, "this is not the first time that Bhaddiya's life has been happy; his life was no less happy in bygone days."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a wealthy northern brahmin. Realising the evil of lusts and the blessings that flow from renouncing the world, he abjured lusts, and retiring to the Himalayas there became a hermit and won the eight Endowments. His following waxed great, amounting to five hundred ascetics. Once when the rains set in, he quitted the Himalayas and travelling along on an alms-pilgrimage with his attendant ascetics through village and town came at last to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal pleasaunce as the pensioner of the king's bounty. After dwelling here for the four rainy months, he came to the king to take his leave. But the king said to him, "You are old, reverend sir. Wherefore should you go back to the Himalayas'? Send your pupils back thither [141] and stop here yourself."

The Bodhisatta entrusted his five hundred ascetics to the care of his oldest disciple, saying, "Go you with these to the Himalayas; I will stop on here."

Now that oldest disciple had once been a king, but had given up a mighty kingdom to become a Brother; by the due performance of the rites appertaining to concentrated thought he had mastered the eight Endowments. As he dwelt with the ascetics in the Himalayas, one day a longing came upon him to see the

master, and he said to his fellows, "Live on contentedly here; I will come back as soon as I have paid my respects to the master." So away he went to the master, paid his respects to him, and greeted him lovingly. Then he lay down by the side of his master on a mat which he spread there.

At this point appeared the king, who had come to the pleasaunce to see the ascetic; and with a salutation he took his seat on one side. But though he was aware of the king's presence, that oldest disciple forbore to rise, but still lay there, crying with passionate earnestness, "Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

Displeased that the ascetic, though he had seen him, had not risen, the king said to the Bodhisatta, "Reverend sir, this ascetic must have had his fill to eat, seeing that he continues to lie there so happily, exclaiming with such earnestness."

"Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "of old this ascetic was a king as you are. He is thinking how in the old days when he was a layman and

lived in regal pomp with many a man-at-arms to guard him, he never knew such happiness as now is his. It is the happiness of the Brother's life, and the happiness that Insight brings, which move him to this heartfelt utterance." And the Bodhisatta further repeated this stanza to teach the king the Truth:--

The man who guards not, nor is guarded, sire,
Lives happy, freed from slavery to lusts.

[142] Appeased by the lesson thus taught him, the king made his salutation and returned to his palace. The disciple also took his leave of his master and returned to the Himalayas. But the Bodhisatta continued to dwell on there, and, dying with Insight full and unbroken, was re-born in the Realm of Brahma.

His lesson ended, and the two stories told, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying,--"The Elder Bhaddiya was the disciple of those days, and I myself the master of the company of ascetics."

[*Note*. For the Introductory Story compare *Cullavagga*, VII. l. 5--.]

Footnotes

32:1 Cf. Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, Vol. in pp. 180-4 (translated at p. 232 of Vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*), for an account of the conversion of the six Sākyan princes and the barber Upāli.

32:2 No. 534 in Westergaard's list; not yet edited by Fausböll.

No. 11.

LAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*The upright man*."--This story was told by the Master in the Bamboo-grove near Rājagaha about Devadatta. The story of Devadatta [1] will be related, up to the date of the Abhimāra-employment, in the Khaṇḍahāla-jātaka [2]; up to the date of his dismissal from the office of Treasurer, in the Cullahaṃsa-jātaka [3]; and, up to the date of his being swallowed up by the earth, in the Sixteenth Book in the Samudda-vāṇija-jātaka [4].

For, on the occasion now in question, Devadatta, through failing to carry the Five Points which he had pressed for, had made a schism in the Brotherhood and had gone off with five hundred Brethren to dwell at Gayā-sīsa. Now, these Brethren came to a riper knowledge; and the Master, knowing this, called the

two chief disciples [1] and said, "Sāriputta, your five hundred pupils who were perverted by Devadatta's teaching and went off with him, have now come to a riper knowledge. Go thither with a number of the Brethren, preach the Truth to them, enlighten these wanderers respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and bring them back with you."

They went thither, preached the Truth, enlightened them respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and next day [143] at dawn came back again with those Brethren to the Bamboo-grove. And whilst Sāriputta was standing there after saluting the Blessed One on his return, the Brethren spoke thus to him in praise of

the Elder Sāriputta, "Sir, very bright was the glory of our elder brother, the Captain of the Truth, as he returned with a following of five hundred Brethren; whereas Devadatta has lost all his following."

"This is not the only time, Brethren, when glory has been Sāriputta's on his return with a following of his kinsfolk; like glory was his too in bygone days. So too this is not the only time when Devadatta has lost his following; he lost it also in bygone days."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

Once on a time in the city of Rājagaha in the kingdom of Magadha there ruled a certain king of Magadha, in whose days the Bodhisatta came to life as a stag. Growing up, he dwelt in the forest as the leader of a herd of a thousand deer. He had two young ones named Luckie and Blackie. When he grew old, he handed his charge over to his two sons, placing five hundred deer under the care of each of them. And so now these two young stags were in charge of the herd.

Towards harvest-time in Magadha, when the crops stand thick in the fields, it is dangerous for the deer in the forests round. Anxious to kill the creatures that devour their crops, the peasants dig pitfalls, fix stakes, set stone-traps, and plant snares and other gins; so that many deer are slain.

Accordingly, when the Bodhisatta marked that it was crop-time, he sent for his two sons and said to them, "My children, it is now the time when crops stand thick in the fields, and many deer

meet their death at this season. We who are old will make shift to stay in one spot; but you will retire each with your herd to the mountainous tracts in the forest and come back when the crops have been carried." "Very good," said his two sons, and departed with their herds, as their father bade.

Now the men who live along the route, know quite well the times at which deer take to the hills and return thence. And [144] lying in wait in hiding-places here and there along the route, they shoot and kill numbers of them. The dullard Blackie, ignorant of the times to travel and the

times to halt, kept his deer on the march early and late, both at dawn and in the gloaming, approaching the very confines of the villages. And the peasants, in ambush or in the open, destroyed numbers of his herd. Having thus by his crass folly worked the destruction of all these, it was with a very few survivors that he reached the forest.

Luckie on the other hand, being wise and astute and full of resource, never so much as approached the confines of a village. He did not travel by day, or even in the dawn or gloaming. Only in the dead of night did he move; and the result was that he reached the forest without losing a single head of his deer.

Four months they stayed in the forest, not leaving the hills till the crops were carried. On the homeward way Blackie by repeating his former folly lost the rest of his herd and returned solitary and alone; whereas Luckie had not lost one of his herd, but had brought back the whole five hundred deer, when he appeared

before his parents. As he saw his two sons returning, the Bodhisatta framed this stanza in concert with the herd of deer:--

The upright kindly man bath his reward.
Mark Luckie leading back his troop of kin,
While here comes Blackie shorn of all his herd.

[145] Such was the Bodhisatta's welcome to his son; and after living to a good old age, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

At the close of his lesson, when the Master had repeated that Sāriputta's glory and Devadatta's loss had both had a parallel in bygone days, he shewed the connexion linking the two stories together and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the Blackie of those days; his followers were Blackie's following; Sāriputta was the Luckie of those days, and his following the Buddha's followers; Rāhula's mother was the mother of those days; and I myself was the father."

[*Note*. See *Dhammapada*, p. 146, for the above verse and for a parallel to the Introductory Story of this Jātaka.]

Footnotes

34:1 See *Cullavagga*, VII. 1--et seqq. The "Five Points" of Devadatta are there given (VII. 3. 14) as follows:--"The Brethren shall live all their life long in the forest, subsist solely on doles collected out of doors, dress solely in rags picked out of dust-heaps, dwell under trees and never under a roof, never eat fish

or flesh." These five points were all more rigid in their asceticism than the Buddha's rule, and were formulated by Devadatta in order to outbid his cousin and master.

34:2 Cf. p. 32, note 2.

34:3 No. 533.

34:4 No. 466.

35:1 The two chief disciples, of whom only one is named in the text, were Sāriputta (surnamed 'the Captain of the Faith') and Moggallāna, two Brahmin friends, originally followers of a wandering ascetic, whose conversion to Buddhism is related in the *Mahāvagga*, I. 23--. Unlike this Jātaka, the *Vinaya* account (*Cullavagga*, VII. 4) of the re-conversion of the backsliders gives a share of the credit to Moggallāna.

No. 12.

NIGRODHAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Keep only with the Banyan Deer*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the mother of the Elder named Prince Kassapa. The daughter, we learn, of a wealthy merchant of Rājagaha was deeply rooted in goodness and scorned all temporal things; she had reached her final existence, and within her breast, like a lamp in a pitcher, glowed her sure hope of winning

Arahatship. As soon as she reached knowledge of herself, she took no joy in a worldly life but yearned to renounce the world. With this aim, she said to her mother and father, "My dear parents, my heart takes no joy in a worldly life; fain would I embrace the saving doctrine of the Buddha. Suffer me to take the vows."

"What, my dear? Ours is a very wealthy family, and you are our only daughter. You cannot take the vows."

Having failed to win her parents' consent, though she asked them again and again, she thought to herself, "Be it so then; when I am married into another family, I will gain my husband's consent and take the vows." And when, being grown up, she entered another family, she proved a devoted wife and lived a life of goodness and virtue [1] in her new home. Now it came to pass that she conceived, though she knew it not.

There was a festival proclaimed in that city, [146] and everybody kept holiday, the city being decked like a city of the gods. But she, even at the height of the festival, neither anointed herself nor put on any finery, going about in her every-day attire. So her husband said to her, "My dear wife, everybody is holiday-making; but you do not put on your bravery."

"My lord and master," she replied, "the body is filled with two-and-thirty component .parts. Wherefore should it be adorned? This bodily frame is not of angelic or archangelic mould; it is not made of gold, jewels, or yellow sandal-wood; it takes not its birth from the womb of lotus-flowers, white or red or blue; it is not filled with any immortal balsam. Nay, it is bred of corruption, and born of mortal parents; the qualities that mark it are the wearing and wasting away, the decay and destruction of the merely transient; it is fated to swell a graveyard, and is devoted to lusts; it is the source of sorrow, and the occasion of lamentation; it is the abode of all diseases, and the repository of the workings of Karma. Foul within,--it is always excreting. Yea, as all the world can see, its end is death, passing to the charnel-house, there to be the dwelling-place of worms [2] [147]. What should I achieve, my bridegroom, by tricking out this body? Would not its adornment be like decorating the outside of a close-stool?"

"My dear wife," rejoined the young merchant, "if you regard this body as so sinful, why don't you become a Sister?"

"If I am accepted, my husband, I will take the vows this very day." "Very good," said he, "I will get you admitted to the Order." And after he had shewn lavish bounty and hospitality to the Order, he escorted her with a large following to the nunnery and had her

admitted a Sister,--but of the following of Devadatta. Great was her joy at the fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister.

As her time drew near, the Sisters, noticing the change in her person, the swelling in her hands and feet and her increased size, said, "Lady, you seem about to become a mother; what does it mean?"

"I cannot tell, ladies; I only know I have led a virtuous life."

So the Sisters brought her before Devadatta, saying, "Lord, this young gentle-woman, who was admitted a Sister with the reluctant consent of her husband, has now proved to be with child; but whether this dates from before her admission to the Order or not, we cannot say. What are we to do now?"

Not being a Buddha, and not having any charity, love or pity, Devadatta thought thus: "It will be a damaging report to get abroad that one of my Sisters is with child, and that I condone the offence. My course is clear;--I must expel this woman from the Order." Without any enquiry, starting forward as if to thrust aside a mass of stone, he said, "Away, and expel this woman!"

Receiving this answer, they arose and with reverent salutation withdrew to their own nunnery. But the girl said to those Sisters, "Ladies, Devadatta the Elder is not the Buddha. My vows were taken not under Devadatta, but under

the Buddha, the Foremost of the world. Rob me not of the vocation I won so hardly; but take me before the Master at Jetavana." So they set out with her for Jetavana, and journeying

over the forty-five leagues thither from Rājagaha, came in due course to their destination, where with reverent salutation to the Master, they laid the matter before him.

Thought the Master, "Albeit the child was conceived while she was still of the laity, yet it will give the heretics an occasion to say that the ascetic Gotama [148] has taken a Sister expelled by Devadatta. Therefore, to cut short such talk, this case must be heard in the presence of the king and his court." So on the morrow he sent for Pasenadi king of Kosala, the elder and the younger Anātha-piṇḍika, the lady Visākhā the great lay-disciple, and other well-known personages; and in the evening when the four classes of the faithful were all assembled--Brothers, Sisters, and lay-disciples, both male and female--he said to the Elder Upāli, "Go, and clear up this matter of the young Sister in the presence of the four classes of my disciples."

"It shall be done, reverend sir," said the Elder, and forth to the assembly he went and there, seating himself in his place, he called up Visākhā the lay-disciple in sight of the king, and placed the conduct of the enquiry in her hands, saying, "First ascertain the precise day of the precise month on which this girl joined the Order, Visākhā; and thence compute whether she conceived before or since that date." Accordingly the lady had a curtain put up as a screen, behind which she retired with the girl. Spectatis manibus, pedibus, umbilico, ipso ventre puellæ, the lady found, on comparing the days and months, that the conception had taken place before the girl had become a Sister. This she reported to the Elder, who proclaimed the Sister innocent before all the assembly. And she, now that her innocence was established, reverently saluted the Order and the Mater, and with the Sisters returned to her own nunnery.

When her time was come, she bore the son strong in spirit, for whom she had prayed at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara ages ago. One day, when the king was passing by the nunnery, he heard the cry of an infant and asked his courtiers what it meant. They, knowing the facts, told his majesty that the cry came from the child to which the young Sister had given birth. "Sirs," said the king, "the care of children is a clog on Sisters in their religious life; let us take charge of him." So the infant was handed over by the king's command to the ladies of his family, and brought up as a prince. When the day came for him to be named, he was called Kassapa, but was known as Prince Kassapa because he was brought up like a prince.

At the age of seven he was admitted a novice under the Master, and a full Brother when he was old enough. As time went on, he waxed famous among the expounders of the Truth. So the Master gave him precedence, saying, "Brethren, the first in eloquence among my disciples is Prince Kassapa." Afterwards, by virtue of the Vammīka Sutta [1], he won Arahatship. So too his mother, the Sister, grew to clear vision and won the Supreme Fruit. Prince Kassapa the Elder shone in the faith of the Buddha [149] even as the full-moon in the mid-heaven. Now one day in the afternoon when the Tathāgata on return from his alms-round had addressed the Brethren, he passed into his perfumed chamber. At the close of his address the Brethren spent the daytime either in their night-quarters or in their day-quarters till it was evening, when they assembled in the hall of Truth and spoke as follows: "Brethren, Devadatta, because he was not a Buddha and because he had no charity, love or pity, was nigh being the ruin of the Elder Prince Kassapa and his reverend mother. But the All-enlightened Buddha, being the Lord of Truth and being perfect in charity, love and pity, has proved their

salvation." And as they sat there telling the praises of the Buddha, he entered the hall with all the grace of a Buddha, and asked, as he took his. seat, what they were talking of as they sat together.

"Of your own virtues, sir," said they, and told him all.

"This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that the Tathāgata has proved the salvation and refuge of these two: he was the same to them in the past also."

Then, on the Brethren asking him to explain this to them, he revealed what re-birth had hidden from them.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a deer. At his birth he was golden of hue; his eyes were like round jewels; the sheen of his horns was as of, silver; his mouth was red as a bunch of scarlet cloth; his four hoofs were as though lacquered; his tail was like the yak's; and he was as big as a young foal. Attended by five hundred deer, he dwelt in the forest under the name of King Banyan Deer. And hard by him dwelt another deer also with an attendant herd of five hundred deer, who was named Branch Deer, and was as golden of hue as the Bodhisatta.

In those days the king of Benares was passionately fond of hunting, and always had meat at every meal. Every day he mustered the whole of his subjects, townsfolk and countryfolk alike, to the detriment of their business, and went hunting.

Thought his people, "This king of ours stops all our work. Suppose we were [150] to sow food and supply water for the deer in his own pleasaunce, and, having driven in a number of deer, to bar them in and deliver them over to the king!" So they sowed in the pleasaunce grass for the deer to eat and supplied water for them to drink, and opened the gate wide. Then they called out the townsfolk and set out into the forest armed with sticks and all manner of weapons to find the deer. They surrounded about a league of forest in order to catch the deer within their circle, and in so doing surrounded the haunt of the Banyan and Branch deer. As soon as they perceived the deer, they proceeded to beat the trees, bushes and ground with their sticks till they drove the herds out of their lairs; then they rattled their swords and spears and bows with so great a din that they drove all the deer into the pleasaunce, and shut the gate. Then they went to the king and said, "Sire, you put a stop to our work by always going a-hunting; so we have driven deer enough from the forest to fill your pleasaunce. Henceforth feed on *them*."

Hereupon the king betook himself to the pleasaunce, and in looking over the herd saw among them two golden deer, to whom he granted immunity. Sometimes he would go of his own accord and shoot a deer to bring home; sometimes his cook would go and shoot one. At first sight of the bow, the deer would dash off trembling for their lives, but after receiving two or three wounds they grew weary and faint and were slain. The herd of deer told this to the Bodhisatta, who sent for Branch and said, "Friend, the deer are being destroyed in great numbers; and, though they

cannot escape death, at least let them not be needlessly wounded. Let the deer go to the block [1] by turns, one day one from my herd, and next day one from yours,--the deer on whom the lot falls to go to the place of execution and lie down with its head on the block. In this wise the deer will escape wounding." The other agreed; and thenceforth the deer whose turn it was, used to go [151] and lie down with its neck ready on the block. The cook used to go and carry off only the victim which awaited him.

Now one day the lot fell on a pregnant doe of the herd of Branch, and she went to Branch and said, "Lord, I am with young. When I have brought forth my little one, there will be two of us to take our turn. Order me to be passed over this turn." "No, I cannot make your turn, another's," said he; "you must bear the consequences of your own fortune. Begone!" Finding no favour with him, the doe went on to the Bodhisatta and told him her story. And he answered, "Very well; you go away, and I will see that the turn passes over you." And therewithal he went himself to the place of execution and lay down with his head on the block, Cried the cook on seeing him, "Why here's the king of the deer who was granted immunity! What does this mean?" And off he ran to tell the king. The moment he heard of it, the king mounted his chariot and arrived with a large following. "My friend the king of the deer," he said on beholding the Bodhisatta, "did I not promise you your life? How comes it that you are lying here?

"Sire, there came to me a doe big with young, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another; and, as I could not pass the doom of one on to another, I, laying down my life for her and taking her

doom on myself, have laid me down here. Think not that there is anything behind this, your majesty."

"My lord the golden king of the deer," said the king, "never yet saw I, even among men, one so abounding in charity, love and pity as you. Therefore am I pleased with you. Arise! I spare the lives both of you and of her."

"Though two be spared, what shall the rest do, O king of men?" "I spare their lives too, my lord." "Sire, only the deer in your pleasaunce will thus have gained immunity; what shall all the rest do?" "Their lives too I spare, my lord." "Sire, deer will thus be safe; but what will the rest of four-footed creatures do?" [152]. "I spare their lives too, my lord." "Sire, four-footed creatures will thus be safe; but what will the flocks of birds do?" "They too shall be spared, my lord." "Sire, birds will thus be safe; but what will the fishes do, who live in the water?" "I spare their lives also, my lord."

After thus interceding with the king for the lives of all creatures, the

Great Being arose, established the king in the Five Commandments, saying, "Walk in righteousness, great king. Walk in righteousness and justice towards parents, children, townsmen, and countryfolk, so that when this earthly body is dissolved, you may enter the bliss of heaven." Thus, with the grace and charm that marks a Buddha, did he teach the Truth to the king. A few days he tarried in the pleasaunce for the king's instruction, and then with his attendant herd he passed into the forest again.

And that doe brought forth a fawn fair as the opening bud of the lotus, who used to play about with the Branch deer. Seeing this his mother said to him, "My child, don't go about with him, only go about with the herd of the Banyan deer." And by way of exhortation, she repeated this stanza:

Keep only with the Banyan deer, and shun
The Branch deer's herd; more welcome far
Is death, my child, in Banyan's company,
Than e'en the amplest term of life with Branch.

Thenceforth, the deer, now in the enjoyment of immunity, used to eat men's crops, and the men, remembering the immunity granted to them, did not dare to hit the deer or drive them away. So they assembled in the king's courtyard and laid the matter before the king. Said he, "When the Banyan deer won my favour, [153] I promised him a boon. I will forego my kingdom rather than my promise. Begone! Not a man in my kingdom may harm the deer."

But when this came to the ears of the Banyan deer, he called his herd together and said, "Henceforth you shall not eat the crops of others." And having thus forbidden them, he sent a message to the men, saying, "From this day forward, let no husbandman fence his field, but merely indicate it with leaves tied up round it." And so, we hear, began a plan of tying up leaves to indicate the fields; and never was a deer known to trespass on a field so marked. For thus they had been instructed by the Bodhisatta.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort the deer of his herd, and thus did he act all his life long, and at the close of a long life passed away with them to fare according to his deserts. The king too abode

by the Bodhisatta's teachings, and after a life spent in good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

At the close of this lesson, when the Master had repeated that, as now, so in bygone days also he had been the salvation of the pair, he preached the Four Truths. He then shewed the connexion, linking together the two stories he had told, and identified the Birth by saying,--"Devadatta was the Branch Deer of

those days, and his followers were that deer's herd; the nun was the doe, and Prince Kassapa was her offspring; Ānanda was the king; and I myself was King Banyan Deer."

[*Note*. This Jātaka is referred to in *Milindapañho* (page 289 of Rhys Davids' translation), and is figured in Plates XXV. (1) and XLIII. (2) of Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut* several illegible words in the copytext--JBH See also Julien's *Huen Thsang*, ii. 361. For the stanza and the Introductory Story see *Dhammapada*, pp. 327-330.]

Footnotes

37:1 Or, perhaps, "was beautiful."

37:2 A long string of repulsive stanzas as to the anatomy of the body is here omitted.

38:1 The 23rd Sutta of the *Majjhima Nikāya*.

40:1 For dhammagaṇḍikā see *Jāt*. II. 124; III. 41.

No. 13.

KAṆḌINA-JĀTAKA.

"*Cursed be the dart of love*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the temptation caused to Brethren by the wives of their mundane life. This will be related in the Indriya-jātaka [1] in the Eighth Book. Said the Blessed One to the Brother, "Brother, it was because of this very woman that in bygone days you met your death and were roasted over glowing embers." The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

[154] (Henceforth we shall omit the words respecting the Brethren's request for an explanation and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth; and we shall only say "told this story of the past." When only this is said, all the rest is to be supplied and repeated as above,--the request, the simile of setting free the moon from the clouds, and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth.)

Once on a time in the kingdom of Magadha the king was reigning in Rājagaha, and when the crops were grown the deer were exposed to great perils, so that they retired to the forest. Now a certain mountain-stag of the forest, having become attached to a doe who came from near a village, was moved by his love for her to accompany her when the deer returned home from the forest. Said she, "You, sir, are but a simple stag of the

forest, and the neighbourhood of villages is beset with peril and danger.

So don't come down with us." But he because of his great love for her would not stay, but came with her.

When they knew that it was the time for the deer to cone down from the hills, the Magadha folk posted themselves in ambush by the road; and a hunter was lying in wait just by the road along which the pair were travelling. Scenting a man, the young doe suspected that a hunter was in ambush, and let the stag go on first, following herself at some distance. With a single arrow the hunter laid the stag low, and the doe seeing him struck was off like the wind. Then that hunter came forth from his hiding place and skinned the stag and lighting a fire cooked the sweet flesh over the embers. Having eaten and drunk, he took off home the remainder of the bleeding carcass on his carrying-pole to regale his children.

Now in those clays the Bodhisatta was a fairy dwelling in that very grove of trees, and he marked what had come to pass. "'Twas not father or mother, but passion alone that destroyed this foolish deer [155]. The dawn of passion is bliss, but its end is sorrow and suffering,--the painful loss of hands, and the misery of the five forms of bonds and blows. To cause another's death is accounted infamy in this world; infamous too is the land which owns a woman's sway and rule; and infamous are the men who yield themselves to women's dominion." And therewithal, while the other fairies of the wood applauded and offered perfumes and flowers and the like in homage, the Bodhisatta wove the

three infamies into a single stanza, and made the wood re-echo with his sweet tones as he taught the truth in these lines:

Cursed be the dart of love that works men pain!
Cursed be the land where women rule supreme!
And cursed the fool that bows to woman's sway!

Thus in a single stanza were the three infamies comprised by the Bodhisatta, and the woods re-echoed as he taught the Truth with all the mastery and grace of a Buddha [156].

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the love-sick Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth.

(Henceforward, we shall omit the words 'Having told the two stories,' and simply say 'shewed the connexion...;' the words omitted are to be supplied as before.)

"In those days," said the Master, "the love-sick Brother was the mountain-stag; his mundane wife was the young doe, and I was myself the fairy who preached the Truth shewing the sin of passion."

[*Note*. See page 330 of Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra*.]

Footnotes

42:1 No. 423.

No. 14.

VĀTAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*There's nothing worse*." This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Tissa, called Direct-alms the Less. Tradition says that, while the Master was dwelling at the Bamboo-grove near Rājagaha, the scion of a wealthy house, Prince Tissa by name, coming one day to the Bamboo-grove and there hearing a discourse from the Master, wished to join the Brotherhood, but, being refused because his parents would not give their consent, obtained their consent by following Raṭṭha-pāla's [1] example and refusing food for seven days, and finally took the vows with the Master.

About a fortnight after admitting this young man, the Master repaired from the Bamboo-grove to Jetavana, where the young nobleman undertook the Thirteen Obligations [2] and passed his time in going his round for alms from house to house, omitting none. Under the name of the Elder Tissa Direct-alms the Less, he became as bright and shining a light in Buddhism as the moon in the vault of heaven.

A festival having been proclaimed at this time at Rājagaha, the Elder's mother and father laid in a silver casket the trinkets he used to wear as a-layman, and took it to heart, bewailing thus,--"At other festivals our son used to wear this or that bravery as he kept the festival; and he, our only son, has been taken away by the sage Gotama to the town of Sāvatthi. Where is our son sitting now or standing?" Now a slave-girl who came to the

house, noticed the lady of the house weeping, and asked her why she was weeping; and the lady told her all.

"What, madam, was your son fond of?" "Of such and such a thing," replied the lady. "Well, if you will give me authority in this house, I'll fetch your son back." "Very good," said the lady in assent, and gave the girl her expenses and despatched her with a large following, saying, "Go, and manage to fetch my son back."

So away the girl rode in a palanquin to Sāvatthi, where she took up her residence in the street which the Elder used to frequent for alms. [157] Surrounding herself with servants of her own, and never allowing the Elder to see his father's people about, she watched the moment when the Elder entered the street and at once bestowed on him an alms of victual and drink. And when she had bound him in the bonds of the craving of taste, she got him eventually to seat himself in the house, till she knew that her gifts of food as alms had put him in her power. Then she feigned sickness and lay down in an inner chamber.

In the due course of his round for alms at the proper time, the Elder came to the door of her house; and her people took the Elder's bowl and made him sit down in the house.

When he had seated himself, he said, "Where is the lay-sister?" "She's ill, sir; she would be glad to see you."

Bound as he was by the bonds of the craving of taste, he broke his vow and obligation, and went to where the woman was lying.

Then she told him the reason of her coming, and so wrought on him that, all because of his being hound by the bonds of the craving of taste, she made him forsake the Brotherhood; when he was in her power, she put him in the palanquin and came back with a large following to Rājagaha again.

All this was noised abroad. Sitting in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the matter, saying, "Sirs, it is reported that a slave-girl has bound in the bonds of the craving of taste, and has carried off, the Elder Tissa the Less, called Direct-alms." Entering the Hall the Master sat down on his jewelled seat, and said, "What, Brethren, is the subject of discussion in this conclave?" They told him the incident.

"Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that, in bondage to the craving of taste, he has fallen into her power; in bygone days too he fell into her power in like manner." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares he had a gardener named Sañjaya. Now there came into the king's pleasaunce a Wind-antelope, which fled away at the sight of Sañjaya, but the latter let it go without terrifying the timid creature. After several visits the antelope used to roam about in the pleasaunce. Now the gardener was in the habit of gathering flowers and fruits and taking them day by day to the king. Said the king to him one day, "Have you noticed anything strange, friend gardener, in the pleasaunce?" "Only, sir, that a Wind-antelope has come about the grounds." "Could you catch it, do you think?" "Oh, yes; if I had a little honey, I'd bring it right into your majesty's palace."

The king ordered the honey to be given to the man and he went off with it to the pleasaunce, where he first anointed with the honey the grass at the spots frequented by the antelope, [158] and then hid himself. When the antelope came and tasted the honied grass it was so snared by the lust of taste that it would go nowhere else but only to the pleasaunce. Marking the success of his snare, the gardener began gradually to show himself. The appearance of the man made the antelope take to flight for the first day or two, but growing familiar with the sight of him, it gathered confidence and gradually came to eat grass from the man's hand. He, noting that the creature's confidence had been won, first strewed the path as thick as a carpet with broken boughs; then tying a gourd full of honey on his shoulder and sticking a bunch of grass in his waist-cloth, he kept dropping wisps of the honied grass in front of the antelope till at last he got it right inside the palace. No sooner was the antelope inside than they shut the door. At sight of men the antelope, in fear and trembling for its life, dashed to and fro about the hall; and the king coming down from his chamber above, and seeing the trembling creature, said, "So timid is the Wind-antelope that for a whole week it will not revisit a spot where it has so much as seen a man; and if it has once been frightened anywhere, it never goes back there again all its life long. Yet,

ensnared by the lust of taste, this wild thing from the jungle has actually come to a place like this. Truly, my friends, there is nothing viler in the world than this lust of taste." And he put his teaching into this stanza:--

There's nothing worse, men say, than taste to snare,
At borne or with one's friends. Lo! taste it was
That unto Sañjaya deliver'd up
The jungle-haunting antelope so wild.

And with these words he let the antelope go back to its forest again.

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[159] When the Master had ended his lesson, and had repeated what he had said as to that Brother's having fallen into that woman's power in bygone days as well as in the present time, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "In those days this slave-girl was Sañjaya, Direct-alms the Less was the wind-antelope, and I myself was the King of Benares."

Footnotes

44:1 See *Raṭṭhapāla-sutta* in the *Majjhima-Nikāya* (No. 83), translated in the Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1847. See also *Vinaya*, Vol. III. pages 13 and 148.

44:2 These are meritorious ascetic practices for quelling the passions, of which the third is an undertaking to eat no food except alms received direct from the giver in the Brother's alms-bowl. Hence "ticket-food" (Jātaka No. 5) was inadmissible.

No. 15.

KHARĀDIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*For when a deer*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about an unruly Brother. Tradition says that this Brother was unruly and would not heed admonition. Accordingly, the Master asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you are unruly and will not heed admonition?"

"It is true, Blessed One," was the reply.

"So too in bygone days," said the Master, "you were unruly and would not heed the admonition of the wise and good,--with the result that you were caught in a gin and met your death." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was in Benares the Bodhisatta was born a deer and dwelt in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. His sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, this is your nephew; teach him deer's ruses." And thus she placed her son under the Bodhisatta's care. Said the latter to his nephew, "Come at such and such a time and I will give you a lesson." But the nephew made no appearance at the time appointed. And, as on that day, so on seven days did he skip his lesson and fail to learn the ruses of deer; and at last, as he was roaming about, he was caught in a gin. His mother came and said to the Bodhisatta, "Brother, was not your nephew taught deer's ruses?"

"Take no thought for the unteachable rascal," said the Bodhisatta; [160] "your son failed to learn the ruses of deer." And so saying, having lost all desire to advise the scapegrace even in his deadly peril, he repeated this stanza:

For when a deer has twice four hoofs to run
And branching antlers armed with countless tines,
And when by seven tricks he's saved himself,
I teach him then, Kharādiyā, no more.

But the hunter killed the self-willed deer that was caught in the snare, and departed with its flesh.

When the Master had ended this lesson in support of what he had said as to the unruliness of the Brother in bygone days as well as in the present, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying "In those days this unruly Brother was the nephew-deer, Uppala-vaṇṇā [1] was the sister, and I myself the deer who gave the admonition."

[*Note*. In the *gāthā* I have translated not the meaningless *kālāhi* of Fausböll's text, nor the easy variant *kālehi*, which is substituted in the gloss, but *kalāhi*, the more difficult reading which occurs in some Sinhalese MSS, and which is read by Fausböll in the analogous story No. 16. This reading is also given by Dickson in J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p. 188, from the Jātaka Pela Sanne. If *kālehi* be read, the translation becomes, "I do not try to teach one who has played truant seven times." In the J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p. 125, Künte says, "I have little doubt that *kalāhi* is the original

form of the popular sing-song, and *kālehi* a mistake for it, and that on this mistake the grammarian compiler has built up his silly little story about the deer who would not go to school."]

Footnotes

47:1 See the interesting Life of this *therī* in Mrs Bode's 'Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation' (J. R. A. S. 1893, pp. 540-552), where it is explained that Uppala-vaṇṇā "came by that name because she had a skin like the colour in the heart of the dark-blue lotus."

No. 16.

TIPALLATTHA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*In all three postures*."--This story was told by the Master while dwelling do the Badarika Monastery in Kosambī, about the Elder Rāhula whose heart was set on observing the rules of the Brotherhood.

Once when the Master was dwelling in the Aggāḷava Temple hard by the town of Āḷavi, many female lay-disciples and Sisters used to flock thither to hear the Truth preached. The preaching was in the daytime, but as time

wore on, the women did not attend, and there were only Brethren and men disciples present. Then the preaching took place in the evening; and at the close the Elder Brethren retired each to his own chamber. But the younger ones with the lay-disciples lay down to rest in the Service-hall. When they fell asleep, loud was the snoring and snorting and gnashing of teeth as they lay. [161] After a short slumber some got up, and reported to the Blessed One the impropriety which they had witnessed. Said he, "If a Brother sleeps in the company of Novices, it is a Pācittiya offence (requiring confession and absolution)." And after delivering this precept he went away to Kosambī.

Thereon the Brethren said to the Reverend Rāhula, "Sir, the Blessed One has laid down this precept, and now you will please find quarters of your own." Now, before this, the Brethren, out of

respect for the father and because of the anxious desire of the son to observe the rules of the Brotherhood, had welcomed the youth as if the place were his;--they had fitted up a little bed for him, and had given him a cloth to make a pillow with. But on the day of our story they would not even give him house-room, so fearful were they of transgressing. The excellent Rāhula went neither to the Buddha as being his father, nor to Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, as being his preceptor, nor to the Great Moggallāna as being his teacher, nor to the Elder Ānanda as being his uncle; but betook himself to the Buddha's jakes and took up his abode there as though in a heavenly mansion. Now in a Buddha's jakes the door is always closely shut: the levelled floor is of perfumed earth; flowers and garlands are festooned round the walls; and all night long a lamp burns there. But it was not this splendour which prompted Rāhula to take up his residence here. Nay, it was simply because the Brethren had told him to find quarters for himself, and because he reverenced instruction and yearned to observe the rules of the Order. Indeed, from time to time the Brethren, to test him, when they saw him coming from quite a distance, used to throw down a hand-broom or a little dust-sweepings, and then ask who had thrown it down, after Rāhula had come in. "Well, Rāhula came that way," would be the remark, but never did the future Elder say he knew nothing about it. On the contrary, he used to remove the litter and humbly ask pardon of the Brother, nor go away till he was assured that he was pardoned;--so anxious was he to observe the rules. And it was solely this anxiety which made him take up his dwelling in the jakes.

Now, though day had not yet dawned, the Master halted at the door of the jakes and coughed 'Ahem.' 'Ahem,' responded the Reverend Rāhula. "Who is there?" said the Buddha. "It is I,

Rāhula," was the reply; and out came the young man and bowed low. "Why have you been sleeping here, Rāhula?" "Because I had nowhere to go to. Up till now, sir, the Brethren have been very kind to me; but such is their present fear of erring [162] that they won't give me shelter any more. Consequently, I took up my abode here, because I thought it a spot where I should not come into contact with anybody else."

Then thought the Master to himself, "If they treat even Rāhula like this, what will they not do to other youths whom they admit to the Order?" And his heart was moved within him for the Truth. So, at an early hour he had the Brethren assembled, and questioned the Captain of the Faith thus, "I suppose you at all events, Sāriputta, know where Rāhula is now quartered? '

"No, sir, I do not."

"Sāriputta, Rāhula was living this day in the jakes. Sāriputta, if you treat Rāhula like this, what will not be your treatment of other youths whom you admit to the Order? Such treatment will not retain those who join us. In future, keep your Novices in your own quarters for a day or two, and only on the third day let them lodge out, taking care to acquaint yourself with their lodging." With this rider, the Master laid down the precept.

Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren spoke of the goodness of Rāhula. "See, sirs, how anxious was Rāhula to observe the rules. When told to find his own lodging, he did not say, 'I am the son of the Buddha; what have *you* to do with quarters? *You* turn out!' No; not a single Brother did he oust, but quartered himself in the jakes."

As they were talking thus, the Master came to the Hall and took his seat on his throne of state, saying, "What is the subject of your talk, Brethren?" "Sir," was the reply, "we were talking of the anxiety of Rāhula to keep the rules, nothing else."

Then said the Master, "This anxiety Rāhula has shewn not only now, but also in the past, when he had been born an animal." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rājagaha; and in those days the Bodhisatta, having been born a stag, was living in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. Now his sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, teach your nephew here the ruses of deer." "Certainly," said the Bodhisatta; "go away now, my boy, and come back at such and such a time to be taught." Punctually at the time his uncle mentioned, the young stag was there and. received instruction in the ruses of deer.

One day as he was ranging the woods he was caught in a snare and uttered the plaintive cry of a captive. Away fled the herd and told the mother of her son's capture. She came to her brother and asked him whether his nephew had been taught the ruses of deer. "Fear not; [163] your son is not at fault," said the Bodhisatta. "He has learnt thoroughly deer's ruses, and will come back straightway to your great rejoicing." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:--

In all three postures--on his back or sides
Your son is versed; he's trained to use eight hoofs [1],
And save at midnight never slakes his thirst;

As he lies couched on earth, he lifeless seems,
And only with his under-nostril breathes.
Six tricks [2] my nephew knows to cheat his foes.

[164] Thus did the Bodhisatta console his sister by shewing her how thoroughly her son had mastered the ruses of deer. Meantime the young stag on being caught in the snare did not struggle, but lay down at full length [3] on his side, with his legs stretched out taut and rigid. He pawed up the ground round his hoofs so as to shower the grass and earth about; relieved nature; let his head fall; lolled out his tongue; beslavered his body all over; swelled himself out by drawing in the wind; turned up his eyes; breathed only with the lower nostril, holding his breath with the upper one; and made himself generally so rigid and so stiff as to look like a corpse. Even the blue-bottles swarmed round him; and here and there crows settled.

The hunter came up and smacked the stag on the belly with his hand, remarking, "He must have been caught early this morning; he's going bad already." So saying, the man loosed the stag from his bonds, saying to himself, "I'll cut him up here where he lies, and take the flesh home with me." But as the man guilelessly set to work to gather sticks and leaves (to make a fire with), the young stag rose to his feet, shook himself, stretched out his neck, and, like a little cloud scudding before a mighty wind, sped swiftly back to his mother.

After repeating what he had said as to Rāhula's having shewn no less anxiety in time past to keep rules than in the present, the

Master made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Rāhula was the young stag of those days, Uppala-vaṇṇā his mother, and I the stag his uncle."

[*Note*. According to Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) this Jātaka is also called *Sikhākāmā* in the Bigandet MS. The substance of the Introductory Story occurs in the *Vinaya*, Vol. IV. page 16.]

Footnotes

49:1 This the commentator explains as having two hoofs on each foot, referring to the cloven hoof of the deer.

49:2 I.e. the three mentioned in line 1, and the three mentioned in lines 2, 3, and 5, respectively.

49:3 See *infra* p. 62, l. 10.

No. 17.

MĀLUTA-JĀTAKA.

"*In light or dark*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about two Brethren who had joined the Brotherhood in their old age. Tradition says [165] that they were living in a forest-dwelling in the Kosala country, and that one was named the Elder Dark and the other the Elder Light. Now one day Light said to Dark, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?" "It appears in the dark half of the month." And one day Dark said to Light, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?" "It appears in the light half of the month."

As the pair of them together could not solve the question, they went to the Master and with due salutation asked, saying, "Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?"

After the Master had heard what they had to say, he said, "Brethren, in bygone days also, I answered for you this same question; but your previous existences have become confused in your minds [1]." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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p. 51

Once on a time at the foot of a certain mountain there were living together in one and the same cave two friends, a lion and a tiger. The Bodhisatta too was living at the foot of the same hill, as a hermit.

Now one day a dispute arose between the two friends about the cold. The tiger said it was cold in the dark half of the month, whilst the lion maintained that it was cold in the light half. As the two of them together could not settle the question, they put it to the Bodhisatta. He repeated this stanza

In light or dark half, whensoe’er the wind
Doth blow, ’tis cold. For cold is caused by wind.
And, therefore, I decide you both are right.

Thus did the Bodhisatta make peace between those friends.

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[166] When the Master had ended his lesson in support of what he had said as to his having answered the same question in bygone days, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof both of the Elders won the Fruit of the First Path. The Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Dark was the tiger of those days, Light the lion, and I myself the ascetic who answered the question."

Footnotes

50:1 The compound *bhavasaṁkhepagatattā* occurs here and in the next Jātaka, and also Vol. i. p. 463 and Vol. ii. p. 137. The meaning of the word appears to be that by re-birth events in previous existences have become jumbled up together so that no distinct memory remains. A Buddha has the power of remembering the whole of his past existences.

No. 18.

MATAKABHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*If folk but knew*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Feasts for the Dead. For at this time the folk were putting to death goats, sheep, and other animals, and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead, for the sake of their departed kinsmen. Finding them thus engaged, the Brethren asked the Master, saying, "Just now, sir, the folk are taking the lives of many living creatures and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead. Can it be, sir, that there is any good in this?"

"No, Brethren" replied the Master; "not even when life is taken with the object of providing a Feast for the Dead, does any good arise therefrom. In bygone days the wise, preaching the Truth from mid-air, and shewing the evil consequences of the practice, made the whole continent renounce it. But now, when their previous existences have become confused in their minds, the practice has sprung up afresh." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a brahmin, Who was versed in the Three Vedas and world-famed as a teacher, being minded to offer a Feast for the Dead, had a goat fetched and said to his

pupils, "My sons, take this goat down to the river and bathe it; then hang a garland round its neck, give it a pottle of grain to eat, groom it a bit, and bring it back."

"Very good," said they, and down to the river they took the goat, where they bathed and groomed the creature and set it on the bank, The goat, becoming conscious of the deeds of its past lives, was overjoyed at the thought that on this very day it would be freed from all its misery, and laughed aloud like the smashing of a pot. Then at the thought that the brahmin by slaying it would bear the misery which it had borne, the goat felt a great compassion for the brahmin, and wept with a loud voice. "Friend goat," said the young brahmins [167], "your voice has been loud both in laughter and in weeping; what made you laugh and what made you weep?"

"Ask me your question before your master."

So with the goat they came to their master and told him of the matter. After hearing their story, the master asked the goat why it laughed and why it wept. Hereupon the animal, recalling its past deeds by its power of remembering its former existences, spoke thus to the brahmin:--"In times past, brahmin, I, like you, was a brahmin versed in the mystic texts of the Vedas, and I, to offer a Feast for the Dead, killed a goat for my offering. All through killing that single goat, I have had my head cut off five hundred times all but one. This is my five hundredth and last birth; and I laughed aloud when I thought that this very day I should be freed from my misery. On the other hand, I wept when I thought how, whilst I, who for killing a goat had been doomed to lose my head five hundred times, was to-day being freed from my misery, you, as a penalty for killing me, would be doomed to

lose your head, like me, five hundred times. Thus it was out of compassion for you that I wept." "Fear not, goat," said the brahmin; "I will not kill you." "What is this you say, brahmin?" said the goat. "Whether you kill me or not, I cannot escape death to-day." "Fear not, goat; I will go about with you to guard you." "Weak is your protection, brahmin, and strong is the force of my evil-doing."

Setting the goat at liberty, the brahmin said to his disciples, "Let us not allow anyone to kill this goat;" and, accompanied by the young men, he followed the animal closely about. The moment the goat was set free, it reached out its neck to browse on the leaves of a bush growing near the top of a rock. And that very instant a thunderbolt struck the rock, rending off a mass which hit the goat on the outstretched neck and tore off its head. And people came crowding round.

[168] In those days the Bodhisatta had been born a Tree-Fairy in that selfsame spot. By his supernatural powers he now seated himself cross-legged in mid-air while all the crowd looked on. Thinking to himself. 'If

these creatures only knew the fruit of evil-doing, perhaps they would desist from killing,' in his sweet voice he taught them the Truth in this stanza:--

If folk but knew the penalty would be
Birth unto sorrow, living things would cease
From taking life. Stern is the slayer's doom.

Thus did the Great Being preach the Truth, scaring his hearers with the fear of hell; and the people, hearing him, were so terrified at the fear of hell that they left off taking life. And the Bodhisatta after establishing the multitude in the Commandments by preaching the Truth to them, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The people, too, remained steadfast in the teaching of the Bodhisatta and spent their lives in charity and other good works, so that in the end they thronged the City of the Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I was the Tree-fairy."

No. 19.

ĀYĀCITABHATTA-JĀTAKA.

[169] "*Take thought of life hereafter*." This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the offering of a sacrifice under vow to gods. Tradition says that in those days folk when going a journey on business, used to slay living creatures and offer them as a sacrifice to gods, and set out on their way, after making this vow,--"If we come safely back with a profit, we will give you another sacrifice." And when they did come safely back with a profit, the Idea that this was all due to gods made them slay a number of living creatures and offer them up as a sacrifice to obtain a release from their vow.

When the Brethren became aware of this, they asked the Blessed One, saying, "Can there be any good in this, sir?"

The Blessed One told this story of the past.

Once on a time in the Kāsi country the squire of a certain little village had promised a sacrifice to the Fairy of a banyan-tree which stood at the entrance to the village. Afterwards when he returned, he slew a number

of creatures and betook himself to the tree to get released from his vow. But the Tree-Fairy, standing in the fork of its tree, repeated this stanza:--

Take thought of life hereafter when you seek
'Release'; for this release is bondage strict.
Not thus the wise and good release themselves;
For this, the fool's release, in bondage ends.

Thenceforth, men refrained from such taking of life, and by walking in righteousness thronged thereafter the city of the Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "I was the Tree-fairy of those days."

[*Note*. Feer mentions a second title, *Pāṇavadha-Jātaka* (J. As. 1876, p. 516).]

No. 20.

NAḶAPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

[170] "*I found the footprints*." This story was told by the Master whilst journeying on an alms-pilgrimage through Kosala, when he had come to the village of Naḷaka-pāna (Cane-drink) and was dwelling at Ketaka-vana near the Pool of Naḷaka-pāna, about cane-sticks. In those days the Brethren, after bathing in the Pool of Naḷaka-pāna, made the novices get them cane-sticks for needle-cases [1], but, finding them hollow throughout, went to the Master and said, "Sir, we had cane-sticks got in order to provide needle-cases; and from top to bottom they are quite hollow. Now how can that be?"

"Brethren," said the Master, "such was my ordinance in times gone by." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

In past times, we are told, there was a thick forest on this spot. And in the lake here dwelt a water-ogre who used to devour everyone who went down into the water. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as the king of the monkeys, and was as big as the fawn of a red deer; he lived in that forest at the head of a troop of no less than eighty thousand monkeys

whom he shielded from harm. Thus did he counsel his subjects:--"My friends, in this forest there are trees that are poisonous and lakes that are haunted by ogres. Mind to ask me first before you

either eat any fruit which you have not eaten before, or drink of any water where you have not drunk before." "Certainly," said they readily.

One day they came to a spot they had never visited before. As, they were searching for water to drink after their day's wanderings, they came on this lake. But they did not drink; on the contrary they sat down watching for the coming of the Bodhisatta.

When he came up, he said, "Well, my friends, why don't you drink?"

"We waited for you to come."

Quite right, my friends," said the Bodhisatta. Then he made a circuit of the lake, and scrutinized the footprints round, with the result that he found that all the footsteps led down into the water and none came up again. "Without doubt," thought he to himself, "this is the haunt of an ogre." So he said to his followers, "You are quite right, my friends, in not drinking of this water; for the lake is haunted by an ogre."

When the water-ogre realised that they were not entering his domain, [171] he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, a white face, and bright-red hands and feet; in this shape he came out from the water, and said, "Why are you seated here? Go down into the lake and drink." But the Bodhisatta said to him, "Are not you the ogre of this water?" "Yes, I am," was the answer. "Do you take as your prey all those who go down into this water?" "Yes, I do; from small birds upwards, I never let anything go which comes down into my water. I will eat the lot of you too." "But we shall not let you eat

us." "Just drink the water." "Yes, we will drink the water, and yet not fall into your power." "How do you propose to drink the water, then?" "Ah, you think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a cane each and drink therewith from your lake as easily as we could through the hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us." And he repeated the latter half of the following stanza (the first half being added by the Master when, as Buddha, he recalled the incident):--

I found the footprints all lead down, none back.
With canes we'll drink; you shall not take my life.

So saying, the Bodhisatta had a cane brought to him. Then, calling to mind the Ten Perfections displayed by him, he recited them in a solemn asseveration [1], and blew down the cane. [172] Straightway the cane became

hollow throughout, without a single knot being left in all its length. In this fashion he had another and another brought and blew down them. (But if this were so, he could never have finished; and accordingly the foregoing sentence must not be understood in this--literal--sense.) Next the Bodhisatta made the tour of the lake, and commanded, saying, "Let all canes growing here become hollow throughout." Now, thanks to the great virtues of the saving goodness of Bodhisattas, their commands are always fulfilled. And thenceforth every single cane that grew round that lake became hollow throughout.

(In this *Kappa*, or Era, there are four miracles which endure through the whole Era. What are the four? Well, they are--first, the sign of the hare in the moon [1], which will last through the whole Era; secondly, the spot where the fire was put out as told in the Vaṭṭaka Jātaka [2], which shall remain untouched by fire throughout the Era; thirdly, on the site of Ghaṭīkāra's house [3] no rain shall ever fall while this Era lasts; and lastly, the canes that grow round this lake shall be hollow throughout during the whole of the Era. Such are the four Era-miracles, as they are called.)

After giving this command, the Bodhisatta seated himself with a cane in his hands. All the other eighty thousand monkeys too seated themselves round the lake, each with a cane in his hands. And at the same moment when the Bodhisatta sucked the water up through his cane, they all drank too in the same manner, as they sat on the bank. This was the way they drank, and not one of them could the water-ogre get; so he went off in a rage to his own habitation. The Bodhisatta, too, with his following went back into the forest.

When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to the hollowness of the canes being the result of a former ordinance of his own, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the water-ogre of those days; my disciples were the eighty thousand monkeys; and I was the monkey-king, so fertile in resource."

Footnotes

54:1 In the *Vinaya*, (*Cullav*. v. 11), the Buddha is made to allow "the use of a needle-case made of bamboo."

55:1 Literally "made a truth-act." If this is done with intention, a miracle instantly follows. Cf. No. 35 &c.

56:1 See Jātaka No. 316, and Tawney's *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara*, Vol. II. p. 66, where a number of passages bearing on this symbol are referred to, and Benfey's Pañca-Tantra, i. 349. See also *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 82.

56:2 No. 35.

56:3 See the (unpublished) Ghaṭīkāra Sutta (No. 81 of the Majjhima Nikāya), *Dhammapada*, p. 349, and *Milinda-pañha*, p. 222.

No. 21.

KURUṄGA-JĀTAKA.

[173] "*The antelope knows well*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. For once when the Brethren were gathered together in the Hall of Truth, they sat talking reproachfully of Devadatta, saying, "Sirs, with a view to destroy the Buddha Devadatta hired bowmen, hurled down a rock, and let loose the elephant Dhana-pālaka; in every way he goes about to slay the Lord of Wisdom [1]." Entering and seating himself on the seat prepared for him, the Master asked, saying, "Sirs, what is the theme you are discussing here in conclave?" "Sir," was the reply, "we were discussing the wickedness of Devadatta, saying that he was always going about to slay you." Said the Master, "It is not only in these present days, Brethren, that Devadatta goes about seeking to slay me; he went about with the like intent in bygone days also,--but was unable to slay me." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an antelope, and used to live on fruits in his haunts in the forest.

At one period he was subsisting on the fruit of a sepaṇṇi-tree. And there was a village hunter, whose method was to build a platform in trees at the foot of which he found the track of deer, and to watch aloft for their coming to eat the fruits of the trees.

When the deer came, he brought them down with a javelin, and sold the flesh for a living. This hunter one day marked the tracks of the Bodhisatta at the foot of the tree, and made himself a platform up in the boughs. Having breakfasted early, he went with his javelin into the forest and seated himself on his platform. The Bodhisatta, too, came abroad early to eat the fruit of that tree; but he was not in too great a hurry to approach it. "For," thought he to himself, "sometimes these platform-building hunters build themselves platforms in the boughs. Can it be that this cell have happened here?" And he halted some way off to reconnoitre. Finding that the Bodhisatta did not approach, the hunter, still seated aloft on his platform, [174] threw fruit down in front of the antelope. Said the latter to himself, "Here's the fruit coming to meet me; I wonder if there is a hunter up there." So he looked, and looked, till he caught sight of the hunter in the tree; but, feigning not to have seen the man, he shouted, "My worthy tree, hitherto you have been in the habit of letting your fruit fall straight to

the ground like a pendant creeper; but to-day you have ceased to act like a tree. And therefore, as you have ceased to behave as becomes a tree, I too must change, and look for food beneath another tree." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

The antelope knows well the fruit you drop.
I like it not; some other tree I'll seek [1].

Then the hunter from his platform hurled his javelin at the Bodhisatta, crying, "Begone! I've missed you this time." Wheeling round, the Bodhisatta halted and said, "You may have missed *me*, my good man; but depend upon it, you have not missed the

reward of your conduct, namely, the eight Large and the sixteen Lesser hells and all the five forms of bonds and torture." With these words the antelope bounded off on its way; and the hunter, too, climbed down and went his way.

When the Master had ended this discourse and had repeated what he had said about Devadatta's going about to slay him in bygone days also, he showed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the platform-hunter of those days, and I myself the antelope."

Footnotes

57:1 See *Vinaya*, *Cullavagga*, VII. 3, for details of Devadatta's attempt to kill Gotama. In the *Vinaya*, the elephant is named Nālāgiri.

58:1 See *Dhammapada*, pp. 147, 331.

No. 22.

KUKKURA-JĀTAKA.

[175] "*The dogs that in the royal palace grow*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about acting for the good of kinsfolk, as will be related in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasāla-jātaka [2]. It was to drive home that lesson that he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the result of a past act of the Bodhisatta was that he came to life as a dog, and dwelt in a great cemetery at the head of several hundred dogs.

Now one day, the king set out for his pleasaunce in his chariot of state drawn by milk-white horses, and after amusing himself all the day in the grounds came back to the city after sunset. The carriage-harness

they left in the courtyard, still hitched on to the chariot. In the night it rained and the harness got wet. Moreover, the king's dogs came down from the upper chambers and gnawed the leather work and straps. Next day they told the king, saying, "Sire, dogs have got in through the mouth of the sewer and have gnawed the leather work and straps of your majesty's carriage." Enraged at the dogs, the king said, "Kill every dog you see." Then began a great slaughter of dogs; and the creatures, finding that

they were being slain whenever they were seen, repaired to the cemetery to the Bodhisatta. "What is the meaning," asked he, "of your assembling in such numbers?" They said, "The king is so enraged at the report that the leather work and straps of his carriage have been gnawed by dogs within the royal precincts, that he has ordered all dogs to be killed. Dogs are being destroyed wholesale, and great peril has arisen."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "No dogs from without can get into a place so closely watched; it must be the thoroughbred dogs inside the palace who have done it. At present nothing happens to the real culprits, while the guiltless are being put to death. What if I were to discover the culprits to the king and so save the lives of my kith and kin?" He comforted his kinsfolk by saying, "Have no fear; I will save you. [176] Only wait here till I see the king."

Then, guided by the thoughts of love, and calling to mind the Ten Perfections, he made his way alone and unattended into the city, commanding thus, "Let no hand be lifted to throw stick or stone at me." Accordingly, when he made his appearance, not a man grew angry at the sight of him.

The king meantime, after ordering the dogs' destruction, had taken his seat in the hall of justice. And straight to him ran the Bodhisatta, leaping under the king's throne. The king's servants tried to get him out; but his majesty stopped them. Taking heart a little, the Bodhisatta came forth from under the throne, and bowing to the king, said, "Is it you who are having the dogs destroyed?" "Yes, it is I." "What is their offence, king of men?" "They have been gnawing the straps and the leather covering my carriage." "Do you know the dogs who actually did the mischief?"

"No, I do not." "But, your majesty, if you do not know for certain the real culprits, it is not right to order the destruction of every dog that is seen." "It was because dogs had gnawed the leather of my carriage that I ordered them all to be killed." "Do your people kill all dogs without exception; or are there some dogs who are spared?" "Some are spared,--the thorough-bred dogs of my own palace." "Sire, just now you were saying that you had ordered the universal slaughter of all dogs wherever found, because dogs had gnawed the leather of your carriage; whereas, now, you say that the thorough-bred dogs of your own palace escape death. Therefore you are following

the four Evil Courses of partiality, dislike, ignorance and fear. Such courses are wrong, and not kinglike. For kings in trying cases should be as unbiassed as the beam of a balance. But in this instance, since the royal dogs go scot-free, whilst poor dogs are killed, this is not the impartial doom of all dogs alike, but only the slaughter of poor dogs," And moreover, the Great Being, lifting up his sweet voice, said, "Sire, it is not justice that you are performing," and he taught the Truth to the king in this stanza:--[177]

The dogs that in the royal palace grow,
The well-bred dogs, so strong and fair of form,
Not these, but only we, are doomed to die.
Here's no impartial sentence meted out
To all alike; ’tis slaughter of the poor.

After listening to the Bodhisatta's words, the king said, "Do you in your wisdom know who it actually was that gnawed the leather of my carriage?" "Yes, sire." "Who was it?" "The thorough-

bred dogs that live in your own palace." "How can it he shewn that it was they who gnawed the leather?" "I will prove it to you." "Do so, sage." "Then send for your dogs, and have a little butter-milk and kusa-grass brought in." The king did so.

Then said the Great Being, "Let this grass be mashed up in the butter-milk, and make the dogs drink it."

The king did so;--with the result that each several dog, as he drank, vomited. And they all brought up bits of leather! "Why it is like a judgment of a Perfect Buddha himself," cried the king overjoyed, and he did homage to the Bodhisatta by offering him the royal umbrella. But the Bodhisatta taught the Truth in the ten stanzas on righteousness in the Te-sakuṇa Jātaka [1], beginning with the words:--

Walk righteously, great king of princely race.

Then having established the king in the Five Commandments, and having exhorted his majesty to be steadfast, the Bodhisatta handed back to the king the white umbrella of kingship.

At the close of the Great Being's words, [178] the king commanded that the lives of all creatures should be safe from harm. He ordered that all dogs from the Bodhisatta downwards, should have a constant supply of food such as he himself ate; and, abiding by the teachings of the Bodhisatta, he spent his life long in charity and other good deeds, so that when he died he was re-born in the Deva Heaven. The 'Dog's Teaching' endured for ten thousand years. The Bodhisatta also lived to a ripe old age, and then passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended this lesson, and had said, "Not only now, Brethren, does the Buddha do what profits his kindred; in former times also he did the like,"--he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying,

"Ānanda was the king of those days, the Buddha's followers were the others, and I myself was the dog."

Footnotes

58:2 No. 465.

60:1 No. 521.

No. 23.

BHOJĀJĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Though prostrate now*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. For it was then that the Master addressed that Brother and said, "Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when they were wounded, still did not give in." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a thoroughbred Sindh horse and was made the king's destrier, surrounded by all pomp and state. He was fed on exquisite three-year old rice, which was always served up to him in a golden dish worth a hundred thousand pieces of money; and the ground of his stall was perfumed with the four odours. Round his stall were hung crimson curtains, while overhead was a canopy studded with stars of gold. On the walls were festooned wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers; and a lamp fed with scented oil was always burning there.

Now all the kings round coveted the kingdom of Benares. Once seven kings encompassed Benares, and sent a missive to the king, saying, "Either yield up your kingdom to us or give battle." Assembling his ministers, the king of Benares laid the matter before them, and asked them what he was to do. Said they, "You ought not to go out to do battle in person, sire, in the first instance. [179] Despatch such and such a knight out first to fight them; and later on, if he fails, we will decide what to do."

Then the king sent for that knight and said to him, "Can you fight the seven kings, my dear knight?" Said he, "Give me but your noble destrier, and then I could fight not seven kings only, but all the kings in India." "My dear knight, take my destrier or any other horse you please, and do battle." "Very good, my sovereign lord," said the knight; and with a bow he passed down from the upper chambers of the palace. Then he had the noble destrier led out and sheathed in mail, arming himself too cap-à-pie,

and girding on his sword. Mounted on his noble steed he passed out of the city-gate, and with a lightning charge broke down the first camp, taking one king alive and bringing him back a prisoner to the soldiers' custody. Returning to the field, he broke down the second and the third camps, and so on until he captured alive five kings. The sixth camp he had just broken down, and had captured the sixth king, when his destrier received a wound, which streamed with blood and caused the noble animal sharp pain. Perceiving that the horse was wounded, the knight made it lie down at the king's gate, loosened its mail, and set about arming another horse. As the Bodhisatta lay at full length on his side, he opened his eyes, and gathered what the knight was doing. "My rider," thought he to himself, "is arming another horse. That other horse will never be able to break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king; he will lose all that I have accomplished. This peerless knight will be slain; and the king, too, will fall into the hands of the foe. I alone, and no other horse, can break down that seventh camp and capture the seventh king." So, as he lay there, he called to the knight, and said, "Sir knight, there is no horse but I who can break down the seventh camp and capture the

seventh king. I will not throw away what I have already done; only have me set upon my feet and clad again in my armour." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:--[180]

Though prostrate now, and pierced with darts, I lie,
Yet still no hack can match the destrier.
So harness none but me, O charioteer.

The knight had the Bodhisatta set upon his feet, bound up his wound, and armed him again in proof. Mounted on the destrier, he broke down the seventh camp, and brought back alive the seventh king, whom he handed over to the custody of the soldiers. They led the Bodhisatta too up to the king's gate, and the king came out to look upon him. Then said the Great Being to the king, "Great king, slay not these seven kings; bind them by an oath, and let them go. Let the knight enjoy all the honour due to us both, for it is not right that a warrior who has presented you with seven captive kings should be brought low. And as for yourself, exercise charity, keep the Commandments, and rule your kingdom in righteousness and justice." When the Bodhisatta had thus exhorted the king, they took off his mail; but when they were taking it off piecemeal, he passed away.

The king had the body burned with all respect, and bestowed great honour on the knight, and sent the seven kings to their homes after exacting from each an oath never to war against him any more. And he ruled his kingdom in righteousness and justice, passing away when his life closed to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

Then the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when wounded so grievously, still did not give in. Whereas you who have devoted yourself to so saving a doctrine,--how comes it that you give up persevering?" After which, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatship. His lesson ended, the Master [181] shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, Sāriputta the knight, and I myself the thorough-bred Sindh horse."

No. 24.

ĀJAÑÑA-JĀTAKA.

"*No matter when or where*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about another Brother who gave up persevering. But, in this case, he addressed that Brother and said, "Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good still persevered even when wounded." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there were seven kings who encompassed the city, just as in the foregoing story.

So a warrior who fought from a chariot harnessed two Sindh horses (a pair of brothers), and, sallying from the city, broke down six camps and captured six kings. Just at this juncture the elder horse was wounded. On drove the charioteer till he reached the king's gate, where he took the elder brother out of the chariot, and, after unfastening the horse's mail as he lay upon one side, set to work to arm another horse. Realising the warrior's intent, the Bodhisatta had the same thoughts pass through his head as in the foregoing story, and sending for the charioteer, repeated this stanza, as he lay:

No matter when or where, in weal or woe,
The thorough-bred fights on; the hack gives in.

The charioteer had the Bodhisatta set on his feet and harnessed. Then he broke down the seventh camp and took prisoner the seventh king, with whom he drove away [182] to the king's gate, and there took out the noble horse. As he lay upon one side, the Bodhisatta gave the same counsels to the king as in the foregoing story, and then expired. The king had the body burned with all respect, lavished honours on the charioteer, and

after ruling his kingdom in righteousness passed away to fare thereafter according to his deeds.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship); and identified the Birth by saying, "The Elder Ānanda was the king, and the Perfect Buddha was the horse of those days."

No. 25.

TITTHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Change thou the spot*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an ex-goldsmith, who had become a Brother and was co-resident with the Captain of the Faith (Sāriputta).

Now, it is only a Buddha who has knowledge of the hearts and can read the thoughts of men; and therefore through lack of this power, the Captain of the Faith had so little knowledge of the heart and thoughts of his co-resident, as to prescribe impurity as the theme for meditation. This was no good to that Brother. The reason why it was no good to him was that, according to tradition, he had invariably been born, throughout five hundred successive births, as a goldsmith; and, consequently, the cumulative effect of seeing absolutely pure gold for so long a time had made the theme of impurity useless. He spent four months without being able to get so much as the first inkling of the idea. Finding himself unable to confer Arahatship on his co-resident, the Captain of the Faith thought to himself, "This must certainly be one whom none but a Buddha can .convert; I will take him to the Buddha." So at early dawn he came with the Brother to the Master.

"What can it be, Sāriputta," said the Master, "that has brought you here with this Brother?" "Sir, I gave him a theme for meditation, and after four months he has not attained to so much as the first inkling of the idea; so I brought him to you, thinking that here was one whom none but a Buddha can convert." "What meditation, Sāriputta, did you prescribe for him?" "The meditation on impurity, Blessed One." "Sāriputta, it is

not yours to have knowledge of the hearts and to read the thoughts of men. Depart now alone, and in the evening come back to fetch your co-resident."

After thus dismissing the Elder, the Master had that Brother clad in a nice under-cloth and a robe, kept him constantly at his side when he went into town for alms, and saw that he received choice food of all kinds. Returning to the Monastery once more, surrounded by the Brethren, the Master retired during the daytime [183] to his perfumed chamber, and at evening, as he walked about the Monastery with that Brother by his side, he made a pond appear and in it a great clump of lotuses out of which grew a great lotus-flower. "Sit here, Brother," he said, "and gaze at this flower." And, leaving the Brother seated thus, he retired to his perfumed chamber.

That Brother gazed and gazed at that flower. The Blessed One made it decay. As the Brother looked at it, the flower in its decay faded; the petals

fell off, beginning at the rim, till in a little while all were gone; then the Stamens fell away, and only the pericarp was left. As he looked, that Brother thought within himself, "Even now, this lotus-flower was lovely and fair; yet its colour is departed, and only the pericarp is left standing. Decay has come upon this beautiful lotus; what may not befall my body? Transitory are all compounded things!" And with the thought he won Insight.

Knowing that the Brother's mind had risen to Insight, the Master, seated as he was in his perfumed chamber, emitted a radiant semblance of himself, and uttered this stanza:--

Pluck out self-love, as with the hand you pluck
The autumn water-lily. Set your heart
On naught but this, the perfect Path of Peace,
And that Extinction which the Buddha taught.

At the close of this stanza, that Brother won Arahatship. At the thought that he would never be born again, never be troubled with existence in any shape hereafter, he burst into a heartfelt utterance beginning with these stanzas He who has lived his life, whose thought is ripe;

He who, from all defilements purged and free,
Wears his last body; he whose life is pure,
Whose subject senses own him sovereign lord;--
He, like the moon that wins her way at last
From Rāhu's jaws [1], has won supreme release.

The foulness which enveloped me, which wrought
Delusion's utter darkness, I dispelled;
--As, tricked with thousand rays, the beaming sun
Illumines heaven with a flood of light.

After this and renewed utterances of joy, he went to the Blessed One and saluted him. The Elder, too, came, and after due salutation to the Master, went away with his co-resident.

When news of all this spread among the Brethren, [184] they gathered together in the Hall of Truth and there sat praising the virtues of the Lord of Wisdom, and saying, "Sirs, through not knowing the hearts and thoughts of men, the Elder Sāriputta was ignorant of his co-resident's disposition. But the Master knew, and in a single day bestowed on him Arahatship together

with perfected scholarship. Oh, how great are the marvellous powers of a Buddha!"

Entering and taking the seat set ready for him, the Master asked, saying, "What is the theme of your discourse here in conclave, Brethren?"

"Naught else, Blessed One, than this,--that you alone had knowledge of the heart, and could read the thoughts, of the co-resident of the Captain of the Faith."

"This is no marvel, Brethren; that I, as Buddha, should now know that Brother's disposition. Even in bygone days I knew it equally well." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta used to be the king's director in things temporal and spiritual.

At this time folk had washed another horse, a sorry beast, at the bathing-place of the king's state-charger. And when the groom was for leading the state-charger down into the same water, the animal was so affronted that he would not go in. So the groom went off to the king and said, "Please your Majesty, your state-charger won't take his bath."

Then the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Do you go, sage, and find out why the animal will not go into the water when they lead him down." "Very good, sire," said the Bodhisatta, and went his way to the waterside. Here he examined the horse; and, finding

it was not ailing in any way, he tried to divine what the reason could be. At last he came to the conclusion that some other horse must have been washed at that place, and that the charger had taken such umbrage thereat that he would not go into the water. So he asked the grooms what animal they had washed first in the water. "Another horse, my lord,--an ordinary animal." "Ah, it's his self-love that has been offended so deeply that he will not go into the water," said the Bodhisatta to himself; "the thing to do is to wash him elsewhere." So he said to the groom, "A man will tire, my friend, of even the daintiest fare, if he has it always. And that's how it is with this horse. He has been washed here times without number. Take him to other waters [185], and there bathe and water him." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:--

Change thou the spot, and let the charger drink
Now here, now there, with constant change of scene.
For even milk-rice cloys a man at last.

After listening to his words, they led the horse off elsewhere, and there watered and bathed him all-right. And while they were washing the animal down after watering him, the Bodhisatta went back to the king. "Well," said the king; "has my horse taken his drink and bath, my friend?" "He has, sire." "Why would he not do so at first?" "For the following reason," said the Bodhisatta, and told the king the whole story. "What a clever fellow he is," said the king; "he can read the mind even of an animal like this." And he gave great honour to the Bodhisatta, and when his life closed passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare likewise according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to his knowledge, in the past as well as the present, of that Brother's disposition, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the state-charger of those days; Ānanda was the king and I myself the wise minister."

Footnotes

65:1 Rāhu was a kind of Titan who was thought to cause eclipses by temporarily swallowing the sun and moon.

No. 26.

MAHILĀMUKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Through hearing first*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta, who, having secured the adherence of Prince Ajāta-sattu, had attained both gain and honour. Prince Ajāta-sattu had a Monastery built for Devadatta at Gayā-sīsa, and every day brought to him [186] five hundred kettles of perfumed three-year-old rice flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. All this gain and honour brought Devadatta a great following, with whom Devadatta lived on, without ever stirring out of his Monastery.

At that time there were living in Rājagaha two friends, of whom one had taken the vows under the Master, whilst the other had taken them under Devadatta. And these continued to see one another, either casually or by visiting the Monasteries. Now one day the disciple of Devadatta said to the other, "Sir, why do you daily go round for alms with the sweat streaming off you? Devadatta sits quietly at Gayā-sīsa and feeds on the best of fare, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. There's no way like his. Why breed misery for yourself? Why should it not be a good thing for you to come the first thing in the morning to the Monastery at Gayā-sīsa and there drink our rice-gruel with a relish after it, try our eighteen kinds of solid victual, and enjoy our excellent soft food, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings?"

Being pressed time after time to accept the invitation, the other began to want to go, and thenceforth used to go to Gayā-sīsa and there eat and eat, not forgetting however to return to the Bamboo-grove at the proper hour. Nevertheless he could not keep it secret always; and in a little while it came out that he used to hie off to Gayā-sīsa and there regale himself with the food provided for Devadatta. Accordingly, his friends asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you regale yourself on the food provided for Devadatta?" "Who said that?" said he. "So-and-so said it." "It is true, sirs, that I go to Gayā-sīsa and eat there. But it is not Devadatta who gives me food; others do that." "Sir, Devadatta is the foe of the Buddhas; in his wickedness, he has secured the adherence of Ajāta-sattu and by unrighteousness got gain and honour for himself. Yet you who have taken the vows according to this faith which leads to salvation, eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness. Come; let us bring you before the Master." And, taking with them the Brother, they went to the Hall of Truth.

When the Master became aware of their presence, he said, "Brethren, are you bringing this Brother here against his will?" "Yes, sir; this Brother, after taking the vows under you, eats the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness." "Is it true, as they say, that you eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness?" "It was not Devadatta, sir, that gave it me, but others." "Raise no quibbles here, Brother," said the Master. "Devadatta is a man of bad conduct and bad principle. Oh, how could you, who have taken the vows here, eat Devadatta's food, whilst adhering to my doctrine? But you have always been prone to being led away, and have followed in turn every one you meet." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days the king had a state elephant [187], named Damsel-face, who was virtuous and good, and never hurt anybody.

Now one day some burglars came close up to the elephant's stall by night and sat down to discuss their plans in these words:--"This is the way to tunnel into a house; this is the way to break in through the walls; before carrying off the plunder, the tunnel or breach in the walls ought to be made as clear and open as a road or a ford. In lifting the goods, you shouldn't stick at murder; for thus there will be none able to resist. A burglar should get rid of all goodness and virtue, and be quite pitiless, a man of cruelty and violence." After having schooled one another in these counsels, the burglars took themselves off. The next day too they came, and many other days besides, and held like converse together, till the elephant came to the conclusion that they came expressly to instruct him, and that he must turn pitiless, cruel, and violent. And such indeed he became. No sooner did his mahout appear in the early morning than the elephant took the man in his trunk and dashed him to death on the ground. And in the same way he treated a second, and a third, and every person in turn who came near him.

The news was brought to the king that Damsel-face had gone mad and was killing everybody that he caught sight of. So the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Go, sage, and find out what has perverted him."

Away went the Bodhisatta, and soon satisfied himself that the elephant showed no signs of bodily ailment. As he thought over the possible causes of the change, he came to the conclusion that the elephant must have heard persons talking near him, and have imagined that they were giving him a lesson, and that this was what had perverted the animal. Accordingly, he asked the elephant-keepers whether any persons had been talking together recently near the stall by night. "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "some burglars came and talked." Then the Bodhisatta went and told the king, saying, "There is nothing wrong, sire, with the elephant bodily; he has been perverted by overhearing some burglars talk." "Well, what is to be done now?" "Order good men, sages and brahmins, to sit in his stall and to talk of goodness." "Do so, my friend," said the king. Then the Bodhisatta set good men, sages and brahmins, in the stall [188], and bade them talk of goodness. And they, taking their seats hard by the elephant, spoke as follows, "Neither maltreat nor kill. The good should be long-suffering, loving, and merciful." Hearing this the elephant thought they must mean this as a lesson for him, and resolved thenceforth to become good. And good he became.

"Well, my friend," said the king to the Bodhisatta; "is he good now?" "Yes, your majesty," said the Bodhisatta; "thanks to wise and

(food men the elephant who was so perverted has become himself again." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

Through hearing first the burglars' wicked talk
Damsel-face ranged abroad to wound and kill;

Through hearing, later, wise men's lofty words
The noble elephant turned good once more.

Said the king, "He can read the mind even of an animal!" And he conferred great honour on the Bodhisatta. After living to a good old age, he, with the Bodhisatta, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master,--"In the past, too, you followed everyone you met, Brother; hearing burglars talk, you followed what they said; and hearing the wise and good talk, you followed what they said." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The traitorous Brother was the Damsel-face of those days, Ānanda the king, and I myself the minister."

No. 27.

ABHIṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*No morsel can he eat*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-disciple and an aged Elder. [189]

Tradition says that there were in Sāvatthi two friends, of whom one joined the Brotherhood but used to go every day to the other's house, where his friend used to give him an alms of food and make a meal himself, and then accompany him back to the Monastery, where he sat talking all the livelong day till the sun went down, when he went back to town. And his friend the Brother used to escort him on his homeward way, going as far as the city-gates before turning back.

The intimacy of these two became known among the Brethren, who were sitting one day in the Hall of Truth, talking about the intimacy which existed between the pair, when the Master, entering the Hall, asked what was the subject of their talk; and the Brethren told him.

"Not only now, Brethren, are these two intimate with one another," said the Master; "they were intimate in bygone days as well." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days there was a dog which used to go to the stall of the elephant of state, and eat the

gobbets of rice which fell where the elephant fed. Haunting the place for the food's sake,

the dog grew very friendly with the elephant, and at last would never eat except with him. And neither could get on without the other. The dog used to disport himself by swinging backwards and forwards on the elephant's trunk. Now one day a villager bought the dog of the mahout and took the dog home with him. Thenceforward the elephant, missing the dog, refused either to eat or drink or take his bath; and the king was told of it. His majesty despatched the Bodhisatta to find out why the elephant behaved like this. Proceeding to the elephant-house, the Bodhisatta, seeing how sad the elephant was, said to himself, "He has got no bodily ailment; he must have formed an ardent friendship, and is sorrowing at the loss of his friend." So he asked whether the elephant had become friends with anyone.

"Yes, my lord," was the answer; "there's a very warm friendship between him and a dog." "Where is that dog now?" "A man took it off." "Do you happen to know where that man lives?" "No, my lord." The Bodhisatta went to the king and said, "There is nothing the matter with the elephant, sire; but he was very friendly with a dog, [190] and it is missing his friend which has made him refuse to eat, I imagine." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

No morsel can he eat, no rice or grass;
And in the bath he takes no pleasure now.
Methinks, the dog had so familiar grown,
That elephant and dog were closest friends.

"Well," said the king on hearing this; "what is to be done now, sage?" "Let proclamation be made by beat of drum, your majesty, to the effect that a man is reported to have carried off a dog of which the elephant of state was fond, and that the man in whose house that dog shall be found, shall pay such and such a penalty." The king acted on this advice; and the man, when he came to hear of it, promptly let the dog loose. Away ran the dog at once, and made his way to the elephant. The elephant took the dog up in his trunk, and placed it on his head, and wept and cried, and, again setting the dog on the ground, saw the dog eat first and then took his own food.

"Even the minds of animals are known to him," said the king, and he loaded the Bodhisatta with honours.

Thus the Master ended his lesson to show that the two were intimate in bygone days as well as at that date. This done, he unfolded the Four Truths. (This unfolding of the Four Truths forms part of all the other Jātakas; but we shall only mention it where it is expressly mentioned that it was blessed unto fruit.) Then he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The lay-disciple was the dog of those days, the aged Elder was the elephant, and I myself the wise minister." [191]

No. 28.

NANDIVISĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Speak only words of kindness*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six [1]. For, in those days the six, when they disagreed with respectable Brethren, used to taunt, revile and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, "Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time at Takkasilā in the land of Gandhāra there was a king reigning there, and the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahmin who came in--they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahmin called it Nandi-Visāla (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice-gruel and rice. When the Bodhisatta grew up, he thought thus to himself, "I have been brought up by this brahmin with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahmin the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?" Accordingly, one day he said to the brahmin, "Go, brahmin, to

some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts."

The brahmin went his way to a merchant and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in. the town were the strong. "Oh, so-and-so's, or so-and-so's," said the merchant. "But," added he, "there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength." Said the brahmin, "I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts." "Where's such a bull to be found?" laughed the merchant. "I've got him at home," said the brahmin. "Make it a wager." "Certainly," said the brahmin, and staked [192] a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visāla, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all

alone to the leading cart. The brahmin in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, "Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!"

"I'm not the rascal he calls me," thought the Bodhisatta to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway, the merchant made the brahmin pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahmin took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visāla strolled in and found the brahmin a prey to such grief, he went up to him and enquired if

the brahmin were taking a nap. "How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?" "Brahmin, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?" "Never, my child." "Then, why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again." When he heard this, the brahmin went off to the merchant, and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another and harnessed Nandi-Visāla, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way:--first, he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axletree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew round either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahmin stroked Nandi-Visāla on the back, and called on him in this style, "Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!" With a single pull the Bodhisatta tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts [193] till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant, rich in herds, paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahmin. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Bodhisatta, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahmin. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Bodhisatta.

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:--

Speak only words of kindness, never words
Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love.

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the brahmin of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visāla."

[*Note*. The substance of this story occurs in the *Vinaya*, Vol. IV. page 5.]

Footnotes

71:1 The 'Six' were notorious Brethren who are always mentioned as defying the rules of the Order.

No. 29.

KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"*With heavy loads*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Double Miracle, which, together with the Descent from Heaven, will be related in the Thirteenth Book, in the Sarabhamiga-jātaka [1].

After he had performed the Double Miracle and had made a stay in Heaven, the All-knowing Buddha descended at the city of Saṁkassa on the day of the Great Pavāraṇā [2] Festival, and thence passed with a large following to Jetavana.

Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren sat praising the virtues of the Master, saying, "Sirs, peerless is the Buddha; none may bear the yoke borne by the Buddha. The Six teachers, though they protested so often that they, and they only, would perform miracles, yet not a single miracle did they work. O! how peerless is the Master!"

Entering the Hall and asking the theme which the Brethren were discussing in conclave [194], the Master was informed that their theme was no other than his own virtues. "Brethren," said the Master, "who shall now bear the yoke borne by me? Even in bygone days, when I came to life as an animal, I was unmatched." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. And while he was still a young calf, his owners, who had been lodging with an old woman, made him over to her in settlement of their reckoning. She reared him like her own child, feeding him on rice-gruel and rice and on other good cheer. The name he became known by was "Granny's Blackie." Growing up, he used to range about with the other cattle of the village, and was as black as jet. The village urchins used to catch hold of his horns and ears and dewlaps, and have a ride; or they would hold on to his tail in play, and mount on his back.

One day he thought to himself, "My mother is very poor; she has painfully reared me, as if I were her own child. What if I were to earn some money to ease her hard lot?" Thenceforth he was always looking out for a job. Now, one day a young merchant at the head of a caravan came with five hundred waggons to a ford the bottom of which was so rough that his oxen could not pull the waggons through. And even when he took out the five hundred pairs of oxen and yoked the lot together to form one team, they could not get a single cart by itself across the river. Close

by that ford the Bodhisatta was about with the other cattle of the village, And the young merchant, being a judge of cattle, ran his eye over the herd to see whether among them there was a thorough-bred bull who could pull the waggons across. When his eye fell on the Bodhisatta, he felt sure *he* would do; and, to find out the Bodhisatta's owner, he said to the herdsmen, "Who owns this animal? If I could yoke him on and get my waggons

across, I would pay for his services." Said they, "Take him and harness him, then; he has got no master hereabouts."

But when the young merchant slipped a cord [195] through the Bodhisatta's nose and tried to lead him off, the bull would not budge. For, we are told, the Bodhisatta would not go till his pay was fixed. Understanding his meaning, the merchant said, "Master, if you will pull these five hundred waggons across, I will pay you two coins per cart, or a thousand coins in all."

It now required no force to get the Bodhisatta to come. Away he went, and the men harnessed him to the carts. The first he dragged over with a single pull, and landed it high and dry; and in like manner he dealt with the whole string of waggons.

The young merchant tied round the Bodhisatta's neck a bundle containing five hundred coins, or at the rate of only *one* for each cart. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "This fellow is not paying we according to contract! I won't let him move on!" So he stood across the path of the foremost waggon and blocked the way. And try as they would, they could not get him out of the way. "I suppose he knows I've paid him short," thought the merchant; and he wrapped up a thousand coins in a bundle, which he tied round the Bodhisatta's neck, saying, "Here's your pay for pulling the waggons across." And away went the Bodhisatta with the thousand pieces of money to his "mother."

"What's that round the neck of Granny's Blackie?" cried the children of the village, running up to him. But the Bodhisatta made at them from afar and made them scamper off, so that he reached his "mother" all right. Not but what he appeared fagged out, with his eyes bloodshot, from dragging all those five hundred waggons over the river. The pious woman, finding a

thousand pieces of money round his neck, cried out, "Where did you get this, my child?" Learning from the herdsmen what had happened, she exclaimed, "Have I any wish to live on your earnings, my child? Why did you go through all this fatigue?" So saying, she washed the Bodhisatta with warm water and rubbed him all over with oil; she gave him drink and regaled him with due victuals. And when her life closed, she passed away, with the Bodhisatta, to fare according to her deserts.

When he had ended this lesson to shew that the Buddha was unmatched in the past as then, he shewed the connexion by uttering, as Buddha, this stanza:--

[196] With heavy loads to carry, with bad roads,
They harness 'Blackie'; *he* soon draws the load.

After his lesson to shew that only 'Blackie' could draw the load, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Uppala-Vaṇṇā was the old woman of those days, and I myself 'Granny's Blackie.'"

Footnotes

73:1 No. 483.

73:2 The festival at the end of the rainy season (*Mahāvagga* IV. 1).

No. 30.

MUṆIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Then envy not poor Muṇika*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about being seduced by a plump young woman, as will be related in the Thirteenth Book in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa-jātaka [1].

Then the Master asked that Brother, saying, "Is it true, Brother, as they say, that you are passion-test?" "It is true, sir," was the reply. "Brother," said the Master, "she is your bane; even in bygone days, you met your end and were made into a relish for the company on her marriage-day." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an ox, named Big Red, on the squire's estate in a certain hamlet. And he had a younger brother who was known as Little Red. There were only these two brothers to do all the draught-work of the family. Also, the squire had an only daughter, whose hand was asked in marriage for his son by a gentleman of the town. And the parents of the girl, with a view to furnishing dainty fare [197] for the wedding guests, began to fatten up a pig named Muṇika.

Observing this, Little Red said to his brother, "All the loads that have to be drawn for this household are drawn by you and me, my brother; but all they give us for our pains is sorry grass and

straw to eat. Yet here is the pig being victualled on rice! What can be the reason why he should be treated to such fare?"

Said his brother, "My dear Little Red, envy him not; for the pig eats the food of death. It is but to furnish a relish for the guests at their daughter's wedding, that the family are feeding up the pig. Wait but a little time and the guests will be coining. Then will you see that pig lugged out of his quarters by the legs, killed, and in process of conversion into curry." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:--

Then envy not poor Muṇika; ’tis death
He eats. Contented munch your frugal chaff,--
The pledge and guarantee of length of days.

Not long afterwards the guests did arrive; and Muṇika was killed and cooked into all manner of dishes. Said the Bodhisatta to Little Red, "Did you see Muṇika, dear brother?" "I have indeed seen, brother, the outcome of Muṇika's feasting. Better a hundred, nay a thousand, times than such food is ours, though it be but grass, straw, and chaff;--for our fare harms us not, and is a pledge that our lives will not be cut short."

When he had ended his lesson to the effect that the Brother had thus in bygone days been brought to his doom by that young woman and had been made into a relish for the company [198], he preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother reached the First Path of Salvation. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The

passion-tost Brother was the pig Muṇika of those days, the young woman is the same in both cases, Ānanda was Little Red, and I myself Big Red."

[*Note*. See hereon Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra*, page 228, where the migrations of this popular story are traced. See also Jātakas Nos. 286 and 477.]

Footnotes

75:1 No. 477.

No. 31.

KULĀVAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Let all the forest's nestlings*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who drank water without straining it [1].

Tradition says that two young Brothers who were friends went from Sāvatthi into the country, and took up their abode in a pleasant spot. After staying here as long as they wanted, they departed and set out for Jetavana in order to see the Perfect Buddha.

One of them carried a strainer; the other had none; so both of them used the same strainer before drinking. One day they fell out. The owner of the strainer did not lend it to his companion, but strained and drank alone by himself.

As the other was not allowed the strainer, and as he could not endure his thirst, he drank water without straining it. In due course both reached Jetavana and with respectful salutation to the Master took their seats. After friendly words of greeting, he asked whence they had come.

"Sir," said they, "we have been living in a hamlet in the Kosala country, whence we have come in order to see you." "I trust you have arrived as good friends as you started?" Said the brother without a strainer, "Sir, he fell out with me on the road and would not lend me his strainer.", Said the other, "Sir, he didn't strain his

water, but--wittingly--drank it down with all the living things it contained." "Is this report true, Brother, that you wittingly drank off water with all the living things it contained?" "Yes, sir, I did drink unstrained water," was the reply. "Brother, the wise and good of bygone days, when flying in rout along the deep in the days of their sovereignty over the City of the Devas, thought scorn to slay living-creatures in order to secure power for themselves. Rather, they turned their chariot back, sacrificing great glory in order to save the lives of the young of the Garuḷas [1]." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[199] Once on a time there was a king of Magadha reigning at Rājagaha in the laud of Magadha. And just as he who is now Sakka came to life in his preceding birth in the hamlet of Macala in the land of Magadha, even so was it in the selfsame hamlet that the Bodhisatta came to life in those days as a young noble. When the day for his naming came, he was named 'Prince Magha,' but when he grew up, it was as 'Magha the young Brahmin' that he was known. His parents took a wife for him from a family of equal rank with their own; and he, with a family of sons and daughters growing up round him, excelled in charity, and kept the Five Commandments.

In that village there were just thirty families, and one day the men were standing in the middle of the village transacting the affairs of the village. The Bodhisatta had kicked aside the dust from where he was standing, and was standing there in comfort, when up came another and took his stand there. Then the Bodhisatta made himself another comfortable standing-place,--only to have it taken from him like the first. Again and again the

Bodhisatta began afresh until he had made comfortable standing-places for every man there. Another time he put up a pavilion,--which later on he pulled down, building a hall with benches and a jar of water inside. Another time these thirty men were led by the Bodhisatta to

become like-minded with himself; he established them in the Five Commandments, and thenceforth used to go about with them doing good works. And they too doing good works, always in the Bodhisatta's company, used to get up early and sally forth, with razors and axes and clubs in their hands. With their clubs they used to roll out of the way all stones that lay on the four highways and other roads of the village; the trees that would strike against the axles of chariots, they cut down; rough places they made smooth; causeways they built, dug water-tanks, and built a hall; they shewed charity and kept the Commandments. In this wise did the body of the villagers generally abide by the Bodhisatta's teachings and keep the Commandments.

Thought the village headman to himself, "When these men used to get drunk and commit murders and so forth, I used to make a lot of money out of them not only on the price of their drinks but also by the fines and dues they paid. But now here's this young brahmin Magha bent on making them keep the Commandments; he is putting a stop to murders and other crime." [200] And in his rage he cried, "I'll make them keep the Five Commandments!" And he repaired to the king, saying, "Sire, there is a band of robbers going about sacking villages and committing other villainies." When the king heard this, he bade the headman go and bring the men before him. And away went

the man and hauled up as prisoners before the king every one of those thirty men, representing them to be the rascals. Without enquiry into their doings, the king commanded offhand that they should be trampled to death by the elephant. Forthwith they made them lie down in the king's court-yard and sent for the elephant. The Bodhisatta exhorted them, saying, "Bear in mind the Commandments; love the slanderer, the king and the elephant as yourselves." And they did so.

Then the elephant was brought in to trample them to death. Yet lead him as they might, he would not approach them, but fled away trumpeting loudly. Elephant after elephant was brought up;--but they all fled away like the first. Thinking that the men must have some drug about their persons, the king ordered them to be searched. Search was made accordingly, but nothing was found;--and so they told the king. "Then they must be muttering some spell," said the king; "ask them whether they have got a spell to mutter."

The question being put to them, the Bodhisatta said they *had* got a spell. And this the king's people told his majesty. So the king had them all summoned to his presence and said, "Tell me your spell."

The Bodhisatta made answer, "Sire, we have no other spell than this, that not a man among the whole thirty of us destroys life, or takes what is not given, or misconducts himself, or lies; we drink no strong drink; we abound in lovingkindness; we shew charity; we level the roads,

dig tanks, and build a public hall;--this is our spell, our safeguard, and our strength."

Well-pleased with them, the king gave them all the wealth in the slanderer's house and made him their slave; and he gave them the elephant and the village to boot.

Thenceforward, doing good works to their hearts' content, they sent for a carpenter and caused him to put up a large hall at the meeting of the four highways; but [201] as they had lost all desire for womankind, they would not let any woman share in the good work.

Now in those days there were four women in the Bodhisatta's house, whose names were Goodness, Thoughtful, Joy, and Highborn. Of these Goodness, finding herself alone with the carpenter, gave him a douceur, saying,--"Brother, contrive to make me the principal person in connexion with this hall."

"Very good," said he. And before doing any other work on the building, he had some pinnacle-wood dried, which he fashioned and bored and made into a finished pinnacle. This he wrapped up in a cloth and laid aside. When the hall was finished, and it was time to put on the pinnacle, he exclaimed, "Alas, my masters, there's one thing we have not made." "What's that?" "Why, we ought to have a pinnacle." "All right, let one be got." "But it can't be made out of green wood; we ought to have a pinnacle which had been cut some time ago, and fashioned, and bored, and laid by." "Well, what is to be done now?" "Why, have a look round to see if anybody has got such a thing in his house as a ready-made pinnacle for sale." As they. looked round accordingly, they found one in the house of Goodness, but could

not buy it of her for any money. "If you will make me a partner in the good work," said she, "I will give it you for nothing."

"No," was the reply, "we do not let women have a share in the good work."

Then said the carpenter to them, "My masters, what is this you say? Save the Realm of Brahma, there is no place from which women are excluded. Take the pinnacle, and our work will be complete."

Consenting, they took the pinnacle and completed their hall. They had benches put up, and jars of water set inside, providing also a constant supply of boiled rice. Round the hall they built a wall with a gate, strewing the space inside the wall with sand and planting a row of fan-palms outside. Thoughtful too caused a pleasaunce to be laid out at this spot, and not a flowering or fruit-bearing tree could be named which did not grow there. Joy, too, caused a water-tank to be dug in the same place, covered over with the five kinds of lotuses, beautiful to behold. High-born did nothing at all.

The Bodhisatta fulfilled these seven injunctions,--to cherish one's mother, to cherish one's father, to honour one's elders, to speak truth, [202] to avoid harsh speech, to eschew slander, and to shun niggardliness:--

Whoso supports his parents, honours age,
Is gentle, friendly-spoken, slandering not,
Unchurlish, truthful, lord--not slave--of wrath,
--Him e'en the Thirty Three [1] shall hail as Good.

Such was the praiseworthy state to which he grew, and at his life's close he passed away to be reborn in the Realm of the Thirty-three as Sakka, king of Devas; and there too were his friends reborn.

In those days there were Asuras dwelling in the Realm of the Thirty-three. Said Sakka, King of Devas, "What good to us is a kingdom which others share?" So he made the Asuras drink the liquor of the Devas, and when they were drunken, he had them hurled by the feet on to the steeps of Mount Sineru. They tumbled right down to 'The Asura Realm,' as it is called,--a region on the lowest level of Mount Sineru, equal in extent to the Realm of the Thirty-three. Here grows a tree, resembling the Coral Tree of the Devas, which lasts for an aeon and is called the Pied Trumpet-flower. The blossoms of this tree shewed them at once that this was not the Realm of Devas, for there the Coral Tree blooms. So they cried, "Old Sakka has made us drunk and cast us into the great deep, seizing on our heavenly city." "Come," they shouted, "let us win back our own realm from him by force of arms." And up the sides of Sineru they climbed, like ants up a pillar.

Hearing the alarm given that the Asuras were up, Sakka went out into the great deep to give them battle, but being worsted in the fight turned and fled away along crest after crest of the southern deep in his 'Chariot of Victory,' which was a hundred and fifty leagues long.

Now as his chariot sped along the deep, it came to the Forest of the Silk-Cotton Trees. Along the track of the chariot these mighty trees were mowed down like so many palms, and fell into the deep. And as the young of the Garuḷas hurtled through the deep,

loud were their shrieks. Said Sakka to Mātali, his charioteer, "Mātali, my friend, what manner of noise is this? [203] How heartrending it sounds." "Sire, it is the united cry of the young Garuḷas in the agony of their fear, as their forest is uprooted by the rush of your chariot." Said the Great Being, "Let them not be troubled because of me, friend Mātali. Let us not, for

empire's sake, so act as to destroy life. Rather will I, for their sake, give my life as a sacrifice to the Asuras. Turn the car back." And so saying, he repeated this stanza

Let all the forest's nestlings, Mātali,
Escape our all-devouring chariot.
I offer up, a willing sacrifice,
My life to yonder Asuras; these poor birds
Shall not, through me, from out their nests be torn.

At the word, Mātali, the charioteer, turned the chariot round, and made for the Realm of Devas by another route. But the moment the Asuras saw him begin to turn his chariot round, they cried out that the Sakkas of other worlds were surely coming up; "it must be his reinforcements which make him turn his chariot back again." Trembling for their lives, they all ran away and never stopped till they came to the Asura Realm. And Sakka entering heaven, stood in the midst of his city, girt round by an angelic host of his own and of Brahma's angels. And at that moment through the riven earth there rose up the 'Palace of Victory,' some thousand leagues high,--so-called because it arose in the hour of victory. Then, to prevent the Asuras from coming back again, Sakka had guards set in five places,--concerning which it has been said:--

[204] Impregnable both cities stand! between,
In fivefold guard, watch Nāgas, Garuḷas,
Kumbhaṇḍas, Goblins, and the Four Great Kings!

But when Sakka was enjoying as king of Devas the glory of heaven, safely warded by his sentinels at these five posts, Goodness died and was reborn as a handmaiden of Sakka once more. And the effect of her gift of the pinnacle was that there arose for her a mansion--named 'Goodness'--studded with heavenly jewels, five hundred leagues high, where, under a white heavenly canopy of royal state, sat Sakka, king of Devas, ruling men and Devas.

Thoughtful, too, died, and was once more born as a handmaiden of Sakka; and the effect of her action in respect of the pleasaunce was such that there arose a pleasaunce called 'Thoughtful's Creeper-Grove.' Joy, too, died and was reborn once more as one of Sakka's handmaidens; and the fruit of her tank was that there arose a tank called 'Joy' after her. But Highborn, [205] having performed no act of merit, was reborn as a crane in a grotto in the forest.

"There's no sign of Highborn," said Sakka to himself; "I wonder where she has been reborn." And as he considered the matter, he discovered her whereabouts. So he paid her a visit, and bringing her back with him to heaven shewed her the delightful city of the Devas, the Hall of Goodness, Thoughtful's Creeper-Grove, and the Tank called Joy. "These three," said Sakka, "have been reborn as my handmaidens by reason of

the good works they did; but you, having done no good work, have been reborn in the brute creation. Henceforth keep the Commandments." And having exhorted her thus, and confirmed her in the Five Commandments, he took her back and let her go free. And thenceforth she did keep the Commandments.

A short time afterwards, being curious to know whether she really was able to keep the Commandments, Sakka went and lay down before her in the shape of a fish. Thinking the fish was dead, the crane seized it by the head. The fish wagged its tail. "Why, I do believe it's alive," said the crane, and let the fish go. "Very good, very good," said Sakka; "you will be able to keep the Commandments." And so saying he went away.

Dying as a crane, Highborn was reborn into the family of a potter in Benares. Wondering where she had got to, and at last discovering her whereabouts, Sakka, disguised as an old man, filled a cart with cucumbers of solid gold and sat in the middle of the village, crying, "Buy my cucumbers! buy my cucumbers!" Folk came to him and asked for them. "I only part with them to such as keep the Commandments," said he, "do you keep them?" "We don't know what you mean by your 'Commandments'; sell us the cucumbers." "No; I don't want money for my cucumbers. I give them away,--but only to those that keep the Commandments." "Who is this wag?" said the folk as they turned away. Hearing of this, Highborn thought to herself that the cucumbers must have been brought for her, and accordingly went and asked for some. "Do you keep the Commandments, madam?" said he. "Yes, I do," was the reply. "It was for you alone that I brought these here," said he, and leaving cucumbers, cart and all at her door he departed.

Continuing all her life long to keep the Commandments, Highborn after her death was reborn the daughter of the Asura king Vepacittiya, and for her goodness was rewarded with the gift of great beauty. When she grew up, her father mustered the Asuras together to give his daughter her pick of them for a husband. [206] And Sakka, who had searched and found out her whereabouts, donned the shape of an Asura, and came down, saying to himself, "If Highborn chooses a husband really after her own heart, I shall be he."

Highborn was arrayed and brought forth to the place of assembly, where she was bidden to select a husband after her own heart. Looking round and observing Sakka, she was moved by her love for him in a bygone existence to choose him for her husband. Sakka carried her off to the city of the devas and made her the chief of twenty-five millions of dancing-girls. And when his term of life ended, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master rebuked that Brother in these words, "Thus, Brethren, the wise and good of bygone days when they were rulers of the Devas, forbore, even at the sacrifice of their own lives, to be guilty of slaughter. And can you, who have devoted yourself to so saving a creed, drink unstrained water with all the living creatures it contains?" And he chewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, "Ānanda was then Mātali the charioteer, and I Sakka."

[*Note*. Compare the commentary on *Dhammapada*, pp. 184 *et seqq*.; and Culla-vagga v. 13 in vol. ii. of Oldenberg's Vinaya (translated at page 100 of vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*) for the incidents of the Introductory Story. For the incident of Sakka and the Asuras in the Story of the Past, see *Jātaka-mālā*, No. 11 (J. R. A. S. 1893, page 315).]

Footnotes

76:1 As to the rules for filtering water, see *Vinaya Cullavagga* v. 13.

77:1 Garuḷas were winged creatures of a supernatural order, the inveterate foes of the Nāgas, whose domain was the water. Cf. (*e.g.*) Jātaka No. 154.

80:1 One of the *devalokas*, or angelic realms, of Buddhist cosmogony, was the *Tāvatiṁsa-bhavanaṁ*, or 'Realm of the Thirty-three,' so called because its denizens were subject to thirty-three Devas headed by Sakka, the Indra of the pre-buddhist faith. Every world-system, it may here be added, had a Sakka of its own, as is indicated *infra*.

No. 32.

NACCA-JĀTAKA.

"*A pleasing note*." This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother with many belongings. The incident is just the same as in the Devadhamma-jātaka *supra* [1].

"Is this report true, Brother," said the Master, "that you have many belongings?" "Yes, sir." "Why have you come to own so many belongings?" Without listening beyond this point, the Brother tore off the whole of his raiment, and stood stark naked before the Master, crying, "I'll go about like this!" "Oh, fie!" exclaimed every one. The man ran away, and reverted to the lower state of a layman. Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren talked of his impropriety in behaving in that manner right before the Master. In came the Master and asked what was the theme of discussion in the conclave. "Sir," was the answer, "we were discussing the impropriety of that Brother, and saying that in your presence and right before all the four classes of your followers [2] he had so far lost all sense of shame as to stand there stark naked as a village-urchin, and that, finding himself loathed by everyone, he relapsed to the lower state and lost the faith."

Said the Master, "Brethren, this is not the only loss his shamelessness has caused him; for in bygone days he lost a jewel of a wife just as now he has lost the jewel of the faith." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[207] Once on a time, in the first cycle of the world's history, the quadrupeds chose the Lion as their king, the fishes the monster-fish Ānanda, and the birds the Golden Mallard [3]. Now the King Golden

Mallard had a lovely young daughter, and her royal father granted her any boon she might ask. The boon she asked for was to be allowed to choose a husband for herself; and the king in fulfilment of his promise mustered all the birds together in the country of the Himalayas. All manner of birds came, swans and peacocks and all other birds; and they flocked together on a great plateau of bare rock. Then the king sent for his daughter and bade her go and choose a husband after her own heart. As she reviewed the crowd of birds, her eye lighted on the peacock with his neck of jewelled sheen and tail of varied hue; and she chose him, saying, "Let this be my husband." Then the assembly of the birds went up to the peacock and said, "Friend peacock, this princess, in choosing her husband from among all these birds, has fixed her choice on you."

Carried away by his extreme joy, the peacock exclaimed, "Until this clay you have never seen how active I am;" and in defiance of all decency he spread his wings and began to dance;--and in dancing he exposed himself.

Filled with shame, King Golden Mallard said, "This fellow has neither modesty within his heart nor decency in his outward behaviour; I certainly will not give my daughter to one so shameless." And there in the midst of all that assembly of the birds, he repeated this stanza:--

A pleasing note is yours, a lovely back,
A neck in hue like lapis lazuli;
A fathom's length your outstretched feathers reach.
Withal, your dancing loses you my child.

Right in the face of the whole gathering King Royal Mallard gave his daughter to a young mallard, a nephew of his. Covered with shame at the loss of the mallard princess, [208] the peacock rose straight up from the place and fled away. And King Golden Mallard too went back to his dwelling-place.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the only time his breach of modesty has caused him loss; just as it has now caused him to lose the jewel of the faith, so in bygone days it lost him a jewel of a wife." When he had ended this lesson, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying,

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"The Brother with the many belongings was the peacock of those days, and I myself the Royal Mallard."

[*Note*. See Plate XXVII. (11) of the *Stūpa of Bharhut* (where a fragment of a carving of this story is figured), Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* I. p. 280, and Hahn's *Sagewiss. Studien*, p. 69. Cf. also Herodotus, VI. 129.]

Footnotes

83:1 No. 6.

83:2 *i.e.* Brethren, Sisters, lay-brothers, and lay-sisters.

83:3 Cf. No. 270.

No. 33.

SAMMODAMĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*While concord reigns*." This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Banyan-grove near Kapilavatthu, about a squabble over a porter's head-pad, as will be related in the Kuṇāla-jātaka [1].

On this occasion, however, the Master spoke thus to his kinsfolk:--"My lords, strife among kinsfolk is unseemly. Yes, in bygone times, animals, who had defeated their enemies when they lived in concord, came to utter destruction when they fell out." And at the request of his royal kinsfolk, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a quail, and lived in the forest at the head of many thousands of quails. In those days a fowler who caught quails came to that place; and he used to imitate the note of a quail till he saw that the birds had been drawn together, when he flung his net over them, and whipped the sides of the net together, so as to get them all huddled up in a heap. Then he crammed them into his basket, and going home sold his prey for a living.

Now one day the Bodhisatta said to those quails, "This fowler is making havoc among our kinsfolk. I have a device whereby he will be unable to catch us. Henceforth, the very moment he

throws the net over you, let each one put his head through a mesh and then all of you together must fly away with the net to such place as you please, and there let it down on a thorn-brake; this done, we will all escape from our several meshes." "Very good," said they all in ready agreement.

On the morrow, when the net was cast over them, they did just as the Bodhisatta had told them:--they lifted up the net, [209] and let it down on a thorn-brake, escaping themselves from underneath. While the fowler was still disentangling his net, evening came on; and he went away empty-handed. On the morrow and following days the quails played the same trick. So that it became the regular thing for the fowler to be engaged till sunset disentangling his net, and then to betake himself home empty-handed. Accordingly his wife grew angry and said, "Day by day you return empty-handed; I suppose you've got a second establishment to keep up elsewhere."

"No, my dear," said the fowler; "I've no second establishment to keep up. The fact is those quails have come to work together now. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it and escape, leaving it on a thorn-brake. Still, they won't live in unity always. Don't you bother yourself; as soon as they start bickering among themselves, I shall bag the lot, and that will bring a smile to your face to see." And so saying, he repeated this stanza to his wife:--

While concord reigns, the birds bear off the net.
When quarrels rise, they'll fall a prey to me.

Not long after this, one of the quails, in alighting on their feeding ground, trod by accident on another's head. "Who trod on my head?" angrily cried this latter. "I did; but I didn't mean to. Don't be angry," said the first quail. But notwithstanding this answer, the other remained as angry as before. Continuing to answer one another, they began to bandy taunts, saying, "I suppose it is you single-handed who lift up the net." As they wrangled thus with one another, the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "There's no safety with one who is quarrelsome. The time has come when they will no longer lift up the net, and thereby they will come to great destruction. The fowler will get his opportunity. I can stay here no longer." And thereupon he with his following went elsewhere.

Sure enough the fowler [210] came back again a few days later, and first collecting them together by imitating the note of a quail, flung his net over them. Then said one quail, "They say when you were at work lifting the net, the hair of your head fell off. Now's your time; lift away." The other rejoined, "When you were lifting the net, they say both your wings moulted. Now's your time; lift away."

But whilst they were each inviting the other to lift the net, the fowler himself lifted the net for them and crammed them in a heap into his basket and bore them off home, so that his wife's face was wreathed with smiles.

"Thus, sire," said the Master, "such a thing as a quarrel among kinsfolk is unseemly; quarrelling leads only to destruction." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth,

by saying, "Devadatta was the foolish quail of those days, and I myself the wise and good quail."

[*Note*. See for the migrations of this story Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* 1. 304, and Fausböll in R.AṢ. Journal, 1870. See also Julien's *Avadānas*, Vol. 1. page 155.]

Footnotes

85:1 No. 536.

No. 34.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Tis not the cold*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about being seduced by the wife of one's mundane life before joining the Brotherhood. Said the Master on this occasion, "Is it true, as I hear, Brother, that you are passion-tost?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"Because of whom?"

"My former wife, sir, is sweet to touch; I cannot give her up! "Then said the Master, "Brother, this woman is hurtful to you. It was through her that in bygone times too you were meeting your end, when you were saved by me." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his family-priest.

In those days some fishermen had cast their net into the river. And a great big fish came along amorously toying with his wife. She, scenting the net as she swam ahead of him, made a circuit round it and escaped. But her amorous spouse, blinded by passion, sailed right into the meshes of the net. As soon as the fishermen felt him in their net, they hauled it in and took the fish out; they did not kill him at once, but flung him alive on the

sands. [211] "We'll cook him in the embers for our meal," said they; and accordingly they set to work to light a fire and whittle a spit to roast him on. The fish lamented, saying to himself, "It's not the torture of the embers or the anguish of the spit or any other pain that grieves me; but only the distressing thought that my wife should be unhappy in the belief that I have gone off with another." And he repeated this stanza:--

’Tis not the cold, the heat, or wounding net;
’Tis but the fear my darling wife should think
Another's love has lured her spouse away.

Just then the priest came to the riverside with his attendant slaves to bathe. Now he understood the language of all animals. Therefore, when he heard the fish's lamentation, he thought to himself, "This fish is lamenting the lament of passion. If he should die in this unhealthy state of mind, he cannot escape rebirth in hell. I will save him." So he went to the fishermen and said, "My men, don't you supply us with a fish every day for our curry?" "What do you say, sir?" said the fishermen; "pray take away with you any fish you may take a fancy to." "We don't need any but this one; only give us this one." "He's yours, sir."

Taking the fish in his two hands, the Bodhisatta seated himself on the bank and said, "Friend fish, if I had not seen you to-day, you would have met your death. Cease for the future to be the slave of passion." And with this exhortation he threw the fish into the water, and went into the city.

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[212] His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother won the First Path. Also, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The former wife was the female fish of those days, the passion-tost Brother was the male fish, and I myself the family-priest."

[*Note*. Compare Jātakas Nos. 216 and 297.]

No. 35.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*With, wings that fly not*."--This story was told by the Master, whilst on an alms-pilgrimage through Magadha, about the going-out of a jungle fire. Once the Master, whilst on an alms-pilgrimage through Magadha, went on his morning round for alms through a certain hamlet in that country; on his return, after his meal, he went out again followed by the company of the Brethren. Just then a great fire broke out. There were numbers of Brethren both in front of the Master and behind him. On came the fire, spreading far and wide, till all was one sheet of smoke and flame. Hereupon, some unconverted Brethren were seized with the fear of death. "Let us make a counter fire," they cried; "and then the big fire will not sweep over the ground we have fired." And, with this view, they set about kindling a fire with their tinder-sticks.

But others said, "What is this you do, Brethren? You are like such as mark not the moon in mid-heaven, or the sun's orb rising with myriad rays from the east, or the sea on whose shores they stand, or Mount Sineru towering before their very eyes,--when, as you journey along in the company of him who is peerless among devas and men alike, you give not a thought to the All-Enlightened Buddha, but cry out, 'Let us make a fire!' You know not the might of a Buddha! Come, let us go to the Master." Then, gathering together from front and rear alike, the Brethren in a body flocked round the Lord of Wisdom. At a certain spot the Master halted, with this mighty assembly of the Brethren surrounding him. On rolled the flames, roaring as though to

devour them. But when they approached the spot where the Buddha had taken his stand, they came no nearer than sixteen lengths, but there and then went out,--even as a torch plunged into water. It had no power to spread over a space thirty-two lengths in diameter.

The Brethren burst into praises of the Master, saying, "Oh! how great are the virtues of a Buddha! For, even this fire, though lacking sense, could not sweep over the spot where a Buddha stood, but went out like a torch in water. Oh! how marvellous are the powers of a Buddha!"

[213] Hearing their words, the Master said, "It is no present power of mine, Brethren, that makes this fire go out on reaching this spot of ground. It is the power of a former 'Act of Truth' of mine. For in this spot no fire will burn throughout the whole of this æon, the miracle being one which endures for an æon [1]."

Then the Elder Ānanda folded a robe into four and spread it for the Master to sit on. The Master took his seat. Bowing to the Buddha as he sat cross-legged there, the Brethren too seated themselves around him. Then they asked him, saying, "Only the present is known to us, sir; the past is hidden from us. Make it known to us." And, at their request, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time in this selfsame spot in Magadha, it was as a quail that the Bodhisatta came to life once more. Breaking his way out of the shell of the egg in which he was born, he became a young quail, about as big as a large ball [2]. And his parents kept

him lying in the nest, while they fed him with food which they brought in their beaks. In himself, he had not the strength either to spread his wings and fly through the air, or to lift his feet and walk upon the ground. Year after year that spot was always ravaged by a jungle-fire; and it was just at this time that the flames swept down on it with a mighty roaring. The flocks of birds, darting from their several nests, were seized with the fear of death, and flew shrieking away. The father and mother of the Bodhisatta were as frightened as the others and flew away, forsaking the Bodhisatta. Lying there in the nest, the Bodhisatta stretched forth his neck, and seeing the flames spreading towards him, he thought to himself, "Had I the power to put forth my wings and fly, I would wing my way hence to safety; or, if I could move my legs and walk, I could escape elsewhere afoot. Moreover, my parents, seized with the fear of death, are fled away to save themselves, leaving me here quite alone in the world. I am without protector or helper. What, then, shall I do this day?"

Then this thought came to him:--"In this world there exists what is termed the Efficacy of Goodness, and what is termed the Efficacy of Truth. There are those who, through their having realised the Perfections in past ages, have attained beneath the Bo-tree to be All-Enlightened; who, having won Release by goodness, tranquillity and wisdom, possess also discernment of the knowledge of such Release; [214] who are filled with truth, compassion, mercy, and patience; whose love embraces all creatures alike; whom men call omniscient Buddhas. There is an efficacy in the attributes they have won. And I too grasp one truth; I hold and believe in a single

principle in Nature. Therefore, it behoves me to call to mind the Buddhas of the past, and the Efficacy they have won, and to lay hold of the true belief that is in me touching the principle of Nature; and by an Act of Truth to make the flames go back, to the saving both of myself and of the rest of the birds."

Therefore it has been said:--

There's saving grace in Goodness in this world;
There's truth, compassion, purity of life.
Thereby, I'll work a matchless Act of Truth.

Remembering Faith's might, and taking thought
On those who triumphed in the days gone by,
Strong in the truth, an Act of Truth I wrought.

Accordingly, the Bodhisatta, calling to mind the efficacy of the Buddhas long since past away, performed an Act of Truth in the name of the true faith that was in him, repeating this stanza:--

With wings that fly not, feet that walk not yet,
Forsaken by my parents, here I lie!
Wherefore I conjure thee, dread Lord of Fire,
Primæval Jātaveda, turn! go back!

Even as he performed his Act of Truth, Jātaveda went back a space of sixteen lengths; and in going back the flames did not pass away to the forest devouring everything in their path. No; they went out there and then, like a torch plunged in water. Therefore it has been said:--

[215] I wrought my Act of Truth, and therewithal
The sheet of blazing fire left sixteen lengths
Unscathed,--like flames by water met and quenched.

And as that spot escaped being wasted by fire throughout a whole æon, the miracle is called an 'æon-miracle.' When his life closed, the Bodhisatta, who had performed this Act of Truth, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "it is not my present power but the efficacy of an Act of Truth performed by me when a young quail, that has made the flames pass over this spot iii the jungle." His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, some the Third Path, while others again became Arahats. Also, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "My present parents were the parents of those days, and I myself the king of the quails."

[*Note*. The story and the verses occur in the *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, p. 98. See reference to this story under Jātaka No. 20, *supra*.

For the archaic title of *Jātaveda* here given to Fire, compare Jātaka, No. 75, as to a similar use of the archaic name *Pajjunna*.]

Footnotes

89:1 See above, page 56.

89:2 See Morris, *Journal P. T. S*. 1884, p. 90.

No. 36.

SAKUṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Ye denizens of air*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother whose cell was burnt down.

Tradition says that a Brother, having been given a theme for meditation by the Master, went from Jetavana to the land of Kosala and there abode in a dwelling in a forest hard by a border-village. Now, during the very first month of his dwelling there, his cell was burnt down. This he reported to the villagers, saying, "My cell has been burnt down; I live in discomfort." Said they, "The land is suffering from drought just now; we'll see to it when we have irrigated the fields." When the irrigation was over, they said they must do their sowing first; when the sowing was done, they had the fences to put up; when the fences were put up; they had first to do the weeding and the reaping, and the threshing; till, what with one job and another which they kept mentioning, three whole months passed by.

After three months spent in the open air in discomfort, that Brother had developed his theme for meditation, but could get no further. So, after the Pavāraṇā-festival which ends the Rainy Season, he went back again to the Master, and, with due salutation, took his seat aside. After kindly words of greeting, the Master said, "Well, Brother, have you lived happily. through the Rainy Season? Did your theme for meditation end in success?" The Brother told him all that had happened, adding, "As I had no lodging to suit me, my theme did not end in success."

Said the Master, "In bygone times, Brother, even animals knew what suited them and what did not. How is it that you did not know'?" And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[216] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird and lived round a giant tree with branching boughs, at the head of a company of birds. Now one day, as the boughs of this tree were grinding one against the other, dust began to fall, soon followed by smoke. When the Bodhisatta became aware of this, he thought to himself: "If these two boughs go on grinding against one another like this, they will produce fire; and the fire will fall and catch hold of the old leaves, and so come to set fire to this tree as well. We cannot live on here; the proper thing to do is to hasten off elsewhere." And he repeated this stanza to the company of birds:--

Ye denizens of air, that in ṭhese boughs
Have sought a lodging, mark the seeds of fire
This earthborn tree is breeding! Safety seek
In flight! Our trusted stronghold harbours death!

The wiser birds who followed the Bodhisatta's counsels, at once rose up in the air and went elsewhere in his company. But the foolish ones said,

"It is always like this with him; he's always seeing crocodiles in a drop of water." And they, heeding not the Bodhisatta's words, stopped where they were. In a very short time, just as the

Bodhisatta had foreseen, flames really did break out, and the tree caught fire. When the smoke and flame arose, the birds, blinded by the smoke, were unable to get away; one by one they dropped into the flames and were destroyed.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "in bygone times even animals who were dwelling in the tree-top, knew what suited them and what did not. How is it that you did not know?" [217] His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were then the birds who hearkened to the Bodhisatta, and I myself was the wise and good bird."

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No. 37.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*For they who honour age*."--This story was told by the Master whilst on his way to Sāvatthi, about the way in which the Elder Sāriputta was kept out of a night's lodging.

For, when Anātha-piṇḍika had built his monastery, and had sent word that it was finished, the Master left Rājagaha and came to Vesālī, setting out again on his journey after stopping at the latter place during his pleasure. It was now that the disciples of the Six hurried on ahead, and, before quarters could be taken for the Elders, monopolized the whole of the available lodgings, which they distributed among their superiors, their teachers, and themselves. When the Elders came up later, they could find no quarters at all for the night. Even Sāriputta's disciples, for all their searching, could not find lodgings for the Elder. Being without a lodging, the Elder passed the night at the foot of a tree near the Master's quarters, either walking up and down or sitting at the foot of a tree.

At early dawn the Master coughed as he came out. The Elder coughed too. "Who is that?" asked the Master. "It is I, Sāriputta, sir." "What are you doing here at this hour, Sāriputta?" Then the Elder told his story, at the close of which the Master thought, "Even now, while I am still alive, the Brethren lack courtesy and subordination; what will they not do when I am dead and gone?" And the thought filled him with anxiety for the Truth. As soon as day had come, he had the assembly of the Brethren called together, and asked them, saying, "Is it true, Brethren, as I hear, that the adherents of the Six went on ahead and kept the Elders

among the Brethren out of lodgings for the night?" "That is so, Blessed One," was the reply. Thereupon, with a reproof to the adherents of the Six and as a lesson to all, he addressed the Brethren, and said, "Tell me, who deserves the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice, Brethren?"

Some answered, "He who was a nobleman before he became a Brother." Others said, "He who was originally a brahmin, or a man of means." Others severally said, "The man versed in the Rules of the Order; the man who can expound the Law; the men who have won the first, second, third, or fourth stage of mystic ecstasy." Whilst others again said, "The man in the First, Second, or Third path of Salvation, or an Arahat; one who knows the Three Great Truths; one who has the Six Higher Knowledges."

After the Brethren had stated whom they severally thought worthiest of precedence in the matter of lodging and the like, the Master said, [218] "In the religion which I teach, the standard by which precedence in the matter of lodging and the like is to be settled, is not noble birth, or having been a brahmin, or having been wealthy before entry into the Order; the standard is not familiarity with the Rules of the Order, with the Suttas, or with the Metaphysical Books [1]; nor is it either the attainment of any of the four stages of mystic ecstasy, or the walking in any of the Four Paths of salvation. Brethren, in my religion it is seniority which claims respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due service; it is seniors who should enjoy the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice. This is the true standard, and therefore the senior Brother ought to have these things. Yet, Brethren, here is Sāriputta, who is my chief disciple, who has set rolling the

Wheel of Minor Truth, and who deserves to have a lodging next after myself. And Sāriputta has spent this night without a lodging at the foot of a tree! If you lack respect and subordination even now, what will be your behaviour as time goes by?"

And for their further instruction he said, "In times past, Brethren, even animals came to the conclusion that it was not proper for them to live without respect and subordination one to another, or without the ordering of their common life; even these animals decided to find out which among them was the senior, and then to shew him all forms of reverence. So they looked into the matter, and having found out which of them was the senior, they shewed him all forms of reverence, whereby they passed away at that life's close to people heaven." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, hard by a great banyan-tree on the slopes of the Himalayas, there dwelt three friends,--a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. And they came to lack respect and subordination one to another, and had no ordering of their common life. And the thought came to them that it was not seemly for them to live in this way, and that they ought to find out which of their number was the senior and to honour him.

As they were engaged thinking which was the oldest, one day an idea struck them. Said the partridge and the monkey to the elephant as they all three sat together at the foot of that banyan-tree, "Friend elephant, how big was this banyan when you remember it first?" Said the elephant, "When I was a baby, this banyan was a mere bush, over which I used to walk; and as I

stood astride of it, its topmost branches used just to reach up to my belly. I've known the tree since it was a mere bush."

Next the monkey was asked the same question by the other two; and he replied, "My friends, when I was a youngling, [219] I had only to stretch out my neck as I sat on the ground, and I could eat the topmost sprouts of this banyan. So I've known this banyan since it was very tiny."

Then the partridge was asked the same question by the two others; and he said, "Friends, of old there was a great banyan-tree at such and such a spot; I ate its seeds, and voided them here; that was the origin of this tree. Therefore, I have knowledge of this tree from before it was born, and am older than the pair of you."

Hereupon the monkey and the elephant said to the sage partridge, "Friend, you are the oldest. Henceforth you shall have from us acts of honour and veneration, marks of obeisance and homage, respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due homage; and we will follow your counsels. You for your part henceforth will please impart such counsel as we need."

Thenceforth the partridge gave them counsel, and established them in the Commandments, which he also undertook himself to keep. Being thus established in the Commandments, and becoming respectful and subordinate among themselves, with proper ordering of their common life, these three made themselves sure of rebirth in heaven at this life's close.

"The aims of these three"--continued the Master--"came to be known as the 'Holiness of the Partridge,' and if these three animals, Brethren, lived together in respect and subordination, how can you, who have embraced a Faith the Rules of which are so well-taught, live together without due respect and subordination? Henceforth I ordain, Brethren, that to seniority shall be paid respect of word and deed, salutation, and all due service; that seniority shall be the title to the best lodging, the best water, and the best rice; and nevermore let a senior be kept out of a lodging by a junior. Whosoever so keeps out his senior commits an offence."

It was at the close of this lesson that the Master, as Buddha, repeated this stanza:--

For they who honour age, in Truth are versed;
Praise now, and bliss hereafter, is their meed.

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[220] When the Master had finished speaking of the virtue of reverencing age, he wade the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Moggallāna was the elephant of those days, Sāriputta the monkey, and I myself the sage partridge."

p. 95

[*Note*. See this story in the *Vinaya*, Vol. II. page 161 (translated at page 193 of Vol. XX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*), and in Julien's *Avadānas*, Vol. II. page 17. Reference is made to this Jātaka by name in Buddhaghosa's *Sumaṅgala-Vilāsinī*, page 178; but his quotation, though it purports to be from the *Tittira-*

Jātaka, is from the above passage in the Vinaya. Prof. Cowell has traced its history in *Y Cymmrodor*, October 1882.]

Footnotes

93:1 *i.e.* the three divisions, or 'three baskets,' of the Buddhist scriptures,

No. 38.

BAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Guile profits not*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a tailoring Brother.

Tradition says that at Jetavana dwelt a Brother who was exceedingly skilful in all operations to be performed with a robe, such as cutting, joining, arranging, and stitching Because of this skill, he used to fashion robes and so got the name of 'The Robe-tailor.' What, you ask, did he do?--Well, he exercised his craft on old bits of cloth and turned out a nice soft robe, which, after the dyeing was done, he would enhance in colour with a wash containing flour to make a dressing, and rub it with a shell, till he had made it quite smart and attractive. Then he would lay his handiwork aside.

Being ignorant of robe-making, Brethren used to come to him with brand-new cloth, saying, "We don't know how to make robes; you make them for us."

"Sirs," he would reply, "a robe takes a long time making; but I have one which is just finished. You can take that, if you will leave these cloths in exchange." And, so saying, he would take his out and chew it them. And they, marking only its fine colour, and knowing nothing of what it was made of, thought it was a good strong one, and so handed over their brand-new cloth to the 'Robe-maker' and went off with the robe he gave them. When it got dirty and was being washed in hot water, it revealed its real character, and the worn patches were visible here and there. Then the owners regretted their bargain. Everywhere that

Brother became well-known for cozening in this way all who came to him.

Now, there was a robe-maker in a hamlet who used to cozen everybody just as the brother did at Jetavana. [221] This man's friends among the Brethren said to him, "Sir, they say that at Jetavana there is a robe-maker who cozens everybody just like you." Then the thought struck him, "Come now, let me cozen that city man!" So he made out of rags a very fine robe, which he dyed a beautiful orange. This he put on and went to Jetavana. The moment the other saw it, he coveted it, and said to its owner, "Sir, did you make that robe?" "Yes, I did, sir," was the reply. "Let me have that robe, sir; you'll get another in its place." "But, sir, we village-Brethren find it hard to get the Requisites; if I give you this, what shall I have to wear myself?" "Sir, I have some brand-new cloth at my lodging; take it and make yourself a robe." "Reverend sir, herein have I shewn my own handiwork; but, if you speak thus, what can I do? Take it." And having cozened the other by exchanging the rag-robe for the new cloth, he went his way.

After wearing the botched robe in his turn, the Jetavana man was washing it not long afterwards in warm water, when he became aware that it was made out. of rags; and he was put to shame. The whole of the Brotherhood heard the news that the Jetavana man had been cozened by a robe-tailor from the country.

Now, one day the Brethren were seated in the Hall of Truth, discussing the news, when the Master entered and asked what they were discussing; and they told him all about it.

Said the Master, "Brethren, this is not the only occasion of the Jetavana robe-maker's cozening tricks; in bygone times also he did just the same, and, as he has been cozened now by the roan from the country, so was he too in bygone times." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Bodhisatta came to life in a certain forest-haunt as the Tree-sprite of a tree which stood near a certain lotus-pond. In those days the water used every summer to fall very low in a certain pond, not very big,--which was plentifully stocked with fish. Catching sight of these fish, a certain crane said to himself, "I must find a way to cajole and eat these fish." So he went and sat down in deep thought by the side of the water.

Now when the fishes caught sight of him, they said, "Of what are you thinking, my lord, as you sit there?" "I am thinking about you," was the reply. "And what is your lordship thinking about us?" "The water in this pool being low, food scarce, and, the heat intense,--I was wondering to myself, as I sat here, what in the world you fishes would do." "And what are we to do, my lord?" "Well, if you'll take my advice, [222] I will take you up one by one in my beak, and carry you all off to a fine large pool covered with the five varieties of lotuses, and there put you down." "My lord," said they, no crane ever took the slightest thought for fishes since the world began. Your desire is to eat us one by one." "No; I will not eat you while you trust me," said the crane. "If you don't take my word that there is such a pond, send one of your number to go with me and see for himself." Believing the crane, the fish presented to him a great big fish (blind of one eye, by

the way), who they thought would be a match for the crane whether afloat or ashore; and they said, "Here's the one to go with you."

The crane took the fish off and put him in the pool, and after shewing him the whole extent of it, brought him back again and put him in along with the other fish in his old pond. And he held forth to them on the charms of the new pool.

After hearing this report, they grew eager to go there, and said to the crane, "Very good, my lord; please take us across."

First of all, the crane took that big one-eyed fish again and carried him off to the edge of the pool, so that he could see the water, but actually alighted in a Varaṇa-tree which grew on the bank. Dashing the fish down in a fork of the tree, he pecked it to death,--after which he picked him clean and let the bones fall at the foot of the tree. Then back he went and said, "I've thrown him in; who's the next?" And so he took the fish one by one, and ate them all, till at last when he came back, he

could not find another left. But there was still a crab remaining in the pond; so the crane, who wanted to eat him up too, said, "Mister crab, I've taken all those fishes away and turned them into a fine large pool covered all over with lotuses. Come along; I'll take you too." "How will you carry me across?" said the crab. "Why, in my beak, to be sure," said the crane. "Ah, but you might drop me like that," said the crab; "I won't go with you." "Don't be frightened; I'll keep tight hold of you all the way." Thought the crab to himself, "He hasn't put the fish in the pool. But, if he would really put me in, that would be capital. If he does not,--

why, I'll nip his head off and kill him." So he spoke thus to the crane, "You'd never be able to hold me tight enough, friend crane; whereas we crabs have got an astonishingly tight grip. [223] If I might take hold of your neck with my claws, I could hold it tight and then would go along with you."

Not suspecting that the crab wanted to trick him, the crane gave his assent. With his claws the crab gripped hold of the crane's neck as with the pincers of a smith, and said, "Now you can start." The crane took him and shewed him the pool first, and then started off for the tree.

"The pool lies this way, nunky," said the crab; "but you're taking me the other way." "Very much your nunky dear am I!" said the crane; "and very much my nephew are you! I suppose you thought me your slave to lift you up and carry you about! Just you cast your eye on that heap of bones at the foot of the tree; as I ate up all those fish, so I will eat you too." Said the crab, "It was through their own folly that those fish were eaten by you; but I shan't give you the chance of eating me. No; what I shall do, is to kill *you*. For you, fool that you were, did not see that I was tricking you. If we die, we will both die together; I'll chop your head clean off." And so saying he gripped the crane's weazand with his claws, as with pincers. With his mouth wide open, and tears streaming from his eyes, the crane, trembling for his life, said, "Lord, indeed I will not eat you! Spare my life!"

"Well, then, just step down to the pool and put me in," said the crab. Then the crane turned back and stepped down as directed to the pool, and placed the crab on the mud, at the water-edge. But the crab, before entering the water, nipped off the crane's head as deftly as if he were cutting a lotus stalk with a knife.

The Tree-fairy who dwelt in the tree, marking this wonderful thing, made the whole forest ring with applause repeating this stanza in sweet tones:--

Guile profits not your very guileful folk.
Mark what the guileful crane got from the crab!

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[224] "Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time this fellow has been cozened by the robe-maker from the country; in the past he was cozened in just the same manner." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, "The Jetavana robe-maker was [the crane] of those days, the robe-maker from the country was the crab, and I myself the Tree-Fairy."

[*Note*. See Benfey's *Pañca-Tantra* (I. 175), Tawney's *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara* (II. 31), and Rhys Davids' Birth Stories (page 321), for the migrations of this popular story.]

No. 39.

NANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Methinks the gold*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a co-resident pupil of Sāriputta.

Tradition says that this Brother was meek and docile, and was zealous in ministering to the Elder. Now, on one occasion the Elder departed with the leave of the Master, on an alms-pilgrimage, and came to South Magadha. When he got there, that Brother grew so proud-stomached that he would not do what the Elder told him. Moreover, if he was addressed with, "Sir, do this," he quarrelled with the Elder. The Elder could not make out what possessed him.

After making his pilgrimage in those parts, he came back again to Jetavana. The moment he got back to the monastery at Jetavana, the Brother became again what he had always been.

The Elder told this to the Buddha, saying, "Sir, a co-resident of mine is in one place like a slave bought for a hundred pieces, and in another so proud-stomached that an order to do anything makes him quarrel."

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Sāriputta, that he has shewn this disposition; in the past too, if he went to one place, he was like a slave bought for a hundred pieces, whilst, if he went to another place, he would become quarrelsome and contentious." And, so saying, by request of the Elder, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a squire. Another squire, a friend of his, was an old man himself, but had [225] a young wife who had borne him a son and heir. Said the old man to himself, "As soon as I am dead, this girl, being so young as she is, will marry heaven knows whom, and spend all my money, instead of handing it over to my son. Wouldn't it be my best course to bury my money safely in the ground?"

So, in the company of a household slave of his named Nanda, he went to the forest and buried his riches at a certain spot, saying to the slave,

"My good Nanda, reveal this treasure to my son after I am gone, and don't let the wood be sold."

After giving this injunction to his slave, the old man died. In due course the son grew up, and his mother said to him, "My son, your father, in the company of Nanda, buried his money. Get it back and look after the property of the family." So one day he said to Nanda, "Nunky, is there any treasure which my father buried?" "Yes, my lord." "Where is it buried?" "In the forest, my lord." "Well, then, let us go there." And he took a spade and a basket, and going to the scene, said to Nanda, "Well, nunky, where's the money?" But by the time Nanda had got up to the treasure and was standing right over it, he was so puffed up by the money that he abused his master, saying, "You servant of a slave-wench's son! how should you have any money here?"

The young gentleman, pretending not to have heard this insolence, simply said, "Let us be going then," and took the slave back home with him. Two or three days later, he returned to the place; but again Nanda abused him, as before. Without any abusive rejoinder, the young gentleman came back and turned the matter over in his mind. Thought he to himself, "At starting, this slave always means to reveal where the money is; but no sooner does he get there, than he falls to abusing me. The reason of this I do not see; but I could find out, if I were to ask my father's old friend, the squire." So he went to the Bodhisatta, and laying the whole business before him, asked his friend what was the real reason of such behaviour.

Said the Bodhisatta, "The spot at which Nanda stands to abuse you, my friend, is the place where your father's money is buried. Therefore, as soon as he starts abusing you again, say to him, 'Whom are you talking to, you slave?' Pull him from his perch, take the spade, dig down, remove your fancily treasure, and make the slave carry it home for you." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:-- [226]

Methinks the gold and jewels buried lie
Where Nanda, low-born slave, so loudly bawls!

Taking a respectful leave of the Bodhisatta, the young gentleman went home, and taking Nanda went to the spot where the money was buried. Faithfully following the advice he had received, he brought the money away and looked after the family property. He remained steadfast in the Bodhisatta's counsels, and after a life spent in charity and other good works he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "In the past too this man was similarly disposed." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, Sāriputta's co-resident was the Nanda of those days, and I the wise and good squire,"

No. 40.

KHADIRAṄGĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Far rather will I headlong plunge*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika.

For Anātha-piṇḍika, who had lavished fifty-four crores on the Faith of the Buddha over the Monastery alone, and who valued naught else save only the Three Gems, used to go every day while the Master was at Jetavana to attend the Great Services,--once at daybreak, once after breakfast, and once in the evening. There were intermediate services too; but he never went empty-handed, for fear the Novices and lads should look to see what he had brought with him. When he went in the early morning [227], he used to have rice-gruel taken up; after breakfast, ghee, butter, honey, molasses, and the like; and in the evening, he brought perfumes, garlands and cloths. So much did he expend day after day, that his expense knew no bounds. Moreover, many traders borrowed money from him on their bonds,--to the amount of eighteen crores; and the great merchant never called the money in. Furthermore, another eighteen crores of the family property, which were buried in the river-bank, were washed out to sea, when the bank was swept away by a storm; and down rolled the brazen pots, with fastenings and seals unbroken, to the bottom of the ocean. In his house, too, there was always rice standing ready for 500 Brethren,--so that the merchant's house was to the Brotherhood like a pool dug where four roads meet, yea, like mother and father was he to them. Therefore, even the All-Enlightened Buddha used to go to his house, and the Eighty

Chief Elders too; and the number of other Brethren passing in and out was beyond measure.

Now his house was seven stories high and had seven portals; and over the fourth gateway dwelt a fairy who was a heretic. When the All-Enlightened Buddha came into the house, she could not stay in her abode on high, but came down with her children to the ground-floor; and she had to do the like whenever the Eighty Chief Elders or the other Elders came in and out. Thought she, "So long as the ascetic Gotama and his disciples keep coming into this house I can have no peace here; I can't be eternally coming downstairs to the ground floor. I must contrive to stop them from coming any more to this house." So one day, when the business manager had retired to rest, she appeared before him in visible shape.

"Who is that?" said he.

"It is I," was the reply; "the fairy who lives over the fourth gateway." "What brings you here?" "You don't see what the merchant is doing. Heedless of his own future, he is drawing upon his resources, only to enrich the ascetic Gotama. He engages in no traffic; he undertakes no business. Advise the merchant to attend to his business, and arrange that the ascetic Gotama with his disciples shall come no more into the house."

Then said he, "Foolish Fairy, if the merchant does spend his money, he spends it on the Faith of the Buddha, which leads to Salvation. Even it he were to seize me by the hair and sell me for a slave, I will say nothing. Begone!"

Another day, she went to the merchant's eldest son and gave him the same advice. And he flouted her in just the same

manner. But to the merchant himself she did not so much as dare to speak on the matter.

Now by dint of unending munificence [228] and of doing no business, the merchant's incomings diminished and his estate grew less and less; so that he sank by degrees into poverty, and his table, his dress, and his bed and food were no longer what they had office been. Yet, in spite of his altered circumstances,

be continued to entertain the Brotherhood, though he was no longer able to feast them. So one day when he had made his bow and taken his seat, the Master said to him, "Householder, are gifts being given at your house?" "Yes, sir," said he; "but there's only a little sour husk-porridge, left over from yesterday." "Be not distressed, householder, at the thought that you can only offer what is unpalatable. If the heart be good, the food given to Buddhas, Pacceka Buddhas [1], and their disciples, cannot but be good too. And why?--Because of the greatness of the fruit thereof. For he who can make his heart acceptable cannot give an unacceptable gift,--as is to be testified by the following passage:--

For, if the heart have faith, no gift is small
To Buddhas or to their disciples true.
'Tis said no service can be reckoned small
That's paid to Buddhas, lords of great renown.
Mark well what fruit rewarded that poor gift
Of pottage,--dried-up, sour, and lacking salt [2]."

Also, he said this further thing, "Householder, in giving this unpalatable gift, you are giving it to those who have entered on

the Noble Eightfold Path. Whereas I, when in Velāma's time I stirred up all India by giving the seven things of price, and in my largesse poured then forth as though I had made into one mighty stream the five great rivers,--I yet found none who had reached the Three Refuges or kept the Five Commandments; for rare are those who are worthy of offerings. Therefore, let not your heart be troubled by the thought that your gift is unpalatable." And so saying, he repeated the Velāmaka Sutta [3].

Now that fairy who had not dared to speak to the merchant in the days of his magnificence, thought that now he was poor he would hearken to her, and so, entering his chamber at dead of night she appeared before him in visible shape, standing in mid-air. "Who's that?" said the merchant, when he became aware of her presence. "I am the fairy, great merchant, who dwells over the fourth gateway." "What brings you here?" "To give you counsel." "Proceed, then." "Great merchant, you take no thought for your own future or for your own children. You have expended vast sums on the Faith of the ascetic Gotama; in fact, by long-continued [229] expenditure and by not undertaking new business you have been brought by the ascetic Gotama to poverty. But even in your poverty you do not shake off the ascetic Gotama! The ascetics are in and out of your house this very day just the same! What they have had of you cannot be recovered. That may be taken for certain. But henceforth don't you go yourself to the ascetic Gotama and don't let his disciples set foot inside your house. Do not even turn to look at the ascetic Gotama but attend to your trade and traffic in order to restore the family estate."

Then he said to her, "Was this the counsel you wanted to give me?"

"Yes, it was."

Said the merchant, "The mighty Lord of Wisdom has made me proof against a hundred, a thousand, yea against a hundred thousand fairies such as you are! My faith is strong and steadfast as Mount Sineru! My substance has been expended on the Faith that leads to Salvation. Wicked are your words; it is a blow aimed at the Faith of the Buddhas by you, you wicked and impudent witch. I cannot live under the same roof with you; be off at once from my house and seek shelter elsewhere!" Hearing these words of that converted man and elect disciple, she could not stay, but repairing to her dwelling, took her

children by the hand and went forth. But though she went, she was minded, if she could not find herself a lodging elsewhere, to appease the merchant and return to dwell in his house; and in this mind she repaired to the tutelary deity of the city and with due salutation stood before him. Being asked what had brought her thither, she said, "My lord, I have been speaking imprudently to Anātha-piṇḍika, and he in his anger has turned me out of my home. Take me to him and make it up between us, so that he may let me live there again." "But what was it you said to the merchant?" "I told him for the future not to support the Buddha and the Order, and not to let the ascetic Gotama set foot again in his house. This is what I said, my lord." "Wicked were your words; it was a blow aimed at the Faith. I cannot take you with me to the merchant." Meeting with no support from him, she went to the Four Great Regents of the world. And being repulsed by them in the same manner, she went on to Sakka, king of Devas, and told him her story, beseeching him still more earnestly, as follows,

"Deva, finding no shelter, I wander about homeless, leading my children by the hand. Grant me of your majesty some place wherein to dwell."

And he too said to her, "You have done wickedly; it was a blow aimed at the Conqueror's Faith. I cannot speak to the merchant on your behalf. But I can tell you one way [230] whereby the merchant may be led to pardon you." "Pray tell me, deva." "Men have had eighteen crores of the merchant on bonds. Take the semblance of his agent, and without telling anybody repair to their houses with the bonds, in the company of some young goblins. Stand in the middle of their houses with the bond in one hand and a receipt in the other, and terrify them with your goblin power, saying, 'Here's your acknowledgment of the debt. Our merchant did not move in the matter while he was affluent; but now he is poor, and you must pay up the money you owe.' By your goblin power obtain all those eighteen crores of gold and fill the merchant's empty treasuries. He had another treasure buried in the banks of the river Aciravatī, but when the bank was washed away, the treasure was swept into the sea. Get that back also by your supernatural power and store it in his treasuries. Further, there is another sum of eighteen crores lying unowned in such and such a place. Bring that too and pour the money into his empty treasuries. When you have atoned by the recovery of these fifty-four crores, ask the merchant to forgive you." "Very good, deva," said she. And she set to work obediently, and did just as she had been bidden. When she had recovered all the money, she went into the merchant's chamber at dead of night and appeared before him in visible shape standing in the air.

The merchant asking who was there, she replied, "It is I, great merchant, the blind and foolish fairy who lived over your fourth

gateway. In the greatness of my infatuate folly I knew not the virtues of a Buddha, and so came to say what I said to you some days ago. Pardon me my fault! At the instance of Sakka, king of Devas, I have made atonement by recovering the eighteen crores owing to you, the eighteen crores which had been washed down into the sea, and another eighteen crores which were lying unowned in such and such a place,--making fifty-four crores in all, which I have poured into your empty treasure-chambers. The sum you expended on the Monastery at Jetavana is now made up again. Whilst I have nowhere to dwell, I am in misery. Bear not in mind what I did in my ignorant folly, great merchant, but pardon me."

Anātha-piṇḍika, hearing what she said, thought to himself, "She is a fairy, and she says she has atoned, and confesses her fault. The Master shall consider this and make his virtues. known to her. I will take her before the All-Enlightened Buddha." So he said, "My good fairy, if you want me to pardon you, ask me in the presence of the master." "Very good," said she, "I will. Take me along with you to the Master." "Certainly," said he. And early in the morning, when night was just passing away, he took her with him to the Master, and told the Blessed One all that she had done.

Hearing this, the Master said, "You see, householder, how the sinful man regards sin [231] as excellent before it ripens to its fruit. But when it has ripened, then he sees sin to be sin. Likewise the good man looks on his goodness

as sin before it ripens to its fruit; but when it ripens, he sees it to be goodness." And so saying, he repeated these two stanzas

from the Dhammapada:--

The sinner thinks his sinful deed is good,
So long as sin has ripened not to fruit.
But when his sin at last to ripeness grows,
The sinner surely sees "'twas sin I wrought."

The good man thinks his goodness is but sin,
So long as it has ripened not to fruit.
But when his goodness unto ripeness grows,
The good man surely sees "'twas good I wrought [1]."

At the close of these stanzas that fairy was established in the Fruit of the First Path. She fell at the Wheel-marked feet of the Master, crying, "Stained as I was with passion, depraved by sin, misled by delusion, and blinded by ignorance, I spoke wickedly because I knew not your virtues. Pardon me!" Then she received pardon from the Master and from the great merchant.

At this time Anātha-piṇḍika sang his own praises in the Master's presence, saying, "Sir, though this fairy did her best to stop me from giving support to the Buddha and his following, she could not succeed; and though she tried to stop me from giving gifts, yet I gave them still! Was not this goodness on my part?"

Said the Master, "You, householder, are a converted man and an elect disciple; your faith is firm and your vision is purified. No marvel then that you were not stopped by this impotent fairy. The marvel was that the wise and good of a bygone day, when a Buddha had not appeared, and when knowledge had not ripened to its full fruit, should from the heart of a lotus-flower have given gifts, although Māra, lord of the Realm of Lusts, appeared in mid-heaven, shouting, 'If you give gifts, you shall be

roasted in this hell,'--and showing them therewithal a pit eighty cubits deep, filled with red-hot embers." And so saying, at the request of Anātha-piṇḍika, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the family of the Lord High Treasurer of Benares, and was brought up in the. lap of all luxury like a royal prince. By the time he was come to years of discretion, being barely sixteen years old, he had made himself perfect in all accomplishments. At his father's death he filled the office of Lord High Treasurer, and built six almonries, one at each of the four gates of the city, one in the centre of the city, and one at the gate of his own mansion. Very bountiful was he [232], and he kept the commandments, and observed the fast-day duties.

Now one day at breakfast-time when dainty fare of exquisite taste and variety was being brought in for the Bodhisatta, a Pacceka Buddha rising from a seven days' trance of mystic ecstasy, and noticing that it was time to go his rounds, bethought him that it would he well to visit the Treasurer of Benares that morning. So he cleaned his teeth with a tooth-stick made from the betel-vine, washed his mouth with water from Lake Anotatta, put on his under-cloth as he stood on the tableland of Manosilā, fastened on his girdle, donned his outer-cloth; and, equipped with a bowl

which he called into being for the purpose, he passed through the air and arrived at the gate of the mansion just as the Bodhisatta's breakfast was taken in.

As soon as the Bodhisatta became aware of his presence there, he rose at once from his seat and looked at the attendant, indicating that a service was required. "What am I to do, my lord?" "Bring his reverence's bowl," said the Bodhisatta.

At that very instant Māra the Wicked rose up in a state of great excitement, saying, "It is seven days since the Pacceka Buddha had food given him; if he gets none to-day, he will perish. I will destroy him and stop the Treasurer too from giving." And that very instant he went and called into being within the mansion a pit of red-hot embers, eighty cubits deep, filled with Acacia-charcoal, all ablaze and aflame like the great hell of Avīci. When he had created this pit, Māra himself took his stand in mid-air.

When the man who was on his way to fetch the bowl became aware of this, he was terrified and started back. "What makes you start back, my man?" asked the Bodhisatta. "My lord," was the answer, "there's a great pit of red-hot embers blazing and flaming in the middle of the house." And as man after man got to the spot, they all were panic-stricken, and ran away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "Māra, the Enthraller, must have been exerting himself to-day to stop me from alms-giving. I have yet to learn, however, that I am to be shaken by a hundred, or by a thousand, Maras. We will see this day whose strength is the stronger, whose might is the mightier, mine or Māra's." So taking in his own hand the bowl which stood ready, he passed out from the house, and, standing on the brink of the fiery pit, looked up to the heavens. Seeing Māra, he said, "Who are you?" "I am Māra," was the answer.

"Did you call into being this pit of red-hot embers?" "Yes, I did." [233] "Why?" "To stop you from alms-giving and to destroy the life of that Pacceka Buddha." "I will not permit you either to stop me from my alms-giving or to destroy the life of the Pacceka Buddha. I am going to see to-day whether your strength or mine is the greater." And still standing on the brink of that fiery pit, he cried, "Reverend Pacceka Buddha, even though I be in act to fall headlong into this pit of red-hot embers, I will not turn back. Only vouchsafe to take the food I bring." And so saying he repeated this stanza:--

Far rather will I headlong plunge amain
Full in this gulf of hell, than stoop to shame!
Vouchsafe, sir, at my hands to take this alms!

With these words the Bodhisatta, grasping the bowl of food, strode on with undaunted resolution right on to the surface of the pit of fire. But

even as he did so, there rose up to the surface through all the eighty cubits of the pit's depth a large and peerless lotus-flower, which received the feet of the Bodhisatta! And from it there came a measure of pollen which fell on the head of the Great Being, so that his whole body was as it were sprinkled from head to foot with dust of gold! Standing right in the heart of the lotus, he poured the dainty food into the bowl of the Pacceka Buddha.

And when the latter had taken the food and returned thanks, he flung his bowl aloft into the heavens, and right in the sight of all the people he himself rose bodily into the air likewise, and

passed away to the Himalayas again, seeming to tread a track formed of clouds fantastically shaped.

And Māra, too, defeated and dejected, passed away back to his own abode.

But the Bodhisatta, still standing in the lotus, preached [234] the Truth to the people, extolling alms-giving and the commandments; after which, girt round by the escorting multitude, he passed into his own mansion once more. And all his life long he shewed charity and did other good works, till in the end he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "It was no marvel, layman, that you, with your discernment of the truth, were not overcome now by the fairy; the real marvel was what the wise and good did in bygone days." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "The Pacceka Buddha of those days passed away, never to be born again. I was myself the Treasurer of Benares who, defeating Māra, and standing in the heart of the lotus, placed alms in the bowl of the Pacceka Buddha."

[*Note*. See Giles, 'Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,' I. 396.]

Footnotes

101:1 All Buddhas have attained to complete illumination; but a Pacceka Buddha keeps his knowledge to himself and, unlike a

'Perfect Buddha,' does not preach the saving truth to his fellowmen.

101:2 The first two lines are from the *Vimāna-vatthu*, page 44.

101:3 This Sutta is referred to at page 234 of the *Sumaṅgala-Vilāsinī*, but is otherwise unknown as yet to European scholars.

103:1 The verses are Nos. 119 and 120 in the *Dhammapada*.

No. 41.

LOSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Elder Losaka Tissa.

'Who,' you ask, 'was this Elder Losaka Tissa?' Well; his father was a fisherman in Kosala, and he was the bane of his family; and, when a Brother, never had anything given to him. His previous existence ended, he had been conceived by a certain fisherman's wife in a fishing-village of a thousand families in Kosala. And on the day he was conceived all those thousand families, net in hand, went fishing in river and pool but failed to catch one single fish; and

the like bad fortune dogged them from that day forward. Also, before his birth, the village was destroyed seven times by fire, and visited seven times by the king's vengeance. So in time it came to pass that the people fell into a wretched plight. Reflecting that such had not been their lot in former clays, but that now they were going to rack and ruin, they concluded that there must be some breeder of misfortune among them, and resolved to divide into two bands. This they did; and there were then two bands of five hundred families each. Thence-forward, ruin dogged the band which included the parents of the future Losaka, whilst the other five hundred families throve apace. So the former resolved to go on halving their numbers, and did so, until this one family was parted from all the rest. Then they knew that the breeder of misfortune was in that family, and with blows

drove them away. [235] With difficulty could his mother get a livelihood; but, when her time was come, she gave birth to her son in a certain place. (He that is born into his last existence cannot be killed. For like a lamp within a jar, even so securely within his breast burns the flame of his destiny to become an Arahat.) The mother took care of the child till he could run about, and when he could run about then she put a potsherd in his hands, and, bidding him go into a house to beg, ran away. Thenceforward, the solitary child used to beg his food thereabouts and sleep where he could. He was unwashed and unkempt, and made a living after the fashion of a mud-eating goblin [1]. When he was seven years old, he was picking. up and eating, like a crow, lump by lump, any rice he could find outside a house door where they flung away the rinsings of the rice-pots.

Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, going into Sāvatthi on his round for alms, noticed the child, and, wondering what village the hapless creature came from, was filled with love for him and called out "Come here." The child came, bowed to the Elder, and stood before him. Then said Sāriputta, "What village do you belong to, and where are your parents?"

"I am destitute, sir," said the child; "for my parents said they were tired out, and so forsook me, and went away."

"Would you like to become a Brother?" "Indeed I should, sir; but who would receive a poor wretch like me into the Order?" "I will." "Then, pray let me become a Brother."

The Elder gave the child a meal and took him to the monastery, washed, him with his own hands, and admitted him a Novice first and a full Brother afterwards, when he was old enough. In his old age he was known as Elder Losaka Tissa; he was always

unlucky [2], and but little was given to him. The story goes that, no matter how lavish the charity, he never got enough to eat, but only just enough to keep himself alive. A single ladle of rice seemed to fill his alms-bowl to the brim, so that the charitable thought his bowl was full and bestowed the rest of their rice on the next. When rice was being put into his bowl, it is said that the rice in the giver's dish used to vanish away. And so with every kind of food. Even when, as time went by, he had developed Discernment and so won the highest Fruit which is Arahatship, he still got but little.

In the fullness of time, when the materials which determined his separate existence [3] were outworn, the day came for him to pass away. And the Captain

of the Faith, as he meditated, had knowledge of this, and thought to himself, 'Losaka Tissa will pass away to-day; and to-day at any rate I will see that he has enough to eat.' So he took the Elder and came to Sāvatthi for alms. But, because Losaka was with him, it was all in vain that Sāriputta held out his hand for alms in populous Sāvatthi; not so much as a bow was vouchsafed him. So he bade the Elder go back and seat himself in the sitting-hall of the Monastery, and collected food which he sent with a message [236] that it was to be given to Losaka. Those to whom he gave it took the food and went their way, but, forgetting all about Losaka, ate it themselves. So when Sāriputta rose up, and was entering the monastery, Losaka came to him and saluted him. Sāriputta stopped, and turning round said, "Well, did you get the food, brother?"

"I shall, no doubt, get it in good time," said the Elder. Sāriputta was greatly troubled, and looked to see what hour it was. But noon was passed [1]. "Stay here, Brother," said Sāriputta; "and do not move"; and he made Losaka Tissa sit down in the sitting-hall, and set out for the palace of the king of Kosala. The king bade his bowl be taken, and saying that it was past noon and therefore not the time to eat rice, ordered his bowl to be filled with the four sweet kinds of food [2]. With this he returned, and stood before him, bowl in hand, bidding the sage eat. But the Elder was ashamed, because of the reverence he had towards Sāriputta, and would not eat. "Come, brother Tissa," said Sāriputta, "'tis I must stand with the bowl; sit you down and eat. If the bowl left my hand, everything in it would vanish away."

So the venerable Elder Losaka Tissa ate the sweets, whilst the exalted Captain of the Faith stood holding the bowl; and thanks to the latter's merits and efficacy the food did not vanish. So the Elder Losaka Tissa ate as much as he wanted and was satisfied, and that selfsame day passed away by that death whereby existence ceases for ever.

The All-Enlightened Buddha stood by, and saw the body burned; and they built a shrine for the collected ashes.

Seated in conclave in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren said, "Brethren, Losaka was unlucky, and little was given to him. How came he with his unluck and his neediness to win the glory of Arahatship?"

Entering the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about; and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "this Brother's own actions were the cause both of his receiving so little, and of his becoming an Arahat. In bygone days he had prevented others

from receiving, and that is why he received so little himself. But it was by his meditating on sorrow, transitoriness, and the absence of an abiding principle in things, that he won Arahatship for himself." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, there was a Brother who lived the village life and was maintained by a country squire. He was regular in his conduct as a Brother [3], virtuous in his life, and was filled to overflowing with insight. There was also an Elder, an Arahat, who lived with his fellows on terms of equality, and at the time of the story paid a first visit to the village where lived the squire who supported

this Brother. So pleased was the squire [23.7] with the very demeanour of the Elder that, taking his bowl, he led him into the house and with every mark of respect invited him to eat. Then he listened to a short discourse by the Elder, and at its close said, with a bow, "Sir, pray do not journey further than our monastery close by; in the evening I will come and call upon you there." So the Elder went to the monastery, saluting the resident Brother on his entrance; and, first courteously asking leave, took a seat by his side. The Brother received him with all friendliness, and asked whether any food had been given him as alms.

"Oh yes," replied the Elder. "Where, pray?" "Why, in your village close by, at the squire's house." And so saying, the Elder asked to be shewn his cell and made it ready. Then laying aside his bowl and robe, and seating himself, he became absorbed in blissful Insight and enjoyed the bliss of the Fruits of the Paths.

In the evening came the squire, with servants carrying flowers and perfumes and lamps and oil. Saluting the resident Brother, he asked whether a guest had appeared, an Elder. Being told that he had, the squire asked where he was and learned which cell had been given him. Then the squire went to the Elder and, first bowing courteously, seated himself by the Elder's side and listened to a discourse. In the cool of the evening the squire made his offerings at the Tope and Bo-Tree, lit his lamp, and departed with an invitation to both Elder and Brother to come up to his house next day for their meal.

"I'm losing my hold on the squire," thought the Brother. "If this Elder stops, I shall count for nothing with him." So he was discontented and fell a-scheming how to make the Elder see that he must not settle down there for good. Accordingly, when the Elder came to pay his respects in the early morning, the Brother did not open his lips. The Arahat read the other's thoughts and said to himself, "This Brother knows not that I shall never stand in his light either with the family that supports him or with his Brotherhood." And going back to his cell, he became absorbed in the bliss of Insight, and in the bliss of the Fruits.

Next day, the resident Brother, having first knocked gingerly on the gong [1], and having tapped on the gong with the back of his nail, went off alone to the squire's house. Taking from him his alms-bowl, the squire bade him be seated and asked where the stranger was.

"I know no news of your friend," said the Brother. "Though I knocked on the gong and tapped at his door, I couldn't wake him. I can

only presume that his dainty fare [238] here yesterday has disagreed with him and that he is still a-bed in consequence. Possibly such doings may commend themselves to you."

(Meantime the Arahat, who had waited till the time came to go his round for alms, had washed and dressed and risen with bowl and robe in the air and gone elsewhere.)

The squire gave the Brother rice and milk to eat, with ghee and sugar and honey in it. Then he had his bowl scoured with perfumed chunam powder and filled afresh, saying, "Sir, the Elder must be fatigued with his journey; take him this." Without demur the Brother took the food and went his way, thinking to himself, "If our friend once gets a taste of this, taking him by the throat and kicking him out of doors won't get rid of him. But how can I get rid of it? If I give it away to a human being, it will be known. If I throw it into the water, the ghee will float on top. And as for throwing it away on the ground, that will only bring all the crows of the district flocking to the spot." In his perplexity his eye fell on a field that had been fired, and, scraping out the embers, he flung the contents of his bowl into the hole, filled in the embers on the top, and went off home. Not finding the Elder there, he thought that the Arahat had understood his jealousy and departed. "Woe is me," he cried, "for my greed has made me to sin."

And thenceforth sore affliction befell him and he became like a living ghost. Dying soon after, he was re-born in hell and there was tormented for hundreds of thousands of years. By reason of his ripening sin, in five hundred successive births he was an ogre and never had enough to eat, except one day when he enjoyed a surfeit of offal. Next, for five hundred more existences he was a

dog, and here too, only on one single day had his fill--of a vomit of rice; on no other occasion did he have enough to eat. Even when he ceased to be a dog, he was only born into a beggar family in a Kāsi village. From the hour of his birth, that family became still more beggared, and he never got half as much water-gruel as he wanted. And he was called Mitta-vindaka [239].

Unable at last to endure the pangs of hunger [1] that now beset them, his father and mother beat him and drove him away, crying, "Begone, you curse!"

In the course of his wanderings, the little outcast came to Benares, where in those days the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame with five hundred young Brahmins to teach. In those times the Benares folk used to give day by day commons of food to poor lads and had them taught free, and so this Mitta-vindaka also became a charity scholar under the Bodhisatta. But he was fierce and intractable, always fighting with his fellows

and heedless of his master's reproofs; and so the Bodhisatta's fees fell off. And as he quarrelled so, and would not brook reproof, the youth ended by running away, and came to a border-village where he hired himself out for a living, and married a miserably poor woman by whom he had two children. Later, the villagers paid him to teach them what was true doctrine and what was false, and gave him a hut to live in at the entrance to their village. But, all because of Mitta-vindaka's coming to live among them, the king's vengeance fell seven times ou those villagers, and seven times were their homes burned to the ground; seven times too did their water-tank dry up.

Then they considered the matter and agreed that it was not so with them before Mitta-vindaka's coming, but that ever since he came they had been going from bad to worse. So with blows they drove him from their village; and forth he went with his family, and came to a haunted forest. And there the demons killed and ate his wife and children. Fleeing thence, he came after many wanderings to a village on the coast called Gambhīra, arriving on a day when a ship was putting to sea; and he hired himself for service aboard. For a week the ship held on her way, but on the seventh day she came to a complete standstill in mid-ocean, as though she had run upon a rock. Then they cast lots, in order to rid them of their bane; and seven times the lot fell on Mitta-vindaka. So they gave him a raft of bamboos, and laying hold of him, cast him over-board. And forthwith the ship made way again [240].

Mitta-vindaka clambered on to his bamboos and floated on the waves. Thanks to his having obeyed the commandments in the times of the Buddha Kassapa, he found in mid-ocean four daughters of the gods dwelling in a palace of crystal, with whom he dwelt happily for seven days. Now palace-ghosts enjoy happiness only for seven days at a time; and so, when the seventh day came and they had to depart to their punishment, they left him with an injunction to await their return. But no sooner were they departed, than Mitta-vindaka put off on his raft again and came to where eight daughters of the gods dwelt in a palace of silver. Leaving them in turn, he came to where sixteen daughters of the gods dwelt in a palace of jewels, and thereafter to where thirty-two dwelt in a palace of gold. Paying no regard to their words, again he sailed away and came to a city of ogres, set among islands. And there an ogress was ranging about in the shape of a goat. Not knowing that she was an ogress, Mitta-

vindaka thought to make a meal off the goat, and seized hold of the creature by the leg. Straightway, by virtue of her demon-nature, she hurled him up and away over the ocean, and plump he fell in a thorn-brake on the slopes of the dry moat of Benares, and thence rolled to earth.

Now it chanced that at that time thieves used to frequent that moat

and kill the King's goats; and the goatherds had bidden themselves hard by to catch the rascals.

Mitta-vindaka picked himself up and saw the goats. Thought he to himself, "Well, it was a goat in an island in the ocean that, being seized by the leg, hurled me here over seas. Perhaps, if I do the same by one of these goats, I may get hurled back again to where the daughters of the gods dwell in their ocean palaces." So, without thinking, he seized one of the goats by the leg. At once the goat began to bleat, and the goatherds came running up from every side. They laid hold of him at once, crying, "This is the thief that has so long lived on the King's goats." And they, beat him and began to haul him away in bonds to the King.

Just at that time the Bodhisatta, with his five hundred young Brahmins round him, was coming out of the city to bathe. Seeing and recognising Mitta-vindaka, he said to the goatherds, "Why, this is a pupil of mine, my good men; what have you seized him for?" "Master," said they, "we caught this thief in the act of seizing a goat by the lag, and that's why we've got hold of him." "Well," [241] said the Bodhisatta, "suppose you hand him over to us to live with us as our slave." "All right, sir," replied the men,

and letting their prisoner go, they went their way. Then the Bodhisatta asked Mitta-vindaka where he had been all that long time; and Mitta-vindaka told him all that he had done.

"'Tis through not hearkening to those who wished him well," said the Bodhisatta, "that he has suffered all these misfortunes." And he recited this stanza:--

The headstrong man who, when exhorted, pays
No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,
Shall come to certain harm,--like Mittaka,
When by the leg he seized the grazing goat.

And in those times both that Teacher and Mitta-vindaka passed away, and their after-lot was according to their deeds.

Said the Master, "This Losaka was himself the cause both of his getting little and of his getting Arahatship." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Elder Losaka Tissa was the Mitta-vindaka of those days, and I the Teacher of world-wide fame [1]."

Footnotes

106:1 On the authority of Subhūti, *paṁsu-pisācakā* are said to form the fourth class of *Petas* (pretas) or 'ghosts' (who were cursed at once with cavernous maws and with mouths no bigger than a needle's eye, so that their voracity was never satisfied even in their customary coprophagic state). But neither Hardy's

Manual of Buddhism (p. 58) nor the Milinda (p. 294) mentions paṁsu-pisācakā as one of the four classes of Petas.

106:2 Reading *nippuñño* instead of *nippañño*. See Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1884, p. 158; and compare *apuñño* on p. 236, line 20 of the Pāli original.

106:3 As protoplasm is 'the physical basis of life,' so *āyu-saṁkhārā* are its moral basis according to Buddhist ideas. This *Lebensstoff* it is the aim of Buddhism to uproot, so that there may be no re-birth.

107:1 *i.e.* no more rice could be eaten that day. If a shadow of a finger's breadth is cast by an upright stick, a strict Brother will not eat rice and like foods.

107:2 Honey, ghee, butter, and sugar.

107:3 *Pakatatto* is explained by Rhys Davids and Oldenberg in the note to page 340 of Vol. aura. of the *Sacred Books of the East* as meaning a Brother "who has not made himself liable to any disciplinary proceeding, has committed no irregularity."

108:1 For *gaṇḍi* meaning 'a gong,' cf. *Jāt*. iv. 306; but see note p. 213 of Vol. XX. of S. B. E. It is doubtful what *kapiṭṭhena* can mean. Can the true reading be (*punadivase*) *nakhapiṭṭhena*, *i.e.* 'with the back of his nail'? The resident Brother's object was to go through the form of waking the guest without disturbing his slumbers.

109:1 Reading *chātakadukkham* for Fausböll's *jātakadukkham*.

111:1 Compare Nos. 82, 104, 369, 439, *Petavatthu* No. 43, *Avadāna-Śataka* No. 50, *J. As.* 1878, and *Ind. Antiq.* x. 293. A dubious attempt to trace in the wanderings of Mittavinda the

germ of part of the wanderings of Ulysses, has been made by the Bishop of Colombo in the *Ceylon R. A. S. Journal*, 1884.

No. 42.

KAPOTA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain greedy Brother. His greediness will be related in the Ninth Book in the Kāka-Jātaka [1].

But on this occasion the Brethren told the Master, saying, "Sir, this Brother is greedy."

Said the Master, "Is it true [242] as they say, Brother, that you are greedy?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"So too in bygone days, Brother, you were greedy, and by reason of your greediness lost your life; also you caused the wise and good to lose their home." And so saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a pigeon. Now the Benares folk of those days, as an act of goodness, used to hang up straw-baskets in divers places for the shelter and comfort of the birds; and the cook of the Lord High Treasurer of Benares hung up one of these baskets in his kitchen. In this basket the Bodhisatta took up his abode, sallying out at daybreak in quest of food, and returning home in the evening; and so he lived his life.

But one day a crow, flying over the kitchen, snuffed up the goodly savour from the salt and fresh fish and meat there, and was filled with longing to taste it. Casting about how to have his will, he perched hard by, and at evening saw the Bodhisatta come home and go into the kitchen. "Ah!" thought he, "I can manage it through the pigeon."

So back he came next day at dawn, and, when the Bodhisatta sallied out in quest of food, kept following him about from place to place like his shadow. So the Bodhisatta said, "Why do you keep with me, friend?"

"My lord," answered the crow, "your demeanour has won my admiration; and henceforth it is my wish to follow you." "But your kind of food and mine, friend, is not the same," said the Bodhisatta; "you will be hard put to it if you attach yourself to me." "My lord," said the crow, "when you are seeking your food, I will feed too, by your side." "So be it, then," said the Bodhisatta; "only you must be earnest." And with this admonition to the crow, the Bodhisatta ranged about pecking up grass-seeds; whilst the other went about turning over cowdung and picking

out the insects underneath till he had got his fill. Then back he came to the Bodhisatta and remarked, "My lord, you give too much time to eating; excess therein should be shunned."

And when the Bodhisatta had fed and reached home again at evening, in flew the crow with him into the kitchen [243].

"Why, our bird has brought another home with him;" exclaimed the cook, and hung up a second basket for the crow. And from

that time onward the two birds dwelt together in the kitchen.

Now one day the Lord High Treasurer had in a store of fish which the cook hung up about the kitchen. Filled with greedy longing at the sight, the crow made up his mind to stay at home next day and treat himself to this excellent fare.

So all the night long he lay groaning away; and next day, when the Bodhisatta was starting in search of food, and cried, "Come along, friend crow," the crow replied, "Go without me, my lord; for I have a pain in my stomach." "Friend," answered the Bodhisatta, "I never heard of crows having pains in their stomachs before. True, crows feel faint in each of the three night-watches; but if they eat a lamp-wick, their hunger is appeased for the moment [1]. You must be hankering after the fish in the kitchen here. Come now, man's food will not agree with you. Do not give way like this, but come and seek your food with me." "Indeed, I am not able, my lord," said the crow. "Well, your own conduct will show," said the Bodhisatta. "Only fall not a prey to greed, but stand steadfast." And with this exhortation, away he flew to find his daily food.

The cook took several kinds of fish, and dressed some one way, some another. Then lifting the lids off his saucepans a little to let the steam out, he put a colander on the top of one and went outside the door, where he stood wiping the sweat from his brow. Just at that moment out popped the crow's head from the basket. A glance told him that the cook was away, and, "Now or never," thought he, "is my time. The only question is shall I choose minced meat or a big lump?" Arguing that it takes a long time to make a full meal of minced meat, he resolved to take a

large piece of fish and sit and eat it in his basket. So out he flew and alighted on the colander. "Click" went the colander.

"What can that be?" said the cook, running in on hearing the noise. Seeing the crow, he cried, "Oh, there's that rascally crow wanting to eat my master's dinner. I have to work for my master, not for that rascal! What's he to me, I should like to know?" So, first shutting the door, he caught the crow and plucked every feather [244] off his body. Then, he pounded up ginger with salt and cumin, and mixed in sour butter-milk--finally sousing the crow in the pickle and flinging him back into his

basket. And there the crow lay groaning, overcome by the agony of his pain.

At evening the Bodhisatta came back, and saw the wretched plight of the crow. "Ah! greedy crow," he exclaimed, "you would not heed my words, and now your own greed has worked you woe." So saying, he repeated this stanza:--

The headstrong man who, when exhorted, pays
No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,
Shall surely perish, like the greedy crow,
Who laughed to scorn the pigeon's warning words.

Then, exclaiming "I too can no longer dwell here," the Bodhisatta flew away. But the crow died there and then, and the cook flung him, basket and all, on the dust-heap.

Said the Master, "You were greedy, Brother, in bygone times, just as you are now; and all because of your greediness the wise and good of those days had to abandon their homes." Having ended this lesson, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the Second Path. Then the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth as follows:--"The greedy Brother was the crow of those times, and I the pigeon."

Footnotes

112:1 This is an inadvertence of the compiler. There is no Kāka-jātaka in the 9th book, though there is in the 6th (No. 395), where it is stated that 'the Introductory Story has already been related.' See Nos. 274 and 375.

113:1 Cf. Vol. II. p. 262.

No. 43.

VEḶUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The headstrong man*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain headstrong Brother. For the Blessed One asked him whether the report was true that he was headstrong, and the Brother admitted that it was. "Brother," said the Master, "this is not the first time you have been headstrong: you were just as headstrong in former days. also, [245] and, as the result of your headstrong refusal to follow the advice of the wise and good, you met your end by the bite of a snake." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a wealthy family in the Kingdom of Kāsi. Having come to years of discretion, he saw how from passion springs pain and how true bliss comes by the abandonment of passion. So he put lusts from him, and going forth to the Himalayas became a hermit, winning by fulfilment of the ordained mystic meditations the five orders of the

Higher Knowledge and the eight Attainments. And as he lived his life in the rapture of Insight, he came in after times to have a large following of five hundred hermits, whose teacher he was.

Now one day a young poisonous viper, wandering about as vipers do, came to the hut of one of the hermits; and that

Brother grew as fond of the creature as if it were his own child, housing it in a joint of bamboo and shewing kindness to it. And because it was lodged in a joint of bamboo, the viper was known by the name of "Bamboo." Moreover, because the hermit was as fond of the viper as if, it were his own child, they called him "Bamboo's Father."

Hearing that one of the Brethren was keeping a viper, the Bodhisatta sent for that Brother and asked whether the report was true. When told that it was true, the Bodhisatta said, "A viper can never be trusted; keep it no longer."

"But," urged the Brother, "my viper is dear to me as a pupil to a teacher;--I could not live without him." "Well then," answered the Bodhisatta, "know that this very snake will lose you your life." But heedless of the master's warning, that Brother still kept the pet he could not bear to part with. Only a very few days later all the Brethren went out to gather fruits, and coming to a spot where all kinds grew in plenty, they stayed there two or three days. With them went "Bamboo's Father," leaving his viper behind in its bamboo prison. Two or three days afterwards, when he came back, he bethought him of feeding the creature, and, opening the cane, stretched out his hand, saying, "Come, my son; you must be hungry." But angry with its long fast, the viper bit his outstretched hand, killing him on the spot, and made its escape into the forest.

Seeing him lying there dead, the Brethren came and told the Bodhisatta [246], who bade the body be burned. Then, seated in their midst, he exhorted the Brethren by repeating this stanza:--

The headstrong man, who, when exhorted, pays
No heed to friends who kindly counsel give,--

Like 'Bamboo's father,' shall be brought to nought.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort his followers; and he developed within himself the four Noble States, and at his death was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

Said the Master, "Brother, this is not the first time you have shewn yourself headstrong; you were no less headstrong in times gone by, and thereby met your death from a viper's bite." Having ended his lesson, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days, this headstrong Brother was 'Bamboo's Father,' my disciples were the band of disciples, and I myself their teacher."

No. 44.

MAKASA-JĀTAKA.

"*Sense-lacking friends*."--This story was told by the Master whilst on an alms-pilgrimage in Magadha, about some stupid villagers in a certain hamlet. Tradition says that, after travelling from Sāvatthi to the kingdom of Magadha, he was on his round in that kingdom when he arrived at a certain hamlet, which was thronged with fools. In this hamlet these fools met together one day, and debated together, saying, "Friends, when we are at work in the jungle, the mosquitos devour us; and that hinders our work. Let us, arming ourselves with bows and weapons, go to war with the mosquitos and shoot or hew them all to death." So off to the jungle they went, and shouting, "Shoot down the mosquitos," shot and struck one another, till they were in a sad state and returned only to sink on the ground in or within the village or at its entrance.

Surrounded by the Order of the Brethren, the Master came in quest of alms to that village. The sensible minority among the inhabitants no sooner saw the Blessed One, than they erected a pavilion at the entrance to their village and, after bestowing large alms on the [247] Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, bowed to the Master and seated themselves. Observing wounded men lying around on this side and on that, the Master asked those lay-brothers, saying, "There are numbers of disabled men about; what has happened to them?" "Sir," was the reply, "they went forth to war with the mosquitos, but only shot one another and so disabled themselves." Said the Master, "This is

not the first time that these foolish people have dealt out blows to themselves instead of to the mosquitos they meant to kill; in former times, also, there were those who, meaning to hit a mosquito, hit a fellow-creature instead." And so saying, at those villagers' request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta gained his livelihood as a trader. In those days in a border-village in Kāsi there dwelt a number of carpenters. And it chanced that one of them, a bald grey-haired man, was planing away at some wood, with his head glistening like a copper bowl, when a mosquito settled on his scalp and stung him with its dart-like sting.

Said the carpenter to his sow, who was seated hard by,--"My boy, there's a mosquito stinging me on the head; do drive it away." "Hold still then, father," said the son; "one blow will settle it."

(At that very time the Bodhisatta had reached that village in the way of trade, and was sitting in the carpenter's shop.)

"Rid me of it," cried the father. "All right, father," answered the son, who was behind the old man's back, and, raising a sharp axe on high with intent to kill only the mosquito, he cleft--his father's head in twain. So the old man fell dead on the spot.

Thought the Bodhisatta, who had been an eye-witness of the whole scene,--"Better than such a friend is an enemy with sense, whom fear

of men's vengeance will deter from killing a man." And he recited these lines:--

Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense;
Witness the son that sought the gnat to slay,
But cleft, poor fool, his father's skull in twain. [248]

So saying, the Bodhisatta rose up and departed, passing away in after days to fare according to his deserts. And as for the carpenter, his body was burned by his kinsfolk.

"Thus, lay brethren," said the Master, "in bygone times also there were those who, seeking to hit a mosquito, struck down a fellow-creature." This lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I was myself the wise and good trader who departed after repeating the stanza."

No. 45.

ROHIṆĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Sense-lacking friends*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a maid servant of the Lord High Treasurer, Anātha-piṇḍika. For he is said to have had a maid-servant named Rohiṇī, whose aged mother came to where the girl was pounding rice, and lay down. The flies came round the old woman and stung her as with a needle, so she cried to her daughter, "The flies are stinging me, my dear; do drive them away." "Oh! I'll drive them away, mother," said the girl, lifting her pestle to the flies which had settled on her mother. Then, crying, "I'll kill them!", she smote her mother such a blow as to kill the old woman outright. Seeing what she had done the girl began to weep and cry, "Oh! mother, mother!"

The news was brought to the Lord High Treasurer, who, after having the body burnt, went his way to the Monastery, and told the Master what had happened. "This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that in Rohiṇī's anxiety to kill the flies on her mother, she has struck her mother dead with a pestle; she did precisely the same in times past." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born the son of the Lord High Treasurer, and came to be Lord High Treasurer himself at his father's death. And he, too, had a maid-servant whose name was Rohiṇī. And

her mother, in like manner, went to where the daughter was pounding rice, and lay down, and called

out, 'Do drive these flies off me, my dear,' and in just the same way she struck her mother with a pestle, and killed her, and began to weep.

Hearing of what had happened, [249] the Bodhisatta reflected: 'Here, in this world, even an enemy, with sense, would be preferable,' and recited these lines:--

Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense,
Witness the girl whose reckless hand laid low
Her mother, whom she now laments in vain.

In these lines in praise of the wise, did the Bodhisatta preach the Truth.

"This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that in Rohiṇī's anxiety to kill flies she has killed her own mother instead." This lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying:--"The mother and daughter of to-day were also mother and daughter of those bygone times, and I myself the Lord High Treasurer."

No. 46.

ĀRĀMADŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Tis knowledge*."--This story was told by the Master in a certain hamlet of Kosala about one who spoiled a pleasaunce.

Tradition says that, in the course of an alms-journey among the people of Kosala, the Master came to a certain hamlet. A squire of the place invited the Buddha to take the mid-day meal at his house, and had his guest seated in the pleasaunce, where he shewed hospitality to the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, and courteously gave them leave to stroll at will about his grounds. So the Brethren rose up and walked about the grounds with the gardener. Ob-serving in their walk a bare space, they said to the gardener, "Lay-disciple, elsewhere in the pleasaunce there is abundant shade; but here there's neither tree nor shrub. How comes this?"

"Sirs," replied the man, "when these grounds were being laid out, a village lad, who was doing the watering, pulled up all the young trees hereabouts and then gave them much or little [250] water according to the size of their roots. So the young trees withered and died off; and that is why this space is bare."

Drawing near to the Master, the Brethren told him this. "Yes, Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that village lad has spoiled a pleasaunce; he did precisely the same in bygone times also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a festival was proclaimed in the city; and at the first summoning notes of the festal drum out poured the townsfolk to keep holiday.

Now in those days, a tribe of monkeys was living in the king's pleasaunce; and the king's gardener thought to himself, "They 're holiday-making up in the city. I'll get the monkeys to do the watering for me, and be off to enjoy myself with the rest." So saying, he went to the king of the monkeys, and, first dwelling on the benefits his majesty and his subjects enjoyed from residence in the pleasaunce in the way of flowers and fruit and young shoots to eat, ended by saying, "To-day there's holiday-making up in the city, and I'm off to enjoy myself. Couldn't you water the young trees while I'm away?"

"Oh! yes," said the monkey.

"Only mind you do," said the gardener; and off he went, giving the monkeys the water-skins and wooden watering-pots to do the work with.

Then the monkeys took the water-skins and watering pots, and fell to watering the young trees. "But we must mind not to waste the water," observed their king; "as you water, first pull each young tree up and look at the size of its roots. Then give plenty of water to those whose roots strike deep, but only a little to those with tiny roots. When this water is all gone, we shall be hard put to it to get more."

"To be sure," said the other monkeys, and did as he bade them.

At this juncture a certain wise man, seeing the monkeys thus engaged, asked them why they pulled up tree after tree and watered them according to the size of their roots.

"Because such are our king's commands," answered the monkeys.

Their reply moved the wise man to reflect how, with every desire to do good, the ignorant and foolish only succeed in doing harm. And he recited this stanza: [251]

’Tis knowledge crowns endeavour with success,
For fools are thwarted by their foolishness,
--Witness the ape that killed the garden trees.

With this rebuke to the king of the monkeys, the wise man departed with his followers from the pleasaunce.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this village lad has spoiled pleasaunces; he was just the same in bygone times also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The village lad who spoiled this pleasaunce was the king of the monkeys in those days, and I was myself the wise and good man."

[*Note*. Cf. Nos. 268 and 271; and see the scene sculptured in the *Stūpa of Bharhut*, Plate xlv, 5.]

No. 47.

VĀRUṆI-JĀTAKA.

"'*Tis knowledge*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about one who spoiled spirits.. Tradition says that Anātha-piṇḍika had a friend who kept a tavern. This friend got ready a supply of strong spirits which he sold for gold and for silver [1], and his tavern was crowded. He gave orders to his apprentice to sell for cash only, and went off himself to bathe. This apprentice, while serving out the grog to his customers, observed them sending out for salt and jagghery and eating it as a whet. Thought he to himself; "There can't be any salt in our liquor; I'll put some in." So he put a pound of salt in a bowl of grog, and served it out to the customers. And they no sooner took a mouthful, than they spat it out again, saying, "What have you been up to?" "I saw you sending for salt after drinking our liquor, so I mixed some salt in." "And that's how you've spoilt good liquor, you booby," cried the customers, and with abuse they got up one after another and flung out of the tavern. When the keeper of the tavern came home, and did not see [252] a single customer about, he asked where they had all got to. So the apprentice told him what had happened. Rating him for his folly, the man went off and told Anātha-piṇḍika. And the latter, thinking the story a good one to tell, repaired to Jetavana, where after due obeisance he told the Master all about it.

"This is not the first time, layman," said the Master, "that this apprentice has spoiled spirits. He did just the same once before." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the Treasurer of Benares, and had a tavern-keeper who lived under his protection. This man having got ready a supply of strong spirits, which he left his apprentice [2] to sell while he himself went off to bathe, during his absence his apprentice mixed salt with the liquor, and spoiled it just in the same way. When on his return the young man's guide and master [2] came to know what had been done, he told the story to the Treasurer. 'Truly,' said the latter, the ignorant and foolish, with every desire to do good, only succeed in doing harm.' And he recited this stanza:--

’Tis knowledge crowns endeavour with success;
For fools are thwarted by their foolishness,
-Witness Koṇḍañña's salted bowl of grog.

In these lines the Bodhisatta taught the truth.

Said the Master, "Layman, this same person spoiled spirits in the past as now." Then he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "He who spoiled the spirits now was also the spoiler of the spirits in those bygone days, and I myself was then the Treasurer of Benares."

Footnotes

120:1 Apparently regarded as a 'Jewish' proceeding, as opposed to normal barter.

120:2 With a dry humour, the Pāli applies to the publican and his apprentice the terms normally applied to a religious teacher and his pupil.

No. 48.

VEDABBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Misguided effort*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a self-willed Brother. Said the Master to that Brother, "This is not the first time, Brother, that you have been self-willed; you were of just the same disposition in bygone times also [253]; and therefore it was that, as you would not follow the advice of the wise and good, you came to be cut in two by a sharp sword and were flung on the highway; and you were the sole cause why a thousand men met their end." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a brahmin in a village who knew the charm called Vedabbha. Now this charm, so they say, was precious beyond all price. For, if at a certain conjunction of the planets the charm was repeated and the gaze bent upwards to the skies, straightway from the heavens there rained the Seven Things of Price,--gold, silver, pearl, coral, catseye, ruby, and diamond.

In those days the Bodhisatta was a pupil of this brahmin; and one day his master left the village on some business or other, and came with the Bodhisatta to the country of Ceti.

In a forest by the way dwelt five hundred robbers--known as "the Despatchers"--who made the way impassable. And these caught the Bodhisatta and the Vedabbha-brahmin. (Why, you ask, were they called the Despatchers?--Well, the story goes that of every

two prisoners they made they used to despatch one to fetch the ransom; and that's why they were called the Despatchers. If they captured a father and a son, they told the father to go for the ransom to free his son; if they caught a mother and her daughter, they sent the mother for the money; if they caught two brothers, they let the elder go; and so too, if they caught a teacher and his pupil, it was the pupil they set free. In this case, therefore, they kept the Vedabbha-brahmin, and sent the Bodhisatta for

the ransom.) And the Bodhisatta said with a bow to his master, "In a day or two I shall surely come back; have no fear; only fail not to do as I shall say. To-day will come to pass the conjunction of the planets which brings about the rain of the Things of Price. Take heed lest, yielding to this mishap, you repeat the charm and call down the precious shower. For, if you do, calamity will certainly befall both you and this band of robbers." With this warning to his master, the Bodhisatta went his way in quest of the ransom.

At sunset the robbers bound the brahmin and laid him by the heels. Just at this moment the full moon rose over the eastern horizon, and the brahmin, studying the heavens, knew [254] that the great conjunction was taking place. "Why," thought he, "should I suffer this misery? By repeating the charm I will call down the precious rain, pay the robbers the ransom, and go free." So he called out to the robbers, "Friends, why do you take me a prisoner?" "To get a ransom, reverend sir," said they. "Well, if that is all you want," said the brahmin, "make haste and untie me; have my head bathed, and new clothes put on me; and let

me be perfumed and decked with flowers. Then leave me to myself." The robbers did as he bade them. And the brahmin, marking the conjunction of the planets, repeated his charm with eyes uplifted to the heavens. Forthwith the Things of Price poured down from the skies! The robbers picked them all up, wrapping their booty into bundles with their cloaks. Then with their brethren they marched away; and the brahmin followed in the rear. But, as luck would have it, the party was captured by a second band of five hundred robbers! "Why do you seize us?" said the first to the second band. "For booty," was the answer. "If booty is what you want, seize on that brahmin, who by simply gazing up at the skies brought down riches as rain. It was he who gave us all that we have got." So the second band of robbers let the first band go, and seized on the brahmin, crying, "Give us riches too!" "It would give me great pleasure," said the brahmin; "but it will be a year before the requisite conjunction of the planets takes place again. If you will only be so good as to wait till then, I will invoke the precious shower for you."

"Rascally brahmin!" cried the angry robbers, "you made the other band rich off-hand, but want us to wait a whole year!" And they cut him in two with a sharp sword, and flung his body in the middle of the road. Then hurrying after the first band of robbers, they killed every man of them too in hand-to-hand fight, and seized the booty. Next, they divided into two companies and fought among themselves, company against company, till two hundred and fifty men were slain. And so they went on killing one another, till only two were left alive. Thus did those thousand men come to destruction.

Now, when the two survivors had managed to carry off the treasure they hid it in the jungle near a village; and one of them sat there, sword in hand, [255] to guard it, whilst the other went into the village to get rice and have it cooked for supper.

"Covetousness is the root of ruin!" mused he [1] that stopped by the treasure. "When my mate comes back, he'll want half of this. Suppose I kill him the moment he gets back." So he drew his sword and sat waiting for his comrade's return.

Meanwhile, the other had equally reflected that the booty had to be halved, and thought to himself, "Suppose I poison the rice, and give it him to eat and so kill him, and have the whole of the treasure to myself." Accordingly, when the rice was boiled, he first ate his own share, and then put poison in the rest, which he carried back with him to the jungle. But scarce had he set it down, when the other robber cut him in two with his sword, and hid the body away in a secluded spot. Then he ate the poisoned rice, and died then and there. Thus, by reason of the treasure, not only the brahmin but all the robbers came to destruction.

Howbeit, after a day or two the Bodhisatta came back with the ransom. Not finding his master where he had left him, but seeing treasure strewn all round about, his heart misgave him that, in spite of his advice, his master must have called down a shower of treasure from the skies, and that all must have perished in consequence; and he proceeded along the road. On his way he came to where his master's body lay cloven in twain upon the way. "Alas!" he cried, "he is dead through not heeding my warning." Then with gathered sticks he made a pyre and burnt his master's body, making an offering of wild flowers. Further along the road, he came upon the five hundred

"Despatchers," and further still upon the two hundred and fifty, and so on by degrees until at last he came to where lay only two corpses. Marking how of the thousand all but two had perished, and feeling sure that there must be two survivors, and that these could not refrain from strife, he pressed on to see where they had gone. So on he went till he found the path by which with the treasure they had turned into the jungle; and there he found the heap of bundles of treasure, and one robber lying dead with his rice-bowl overturned at his side. Realising the whole story at a glance, the Bodhisatta set himself to search for the missing man, and at last found his body in the secret spot where it had been flung [256]. "And thus," mused the Bodhisatta, "through not following my counsel my master in his self-will has been the means of destroying not himself only but a thousand others also. Truly, they that

seek their own gain by mistaken and misguided means shall reap ruin, even as my master." And he repeated this stanza:--

Misguided effort leads to loss, not gain;
Thieves killed Vedabbha and themselves were slain.

Thus spake the Bodhisatta, and he went on to say,--"And even as my master's misguided and misplaced effort in causing the rain of treasure to fall from heaven wrought both his own death and the destruction of others with him, even so shall every other man who by mistaken means seeks to compass his own advantage, utterly perish and involve others in his destruction." With these words did the Bodhisatta make the forest ring; and in this stanza did he preach the Truth, whilst the Tree-fairies shouted applause. The treasure he contrived to carry off to his

own home, where he lived out his term of life in the exercise of almsgiving and other good works. And when his life closed, he departed to the heaven he had won.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brother, you were self-willed; you were self-willed in bygone times as well; and by your selfwill you came to utter destruction." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "The selfwilled Brother was the Vedabbha-brahmin of those days, and I myself his pupil."

[*Note*. Dr Richard Morris was the first to trace in this Jātaka an early form of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* (see *Contemporary Review* for May, 1881); Mr H. T. Francis and Mr C. H. Tawney independently traced the same connection in *the Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883 (subsequently reprinted in an enlarged form), and in the *Cambridge Journal of Philology*, Vol. xii. 1883. See also Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fictions*.]

Footnotes

123:1 Or perhaps a full stop should be inserted after *eva ti*, the words "Covetousness..ṛuin" being treated as a maxim quoted parenthetically by the author."

No. 49.

NAKKHATTA-JĀTAKA.

[257] "*The fool may watch*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a certain Naked-ascetic. Tradition says that a gentleman of the country near Sāvatthi asked in marriage for his son a young Sāvatthi lady of equal rank. Having fixed a day to come and fetch the bride, he subsequently consulted a Naked-ascetic who was intimate with his family, as to whether the stars were favourable for holding the festivities that day.

"He didn't ask me in the first instance," thought the indignant ascetic, "but having already fixed the day, without consulting me, just makes an empty

reference to me now. Very good; I'll teach him a lesson." So he made answer that the stars were not favourable for that day; that the nuptials ought not to be celebrated that day; and that, if they were, great misfortune would come of it. And the country family in their faith in their ascetic did not go for the bride that day. Now the bride's friends in the town had made all their preparations for celebrating the nuptials, and when they saw that the other side did not come, they said, "It was they who fixed to-day, and yet they have not come; and we have gone to great expense about it all. Who are these people, forsooth? Let us marry the girl to someone else." So they found another bridegroom and gave the girl to him in marriage with all the festivities they had already prepared.

Next day the country party came to fetch the bride. But the Sāvatthi people rated them as follows:--"You country folk are a bad lot; you fixed the day yourselves, and then. insulted us by not coming. We have given the maiden to another." The country party started a quarrel, but in the end went home the way they came.

Now the Brethren came to know how that Naked-ascetic had thwarted the festivity, and they began to talk the matter over in the Hall of Truth. Entering the Hall, and learning on enquiry the subject of their conversation, the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this same ascetic has thwarted the festivities of that family; out of pique with them, he did just the same thing once before." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, some townsfolk had asked a country-girl in marriage and had named the day. Having already made the arrangement, they asked their family ascetic whether the stars were propitious for the ceremony on that day. Piqued at their having fixed the day to suit themselves without first taking counsel with him, the ascetic made up his mind to thwart their marriage festivities for that day; [258] and accordingly he made answer that the stars were not favourable for that day, and that, if they persisted, grave misfortune would be the result. So, in their faith in the ascetic, they stayed at home! When the country folk found that the town party did not come, they said among themselves, "It was they who fixed the marriage for to-day, and now they have not come.

Who are they, forsooth?" And they married the girl to someone else.

Next day the townsfolk came and asked for the girl; but they of the country made this answer:--"You town-people lack common decency. You yourselves named the day and yet did not come to fetch the bride. As you stopped away, we married her to someone else." "But we asked our ascetic, and he told us the stars were unfavourable. That's why we did not come, yesterday. Give us the girl." "You didn't come at the proper time, and now she's another's. How can we marry her twice over?" Whilst they wrangled thus with one another, a wise man from the town came into the country on business. Hearing the townsfolk explain that they had consulted their ascetic and that their absence was due to the-unfavourable disposition of the stars, he exclaimed, "What, forsooth, do

the stars matter? Is not the lucky thing to get the girl?" And, so saying, he repeated this stanza:--

The fool may watch for 'lucky days,'
  Yet luck shall always miss;
’Tis luck itself is luck's own star.
  What can mere stars achieve?

As for the townsfolk, as they did not get the girl for all their wrangling, they had to go off home again!

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this Naked-ascetic has thwarted that family's festivities; he did just the same thing in bygone times also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This ascetic [259] was also the ascetic of those days, and the families too were the same; I myself was the wise and good man who uttered the stanza."

No. 50.

DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*A thousand evil-doers*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about actions done for the world's good, as will be explained in the Twelfth Book in the Mahā-Kaṇha-jātaka [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn in the womb of the Queen Consort. When he was born, he was named Prince Brahmadatta on his name-day. By sixteen years of age he had been well educated at Takkasilā, had learned the Three Vedas by heart, and was versed in the Eighteen Branches of Knowledge. And his father made him a Viceroy.

Now in those days the Benares folk were much given to festivals to 'gods,' and used to shew honour to 'gods.' It was their wont to massacre numbers of sheep, goats, poultry, swine, and other living creatures, and perform their rites not merely with flowers and perfumes but with gory

carcasses. Thought the destined Lord of Mercy to himself, "Led astray by superstition, men now wantonly sacrifice life; the multitude are for the most part given up to irreligion: but when at my father's death I succeed to my inheritance, I will find means to end such destruction of life. I will devise some clever stratagem whereby the evil shall be stopped without harming a

single human being." In this mood the prince one day mounted his chariot and drove out of the city. On the way he saw a crowd gathered together at a holy banyan-tree, praying to the fairy who had been reborn in that tree, to grant them sons and daughters, honour and wealth, each according to his. heart's desire. Alighting from his chariot the Bodhisatta drew near to the tree and behaved as a worshipper so far as to make offerings of perfumes and flowers, sprinkling the tree with water, and pacing reverently round its trunk. Then mounting his chariot again, he went his way back into the city.

Thenceforth the prince made like journeys from time to time to the tree [260], and worshipped it like a true believer in 'gods.'

In due course, when his father died, the Bodhisatta ruled in his stead. Shunning the four evil courses, and practising the ten royal virtues, he ruled his people in righteousness. And now that his desire had come to pass and he was king, the Bodhisatta set himself to fulfil his former resolve. So he called together his ministers, the brahmins, the gentry, and the other orders of the people, and asked the assembly whether they knew how he had made himself king. But no man could tell.

"Have you ever seen me reverently worshipping a banyan-tree with perfumes and the like, and bowing down before it?"

"Sire, we have," said they.

"Well, I was making a vow; and the vow was that, if ever I became king, I would offer a sacrifice to that tree. And now that by help of the god I have come to be king, I will offer my promised sacrifice. So prepare it with all speed."

"But what are we to make it of?"

"My vow," said the king, "was this:--All such as are addicted to the Five Sins, to wit the slaughter of living creatures and so forth, and all such as walk in the Ten Paths of Unrighteousness, them will I slay, and with their flesh and their blood, with their entrails and their vitals, I will make my offering. So proclaim by beat of drum that our lord the king in the days of his viceroyalty vowed that if ever he became king he would slay, and offer up in a sacrifice, all such of his subjects as break the Commandments. And now the king wills to slay one thousand of such as are addicted to the Five Sins or walk in the Ten Paths of Unrighteousness; with the hearts and the flesh of the thousand shall a sacrifice be made in the god's honour. Proclaim this that all may know throughout the city. Of those that transgress after this date," added the king, "will

I slay a thousand, and offer them as a sacrifice to the god in discharge of my vow." And to make his meaning clear the king uttered this stanza:--

A thousand evil-doers once I vowed
  In pious gratitude to kill;
And evil-doers form so huge a crowd,
  That I will now my vow fulfil. [261]

Obedient to the king's commands, the ministers had proclamation made by beat of drum accordingly throughout the length and breadth of Benares. Such was the effect of the proclamation on the townsfolk that not a soul persisted in the old wickedness. And throughout the Bodhisatta's reign not a

man was convicted of transgressing. Thus, without harming a single one of his subjects, the Bodhisatta made them observe the Commandments. And at the close of a life of alms-giving and other good works he passed away with his followers to throng the city of the devas.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Buddha has acted for the world's good; he acted in like manner in bygone times as well." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were the ministers of those days, and I myself was the King of Benares."

Footnotes

126:1 No. 469.

No. 51.

MAHĀSĪLAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who had given up all earnest effort. Being asked by the Master whether the report was true that he was a backslider, the Brother [262] said it was true. "How can you, Brother," said the Master, "grow cold in so saving a faith? Even when the wise and good of bygone days had lost their kingdom, yet so undaunted was their resolution that in the end they won back their sovereignty." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as the child of the queen; and on his name-day they gave him the name of Prince Goodness. At the age of sixteen his education was complete; and later he came at his father's death to be king, and ruled his people righteously under the title of the great King

Goodness. At each of the four city-gates he built an almonry, another in the heart of the city, and yet another at his own palace-gates,--six in all; and at each he distributed alms to poor travellers and the needy. He kept the Commandments and observed the fast-days; he abounded in patience, loving-kindness, and mercy; and in righteousness he ruled the land,

cherishing all creatures alike with the fond love of a father for his baby boy.

Now one of the king's ministers had dealt treacherously in the king's harem, and this became matter of common talk. The ministers reported it to the king. Examining into the matter himself, the king found the minister's guilt to be clear. So he sent for the culprit, and said, "O blinded by folly! you have sinned, and are not worthy to dwell in my kingdom; take your substance and your wife and family, and go hence." Driven thus from the realm, that minister left the Kāsi country, and, entering the service of the king of Kosala, gradually rose to be that monarch's confidential adviser. One day he said to the king of Kosala, "Sire, the kingdom of Benares is like a goodly honeycomb untainted by flies; its king is feebleness itself; and a trifling force would suffice to conquer the whole country."

Hereon, the king of Kosala reflected that the kingdom of Benares was large, and, considering this in connexion with the advice that a trifling force could conquer it, he grew suspicious that his adviser was a hireling suborned to lead him into a trap. "Traitor," he cried, "you are paid to say this!"

"Indeed I am not," answered the other; "I do but speak the truth. If you doubt me, send men to massacre a village over his border, and see whether, when they are caught and brought before him, the king does not let them off scot-free and even load them with gifts."

"He shows a very bold front in making his assertion," thought the king; "I will test his counsel [263] without delay." And accordingly he sent some of his creatures to harry a village across the Benares border. The ruffians were captured and

brought before the king of Benares, who asked them, saying, "My children, why have you killed my villagers?"

"Because we could not make a living," said they.

"Then why did you not come to me?" said the king. "See that you do not do the like again."

And he gave them presents and sent them away. Back they went and told this to the king of Kosala. But this evidence was not enough to nerve him to the expedition; and a second band was sent to massacre another village, this time in the heart of the kingdom. These too were likewise sent away with presents by the king of Benares. But even this evidence was not deemed strong enough; and a third party was sent to plunder the very streets of Benares! And these, like their forerunners,

were sent away with presents! Satisfied at last that the king of Benares was an entirely good king, the king of Kosala resolved to seize on his kingdom, and set out against him with troops and elephants.

Now in these days the king of Benares had a thousand gallant warriors, who would face the charge even of a rut elephant,--whom the launched thunderbolt of Indra could not terrify,--a matchless. band of invincible heroes ready at the king's command to reduce all India to his sway! These, hearing the king of Kosala was coming to take Benares, came to their sovereign with the news, and prayed that they might be despatched against the invader. "We will defeat and capture him, sire," said they, "before he can set foot over the border."

"Not so, my children," said the king. "None shall suffer because of me. Let those who covet kingdoms seize mine, if they will." And he refused to allow them to march against the invader.

Then the king of Kosala crossed the border and came to the middle-country; and again the ministers went to the king with renewed entreaty. But still the king refused. And now the king of Kosala appeared outside the city, and sent a message to the king bidding him either yield up the kingdom or give battle. "I fight not," was the message of the king of Benares in reply; "let him seize my kingdom."

Yet a third time the king's ministers came to him and besought him not to allow the king of Kosala to enter, but to permit them to overthrow and capture him before the city. Still refusing, the king bade the city-gates be opened, [264] and seated himself in state aloft upon his royal throne with his thousand ministers round him.

Entering the city and finding none to bar his way, the king of Kosala passed with his army to the royal palace. The doors stood open wide; and there on his gorgeous throne with his thousand ministers around him sate the great King Goodness in state. "Seize them all," cried the king of Kosala; "tie their hands tightly behind their backs, and away with them to the cemetery! There dig holes and bury them alive up to the neck, so that they cannot move hand or foot. The jackals will come at night and give them sepulchre!"

At the bidding of the ruffianly king, his followers bound the king of Benares and his ministers, and hauled them off. But even in this hour not so much as an angry thought did the great King Goodness harbour against the ruffians; and. not a man among

his ministers, even when they were being marched off in bonds, could disobey the king,--so perfect is said to have been the discipline among his followers.

So King Goodness and his ministers were led off and buried up to the neck in pits in the cemetery, the king in the middle and the others on either side of him. The ground was trampled in upon them, and there they were left. Still meek and free from anger against his oppressor, King

Goodness exhorted his companions, saying, "Let your hearts be filled with naught but love and charity, my children."

Now at midnight the jackals came trooping to the banquet of human flesh; and at sight of the beasts the king and his companions raised a mighty shout all together, frightening the jackals away. Halting, the pack looked back, and, seeing no one pursuing, again came forward. A second shout drove them away again, but only to return as before. But the third time, seeing that not a man amongst them all pursued, the jackals thought to themselves, "These must be men who are doomed to death." They came on boldly; even when the shout was again being raised, they did not turn tail. On they came, each singling out his prey,--the chief jackal making for the king, and the other jackals for his companions [265]. Fertile in resource, the king marked the beast's approach, and, raising his throat as if to receive the bite, fastened his teeth in the jackal's throat with a grip like a vice! Unable to free its throat from the mighty grip of the king's jaws, and fearing death, the jackal raised a great howl. At his cry of distress the pack conceived that their leader must have been

caught by a man. With no heart left to approach their own destined prey, away they all scampered for their lives.

Seeking to free itself from the king's teeth, the trapped jackal plunged madly to and fro, and thereby loosened the earth above the king. Hereupon the latter, letting the jackal go, put forth his mighty strength, and by plunging from side to side got his hands free! Then, clutching the brink of the pit, he drew himself up, and came forth like a cloud scudding before the wind. Bidding his companions Le of good cheer, he now set to work to loosen the earth round them and to get them out, till with all his ministers he stood free once more in the cemetery.

Now it chanced that a corpse had been exposed in that part of the cemetery which lay between the respective domains of two ogres; and the ogres were disputing over the division of the spoil.

"We can't divide it ourselves," said they; "but this King Goodness is righteous; he will divide it for us. Let us go to him." So they dragged the corpse by the foot to the king, and said, "Sire, divide this man and give us each our share." "Certainly I will, my friends," said the king. "But, as I am dirty, I must bathe first."

Straightway, by their magic power, the ogres brought to the king the scented water prepared for the usurper's bath. And when the king had bathed, they brought him the robes which had been laid out for the usurper to wear. When he had put these on, they brought his majesty a box containing the four kinds of scent. When he had perfumed himself, they brought flowers of divers kinds laid out upon jewelled fans, in a casket of gold. When he had decked himself with the flowers, the ogres asked whether they could be of any further service. And the king gave

them to understand [266] that he was hungry. So away went the ogres, and returned with rice flavoured with all the choicest flavours, which had been prepared for the usurper's table. And the king, now bathed and scented, dressed and arrayed, ate of the dainty fare. Thereupon the ogres brought the usurper's perfumed water for him to drink, in the usurper's own golden bowl, not forgetting to bring the golden cup too. When the king had drunk and had washed his mouth and was washing his hands, they brought him fragrant betel to chew, and asked whether his majesty had any further commands. "Fetch me," said he, "by your magic power the sword of state which lies by the usurper's pillow." And straightway the sword was brought to the king. Then the king took the corpse, and setting it upright, cut it in two down the chine, giving one-half to each ogre. This done, the king washed the blade, and girded it on his side.

Having eaten their fill, the ogres were glad of heart, and in their gratitude asked the king what more they could do for him. "Set me by your magic power," said he, "in the usurper's chamber, and set each of my ministers back in his own house." "Certainly, sire," said the ogres; and forthwith it was done. Now in that hour the usurper was lying asleep on the royal bed in his chamber of state. And as he slept in all tranquillity, the good king struck him with the flat of the sword upon the belly. Waking up in a fright, the usurper saw by the lamp-light that it was the great King Goodness. Summoning up all his courage, he rose from his couch and said:--"Sire, it is night; a guard is set; the doors are barred; and none may enter. How then came you to my bedside, sword in hand and clad in robes of splendour?" Then the king told him in detail all the story of his escape. Then the usurper's

heart was moved within him, and he cried, "O king, I, though blessed with human nature, knew not your goodness; but knowledge thereof was given to the fierce and cruel ogres, whose food is flesh and blood. Henceforth, I, sire, [267] will not plot against such signal virtue as you possess." So saying, he swore an oath of friendship upon his sword and begged the king's forgiveness. And he made the king lie down upon the bed of state, while he stretched himself upon a little couch.

On the morrow at daybreak, when the sun had risen, his whole host of every rank and degree was mustered by beat of drum at the usurper's command; in their presence he extolled King Goodness, as if raising the full-moon on high in the heavens; and right before them all, he again asked the king's forgiveness and gave him back his kingdom, saying, "Henceforth, let it be my charge to deal with rebels; rule thou thy kingdom, with me to keep watch and ward." And so saying, he passed sentence on the slanderous traitor, and with his troops and elephants went back to his own kingdom.

Seated in majesty and splendour beneath a white canopy of sovereignty

upon a throne of gold with legs as of a gazelle, the great King Goodness contemplated his own glory and thought thus within himself:--"Had I not persevered, I should not be in the enjoyment of this magnificence, nor would my thousand ministers be still numbered among the living. It was by perseverance that I recovered the royal state I had lost, and saved the lives of my thousand ministers. Verily, we should strive on unremittingly with dauntless hearts, seeing that the fruit of perseverance is so

excellent." And therewithal the king broke into this heartfelt utterance:--

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
  Nor let thy courage flag and tire.
Myself I see, who, all my woes o’erpast,
  Am master of my heart's desire.

Thus spoke the Bodhisatta in the fulness of his heart, declaring how sure it is that the earnest effort of the good will come to maturity. After a life spent in right-doing he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts. [268]

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the backsliding Brother won Arahatship. The Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the traitorous minister of those days, the Buddha's disciples were the thousand ministers, and I myself the great King Goodness."

[*Note*. Cf. the Volsung-Saga in Hagen's *Helden Sagen*, iii. 23, and *Journ. of Philol*. xii. 120.]

No. 52.

CŪḶA-JANAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another backsliding Brother. All the incidents that are to be related here, will be given in the Mahā-janaka-Jātaka [1].

The king, seated beneath the white canopy of sovereignty, recited this stanza:--

"Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
  Faint not, nor tire, though harassed sore.
Myself I see, who, all my woes o’erpast,
  Have fought my stubborn way ashore.

Here too the backsliding Brother won Arahatship. The All-wise Buddha was King Janaka.

Footnotes

133:1 One of the last Jātakas, not yet edited.

No. 53.

PUṆṆAPĀTI-JĀTAKA.

"*What? Leave untasted*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about some drugged liquor.

Once on a time the tipplers of Sāvatthi met to take counsel, saying, "We've not got the price of a drink left; how are we to get it?"

"Cheer up!" said one ruffian; "I've a little plan."

"What may that be?" cried the others.

"It's Anātha-piṇḍika's custom," said the fellow, "to wear his rings and richest attire, when going to wait upon the king. Let us doctor some liquor with a stupefying drug and fit up a drinking-booth, in which we will all be sitting when Anātha-piṇḍika passes by. 'Come and join us, Lord High Treasurer,' we'll cry, and ply him with our liquor till he loses his senses. Then let us relieve him of his rings and clothes, and get the price of a drink."

His plan mightily pleased the other rogues, and was duly carried out. As Anātha-piṇḍika was returning, they went out to meet him and invited him [269] to come along with them; for they had got some rare liquor, and he must taste it before he went.

"What'?" thought he, "shall a believer, who has found Salvation, touch strong drink? Howbeit, though I have no craving for it, yet will I expose these rogues." So into their booth he went, where

their proceedings soon shewed him that their liquor was drugged; and he resolved to make the rascals take to their heels. So he roundly charged them with doctoring their liquor with a view to drugging strangers first and robbing then afterwards. "You sit in the booth you have opened, and you praise up the liquor," said he; "but as for drinking it, not one of you ventures on that. If it is really undrugged, drink away at it yourselves." This summary exposure made the gang take to their heels, and Anātha-piṇḍika went off home. Thinking he might as well tell the incident to the Buddha, he went to Jetavana and related the story.

"This time, layman," said the Master, "it is you whom these rogues have tried to trick; so too in the past they tried to trick the good and wise of those days." So saying, at his hearer's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Treasurer of that city. And then too did the same gang of tipplers, conspiring together in like manner, drug liquor, and go forth to meet him in just the same way, and made just the same overtures. The Treasurer did not want to drink at all, but nevertheless went with them, solely to expose them. Marking their proceedings and detecting their scheme, he was anxious to scare them away and so represented that it would be a gross thing for him to drink spirits just before going to the king's palace. "Sit you here," said he, "till I've seen the king and am on my way hack; then I'll think about it."

On his return, the rascals called to him, but the Treasurer, fixing his eye on the drugged bowls, confounded them by saying, "I

like not your

ways. Here stand the bowls as full now as when I left you; loudly as you vaunt the praises of the liquor, yet not a drop passes your own lips. Why, if it had been good liquor, you'd have taken your own share as well. This liquor is drugged!" And he repeated this stanza:--

What? Leave untasted drink you vaunt so rare?
Nay, this is proof no honest liquor's there. [270]

After a life of good deeds, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The rascals of to-day were also the rascals of those bygone days; and I myself was then Treasurer of Benares."

No. 54.

PHALA-JĀTAKA.

"*When near a village*."--This was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay brother who was skilled in the knowledge of fruits. It appears that a certain squire of Sāvatthi had invited the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head, and had seated them in his pleasaunce, where they were regaled with rice-gruel and cakes. Afterwards he bade his gardener go round with the Brethren and give mangoes and other kinds of fruits to their Reverences. In obedience to orders, the man walked about the grounds with the Brethren, and could tell by a single glance up at the tree what fruit was green, what nearly ripe, and what quite ripe, and so on. And what he said was always found true. So the Brethren came to the Buddha and mentioned how expert the gardener was, and how, whilst himself standing on the ground, he could accurately tell the condition of the hanging fruit. "Brethren," said the Master, "this gardener is not the only one who has had knowledge of fruits. A like knowledge was shewn by the wise and good of former days also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a merchant. When he grew up, and was trading with five hundred waggons, he came one day to where the road led through a great forest. [271] Halting at the outskirts, he mustered the caravan and addressed them thus:--"Poison-trees grow in this forest. Take heed that you taste no

unfamiliar leaf, flower, or fruit without first consulting me." All promised to take every care; and the journey into

the forest began. Now just within the forest-border stands a village, and just outside that village grows a What-fruit tree. The What-fruit tree exactly resembles a mango alike in trunk, branch, leaf, flower, and fruit. And not only in outward semblance, but also in taste and smell, the fruit--ripe or unripe--mimics the mango. If eaten, it is a deadly poison, and causes instant death.

Now some greedy fellows, who went on ahead of the caravan, came to this tree and, taking it to be a mango, ate of its fruit. But others said, "Let us ask our leader before we eat"; and they accordingly halted by the tree, fruit in hand, till he came up. Perceiving that it was no mango, he said:--"This 'mango' is a What-fruit tree; don't touch its fruit."

Having stopped them from eating, the Bodhisatta turned his attention to those who had already eaten. First he dosed them with an emetic, and then he gave them the four sweet foods to eat; so that in the end they recovered.

Now on former occasions caravans had halted beneath this same tree, and had died from eating the poisonous fruit which they mistook for mangoes. On the morrow the villagers would come, and seeing them lying there dead, would fling them by the heels into a secret place, departing with all the belongings of the caravan, waggons and all.

And on the day too of our story these villagers failed not to hurry at daybreak to the tree for their expected spoils. "The oxen must

be ours," said some. "And we'll have the waggons," said others;--whilst others again claimed the wares as their share. But when they came breathless to the tree, there was the whole caravan alive and well!

"How came you to know this was not a mango-tree?" demanded the disappointed villagers. "We didn't know," said they of the caravan; "it was our leader who knew."

So the villagers came to the Bodhisatta and said, "Man of wisdom, what did you do to find out this tree was not a mango?"

"Two things told me," replied the Bodhisatta, and he repeated this stanza:-- [272]

When near a village grows a tree
Not hard to climb, ’tis plain to me,
Nor need I further proof to know,
--No wholesome fruit thereon can grow!

And having taught the Truth to the assembled multitude, he finished his journey in safety.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "in bygone days the wise and good were experts in fruit." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were then the people of the caravan, and I myself was the caravan leader."

No. 55.

PAÑCĀVUDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*When no Attachment*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who had given up all earnest effort.

Said the Master to him, "Is the report true, Brother, that you are a backslider?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"In bygone days, Brother," said the Master, "the wise and good won a throne by their dauntless perseverance in the hour of need."

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, it was as his queen's child that the Bodhisatta came to life once more. On the day when he was to be named, the parents enquired as to their child's destiny from eight hundred brahmins, to whom they gave their hearts' desire in all pleasures of sense. Marking the promise which he shewed of a glorious destiny, these clever soothsaying brahmins foretold that, coming to the throne at the king's death, the child should be a mighty king endowed with every virtue; famed and renowned for his exploits with five weapons, he should stand peerless in all

Jambudīpa [1]. [273] And because of this prophecy of the brahmins, the parents named their son Prince Five-Weapons.

Now, when the prince was come to years of discretion, and was sixteen years old, the king bade him go away and study.

"With whom, sire, am I to study?" asked the prince.

"With the world-famed teacher in the town of Takkasilā in the Gandhāra country. Here is his fee," said the king, handing his son a thousand pieces.

So the prince went to Takkasilā and was taught there. When he was leaving, his master gave him a set of five weapons, armed with which, after bidding adieu to his old master, the prince set out from Takkasilā for Benares.

On his way he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Hairy-grip; and, at the entrance to the forest, men who met him tried to stop him, saying: "Young brahmin, do not go through that forest; it is the haunt

of the ogre Hairy-grip, and he kills every one he meets." But, bold as a lion, the self-reliant Bodhisatta pressed on, till in the heart of the forest he came on the ogre. The monster made himself appear in stature as tall as a palm-tree, with a head as big as an arbour and huge eyes like bowls, with two tusks like turnips and the beak of a hawk; his belly was blotched with purple; and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were blue-black! "Whither away?" cried the monster. "Halt! you are my prey." "Ogre," answered the Bodhisatta, "I knew what I was

doing when entering this forest. You will be ill-advised to come near me. For with a poisoned arrow I will slay you where you stand." And with this defiance, he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in deadliest poison and shot it at the ogre. But it only stuck on to the monster's shaggy coat. Then he shot another and another, till fifty were spent, all of which merely stuck on to the ogre's shaggy coat. Hereon the ogre, shaking the arrows off so that they fell at his feet, came at the Bodhisatta; and the latter, again shouting defiance, drew his sword and struck at the ogre. But, like the arrows, his sword, which was thirty-three inches long, merely stuck fast in the shaggy hair. Next the Bodhisatta hurled his spear, and that stuck fast also. Seeing this, he smote the ogre with his club; but, like his other weapons, that too stuck fast. And thereupon the Bodhisatta shouted, "Ogre, you never heard yet of me, [274] Prince Five-Weapons. When I ventured into this forest, I put my trust not in my bow and other weapons, but in myself! Now will I strike you a blow which shall crush you into dust." So saying, the Bodhisatta smote the ogre with his right hand; but the hand stuck fast upon the hair. Then, in turn, with his left hand and with his right and left feet, he struck at the monster, but hand and feet alike clave to the hide. Again shouting "I will crush you into dust!" he butted the ogre with his head, and that too stuck fast.

Yet even when thus caught and snared in fivefold wise, the Bodhisatta, as he hung upon the ogre, was still fearless, still undaunted. And the monster thought to himself, "This is a very lion among men, a hero without a peer, and no mere man. Though he is caught in the clutches of an ogre like me, yet not so much as a tremor will he exhibit. Never, since I first took to slaying travellers upon this road, have I seen a man to equal him. How comes it that he is not frightened?" Not daring to

devour the Bodhisatta offhand, he said, "How is it, young brahmin, that you have no fear of death?"

"Why should I?" answered the Bodhisatta. "Each life must surely have its destined death. Moreover, within my body is a sword of adamant, which you will never digest, if you eat me. It will chop your inwards into mincemeat, and my death will involve yours too. Therefore it is that I have no fear." (By this, it is said, the Bodhisatta meant the Sword of Knowledge, which was within him.)

Hereon, the ogre fell a-thinking. "This young brahmin is speaking the truth and nothing but the truth," thought he. "Not a morsel so big as a pea could I digest of such a hero. I'll let him go." And, so, in fear of his life, he let the Bodhisatta go free, saying, "Young brahmin, you are a lion among men; I will not eat you. Go forth from my hand, even as the moon from the jaws of Rāhu, and return to gladden the hearts of your kinsfolk, your friends, and your country."

"As for myself; ogre," answered the Bodhisatta, "I will go. As for you, it was your sins in bygone days that caused you to be reborn a ravening, murderous, flesh-eating ogre; and, if [275] you continue in sin in this existence, you will go on from darkness to darkness. But, having seen me, you will be unable thenceforth to sin any more. Know that to destroy life is to ensure re-birth either in hell or as a brute or as a ghost or among the fallen spirits. Or, if the re-birth be into the world of men, then such sin cuts short the days of a man's life."

In this and other ways the Bodhisatta sheaved the evil consequences of the five bad courses, and the blessing that conies of the five good courses; and so wrought in divers ways upon that ogre's fears that by his teaching he converted the monster, imbuing him with self-denial and establishing him in the Five Commandments. Then making the ogre the fairy of that forest, with a right to levy dues [1], and charging him to remain steadfast, the Bodhisatta went his way, making known the change in the ogre's mood as he issued from the forest. And in the end he came, armed with the five weapons, to the city of Benares, and presented himself before his parents. In later days, when king, he was a righteous ruler; and after a life spent in charity and other good works he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

This lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:--

When no attachment hampers heart or mind,
When righteousness is practised peace to win,
He who so walks, shall gain the victory
And all the Fetters utterly destroy [2].

When he had thus led his teaching up to Arahatship as its crowning point, the Master went on to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship. Also, the Master showed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Aṅgulimāla [3] was the ogre of those days, and I myself Prince Five-Weapons."

Footnotes

137:1 This was one of the four islands, or *dipā*, of which the earth was supposed to consist; it included India, and represented the inhabited world to the Indian mind.

139:1 Or, perhaps, "to whom sacrifices should be offered." The translation in the text suggests a popular theory of the evolution of the tax-collector. See also No. 155.

139:2 See Nos. 56 and 156.

139:3 Aṅgulimāla, a bandit who wore a necklace of his victims' fingers, was converted by the Buddha and became an Arahat. Cf. *Majjhima Nikāya* No. 86.

No. 56.

KAÑCANAKKHANDHA-JĀTAKA. [276]

"*When gladness*."--This story was told by the Master while at Sāvatthi, about a certain Brother. Tradition says that through hearing the Master preach a young gentleman of Sāvatthi gave his heart to the precious Faith [1] and became a Brother. His teachers and masters proceeded to instruct him in the whole of the Ten Precepts of Morality, one after the other, expounded to him the Short, the Medium, and the Long Moralities [2], set forth the Morality which rests on self-restraint according to the Pātimokkha [3], the Morality which rests on self-restraint as to the Senses, the Morality which rests on a blameless walk of life, the Morality which relates to the way a Brother may use the Requisites. Thought the young beginner, "There is a tremendous lot of this Morality; and I shall undoubtedly fail to fulfil all I have vowed. Yet what is the good of being a brother at all, if one cannot keep the rules of Morality? My best course is to go back to the world, take a wife and rear children, living a life of almsgiving and other good works." So he told his superiors what he thought, saying that he proposed to return to the lower state of a layman, and wished to hand back his bowl and robes. "Well, if it be so with you," said they, "at least take leave of the Buddha before you go;" and they brought the young man before the Master in the Hall of Truth.

"Why, Brethren," said the Master, "are you bringing this Brother to me against his will?"

"Sir, he said that Morality was more than he could observe, and wanted to give back his robes and bowl. So we took him and brought him to you."

"But why, Brethren," asked the Master, "did you burthen him with so much? He can do what he can, but no more. Do not make this mistake again, and leave me to decide what should be done in the case."

Then, turning to the young Brother, the Master said, "Come, Brother; what concern have you with Morality in the mass? Do you think you could obey just three moral rules?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"Well now, watch and guard the three avenues of the voice, the mind, and the body; do no evil whether in word, or thought, or act. Cease not to be a Brother, but go hence and obey just these three rules."

"Yes, indeed, Sir, I will keep them," here exclaimed the glad young man, and back he went with his teachers again. And as he was keeping his three rules, he thought within himself, "I had the whole of Morality told me by my instructors; but because they were not the Buddha, they could not make me grasp even this much. Whereas [277] the All-Enlightened One, by reason of his Buddhahood, and of his being the Lord of Truth, has expressed so much Morality in only three rules concerning the Avenues, and has made me understand it clearly. Verily, a very present help has the Master been to me." And

he won Insight and in a few days attained Arahatship. When this came to the ears of the Brethren, they spoke of it when met together in the Hall of Truth, telling how the Brother, who was going back to the world because he could not ho to fulfil Morality, had been furnished by the Master with three rules embodying the whole of Morality, and had been made to grasp those three rules, and so had been enabled by the Master to win Arahatship. How marvellous, they cried, was the Buddha.

Entering the Hall at this point, and learning on enquiry the subject of their talk, the Master said, "Brethren, even a heavy burthen becomes light, if taken piecemeal; and thus the wise and good of past times, on finding a huge mass of gold too heavy to lift, first broke it up and then were enabled to bear their treasure away piece by piece." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a farmer in a village, and was ploughing one day in a field where once stood a village. Now, in bygone days, a wealthy merchant had died leaving buried in this field a huge bar of gold, as thick round as a man's thigh, and four whole cubits in length. And full on this bar struck the Bodhisatta's plough, and there stuck fast. Taking it to be a spreading root of a tree, he dug it, out; but discovering its real nature, he set to work to clean the dirt off the gold. The day's work done, at sunset he laid aside his plough and gear, and essayed to shoulder his treasure-trove and walk off with it. But, as he could not so much as lift it, he sat down before it and fell a-thinking what uses he would put it to. "I'll have so much to live

on, so much to bury as a treasure, so much to trade with, and so much for charity and good works," thought he to himself, and accordingly cut the gold into four. Division made his burthen easy to carry; and he bore home the lumps of gold. After a life of charity and other good works, he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:--[278]

When gladness fills the heart and fills the mind,
When righteousness is practised Peace to win,
He who so walks shall gain the victory
And all the Fetters utterly destroy.

And when the Master had thus led his teaching up to Arahatship as its crowning point, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I myself was the man who got the nugget of gold."

Footnotes

140:1 Or perhaps ratanasāsanaṁ means 'the creed connected with the (Three) Gems,' viz. the Buddha, the Doctrine, and the Order.

140:2 These are translated in Rhys Davids' "Buddhist Suttas," pp. 189-200.

140:3 The Pātimokkha is translated and discussed in Pt. I. of the translation of the *Vinaya* by Rhys Davids and Oldenberg (S. B. E.

Vol. 13).

No. 57.

VĀNARINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso, O monkey-king*."--This story was told by the Master, while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's going about to kill him. Being informed of Devadatta's murderous intent, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about seeking to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days, but failed to work his wicked will." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a monkey. When full-grown, he was as big as a mare's foal and enormously strong. He lived alone on the banks of a river, in the middle of which was an island whereon grew mangoes and bread-fruits, and other fruit-trees. And in mid-stream, half-way between the island and the river-bank, a solitary rock rose out of the water. Being as strong as an elephant, the Bodhisatta used to leap from the bank on to this rock and thence on to the island. Here he would eat his fill of the fruits that grew on the island, returning at evening by the way he came. And such was his life from day to day.

Now there lived in those days in that river a crocodile and his mate; and she, being with young, was led by the sight of the Bodhisatta journeying to and fro to conceive [279] a longing for the monkey's heart to eat. So she begged her lord to catch the

monkey for her. Promising that she should have her fancy, the crocodile went off and took his stand on the rock, meaning to catch the monkey on his evening journey home.

After ranging about the island all day, the Bodhisatta looked out at evening towards the rock and wondered why the rock stood so high out of the water. For the story goes that the Bodhisatta always marked the exact height of the water in the river, and of the rock in the water. So, when he saw that, though the water stood at the same level, the rock seemed to stand higher out of the water, he suspected that a crocodile might be lurking there to catch him. And, in order to find out the facts of the case, he shouted, as though addressing the rock, "Hi! rock!" And, as no reply came back, he shouted three times, "Hi! rock!" And

as the rock still kept silence, the monkey called out, "How comes it, friend rock, that you won't answer me to-day?"

"Oh!" thought the crocodile; "so the rock's in the habit of answering the monkey. I must answer for the rock to-day." Accordingly, he shouted, "Yes, monkey; what is it?" "Who are you?" said the Bodhisatta. "I'm a crocodile." "What are you sitting on that rock for? "To catch you and eat your heart." As there was no other way back, the only thing to be done was to outwit the crocodile. So the Bodhisatta cried out, "There's no help for it then but to give myself up to you. Open your mouth and catch me when I jump."

Now you must know that when crocodiles open their mouths, their eyes shut [1]. So, when this crocodile unsuspiciously opened his mouth, his eyes shut. And there he waited with closed eyes

and open jaws! Seeing this, the wily monkey made a jump on to the crocodile's head, and thence, with a spring like lightning, gained the bank. When the cleverness of this feat dawned on the crocodile, he said, "Monkey, he that in this world [280] possesses the four virtues overcomes his foes. And you, methinks, possess all four." And, so saying, he repeated this stanza:--

Whose, O monkey-king, like you, combines
Truth, foresight, fixed resolve, and fearlessness,
Shall see his routed foemen turn and flee.

And with this praise of the Bodhisatta, the crocodile betook himself to his own dwelling-place.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time then, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about seeking to kill me; he did just the sane in bygone days too." And, having ended his lesson, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the crocodile of those days, the brahmin-girl Ciñcā [2] was the crocodile's wife, and I myself the Monkey-King."

[*Note*. Cf. No. 224 (*Kumbhīla-jātaka*). A Chinese version is given by Beal in the 'Romantic Legend' p. 231, and a Japanese version in Griffin's 'Fairy Tales from Japan.']

Footnotes

143:1 This assertion is not in accord with the facts of natural history.

143:2 Her identification here as the crocodile's wicked wife is due to the fact that Ciñcā, who was a "female ascetic of rare beauty," was suborned by Gotama's enemies to simulate pregnancy and charge him with the paternity. How the deceit was exposed, is told in Dhammapada, pp. 338-340.

No. 58.

TAYODHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso, like you*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove also upon the subject of going about to kill.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, Devadatta came to life again as a monkey, and dwelt near the Himalayas as the lord of a tribe of monkeys all of his own begetting. Filled with forebodings that his male offspring might grow up to oust him from his lordship, he used to geld [281] them all with his teeth. Now the Bodhisatta had been begotten by this same monkey; and his mother, in order to save her unborn progeny, stole away to a forest at the foot of the mountain, where in due season she gave birth to the Bodhisatta. And when he was full-grown and had come to years of understanding, he was gifted with marvellous strength.

"Where is my father?" said he one day to his mother. "He dwells at the foot of a certain mountain, nay son," she replied; "and is king of a tribe of monkeys." "Take me to see him, mother." "Not so, my son; for your father is so afraid of being supplanted by his sons that he gelds them all with his teeth." "Never mind; take me there, mother," said the Bodhisatta; "I shall know what to do." So she took him with her to the old monkey. At sight of his son, the old monkey, feeling sure that the Bodhisatta would grow up to depose him, resolved by a feigned embrace to crush the life out

of the Bodhisatta. "Ah! my boy!" he cried; "where have you been all this long time?" And, making a show of embracing the Bodhisatta, he hugged him like a vice. But the Bodhisatta, who was as strong as an elephant, returned the hug so mightily that his father's ribs were like to break.

Then thought the old monkey, "This son of mine, if he grows up, will certainly kill me." Casting about how to kill the Bodhisatta first, he bethought him of a certain lake hard by, where an ogre lived who might eat him. So he said to the Bodhisatta, "I'm old now, my boy, and should like to hand over the tribe to you; to-day you shall be made king. In a lake hard by grow two kinds of water-lily, three kinds of blue-lotus, and five kinds of white-lotus. Go and pick me some." "Yes, father," answered

the Bodhisatta; and off he started. Approaching the lake with caution, he studied the footprints on its, banks and marked how all of them led *down* to the water, but none ever came back. Realising that the lake was haunted by an ogre, he divined that his father, being unable himself to kill him, wished to get him killed [282] by the ogre. "But I'll get the lotuses," said he, "without going into the water at all." So he went to a dry spot, and taking a run leaped from the bank. In his jump, as he was clearing the water, he plucked two flowers which grew up above the surface of the water, and alighted with them on the opposite bank. On his way back, he plucked two more in like manner, as he jumped; and so made a heap on both sides of the lake,--but always keeping out of the ogre's watery domain. When he had picked as many as he thought he could carry across, and was gathering together those on one bank, the astonished ogre

exclaimed, "I've lived a long time in this lake, but I never saw even a human being so wonderfully clever! Here is this monkey who has picked all the flowers he wants, and yet has kept safely out of range of my power." And, parting the waters asunder, the ogre came up out of the lake to where the Bodhisatta stood, and addressed him thus, "O king of the monkeys, he that has three qualities shall have the mastery over his enemies; and you, methinks, have all three." And, so saying, he repeated this stanza in the Bodhisatta's praise:--

Whose, like you, O monkey-king, combines
Dexterity and Valour and Resource,
Shall see his routed foemen turn and flee.

His praises ended, the ogre asked the Bodhisatta why he was gathering the flowers.

"My father is minded to make me king of his tribe," said the Bodhisatta, "and that is why I am gathering them."

"But one so peerless as you ought not to carry flowers," exclaimed the ogre; "I will carry them for you." And so saying, he picked up the flowers and followed with them in the rear of the Bodhisatta.

Seeing this from afar, the Bodhisatta's father knew that his plot had failed. "I sent my son to fall a prey to the ogre, and here he is returning safe and sound, with the ogre humbly carrying his flowers for him! I am undone!" cried the old monkey, and his heart burst asunder [283] into seven pieces, so that he died then and there. And all the other monkeys met together and chose the Bodhisatta to be their king.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was then the king of the monkeys, and I his son."

No. 59.

BHERIVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Go not too far*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain self-willed Brother. Asked by the Master whether the report was true that he was self-willed, the Brother said it was true. "This is net the first time, Brother," said the Master, "that you have shewn yourself self-willed; you were just the same in bygone times as well." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a drummer, and dwelt in a village. Hearing that there was to be a festival at Benares, and hoping to make money by playing his drum to the crowds of holiday-makers, he made his way to the city, with his son. And there he played, and made a great deal of money. On his way home with his earnings he had to pass through a forest which was infested by robbers; and as the boy kept beating away at the drum without ever stopping, the Bodhisatta tried to stop him by saying, "Don't behave like that, beat only now and again,--as if some great lord were passing by."

But in defiance of his father's bidding, the boy thought the best way to frighten the robbers away was to keep steadily on beating away at the drum.

&t the first notes of the drum, away scampered the robbers, thinking some great lord was passing by. But hearing the noise keep on, they saw their mistake and came back to find out who it really was. Finding only two persons, they beat and robbed them. "Alas!" cried the Bodhisatta, "by your ceaseless drumming you have lost all our hard-earned takings!" And, so saying, he repeated this stanza:

Go not too far, but learn excess to shun;
For over-drumming lost what drumming won. [284]

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the son of those days, and I myself the father."

No. 60.

SAṀKHADHAMANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Go not too far*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another self-willed person.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a conch-blower, and went up to Benares with his father to a public festival. There he earned a great deal of money by his conch-blowing, and started for home again. On his way through a forest which was infested by robbers, he warned his father not to keep on blowing his conch; but the old man thought he knew better how to keep the robbers off, and blew away hard without a moment's pause. Accordingly, just as in the preceding story, the robbers returned and plundered the pair. And, as above, the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza:

Go not too far, but learn excess to shun;
For over-blowing lost what blowing won.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the father of those days, and I myself his son."

No. 61.

ASĀTAMANTA-JĀTAKA.

[285] "In lust unbridled."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a passion-tost Brother. The Introductory Story will be related in the Ummadanti-jātaka [1]. But to this Brother the Master said, "Women, Brother, are lustful, profligate, vile, and degraded. Why be passion-tost for a vile woman?" And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a brahmin in the city of Takkasilā in the Gandhāra country; and by the time he had grown up, such was his proficiency in the Three Vedas and all accomplishments, that his fame as a teacher spread through all the world.

In those days there was a brahmin family in Benares, unto whom a son was born; and on the day of his birth they took fire and kept it always burning, until the boy was sixteen. Then his parents told him how the fire, kindled on the day of his birth, had never been allowed to go out; and they bade their son make his choice. If his heart was set on winning entrance hereafter into the Realm of Brahma, then let him take the fire and retire with it to the forest, there to work out his desire by ceaseless worship of the Lord of Fire. But, if he preferred the joys of a home, they bade their son go to Takkasilā and there study under the world-famed teacher with a view to settling down to manage the

property. "I should surely fail in the worship of the Fire-God," said the young brahmin; "I'll be a squire." So he bade farewell to his father and mother, and, with a thousand pieces of money for the teacher's fee, set out for Takkasilā. There he studied till his education was complete, and then betook himself home again.

Now his parents grew to wish him to forsake the world and to worship the Fire-God in the forest. Accordingly his mother, in her desire to despatch him to the forest by bringing home to him the wickedness of women, was confident that his wise and learned teacher would be able to lay bare the wickedness of the sex to her son, and so she asked whether he had quite finished his education. "Oh yes," said the youth.

[286] "Then of course you have not omitted the Dolour Texts?" "I have not learnt those, mother." "How then can you say your education is finished? Go back at once, my son, to your master, and return to us when you have learnt them," said his mother.

"Very good," said the youth, and off he started for Takkasilā once more.

Now his master too had a mother,--an old woman of a hundred and twenty years of age,--whom with his own hands he used to bathe, feed and tend. And for so doing he was scorned by his neighbours,--so much so indeed that he resolved to depart to the forest and there dwell with his mother. Accordingly, in the solitude of a forest he had a hut built in a delightful spot, where water was plentiful, and after laying in a stock of ghee and rice and other provisions, he carried his mother to her new home, and there lived cherishing her old age.

Not finding his master at Takkasilā, the young brahmin made enquiries, and finding out what had happened, set out for the forest, and presented himself respectfully before his master. "What brings you

back so soon, my boy?" said the latter. "I do not think, sir, I learned the Dolour Texts when I was with you," said the youth. "But who told you that you had to learn the Dolour Texts?" "My mother, master," was the reply. Hereon the Bodhisatta reflected that there were no such texts as those, and concluded that his pupil's mother must have wanted her son to learn how wicked women were. So he said to the youth that it was all right, and that he should in due course be taught the Texts in question. "From to-day," said he, "you shall take my place about my mother, and with your own hands wash, feed and look after her. As you rub her hands, feet, head and back, be careful to exclaim, 'Ah, Madam! if you are so lovely now you are so old, what must you not have been in the heyday of your youth!' And as you wash and perfume her hands and feet, burst into praise of their beauty. Further, tell me without shame or reserve every single word my mother says to you. Obey me in this, and you shall master the Dolour Texts; disobey me, and you shall remain ignorant of them for ever."

Obedient to his master's commands, the youth did all he was bidden, and so persistently praised the old woman's beauty that she thought he had fallen in love with her; and, blind and decrepit though she was, passion was kindled within her [287]. So one day she broke in on his compliments by asking, "Is your desire towards me?" "It is indeed, madam," answered the youth;

"but nay master is so strict." "If you desire me," said she, "kill my son!" "But how shall I, that have learned so much from him, how shall I for passion's sake kill my master?" "Well then, if you will be faithful to me, I will kill him myself."

(So lustful, vile, and degraded are women that, giving the rein to lust, a hag like this, and old as she was, actually thirsted for the blood of so dutiful a son!)

Now the young brahmin told all this to the Bodhisatta, who, commending him for reporting the matter, studied how much longer his mother was destined to live. Finding that her destiny was to die that very day, he said, "Come, young brahmin; I will put her to the test." So he cut down a fig-tree and hewed out of it a wooden figure about his own size, which he wrapped up, head and all, in a robe and laid upon his own bed,--with a string tied to it. "Now go with an axe to my mother," said he; "and give her this string as a clue to guide her steps."

So away went the youth to the old woman, and said, "Madam, the master is lying down indoors on his bed; I have tied this string as a clue to guide you; take this axe and kill him, if you can." "But you won't forsake me, will you?" said she. "Why should I?" was his reply. So she took the axe, and, rising up with trembling limbs, groped her way along by the string, till she thought she felt her son. Then she bared the head of the figure, and--thinking to kill her son at a single blow--

brought down the axe right on the figure's throat,--only to learn by the thud that it was wood! "What are you doing, mother?" said the Bodhisatta. With a shriek that she was betrayed, the old

woman fell dead to the ground. For, says tradition, it was fated that she should die at that very moment and under her own roof.

Seeing that she was dead, her son burnt her body, and, when the flames of the pile were quenched, graced her ashes with wild-flowers. Then with the young brahmin he sat at the door of the hut and said, "My son, there is no such separate passage as the 'Dolour Text.' [288] It is women who are depravity incarnate. And when your mother sent you back to me to learn the Dolour Texts, her object was that you should learn how wicked women are. You have now witnessed with your own eyes my mother's wickedness, and therefrom you will see how lustful and vile women are." And with this lesson, he bade the youth depart.

Bidding farewell to his master, the young brahmin went home to his parents. Said his mother to him, "Have you now learnt the Dolour Texts?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what," she asked, "is your final choice? will you leave the world to worship the Lord of Fire, or will you choose a family life?" "Nay," answered the young brahmin; "with my own eyes have I seen the wickedness of womankind; I will have nothing to do with family life. I will renounce the world." And his convictions found vent in this stanza:--

In lust unbridled, like devouring fire,
Are women,--frantic in their rage.
The sex renouncing, fain would I retire
To find peace in a hermitage.

[289] With this invective against womankind, the young brahmin took leave of his parents, and renounced the world for the hermit's life,--wherein winning the peace he desired, he assured himself of admittance after that life into the Realm of Brahma.

"So you see, Brother," said the Master, "how lustful, vile, and woe-bringing are women." And after declaring the wickedness of women, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Lastly, the Master chewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying,

"Kāpilānī [1] was the mother of those days, Mahā-Kassapa was the father, Ānanda the pupil, and I myself the teacher."

Footnotes

147:1 No. 527.

150:1 Her history is given in J. R. A. S. 1893, page 786.

No. 62.

AṆḌABHŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Blindfold, a-luting*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another passion-tost person.

Said the Master, "Is the report true that you are passion-tost, Brother?" "Quite true," was the reply.

"Brother, women can not be warded; in days gone by the wise who kept watch over a woman from the moment she was born, failed nevertheless to keep her safe." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the child of the Queen-consort. When he grew up, he mastered every accomplishment; and when, at his father's death, he came to be king, he proved a righteous king. Now he used to play at dice with his chaplain, and, as he flung the golden dice upon the silver table, he would sing this catch for luck:--

’Tis nature's law that rivers wind;
Trees grow of wood by law of kind;
And, given opportunity,
All women work iniquity.

[290] As these lines always made the king win the game, the chaplain was in a fair way to lose every penny he had in the world. And, in order to save himself from utter ruin, he resolved

to seek out a little maid that had never seen another man, and then to keep her under lock and key in his own house. "For," thought he, "I couldn't manage to look after a girl who has seen another man. So I must take a new-born baby girl, and keep her under my thumb as she grows up, with a close guard over her, so that none may come near her and that she may be true to one man. *Then* I shall win of the king, and grow rich." Now he was skilled in prognostication; and seeing a poor woman who was about to become a mother, and knowing that her child would be a girl, he paid the woman to come and be confined in his house, and sent her away after her confinement with a present. The infant was brought up entirely by women, and no men--other than himself--were ever allowed to set eyes on her. When the girl grew up, she was subject to him and he was her master.

Now, while the girl was growing up, the chaplain forbore to play with the king; but when she was grown up and under his own control,

he challenged the king to a game. The king accepted, and play began. But, when in throwing the dice the king sang his lucky catch, the chaplain added,--"always excepting my girl." And then luck changed, and it was now the chaplain who won, while the king lost.

Thinking the matter over, the Bodhisatta suspected the chaplain had a virtuous girl shut up in his house; and enquiry proved his suspicions true. Then, in order to work her fall, he sent for a clever scamp, and asked whether he thought he could seduce the girl. "Certainly, sire," said the fellow. So the king gave him money, and sent him away with orders to lose no time.

With the king's money the fellow bought perfumes and incense and aromatics of all sorts, and opened a perfumery shop close to the chaplain's house. Now the chaplain's house was seven stories high, and had seven gateways, at each of which a guard was set,--a guard of women only,--and no man but the brahmin himself was ever allowed to enter. The very baskets that contained the dust and sweepings [291] were examined before they were passed in. Only the chaplain was allowed to see the girl, and she had only a single waiting-woman. This woman had money given her to buy flowers and perfumes for her mistress, and on her way she used to pass near the shop which the scamp had opened. And he, knowing very well that she was the girl's attendant, watched one day for her coming, and, rushing out of his shop, fell at her feet, clasping her knees tightly with both hands and blubbering out, "O my mother! where have you been all this long time?"

And his confederates, who stood by his side, cried, "What a likeness! Hand and foot, face and figure, even in style of dress, they are identical!" As one and all kept dwelling on the marvellous likeness, the poor woman lost her head. Crying out that it must be her boy, she too burst into tears. And with weeping and tears the two fell to embracing one another. Then said the man, "Where are you living, mother?"

"Up at the chaplain's, my son. He has a young wife of peerless beauty, a very goddess for grace; and I'm her waiting-woman." "And whither away now, mother?" "To buy her perfumes and flowers." "Why go elsewhere for them? Come to me for them in future," said the fellow. And he gave the woman betel, bdellium, and so forth, and all kinds of flowers, refusing all payment. Struck with the quantity of flowers and perfumes which the

waiting-woman brought home, the girl asked why the brahmin was so pleased with her that day. "Why do you say that, my dear?" asked the old woman. "Because of the quantity of things you have brought home." "No, it isn't that the brahmin was free with his money," said the old woman; "for I got them at my son's." And from that day forth she kept the money the brahmin gave her, and got her flowers and other things free of charge at the man's shop.

And he, a few days later, made out to be ill, and took to his bed. So when the old woman came to the shop and asked for her son, she was told he had been taken ill. Hastening to his side, she fondly stroked his shoulders, as she asked what ailed him. But he made no reply. "Why don't you tell me, my son?" "Not even if I were dying, could I tell you, mother." "But, if you don't tell me, [292] whom are you to tell?" "Well then, mother, my malady lies solely in this that, hearing the praises of your young mistress's beauty, I have fallen in love with her. If I win her, I shall live; if not, this will be my death-bed." "Leave that to me, my boy," said the old woman cheerily; "and don't worry yourself on this account." Then--with a heavy load of perfumes and flowers to take with her--she went home, and said to the brahmin's young wife, "Alas! here's my son in love with you, merely because I told him how beautiful you are! What is to be done?"

"If you can smuggle him in here," replied the girl, "you have my leave."

Hereupon the old woman set to work sweeping together all the dust she could find in the house from top to bottom; this dust she put into a huge flower-basket, and tried to pass out with it.

When the usual search was made, she emptied dust over the woman on guard, who fled away under such ill-treatment. In like manner she dealt with all the other watchers, smothering in dust each one in turn that said anything to her. And so it came to pass from that time forward that, no matter what the old woman took in or out of the house, there was nobody bold enough to search her. Now was the time! The old woman smuggled the scamp into the house in a flower-basket, and brought him to her young mistress. He succeeded in wrecking the girl's virtue, and actually stayed a day or two in the upper rooms,--hiding when the chaplain was at home, and enjoying the society of his mistress when the chaplain was off the premises. A day or two passed and the girl said to her lover, "Sweet-heart, you must be going now." "Very well; only I must cuff the brahmin first." "Certainly," said she, and hid the scamp. Then, when the brahmin came in again, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear husband, I should so like to dance, if you would play the lute for me." "Dance away, my dear," said the chaplain, and struck up forthwith. "But I shall be too ashamed, if you're looking. Let me hide your handsome face first with a cloth; and then I will dance." "All right," said he; "if you're too modest to dance otherwise." So she took a thick cloth and tied it over the brahmin's face so as to blindfold him. And, blindfolded as he was, the brahmin began to play the lute. After dancing awhile, she cried, "My clear, I should so like to hit you once on the head." "Hit away," said the unsuspecting dotard. Then the girl made a sign to her paramour; and he softly stole up behind the brahmin [293] and smote him on the head.

p. 154

Such was the force of the blow, that the brahmin's eyes were like to start out of his head, and a bump rose up on the spot.

Smarting with pain, he called to the girl to give him her hand; and she placed it in his. "Ah! it's a soft hand," said he; "but it hits hard!"

Now, as soon as the scamp had struck the brahmin, he hid; and when he was hidden, the girl took the bandage off the chaplain's eyes and rubbed his bruised head with oil. The moment the brahmin went out, the scamp was stowed away in his basket again by the old woman, and so carried out of the house. Making his way at once to the king, he told him the whole adventure.

Accordingly, when the brahmin was next in attendance, the king proposed a game with the dice; the brahmin was willing; and the dicing-table was brought out. As the king made his throw, he sang his old catch, and the brahmin--ignorant of the girl's naughtiness--added his "always excepting my girl,"--and nevertheless lost!

Then the king, who *did* know what had passed, said to his chaplain, "Why except her? Her virtue has given way. Ah, you dreamed that by taking a girl in the hour of her birth and by placing a sevenfold guard round her, you could be certain of her. Why, you couldn't be certain of a woman, even if you had her inside you and always walked about with her. No woman is ever faithful to one man alone. As for that girl of yours, she told you she should like to dance, and having first blindfolded you as you played the lute to her, she let her paramour strike you on the head, and then smuggled him out of the house. Where then is your exception?" And so saying, the king repeated this stanza:--

Blindfold, a-luting, by his wife beguiled,
  The brahmin sits,--who tried to rear

A paragon of virtue undefiled!
  Learn hence to hold the sex in fear.

[294] In such wise did the Bodhisatta expound the Truth to the brahmin. And the brahmin went home and taxed the girl with the wickedness of which she was accused. "My dear husband, who can have said such a thing about me?" said she. "Indeed I am innocent; indeed it was my own hand, and nobody else's, that struck you; and, if you do not believe me, I will brave the ordeal of fire to prove that no man's hand has touched me but yours; and so I will make you believe me." "So be it," said the brahmin. And he had a quantity of wood brought and set light to it. Then the girl was summoned. "Now," said he, "if you believe your own story, brave these flames!"

Now before this the girl had instructed her attendant as follows:--"Tell your son, mother, to be there and to seize my hand just as I am about to go into the fire." And the old woman did as she was bidden; and the fellow came and took his stand among the crowd. Then, to

delude the brahmin, the girl, standing there before all the people, exclaimed with fervour, "No man's hand but thine, brahmin, has ever touched me; and, by the truth of my asseveration I call on this fire to harm me not." So saying, she advanced to the burning pile,--when up dashed her paramour, who seized her by the hand, crying shame on the brahmin who could force so fair a maid to enter the flames! Shaking her hand free, the girl exclaimed to the brahmin that what she had asserted was now undone, and that she could not now brave the ordeal of fire. "Why not?" said the brahmin. "Because," she

replied, "my asseveration was that no man's hand but thine had ever touched me; [295] and now here is a man who has seized hold of my hand!" But the brahmin, knowing that he was tricked, drove her from him with blows.

Such, we learn, is the wickedness of women. What crime will they not commit; and then, to deceive their husbands, what oaths will they not take--aye, in the light of day--that they did it not! So false-hearted are they! Therefore has it been said:--

A sex composed of wickedness and guile,
Unknowable; uncertain as the path
Of fishes in the water,--womankind
Hold truth for falsehood, falsehood for the truth!
As greedily as cows seek pastures new,
Women, unsated, yearn for mate on mate.
As sand unstable, cruel as the snake,
Women know all things; naught from them is hid!

"Even so impossible is it to ward women," said the Master. His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-test Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also the Master showed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying:--"In these days I was the king of Benares."

[*Note*. The cuffing of the brahmin is the subject of a Bharhut sculpture, Plate 26, 8. For a parallel to the trick by which the girl avoids the ordeal of fire, see *Folklore* 3. 291.]

No. 63.

TAKKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Wrathful are women*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another passion-tost Brother. When on being questioned the Brother confessed that he was passion-tost, the Master said, "Women are ingrates and treacherous; why are you passion-tost because of them?" And he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, who had chosen an anchorite's life, built himself a hermitage by the banks of the Ganges, and there won the Attainments and the Higher Knowledges, and so dwelt in the bliss of Insight. In those days the Lord High Treasurer of Benares had a fierce and cruel daughter, known as Lady Wicked, who used to revile and beat her servants and slaves. And one day they took their young mistress [296] to disport herself in the Ganges; and the girls were playing about in the water, when the sun set and a great storm burst upon them. Hereon folks scampered away, and the girl's attendants, exclaiming, "Now is the time to see the last of this creature!" threw her right into the river and hurried off. Down poured the rain in torrents, the sun set, and darkness came on. And when the attendants reached home without their young mistress, and were asked where she was, they replied that she had got out of the Ganges but that they did not know where she had gone. Search was made by her family, but not a trace of the missing girl could be found.

Meantime she, screaming loudly, was swept down by the swollen stream, and at midnight approached where the Bodhisatta dwelt in his hermitage. Hearing her cries, he thought to himself, "That's a woman's voice. I must rescue her from the water." So he took a torch of grass and by its light descried her in the stream. "Don't be afraid; don't be afraid!" he shouted cheerily, and waded in, and, thanks to his vast strength, as of an elephant, brought her safe to land. Then he made a fire for her in his hermitage and set luscious fruits of divers kinds before her. Not till she had eaten did he ask, "Where is your home, and how came you to fall in the river?" And the girl told him all that had befallen her. "Dwell here for the present," said he, and installed her in his hermitage, whilst for the next two or three days he himself abode in the open air. At the end of that time he bade her depart, but she was set on waiting till she had made the ascetic fall in love with her; and would not go. And as time went by, she so wrought on him by her womanly grace and wiles that he lost his Insight. With her he continued to dwell in the forest. But she did not like living in that solitude and wanted to be taken among people. So yielding to her importunities he took her away with him to a border village, where he supported her by selling dates, and so was called the Date-Sage [1]. And the villagers paid

him to teach them what were lucky and unlucky seasons, and gave him a hut to live in at the entrance to their village.

Now the border was harried by robbers from the mountains; and they made a raid one day [297] on the village where the pair lived, and looted it. They made the poor villagers pack up their belongings, and off they went--with the Treasurer's daughter

among the rest--to their own abodes. Arrived there, they let everybody else go free; but the girl, because of her beauty, was taken to wife by the robber chieftain.

And when the Bodhisatta learned this, he thought to himself, "She will not endure to live away from me. She will escape and come back to me." And so he lived on, waiting for her to return. She meantime was very happy with the robbers, and only feared that the Date-sage would come to carry her away again. "I should feel more secure," thought she, "if he were dead. I must send a message to him feigning love and so entice him here to his death." So she sent a messenger to him with the message that she was unhappy, and that she wanted him to take her away.

And he, in his faith in her, set out forthwith, and came to the entrance of the robbers' village, whence be sent a message to her. "To fly now, my husband," said she, "would only be to fall into the robber chieftain's hands who would kill us both. Let us put off our flight till night." So she took him and hid him in a room; and when the robber came home at night and was inflamed with strong drink, she said to him, "Tell me, love, what would you do if your rival were in your power?"

And he said he would do this and that to him.

"Perhaps he is not so far away as you think," said she. "He is in the next room."

Seizing a torch, the robber rushed in and seized the Bodhisatta and beat him about the head and body to his heart's content. Amid the blows the Bodhisatta made no cry, only murmuring, "Cruel ingrates! slanderous traitors!" And this was all he said.

And when he had thus beaten, bound, and laid by the heels the Bodhisatta, the robber finished his supper, and lay down to sleep. In the morning, when he had slept off his over-night's debauch, he fell anew to beating the Bodhisatta, who still made no cry but kept repeating the same four words. And the robber was struck with this and asked why, even when beaten, he kept saying that. [298]

"Listen," said the Date-Sage, "and you shall hear. Once I was a hermit dwelling in the solitude of the forest, and there I won Insight. And I rescued this woman from the Ganges and helped her in her need, and by her allurements fell from my high estate. Then I quitted the forest and supported her in a village, whence she was carried off by robbers. And she sent me a message that she was unhappy, entreating

me to come and take her away. Now she has made me fall into your hands. That is why I thus exclaim."

This set the robber a-thinking again, and he thought, "If she can feel so little for one who is so good and has done so much for her, what injury would she not do to me? She must die." So having reassured the Bodhisatta and having awakened the woman, he set out sword in hand, pretending to her that he was about to kill him outside the village. Then bidding her hold the Date-Sage he drew his sword, and, making as though to kill the sage, clove the woman in twain. Then he bathed the Date-Sage from head to foot and for several days fed him with dainties to his heart's content.

"Where do you purpose to go now?" said the robber at last.

"The world," answered the sage, "has no pleasures for me. I will become a hermit once more and dwell in my former habitation in the forest."

"And I too will become a hermit," exclaimed the robber. So both became hermits together, and dwelt in the hermitage in the forest, where they won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and qualified themselves when life ended to enter the Realm of Brahma.

After telling these two stories, the Master chewed the connexion, by reciting, as Buddha, this stanza:--

Wrathful are women, slanderers, ingrates,
The sowers of dissension and fell strife!
Then, Brother, tread the path of holiness,
And Bliss therein thou shalt not fail to find.

[299] His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the passion-tost Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the robber-chief of those days, and I myself the Date-Sage."

Footnotes

156:1 There is a play here upon the word *takka*, which cannot well be rendered in English. The word *takka-paṇḍito*, which I have rendered 'Date Sage,' would--by itself--mean 'Logic Sage,' whilst his living was got *takkaṁ vikkinitvā* 'by selling dates.' There is the

further difficulty that the latter phrase may equally well mean by selling buttermilk.'

No. 64.

DURĀJĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Think'st thou*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother. Tradition says that there dwelt at Sāvatthi a lay-brother, who was stablished in the Three Gems and the Five Commandments, a devout lover of the Buddha, the Doctrine and the Brotherhood. But his wife was a sinful and wicked woman. On days when she did wrong, she was as meek as a slave-girl bought for a hundred pieces; whilst on days when she did not do

wrong, she played my lady, passionate and tyrannical. The husband could not make her out. She worried him so much that he did not go to wait on the Buddha.

One day he went with perfumes and flowers, and had taken his seat after due salutation, when the Master said to him:--"Pray how comes it, lay-brother, that seven or eight days have gone by without your coming to wait upon the Buddha?" "My wife, sir, is one day like a slave-girl bought for a hundred pieces, while another day finds her like a passionate and tyrannical mistress. I cannot make her out; and it is because she has worried me so that I have not been to wait upon the Buddha."

Now, when he heard these words, the Master said, "Why, lay-brother, you have already been told by the wise and good of bygone days that it is hard to understand the nature of women." And he went on to add "but his previous existences have come

to be confused in his mind, so that he cannot remember." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to be a teacher of world-wide fame, with five hundred young brahmins studying under him. [300] One of these pupils was a young brahmin from a foreign land, who fell in love with a woman and made her his wife. Though he continued to live on in Benares, be failed two or three times in his attendance on the master. For, you should know, his wife was a sinful and wicked woman, who was as meek as a slave on days when she had done wrong, but on days when she had not done wrong, played my lady, passionate and tyrannical. Her husband could not make her out at all; and so worried and harassed by her was he that he absented himself from waiting on the Master. Now, some seven or eight days later he renewed his attendances, and was asked by the Bodhisatta why he had not been seen of late.

"Master, my wife is the cause," said he. And he told the Bodhisatta how she was meek one day like a slave-girl, and tyrannical the next; how he could not make her out at all, and how he had been so worried and harassed by her shifting moods that he had stayed away.

"Precisely so, young brahmin," said the Bodhisatta; "on days when they have done wrong, women humble themselves before their husbands and become as meek and submissive as a slave-girl; but on days when they have not done wrong, then they become stiff-necked and insubordinate to their lords. After this manner are women sinful and wicked; and their nature is hard to

know. No heed should be paid either to their likes or to their dislikes." And so saying, the Bodhisatta repeated for the edification of his pupil this Stanza:--

Think’st thou a woman loves thee?--be not glad.
Think’st thou she loves thee not?--forbear to grieve.
Unknowable, uncertain as the path
Of fishes in the water, women prove.

[301] Such was the Bodhisatta's instruction to his pupil, who thenceforward paid no heed to his wife's caprices. And she, hearing that her misconduct had come to the ears of the Bodhisatta, ceased from that time forward from her naughtiness.

So too this lay-brother's wife said to herself, "The Perfect Buddha himself knows, they tell me, of my misconduct," and thenceforth she sinned no more.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the lay-brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Then the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying--"This husband and wife were also the husband and wife of those days, and I myself the teacher."

No. 65.

ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA.

"*Like highways*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about just such another lay-brother as the last. This man, when on enquiry he assured himself of his wife's misconduct, came to words with her, with the result that he was so upset that for seven or eight days he failed in his attendance. One day he came to the monastery, made his bow to the Blessed One and took his seat. Being asked why he had been absent for seven or eight days, he replied, "Sir, my wife has misconducted herself, and I have been so upset about her that I did not come."

"Lay-brother," said the Master, "long ago the wise and good told you not to be angered at the naughtiness found in women, but to preserve your equanimity this, however, you have forgotten, because re-birth has hidden it from you." And so saying, he told--at that lay-brother's request--this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide reputation, as in the foregoing story. And a pupil of his, finding his wife unfaithful, was so affected by the discovery that he stayed away for some days, but being asked one day by his teacher what was the reason of his absence, he made a clean breast of it, Then said his teacher, "My son, there is no private property in women: they are common to all. [302] And therefore wise men knowing

their frailty, are nod excited to anger against them." And so saying, he repeated this stanza for his pupil's edification:--

Like highways, rivers, courtyards, hostelries,
Or taverns, which to all alike extend
One universal hospitality,
Is womankind; and wise men never stoop
To wrath at frailty in a sex so frail.

Such was the instruction which the Bodhisatta imparted to his pupil, who thenceforward grew indifferent to what women did. And as for his wife, she was so changed by hearing that the teacher knew what she was, that she gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

So too that lay-brother's wife, when she heard that the Master knew what she was, gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the lay-brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This husband and wife were also the husband and wife of those days, and I myself the brahmin teacher."

No. 66.

MUDULAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Till Gentle-heart was mine*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about concupiscence. Tradition says that a young gentleman of Sāvatthi, [30;3] on hearing the Truth preached by the Master, gave his heart to the Doctrine of the Three Gems. Renouncing the world for the Brother's life, he rose to walk in the Paths, to practise meditation, and never to slacken in his pondering over the theme he had chosen for thought. One day, whilst he was on his round for alms through Sāvatthi, he espied a woman in brave attire, and, for pleasure's sake, broke through the higher morality and gazed upon her! Passion was stirred within him, he became even as a fig-tree felled by the axe. From that day forth, under the sway of passion, the palate of his mind, as of his body, lost all its gust; like a brute beast, he took no joy in the Doctrine, and suffered his nails and hair to grow long and his robes to grow foul.

When his friends among the Brethren became aware of his troubled state of mind, they said, "Why, sir, is your moral state otherwise than it was?" "My Joy has gone," said he. Then they took him to the Master, who asked them why they had brought that Brother there against his will. "Because, sir, his joy is gone," "Is that true, Brother?" "It is, Blessed One." "Who has troubled you?" "Sir, I was on my round for alms when, violating the higher morality, I gazed on a woman; and passion was stirred within me. Therefore am I

troubled." Then said the Master, "It is little marvel, Brother, that when, violating morality, you were gazing for pleasure's sake on an exceptional object, you were stirred by passion. Why, in bygone times, even those who had won the five Higher Knowledges and the eight Attainments, those who by the might of Insight had quelled their passions, whose hearts were purified and whose feet could walk the skies, yea even Bodhisattas, through gazing in violation of morality on an exceptional object, lost their insight, were stirred by passion, and came to great sorrow. Little recks the wind which could overturn Mount Sineru, of a bare hillock no bigger than an elephant; little recks a wind which could uproot a mighty Jambu-tree, of a bush on the face of a cliff; and little recks a wind which could dry up a vast ocean, of a tiny pond. If passion could breed folly in the supremely-enlightened and pure-minded Bodhisattas, shall passion be abashed before you? Why, even purified beings are led astray by passion, and those advanced to the highest honour, come to shame." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin family in the Kāsi country. When he was grown up and had finished his education, he renounced all Lusts, and, forsaking the world for the hermit's life, went to live in the solitudes of the Himalayas. There by due fulfilment of all preparatory forms of meditation, he won by abstract thought the Higher Knowledges and the ecstatic Attainments; and so lived his life in the bliss of mystic Insight.

[304] Lack of salt and vinegar brought him one day to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the king's pleasaunce. Next day,

after seeing to his bodily needs, he folded up the red suit of bark which he commonly wore, threw over one shoulder a black antelope's skin, knotted his tangled locks in a coil on the top of his head, and with a yoke on his back from which hung two baskets, set out on his round in quest of alms. Coming to the palace-gates on his way, his demeanour so commended him to the king that his majesty had him brought in So the ascetic was seated on a couch of great splendour and fed with abundance of the daintiest food. And when he thanked the king, he was invited to take up his dwelling in the pleasaunce. The ascetic accepted the offer, and for sixteen years abode in the pleasaunce, exhorting the king's household and eating of the king's meat.

Now there came a day when the king must go to the borders to put down a rising. But, before he started, he charged his queen, whose name was Gentle-heart, to minister to the wants of the holy man. So, after the king's departure, the Bodhisatta continued to go when he pleased to the palace.

One day Queen Gentle-heart got ready a meal for the Bodhisatta; but as he was late in coming, she betook herself to her own toilette. After bathing in perfumed water, she dressed herself in all her splendour,

and lay down, awaiting his coming, on a little couch in the spacious chamber.

Waking from rapture of Insight, and seeing how late it was, the Bodhisatta transported himself through the air to the palace. Hearing the rustling of his bark-robe, the queen started up hurriedly to receive him. In her hurry to rise, her tunic slipped

down, so that her beauty was revealed to the ascetic as he entered the window; and at the sight, in violation of Morality he gazed for pleasure's sake on the marvellous beauty of the queen. Lust was kindled within him; he was as a tree felled by the axe. At once all Insight deserted him, and he became as a crow with its wings clipped. Clutching his food, still standing, he ate not, but took his way, all a-tremble with desire, from the palace to his hut in the pleasaunce, set it down beneath his wooden couch and thereon lay for seven whole days a prey to hunger and thirst, enslaved by the queen's loveliness, his heart aflame with lust.

On the seventh day, the king came back from pacifying the border. After passing in solemn procession round the city, he entered his palace. [305] Then, wishing to see the ascetic, he took his way to the pleasaunce, and there in the cell found the Bodhisatta lying on his couch. Thinking the holy man had been taken ill, the king, after first having the cell cleaned out, asked, as he stroked the sufferer's feet, what ailed him. "Sire, my heart is fettered by lust; that is my sole ailment." "Lust for whom?" "For Gentle-heart, sire." "Then she is yours; I give her to you," said the king. Then he passed with the ascetic to the palace, and bidding the queen array herself in all her splendour, gave her to the Bodhisatta. But, as he was giving her away, the king privily charged the queen to put forth her utmost endeavour to save the holy man.

"Fear not, sire," said the queen; "I will save him." So with the queen the ascetic went out from the palace. But when he had passed through the great gate, the queen cried out that they must have a house to live in; and back he must go to the king to ask for one. So back he went to ask the king for a house to live

in, and the king gave them a tumble-down dwelling which passers-by used as a jakes. To this dwelling the ascetic took the queen; but she flatly refused to enter it, because of its filthy state.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "Why, clean it out," she said. And she sent him to the king for a spade and a basket, and made him remove all the filth and dirt, and plaster the walls with cowdung, which he had to fetch. This done, she made him get a bed, and a stool, and a rug, and a water-pot, and a cup, sending him for only one thing at a time. Next, she sent him packing to fetch water and a thousand other things. So off he started for the water, and filled up the water-pot, and set out the water for the bath, and made the bed. And, as he sat with her upon the

bed, she took him by the whiskers and drew him towards her till they were face to face, saying, "Hast thou forgotten that thou art a holy man and a brahmin?"

Hereon he came to himself after his interval of witless folly.

(And here should be repeated the text beginning, "Thus the hindrances of Lust and Longing are called Evils because they spring from Ignorance, Brethren; [306] that which springs from Ignorance creates Darkness.")

So when he had come to himself, he bethought him how, waxing stronger and stronger, this fatal craving would condemn him hereafter to the Four States of Punishment [1]." This self-same day," he cried, "will I restore this woman to the king and fly to the mountains!" So he stood with the queen before the king and

said, "Sire, I want your queen no longer; and it was only for her that cravings were awakened within me." And so saying, he repeated this Stanza:--

Till Gentle-heart was mine, one sole desire
I had,--to win her. When her beauty owned
Me lord, desire came crowding on desire.

Forthwith his lost power of Insight came back to him. Rising from the earth and seating himself in the air, he preached the Truth to the king; and without touching earth he passed through the air to the Himalayas. He never came back to the paths of men; but grew in love and charity till, with Insight unbroken, he passed to a new birth in the Realm of Brahma.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship itself. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the King of those days, Uppala-vaṇṇā was Gentle-heart, and I the hermit."

Footnotes

164:1 Hell, the brute-creation, ghostdom, devildom.

No. 67.

UCCHAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

"*A son's an easy find*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain country-woman.

For it fell out once in Kosala that three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a certain forest, and that robbers plundered folk in that forest and made their escape. [307] The victims came, in the course of a fruitless search for the rascals, to where the three men were ploughing. "Here are the forest robbers,

disguised as husbandmen," they cried, and hauled the trio off as prisoners to the King of Kosala. Now time after time there came to the king's palace a woman who with loud lamentations begged for "wherewith to be covered." Hearing her cry, the king ordered a shift to be given her; but she refused it, saying this was not what she meant. So the king's servants came back to his majesty and said that what the woman wanted was not clothes but a husband [1]. Then the king had the woman brought into his presence and asked her whether she really did mean a husband.

"Yes, sire," she answered; "for a husband is a woman's real covering, and she that lacks a husband--even though she be clad in garments costing a thousand pieces--goes bare and naked indeed."

(And to enforce this truth, the following Sutta should be recited here:--

Like kingless kingdoms, like a stream run dry,
So bare and naked is a woman seen,
Who, having brothers ten, yet lacks a mate.)

Pleased with the woman's answer, the king asked what relation the three prisoners were to her. And she said that one was her husband, one her brother, and one her son. "Well, to mark my favour," said the king, "I give you one of the three. Which will you take?" "Sire," was her answer, "if I live, I can get another husband and another son; but as my parents are dead, I can never get another brother. So give me my brother, Sire." Pleased with the woman, the king set all three men at liberty; and thus this one woman was the means of saving three persons from peril.

When the matter came to the knowledge of the Brotherhood, they were lauding the woman in the Hall of Truth, when the Master entered. Learning on enquiry what was the subject of their talk, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this woman has saved those three from peril; she did the same in days gone by." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a forest, and everything came to pass as above.

Being asked by the king which of the three she would take, the woman said, "Cannot your majesty give me all three?" "No," said the king, "I cannot." [308] "Well, if I cannot have all three, give me my brother." "Take your husband or your son," said the king. "What matters a brother?" "The two former I can readily

replace," answered the woman, "but a brother never." And so saying, she repeated this stanza:--

A son 's an easy find; of husbands too
An ample choice throngs public ways. But where
Will all my pains another brother find?

"She is quite right," said the king, well-pleased. And he bade all three men be fetched from the prison and given over to the woman. She took them all three and went her way.

"So you see, Brethren," said the Master, "that this same woman once before saved these same three men from peril." His lesson ended, he made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The woman and the three men of to-day were also the woman and men of those bygone days; and I was then the king."

[*Note*.--Cf. for the idea of the verse Herodotus 118-120, Sophocles *Antigone* 909-912; and see this passage discussed in the *Indian Antiquary* for December, 1881.]

Footnotes

165:1 Cf. 'femme couverte.'

No. 68.

SĀKETA-JĀTAKA.

"*The man thy mind rests on*."--This story was told by the Master, while at Añjanavana, about a certain brahmin. Tradition says that when the Blessed One with his disciples was entering the city of Sāketa, an old brahmin of that place, who was going out, met him in the gateway. Falling at the Buddha's feet, and clasping him by the ankles, the old man cried, "Son, is it not the duty of children to cherish the old age of their parents? [309] Why have you not let us see you all this long time? At last I have seen you; come, let your mother see you too." So saying, he took the Master with him to his house; and there the Master sat upon the seat prepared for him, with his disciples around him. Then came the brahmin's wife, and she too fell at the feet of the Blessed One, crying, "My son, where have you been all this time? Is it not the duty of children to comfort their parents in their old age?" Hereon, she called to her sons and daughters that their brother was come, and made them salute the Buddha. And in their joy the aged pair shewed great hospitality to their guests. After his meal, the Master recited to the old people the Sutta concerning old-age [1]; and, when he had ended, both husband and wife won fruition of the Second Path. Then rising up from his seat, the Master went back to Añjanavana.

Meeting together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren fell to talking about this thing. It was urged that the brahmin must have been well aware that Suddhodana was the father, and Mahāmāyā the mother, of the Buddha; yet none the less, he and his wife had claimed the Buddha as their own son,--and that with the

Master's assent. What could it all mean? Hearing their talk, the Master said, "Brethren, the aged pair were right in claiming me as their son." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Brethren, in ages past this brahmin was my father in 500 successive births, my uncle in a like number, and in 500 more my grandfather. And

in 1500 successive births his wife was respectively my mother, my aunt, and my grandmother. So I was brought up in 1500 births by this brahmin, and in 1500 by his wife.

And therewithal, having told of these 3000 births, the Master, as Buddha, recited this Stanza:--

The man thy mind rests on, with whom thy heart
Is pleased at first sight,--place thy trust in him.

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[310] His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This brahmin and his wife were the husband and wife in all those existences, and I the child."

[*Note*. See also No. 237.]

Footnotes

166:1 The Jarā-sutta of the Sutta-nipāta, page 152 of Fausböll's edition for the Pāli Text Society.

No. 69.

VISAVANTA-JĀTAKA.

"*May shame*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith. Tradition says that in the days when the Elder used to eat meal-cakes, folks came to the monastery with a quantity of such cakes for the Brotherhood. After the Brethren had all eaten their fill, much remained over; and the givers said, "Sirs, take some for those too who are away in the village."

Just then a youth who was the Elder's co-resident, was away in the village. For him a portion was taken; but, as he did not return, and it was felt that it was getting very late [1], this portion was given to the Elder. When this portion had been eaten by the Elder, the youth carte in. Accordingly, the Elder explained the case to him, saying, "Sir, I have eaten the cakes set apart for you." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "we have all of us got a sweet tooth." The Great Elder was much troubled.

"From this day forward," he exclaimed, "I vow never to eat meal-cakes again." And from that day forward, so tradition says, the Elder Sāriputta never touched meal-cakes again! This abstention became matter of common knowledge in the Brotherhood, and the Brethren sat talking of it in the Hall of Truth. Said the Master, "What are you talking of, Brethren, as you sit here?" When they had told him, he said, "Brethren, when Sāriputta has once given anything up, he never goes back to it again, even though his life be at stake." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a family of doctors skilled in the cure of snake-bites, and when he grew up, he practised for a livelihood.

Now it fell out that a countryman was bitten by a snake; and without delay his relatives quickly fetched the doctor. Said the Bodhisatta, "Shall I extract the venom with the usual antidotes, or have the snake caught and make it suck its own poison out of the wound?" "Have the snake caught and make it suck the poison out." So, he had the snake caught, and asked the creature, saying "Did you bite this man?" "Yes, I did," was the answer. [311] "Well then, suck your own poison out of the wound again." "What? Take back the poison I have once shed!" cried the snake; "I never did, and I never will." Then the doctor made a fire with wood, and said to the snake, "Either you suck the poison out, or into the fire you go."

"Even though the flames be my doom, I will not take back the poison I have once shed," said the snake, and repeated the following stanza:--

May shame be on the poison which, once shed,
To save my life, I swallow down again!
More welcome death than life by weakness bought!

With these words, the snake moved towards the fire! But the doctor barred its way, and drew out the poison with simples and charms, so that the man was whole again. Then he unfolded the Commandments to the snake, and set it free, saying, "Henceforth do harm to none."

And the Master went on to say,--"Brethren, when Sāriputta has once parted with anything, he never takes it back again, even though his life be at stake." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the snake of those days, and I the doctor."

Footnotes

167:1 *i.e.* close on to mid-day, after which the food could not properly be eaten. See note, page 107.

No. 70.

KUDDĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The conquest*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Cittahattha-Sāriputta. He is said to have been a youth of a good family in Sāvatthi; and one day, on his way home from ploughing, he turned in to the monastery. Here he received from the bowl of a certain Elder some dainty fare, rich and sweet, which made him think to himself,--"Day and night I am toiling away with my hands at divers tasks, yet never do I taste food

so sweet. I must turn Brother myself!" So he joined the Brotherhood, but after six weeks' zealous application to high thinking, fell under the dominion of Lusts and off he went. His belly again proving too much for him, [312] back he came to join the Brotherhood once more, and studied the Abhidhamma [1]. In this way, six times he left and came back again; but when for the seventh time he became a Brother, he mastered the whole seven books of the Abhidhamma, and by much chanting of the Doctrine of the Brothers won Discernment and attained to Arahatship. Now his friends among the Brethren scoffed at him, saying--"Can it be, sir, that Lusts have ceased to spring up within your heart?"

"Sirs," was the reply, "I have now got beyond mundane life henceforth."

He having thus won Arahatship, talk thereof arose in the Hall of Truth, as follows:--"Sirs, though all the while he was destined to. all the glories of Arahatship, yet six times did Cittahattha-Sāriputta renounce the Brotherhood; truly, very wrong is the unconverted state."

Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about. Being told, he said, "Brethren, the worldling's heart is light and hard to curb; material things attract and hold it fast; when once it is so held fast, it cannot be released in a trice. Excellent is the mastery of such a heart; once mastered, it brings joy and happiness:

'Tis good to tame a headstrong heart and frail,
By passion swayed. Once tamed, the heart brings bliss.

It was by reason of this headstrong quality of the heart, however, that, for the sake of a pretty spade which they could not bring themselves to throw away, the wise and good of bygone days six times reverted to the world out of sheer cupidity; but on the seventh occasion they won Insight and subdued their cupidity." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a gardener, and grew up. 'Spade Sage' was his name. With his spade he cleared a patch of ground, and grew pot-herbs, pumpkins, gourds, cucumbers, and other vegetables, by the sale of which he made a sorry living. For, save only that one spade, he had nothing in the world! Resolving one day to forsake the world for the religious life, he hid his spade away, and became a recluse. But thoughts of that spade

rose in his heart and the passion of greed overcame him, so that for the sake of his blunt spade he reverted to the world. [313] Again and again this happened; six times did he hide the spade and become a recluse,--only to renounce his vows again. But the seventh time he bethought him how that blunt spade had caused him again and again to backslide; and he made up his mind to throw it into a great river before he became a recluse again. So he carried the spade to the river-side, and, fearing lest if he saw where it fell, he should come back and fish it out again, he whirled the spade thrice round his head by the handle and flung

it with the strength of an elephant right into mid-stream, shutting his eyes tight as he-did so. Then loud rang his shout of exultation, a shout like a lion's roar,--"I have conquered! I have conquered!"

Now just at that moment the King of Benares, on his way home from quelling disorder on the border, had been bathing in that very river, and was riding along in all his splendour on the back of his elephant, when he heard the Bodhisatta's shout of triumph. "Here's a man," said the king, "who is proclaiming that he has conquered. I wonder whom he has conquered. Go, bring him before me."

So the Bodhisatta was brought before the king, who said to him, "My good man, I am a conqueror myself; I have just won a battle and am on my way home victorious. Tell me whom you have conquered." "Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "a thousand, yea, a hundred thousand, such victories as yours are vain, if you have not the victory over the Lusts within yourself. It is by conquering

greed within myself that I have conquered my Lusts." And as he spoke, he gazed upon the great river, and by duly concentrating all his mind upon the idea of water, won Insight. Then by virtue of his newly-won transcendental powers, he rose in the air, and, seated there, instructed the King in the Truth in this stanza:--

The conquest that by further victories
Must be upheld, or own defeat at last,
Is vain! True conquest lasts for evermore!

[314] Even as he listened to the Truth, light shone in on the king's darkness, and the Lusts of his heart were quenched; his heart was bent on renouncing the world; then and there the lust for royal dominion passed away from him. "And where will you go now?" said the king to the Bodhisatta. "To the Himalayas, sire; there to live the anchorite's life." "Then I, too, will become an anchorite," said the king; and he departed with the Bodhisatta. And with the king there departed also the whole army, all the brahmins and householders and all the common folk,--in a word, all the host that was gathered there.

Tidings came to Benares that their king, on hearing the Truth preached by the Spade Sage, was fain to live the anchorite's life and had gone forth with all his host. "And what shall we do here?" cried the folk of Benares. And thereupon, from out that city which was twelve leagues about, all the inhabitants went forth, a train twelve leagues long, with whom the Bodhisatta passed to the Himalayas.

Then the throne of Sakka, King of Devas, became hot beneath him [1]. Looking out, he saw that the Spade Sage was engaged upon a Great

Renunciation [1]. Marking the numbers of his following, Indra took thought how to house them all. And he sent for Vissakamma, the architect of the Devas, and spoke thus:--"The Spade Sage is engaged upon a Great Renunciation, [315] and quarters must be found for him. Go you to the Himalayas, and there on level ground fashion by divine power a hermit's demesne thirty leagues long and fifteen broad."

"It shall be done, sire," said Vissakamma. And away he went, and did what he was bidden.

(What follows is only a summary; the full details will be given in the Hatthipāla-jātaka [2], which forms one narrative with this.) Vissakamma caused a hermitage to arise in the hermit's demesne; drove away all the noisy beasts and birds and fairies; and made in each cardinal direction a path just broad enough for one person to pass along it at a time. This done, he betook himself to his own abode. The Spade Sage with his host of people came to the Himalayas and entered the demesne which Indra had given and took possession of the house and furniture which Vissakamma had created for the hermits. First of all, he renounced the world himself, and afterwards made the people renounce it. Then he portioned out the demesne among them. They abandoned all their sovereignty, which rivalled that of Sakka himself; and the whole thirty leagues of the demesne were filled. By due performance of all the other [3] rites that conduce to Insight, the Spade Sage developed perfect good-will within himself, and be taught the people how to meditate. Hereby they all won the Attainments, and assured their entry

thereafter into the Brahma-Realm, whilst all who ministered to them qualified for entry thereafter into the Realm of Devas.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "the heart, when passion holds it fast, is hard to release. When the attributes of greed spring up within it, they are hard to chase away, and even persons so wise and good as the above are thereby rendered witless." His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again attained to Arahatship. Further, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, the Buddha's followers were the followers, and I myself the Spade Sage."

Footnotes

169:1 The third, and latest, of the Piṭakas,--perhaps compiled from the Nikāyas of the Sutta-piṭaka.

170:1 Only the merits of a good man struggling with adversity could thus appeal to the mercy-seat of the Archangel.

171:1 It is only when a future Buddha renounces the world for the religious life, that his 'going forth' is termed a Great Renunciation. Cf. p. 61 of Vol. I. of Fausböll's text as to Gotama's 'going forth.'

171:2 No. 509,--where, however, no further details are vouchsafed.

171:3 As shewn above, he had already arrived at Insight through the idea of water.

No. 71.

VARAṆA-JĀTAKA.

[316] "*Learn thou from him*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Tissa the Squire's Son. Tradition says that one day thirty young gentlemen of Sāvatthi, who were all friends of one another, took perfumes and flowers and robes, and set out with a large retinue to Jetavana, in order to hear the Master preach. Arrived at Jetavana, they sat awhile in the several enclosures--in the enclosure of the Iron-wood trees, in the enclosure of the Sal-trees, and so forth,--till at evening the Master passed from his fragrant sweet-smelling perfumed chamber to the Hall of Truth and took his seat on the gorgeous Buddha-seat. Then, with their following, these young men went to the Hall of Truth, made an offering of perfumes and flowers, bowed down at his feet--those blessed feet that were glorious as full-blown lotus-flowers, and bore imprinted on the sole the Wheel!--and, taking their seats, listened to the Truth. Then the thought came into their minds, "Let us take the vows, so far as we understand the Truth preached by the Master." Accordingly, when the Blessed One left the Hall, they approached him and with due obeisance asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood; and the Master admitted them to the Brotherhood. Winning the favour of their teachers and directors they received full Brotherhood, and after five years' residence with their teachers and directors, by which time they had got by heart the two Abstracts, had come to know what was proper and what was improper, had learnt the three modes of expressing thanks, and

had stitched and dyed robes. At this stage, wishing to embrace the ascetic life, they obtained the consent of their teachers and directors, and approached the Master. Bowing before him they took their seats, saying, "Sir, we are troubled by the round of existence, dismayed by birth, decay, disease, and death; give us a theme, by thinking on which we may get free from the elements which occasion existence." The Master turned over in his mind the eight and thirty themes of thought, and therefrom selected a suitable one, which he expounded to them. And then, after getting their theme from the Master, they bowed and with a ceremonious farewell passed from his presence to their cells, and after gazing on their teachers and directors went forth with bowl and robe to embrace the ascetic life.

Now amongst them was a Brother named the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, a weak and irresolute man, a slave to the pleasures of the taste. Thought he to himself, "I shall never be able to live in the forest, to strive with strenuous effort, and subsist on doles of food. What is the good of my going? I will turn back." And so he gave up, and after accompanying those Brothers some way he turned back. As to the other Brothers, they came in the course of their alms-pilgrimage through Kosala to a certain border-village, [317] hard by which in a wooded spot they kept the Rainy-season, and by three months' striving and wrestling got the germ of Discernment and won Arahatship, making the earth shout for joy. At the end of the Rainy-season, after celebrating the Pavāraṇā festival, they set out thence to announce to the Master the attainments they had won, and, coming in due course to Jetavana, laid aside their bowls and robes, paid a visit to their teachers and directors, and, being anxious to see the Blessed One, went to him and with due obeisance took their seats. The Master greeted them kindly and

they announced to the Blessed One the attainments they had won, receiving praise from him. Hearing the Master speaking in their praise, the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son was filled with a desire to live the life of a recluse all by himself. Likewise, those other Brothers asked and received the Master's permission to return to dwell in that self-same spot in the forest. And with due obeisance they went to their cells.

Now the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son that very night was inflated with a yearning to begin his austerities at once, and whilst practising with excessive zeal and ardour the methods of a recluse and sleeping in an upright posture by the side of his plank-bed, soon after the middle watch of the night, round he turned and down he fell, breaking his thigh-bone; and severe pains set in, so that the other Brothers had to nurse him and were debarred from going.

Accordingly, when they appeared at the hour for waiting on the Buddha, he asked them whether they had not yesterday asked his leave to start to-day.

"Yes, sir, we did; but our friend the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, while rehearsing the methods of a recluse with great vigour but out of season, dropped off to sleep and fell over, breaking his thigh; and that is why our departure has been thwarted." "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that this man's backsliding has caused him to strive with unseasonable zeal, and thereby to delay your departure; he delayed your departure in the past also." And hereupon, at their request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time at Takkasilā in the kingdom of Gandhāra the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame, with 500 young brahmins as pupils. One day these pupils set out for the forest to gather firewood for their master, and busied themselves in gathering sticks. Amongst them was a lazy fellow who came on a huge forest tree, which he imagined to be dry and rotten. So he thought that he could safely indulge in a nap first, and at the last moment climb up [318] and break some branches off to carry home. Accordingly, he spread out his outer robe and fell asleep, snoring loudly. All the other young brahmins were on their way home with their wood tied up in faggots, when they came upon the sleeper. Having kicked him in the back till he awoke, they left him and went their way. He sprang to his feet, and rubbed his eyes for a time. Then, still half asleep, he began to climb the tree. But one branch, which he was tugging at, snapped off short; and, as it sprang up, the end struck him in the eye. Clapping one hand over his wounded eye, he gathered green boughs with the other. Then climbing down, he corded his faggot, and after hurrying away home with it, flung his green wood on the top of the others' faggots.

That same day it chanced that a country family invited the master to visit them on the morrow, in order that they might give him a brahmin-feast. And so the master called his pupils together, and, telling them of the journey they would have to make to the village on the morrow, said they could not go fasting. "So have some rice-gruel made early in the morning," said he; "and eat it before starting. There you will have food given you for yourselves and a portion for me. Bring it all home with you."

So they got up early next morning and roused a maid to get them their breakfast ready betimes. And off she went for wood to light the fire. The green wood lay on the top of the stack, and she laid her fire with it. And she blew and blew, but could not get her fire to burn, and at last the

sun got up. "It's broad daylight now," said they, "and it's too late to start." And they went off to their master.

"What, not yet on your way, my sons?" said he. "No, sir; we have not started." "Why, pray?" "Because that lazy so-and-so, when he went wood-gathering with us, lay down to sleep under a forest-tree; and, to make up for lost time, he climbed up the tree in such a hurry that he hurt his eye and brought home a lot of green wood, which he threw on the top of our faggots. So, when the maid who was to cook our rice-gruel went to the stack, she took his wood, thinking it would of course be dry; and no fire could she light before the sun was up. And this is what stopped our going."

Hearing what the young brahmin had done, the master exclaimed that a fool's doings had caused all the mischief, and repeated this stanza:--

[319] Learn thou from him who tore green branches down,
That tasks deferred are wrought in tears at last.

Such was the Bodhisatta's comment on the matter to his pupils; and at the close of a life of charity and other good works he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has thwarted you; he did the like in the past also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Brother who has broken his thigh was the young brahmin of those days who hurt his eye; the Buddha's followers were the rest of the young brahmins; and I myself was the brahmin their master."

No. 72.

SĪLAVANĀGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Ingratitude lacks more*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. The Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is an ingrate and does not recognise the virtues of the Blessed One." Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what topic they were discussing, and was told. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in bygone days also, and he has never known my virtues." And so saying, at their request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by an elephant in the Himalayas. When born, he was white all over, like a mighty mass of silver. Like diamond balls were his eyes, like a manifestation of the five brightnesses [1]; red was his mouth, like scarlet cloth; like silver flecked with red gold was his trunk; and his four feet were as if polished with lac. Thus his person, adorned with the ten perfections, was of consummate beauty. When he grew up, all the elephants of the Himalayas in a body [320] followed him as their leader. Whilst he was dwelling in the Himalayas with a following of 80,000 elephants, he became aware that there was sin in the herd. So, detaching himself from the rest, he dwelt in solitude in the forest, and the goodness of his life won him the name of Good King Elephant.

Now a forester of Benares came to the Himalayas, and made his way into that forest in quest of the implements of his craft. Losing his bearings and his way, he roamed to and fro, stretching out his arms in despair and weeping, with the fear of death before his eyes. Hearing the man's cries, the Bodhisatta was moved with compassion and resolved to help him in his need. So he approached the man. But at sight of the elephant, off ran the forester in great terror [2]. Seeing him run away, the Bodhisatta stood still, and this brought the man to a standstill too. Then the Bodhisatta again advanced, and again the forester ran away, halting once more when the Bodhisatta halted. Hereupon the truth dawned on the man that the elephant stood still when he himself ran, and only advanced when he himself was standing still. Consequently he concluded that the creature could not mean to hurt, but to help him. So he valiantly stood his ground this time. And the Bodhisatta drew near and said, "Why, friend man, are you wandering about here lamenting?"

"My lord," replied the forester, "I have lost my bearings and my way, and fear to perish."

Then the elephant brought the man to his own dwelling, and there entertained him for some days, regaling him with fruits of every kind. Then, saying, "Fear not, friend man, I will bring you back to the haunts of men," the elephant seated the forester on his back and brought him to where men dwelt. But the ingrate thought to himself, that, if questioned, he ought to be able to reveal everything. So, as he travelled along on the elephant's back, he noted the landmarks of tree and hill. At last the elephant brought him out of the forest and set him down on the high road to Benares, saying, "There lies your road, friend man: Tell no man, whether you are questioned or not, of the place of

my abode." And with this leave-taking, the Bodhisatta made his way back to his own abode.

Arrived at Benares, the man came, in the course of his walks through

the city, to the ivory-workers' bazaar, where he saw ivory being worked into divers forms and shapes. And he asked the craftsmen [321] whether they would give anything for the tusk of a living elephant.

"What makes you ask such a question?" was the reply. "A living elephant's tusk is worth a great deal more than a dead one's."

"Oh, then, I'll bring you some ivory," said be, and off he set for the Bodhisatta's dwelling, with provisions for the journey, and with a sharp saw. Being asked what had brought him back, he whined out that he was in so sorry and wretched a plight that he could not make a living anyhow. Wherefore, he had come to ask for a bit of the kind elephant's tusk to sell for a living! "Certainly; I will give you a whole tusk," said the Bodhisatta, "if you have a bit of a saw to cut it off with." "Oh, I brought a saw with me, sir." "Then saw my tusks off, and take them away with you," said the Bodhisatta. And he bowed his knees till he was couched upon the earth like an ox. Then the forester sawed off both of the Bodhisatta's chief tusks! When they were off, the Bodhisatta took them in his trunk and thus addressed the man, "Think not, friend man, that it is because I value not nor prize these tusks that I give them to you. But a thousand times, a hundred-thousand times, dearer to me are the tusks of omniscience which can comprehend all things. And therefore may my gift of these to

you bring me omniscience." With these words, he gave the pair of tusks to the forester as the price of omniscience.

And the man took them off, and sold them. And when he had spent the money, back he came to the Bodhisatta, saying that the two tusks had only brought him enough to pay his old debts, and begging for the rest of the Bodhisatta's ivory. The Bodhisatta consented, and gave up the rest of his ivory after having it cut as before. And the forester went away and sold this also. Returning again, he said, "It's no use, my lord; I can't make a living anyhow. So give me the stumps of your tusks."

"So be it," answered the Bodhisatta; and he lay down as before. Then that vile wretch, trampling upon the trunk of the Bodhisatta, that sacred trunk which was like corded silver, and clambering upon the future Buddha's temples, which were as the snowy crest of Mount Kelāsa,--kicked at the roots of the tusks till he had cleared the flesh away. Then he sawed out the stumps and went his way. But scarce had the wretch passed out of the sight of the Bodhisatta, when the solid earth, inconceivable in its vast extent, [322] which can support the mighty weight of Mount Sineru and its encircling peaks, with all the world's unsavoury filth and ordure, now burst asunder in a yawning chasm,--as though unable to bear the burthen of all that wickedness! And straightway flames from nethermost Hell enveloped the ingrate, wrapping him round as in a shroud of doom, and bore him away. And as the wretch was swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, the Tree-fairy that dwelt in that forest made the region echo

with these words:--"Not even the gift of worldwide empire can satisfy the thankless and ungrateful!" And in the following stanza

the Fairy taught the Truth:--

Ingratitude lacks more, the more it gets;
Not all the world can glut its appetite.

With such teachings did the Tree-fairy make that forest re-echo. As for the Bodhisatta, he lived out his life, passing away at last to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in the past also." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the ungrateful man of those days, Sāriputta the Tree-fairy, and I myself Good King Elephant."

[*Note*. Cf. Milinda-pañho 202, 29.]

Footnotes

175:1 This is applied to a Bodhisatta's eyes in Jāt. vol. iii. 344. 9.

175:2 A solitary elephant, or 'rogue,' being dangerous to meet.

No. 73.

SACCAṀKIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*They knew the world*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about going about to kill. For, seated in the Hall of Truth, the Brotherhood was talking of Devadatta's wickedness, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta has no knowledge of the Master's excellence; he actually goes about to kill him!" Here the Master entered the Hall and asked what they were discussing. 323] Being told, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days also." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares. He had a son named Prince Wicked. Fierce and cruel was he, like a scotched snake; he spoke to nobody without abuse or blows. Like grit in the eye was this Prince to all folk both within and without the palace, or like a ravening ogre,--so dreaded and fell was he.

One day, wishing to disport himself in the river, he went with a large retinue to the water side. And a great storm came on, and utter darkness set in. "Hi there!" cried he to his servants; "take me into mid-stream,

bathe me there, and then bring me back again." So they took him into mid-stream and there took counsel together, saying,

"What will the king do to us? Let us kill this wicked wretch here and now! So in you go, .you pest!" they cried, as they flung him into the water. When they made their way ashore, they were asked where the prince was, and replied, "We don't see him; finding the storm come on, he must have come out of the river and gone home ahead of us."

The courtiers went into the king's presence, and the king asked where his son was. "We do not know, sire," said they; "a storm came on, and we came away in the belief that he must have gone on ahead." At once the king had the gates thrown open; down to the riverside he went and bade diligent search be made up and down for the missing prince. But no trace of him could be found. For, in the darkness of the storm, he had been swept away by the current, and, coming across a tree-trunk, had climbed on to it, and so floated down stream, crying lustily in the agony of his fear of drowning.

Now there had been a rich merchant living in those days at Benares, who had died, leaving forty crores buried in the banks of that same river. And because of his craving for riches, he was reborn as a snake at the spot under which lay his dear treasure. And also in the selfsame spot another man had hidden thirty crores, and because of his craving for riches was re-born as a rat at the same spot. In rushed the water into their dwelling-place; and the two creatures, escaping by the way by which the water rushed in, were making their way athwart the stream, when they chanced upon the tree-trunk to which the prince was clinging. [324] The snake climbed up at one end, and the rat at the other; and so both got a footing with the prince on the trunk.

Also there grew on the river's bank a Silk-cotton tree, in which lived a young parrot; and this tree, being uprooted by the swollen waters, fell into the river. The heavy rain beat down the parrot when it tried to fly, and it alighted in its fall upon this same tree-trunk. And so there were now these four floating down, stream together upon the tree.

Now the Bodhisatta had been re-born in those days as a brahmin in the North-West country. Renouncing the world for the hermit's life on reaching manhood, he had built himself a hermitage by a bend of the river; and there he was now living. As he was pacing to and fro, at midnight, he heard the loud cries of the prince, and thought thus within himself:--"This fellow-creature must not perish thus before the eyes of so merciful and compassionate a hermit as I am. I will rescue him from the water, and save his life." So he shouted cheerily, "Be not afraid! Be not afraid!" and plunging across stream, seized hold of the tree by one end, and, being as strong as an elephant, drew it in to the bank with one long pull, and set the prince safe and sound upon the shore. Then becoming

aware of the snake and the rat and the parrot, he carried them to his hermitage, and there lighting a fire, warmed the animals first, as being the weaker, and afterwards the prince. This done, he brought fruits of various kinds and set them before his guests, looking after the animals first and the prince afterwards. This enraged the young prince, who said within himself, "This rascally hermit pays no respect to my royal birth, but actually gives brute beasts precedence over me." And he conceived hatred against the Bodhisatta!

A few days later, when all four had recovered their strength and the waters had subsided, the snake bade farewell to the hermit with these words, "Father, you have done me a great service. I am not poor, for I have forty crores of gold hidden at a certain spot. Should you ever want money, all my hoard shall be yours. You have only to come to the spot and call 'Snake.' Next the rat took his leave with a like promise to the hermit as to his treasure, bidding the hermit come and call out 'Rat.' [325] Then the parrot bade farewell, saying, "Father, silver and gold have I none; but should you ever want for choice rice, come to where I dwell and call out 'Parrot;' and I with the aid of my kinsfolk will give you many waggon-loads of rice." Last cane the prince. His heart was filled with base ingratitude and with a determination to put his benefactor to death, if the Bodhisatta should come to visit *him*. But, concealing his intent, he said, "Come, father, to me when I am king, and I will bestow on you the Four Requisites." So saying, he took his departure, and not long after succeeded to the throne.

The desire came on the Bodhisatta to put their professions to the test; and first of all he went to the snake and standing hard by its abode, called out 'Snake.' At the word the snake darted forth and with every mark of respect said, "Father, in this place there are forty crones in gold. Dig them up and take them all." "It is well," said the Bodhisatta; "when I need them, I will not forget." Then bidding adieu to the snake, he went on to where the rat lived, and called out 'Rat.' And the rat did as the snake had done. Going next to the parrot, and calling out 'Parrot,' the bird at once flew down at his call from the tree-top, and respectfully asked whether it was the Bodhisatta's wish that he with the aid of his kinsfolk should gather paddy for the Bodhisatta from the region round the Himalayas. The Bodhisatta

dismissed the parrot also with a promise that, if need arose, he would not forget the bird's offer. Last of all, being minded to test the king in his turn, the Bodhisatta came to the royal pleasaunce, and on the day after his arrival made his way, carefully dressed, into the city on his round for alms. Just at that moment, the ungrateful king, seated in all his royal splendour on his elephant of state, was passing in solemn Procession round the city followed by a vast retinue. Seeing the Bodhisatta from afar, he thought to himself, "Here's that rascally hermit come

to quarter himself and his appetite on me. I must have his head off before he can publish to the world the service he rendered me." With this intent, he signed to his attendants, and, on their asking what was his pleasure, said, "Methinks yonder rascally hermit is here to importune me. See that the pest does not come near my person, but seize and bind him; [326] flog him at every street-corner; and then march him out of the city, chop off his head at the place of execution, and impale his body on a stake."

Obedient to their king's command, the attendants laid the innocent Great Being in bonds and flogged him at every street-corner on the way to the place of execution. But all their floggings failed to move the Bodhisatta or to wring from him any cry of "Oh, my mother and father!" All he did was to repeat this Stanza:--

They knew the world, who framed this proverb true--
'A log pays better salvage than some men.'

These lines he repeated wherever he was flogged, till at last the wise among the bystanders asked the hermit what service he

had rendered to their king. Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, ending with the words,--"So it comes to pass that by rescuing him from the torrent I brought all this woe upon myself. And when I bethink me how I have left unheeded the words of the wise of old, I exclaim as you have heard."

Filled with indignation at the recital, the nobles and brahmins and all classes with one accord cried out, "This ungrateful king does not recognise even the goodness of this good man who saved his majesty's life. How can we have any profit from this king? Seize the tyrant!" And in their anger they rushed upon the king from every side, and slew him there and then, as he rode on his elephant, with arrows and javelins and stones and clubs and any weapons that came to hand. The corpse they dragged by the heels to a ditch and flung it in. Then they anointed the Bodhisatta king and set him to rule over them.

As he was ruling in righteousness, one day [327] the desire came on him again to try the snake and the rat and the parrot; and followed by a large retinue, he came to where the snake dwelt. At the call of 'Snake,' out came the snake from his hole and with every mark of respect said, "Here, my lord, is your treasure; take it." Then the king delivered the forty crores of gold to his attendants, and proceeding to where the rat dwelt, called, 'Rat.' Out came the rat, and saluted the king, and gave up its thirty crores. Placing this treasure too in the hands of his attendants, the king went on to where the parrot dwelt, and called 'Parrot.' And in like manner the bird came, and bowing down at the king's feet asked whether it should collect rice for his majesty. "We will not trouble you," said the king, "till rice is needed. Now let us be going." So with the

seventy crores of gold, and with the rat, the snake, and the parrot as well, the king journeyed back to the city. Here, in a noble palace, to the state-story of which he mounted, he caused the treasure to be lodged and guarded; he had a golden tube made for the snake to dwell in, a crystal casket to house the rat, and a cage of gold for the parrot. Every day too by the king's command food was served to the three creatures in vessels of gold,--sweet parched-corn for the parrot and snake, and scented rice for the rat. And the king abounded in charity and all good works. Thus in harmony and goodwill one with another, these four lived their lives; and when their end came, they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did the like in the past also." His lesson ended, he chewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was King Wicked in those days, Sāriputta the snake, Moggallāna the rat, Ānanda the parrot, and I myself the righteous King who won a kingdom."

No. 74.

RUKKHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"*United, forest-like*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a quarrel concerning water which had brought woe upon his kinsfolk. Knowing of this, he passed through the air, sat cross-legged above the river Rohiṇī, and emitted rays of darkness, startling his kinsfolk. Then descending from mid-air, he seated himself on the river-bank and told this story with reference to that quarrel. (Only a summary is given here; the full details will be related in the Kuṇāla-jātaka [1].) But on this occasion the Master addressed his kinsfolk, [328] saying, "It is meet, sire, that kinsfolk should dwell together in concord and unity. For, when kinsfolk are at one, enemies find no opportunity. Not to speak of human beings, even sense-lacking trees ought to stand together. For in bygone days in the Himalayas a tempest struck a Sāl-forest; yet, because the trees, shrubs, bushes, and creepers of that forest were interlaced one with another, the tempest could not overthrow even a single tree but passed harmlessly over their heads. But alone in a courtyard stood a mighty tree; and though it had many stems and branches, yet, because it was not united with other trees, the tempest uprooted it and laid it low. Wherefore, it is meet that you too should dwell together in concord and unity." And so saying, at their request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the first King Vessavaṇa [1] died, and Sakka sent a new king to reign in his stead. After the change, the new King Vessavaṇa sent word to all trees and shrubs and bushes and plants, bidding the tree-fairies each choose out the abode that liked them best. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as a tree-fairy in a Sāl-forest in the Himalayas. His advice to his kinsfolk in choosing their habitations was to shun trees that stood alone in the open, and to take up their abodes all round the abode which he had chosen in that Sāl-forest. Hereon the wise tree-fairies, following the Bodhisatta's advice, took up their quarters round his tree. But the foolish ones said,--"Why should we dwell in the forest? let us rather seek out the haunts of men, and take up our abodes outside villages, towns, or capital cities. For fairies who dwell in such places receive the richest offerings and the greatest worship." So they departed to the haunts of men, and took up their abode in certain giant trees which grew in an open space.

Now it fell out upon a day that a mighty tempest swept over the country. Naught did it avail the solitary trees that years had rooted them deep in the soil and that they were the mightiest trees that grew. Their branches snapped; their stems were broken; and they themselves were uprooted and flung to earth by the tempest. But when it broke on the Sāl-forest of interlacing trees, its fury was in vain; for, attack where it might, not a tree could it overthrow.

The forlorn fairies whose dwellings were destroyed, took their children in their arms and journeyed to the Himalayas. There they told their sorrows to the fairies of the Sāl-forest, [329] who in turn told the Bodhisatta of their sad return. "It was because they hearkened not to the words of wisdom, that they have been

brought to this," said he; and he unfolded the truth in this stanza:--

United, forest-like, should kinsfolk stand;
The storm o’erthrows the solitary tree.

So spake the Bodhisatta; and when his life was spent, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

And the Master went on to say, "Thus, sire, reflect how meet it is that kinsfolk at any rate should be united, and lovingly dwell together in concord and unity." His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were the fairies of those days, and I myself the wise fairy."

Footnotes

181:1 No. 536.

182:1 A name of Kuvera.

No. 75.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Pajjunna, thunder!*"--This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the rain he caused to fall. For in those days, so it is said, there fell no rain in Kosala; the crops withered; and everywhere the ponds, tanks, and lakes dried up. Even the pool of Jetavana by the embattled gateway of Jetavana gave out; and the fish and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Then came the crows and hawks with their lance-like beaks, and busily picked them out writhing and wriggling, and devoured them.

As he marked how the fishes and the tortoises were being destroyed, the Master's heart was moved with compassion, and he exclaimed,--"This day [330] must I cause rain to fall." So, when the night grew day, after attending to his bodily needs, he waited till it was the proper hour to go the round in quest of alms, and then, girt round by a host of the Brethren, and perfect with the perfection of a Buddha, he went into Sāvatthi for alms. On his way back to the monastery in the afternoon from his round for alms in Sāvatthi, he stopped upon the steps leading down to the tank of Jetavana, and thus addressed the Elder

Ānanda:--"Bring me a bathing-dress, Ānanda; for I would bathe in the tank of Jetavana." "But surely, sir," replied the Elder, "the water is all dried up, and only mud is left." "Great is a Buddha's power, Ānanda. Go, bring me the bathing-dress," said the Master. So the Elder went and brought the bathing-dress, which the Master donned, using one end to go round his waist, and

covering his body up with the other. So clad, he took his stand upon the tank-steps, and exclaimed,--"I would fain bathe in the tank of Jetavana."

That instant the yellow-stone throne of Sakka grew hot beneath him, and he sought to discover the cause. Realising what was the matter, he summoned the King of the Storm-Clouds, and said, "The Master is standing on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and wishes to bathe. Make haste and pour down rain in a single torrent over all the kingdom of Kosala." Obedient to Sakka's command, the King of the Storm-Clouds clad himself in one cloud as an under garment, and another cloud as an outer garment, and chaunting the rain-song [1], he darted forth eastward. And lo! he appeared in the east as a cloud of the bigness of a threshing-floor, which grew and grew till it was as big as a hundred, as a thousand, threshing-floors; and he thundered and lightened, and bending down his face and mouth deluged all Kosala with torrents of rain. Unbroken was the downpour, quickly filling the tank of Jetavana, and stopping only when the water was level with the topmost step. Then the Master bathed in the tank, and coming up out of the water donned his two orange-coloured cloths and his girdle, adjusting his Buddha-robe around him so as to leave one shoulder bare. In this guise he set forth, surrounded by the Brethren, and passed into his Perfumed Chamber, fragrant with sweet-smelling flowers. Here on the Buddha-seat he sate, and when the Brethren had performed their duties, he rose and exhorted the Brotherhood from the jewelled steps of his throne, and dismissed them from his presence. Passing now within his own sweet-smelling odorous chamber, he stretched himself, lion-like, upon his right side.

At even, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and dwelt on the forbearance and loving-kindness of the Master. "When the crops were withering, when the pools were drying up, and the fishes and tortoises were in grievous plight, then did he in his compassion come forth as a saviour. Donning a bathing-dress, he stood on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and in a little

space made the rain to pour down from the heavens till it seemed like to overwhelm all Kosala with its torrents. And by the time he returned to the Monastery, he had freed all alike from their tribulations both of mind and body."

[331] So ran their talk when the Master came forth from his Perfumed Chamber into the Hall of Truth, and asked what was their theme of conversation; and they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has made the rain to fall in the hour of general need. He did the like when born into the brute-creation, in the days when he was King of the Fish." And so saying, he told this story of the past:--

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Once on a time, in this selfsame kingdom of Kosala and at Sāvatthi too, there was a pond where the tank of Jetavana now is,--a pond fenced in by a tangle of climbing plants. Therein dwelt the Bodhisatta, who had come to life as a fish in those days. And, then as now, there was a drought in the land; the crops withered; water gave out in tank and pool; and the fishes and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Like-wise, when the fishes and tortoises of this pond had hidden themselves in its mud, the

crows and other birds, flocking to the spot, picked them out with their beaks and devoured them. Seeing the fate of his kinsfolk, and knowing that none but he could save them in their hour of need, the Bodhisatta resolved to make a solemn Profession of Goodness, and by its efficacy to make rain fall from the heavens so as to save his kinsfolk from certain death. So, parting asunder the black mud, he came forth,--a mighty fish, blackened with mud as a casket of the finest sandal-wood which has been smeared with collyrium. Opening his eyes which were as washen rubies, and looking up to the heavens he thus bespoke Pajjunna, King of Devas,--"My heart is heavy within me for my kinsfolk's sake, my good Pajjunna. How comes it, pray, that, when I who am righteous am distressed for my kinsfolk, you send no rain from heaven? For I, though born where it is customary to prey on one's kinsfolk, have never from my youth up devoured any fish, even of the size of a grain of rice; nor have I ever robbed a single living creature of its life. By the truth of this my Protestation, I call upon you to send rain and succour my kinsfolk." Therewithal, he called to Pajjunna, King of Devas, as a master might call to a servant, in this stanza:--[332]

Pajjunna, thunder! Baffle, thwart, the crow!
Breed sorrow's pangs in him; ease me of woe!

In such wise, as a master might call to a servant, did the Bodhisatta call to Pajjunna, thereby causing heavy rains to fall and relieving numbers from the fear of death. And when his life closed, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"So this is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that the Blessed One has caused the rain to fall. He did the like in bygone days, when he was a fish." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's disciples were the fishes of those days, Ānanda was Pajjunna, King of Devas, and I myself the King of the Fish."

[*Note*. Cf. Cariyā-piṭaka (P. T. S. edition) page 99.]

Footnotes

183:1 In the J. R. A. S. (New Series) 12, 286, is given a *Megha-sūtra*.

No. 76.

ASAṀKIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*The village breeds no fear in me*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who lived at Sāvatthi. Tradition says that this man, who had entered the Paths and was an earnest believer, was once journeying along on some business or other in the company of a leader of a caravan; in the jungle the carts were unyoked and a laager was constructed; and the good man began to pace up and down at the foot of a certain tree hard by the leader.

Now five hundred robbers, who had watched their time, had surrounded the spot, armed with bows, clubs, and other weapons, with the object of looting the encampment. [333] Still unceasingly that lay-brother paced to and fro. "Surely that must be their sentry," said the robbers when they noticed him; "we will wait till he is asleep and then loot them." So, being unable to surprise the camp, they stopped where they were. Still that lay-brother kept pacing to and fro,--all through the first watch, all through the middle watch, and all through the last watch of the night. When day dawned, the robbers, who had never had their chance, threw down the stones and clubs which they had brought, and bolted.

His business done, that lay-brother came back to Sāvatthi, and, approaching the Master, asked him this question, "In guarding themselves, Sir, do men prove guardians of others?"

"Yes, lay-brother. In guarding himself a man guards others; in guarding others, he guards himself."

"Oh, how well-said, sir, is this utterance of the Blessed One! When I was journeying with a caravan-leader, I resolved to guard myself by pacing to and fro at the foot of a tree, and by so doing I guarded the whole caravan."

Said the Master, "Lay-brother, in bygone days too the wise and good guarded others whilst guarding themselves." And, so saying, at the lay-brother's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he became aware of the evils that spring from Lusts, and so forsook the

world to live as a recluse in the country round the Himalayas. Need of salt and vinegar having led him to make a pilgrimage for alms through the countryside, he travelled in the course of his wanderings with a merchant's caravan. When the caravan halted at a certain spot in the forest, he paced to and fro at the foot of a tree, hard by the caravan, enjoying the bliss of Insight.

Now after supper five hundred robbers surrounded the laager to plunder it; but, noticing the ascetic, they halted, saying, "If he sees us, he'll give the alarm; wait till he drops off to sleep, and then we'll plunder them." But all through the livelong night the ascetic continued to pace up and down; and never a chance did the robbers get! So they flung away their sticks and stones and shouted to the caravan-folk;--"Hi, there! you of the caravan! If it hadn't been for that ascetic walking about under the tree, we'd

have plundered the lot of you. Mind and fête him tomorrow!" And so saying, they made off. When the night gave place to light, the people saw the clubs and stones which the robbers had cast away, [334] and came in fear and trembling to ask the Bodhisatta with respectful salutation whether he had seen the robbers. "Oh, yes, I did, sirs," he replied. "And were you not alarmed or afraid at the sight of so many robbers?" "No," said the Bodhisatta; "the sight of robbers causes what is known as fear only to the rich. As for me,--I am penniless; why should I be afraid? Whether I dwell in village or in forest, I never have any fear or dread." And therewithal, to teach them the Truth, he repeated this stanza:--

The village breeds no fear in me;
  No forests me dismay.
I've won by love and charity
  Salvation's perfect way.

When the Bodhisatta had thus taught the Truth in this stanza to the people of the caravan, peace filled their hearts, and they shewed him honour and veneration. All his life long he developed the Four Excellences, and then was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were the caravan-folk of those days, and I the ascetic."

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No. 77.

MAHĀSUPINA-JĀTAKA.

"*Bulls first, and trees*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about sixteen wonderful dreams. For in the last watch of one night (so tradition says) the King of Kosala, who had been asleep all the night, dreamed sixteen great dreams, [335] and woke up in great fright and alarm as to what they might portend for him. So strong was the fear of death upon him that he could not stir, but lay there huddled up on his bed. Now, when the night grew light, his brahmins and chaplains came to him and with due obeisance asked whether his majesty had slept well.

"How could I sleep well, my directors?" answered the king. "For just at daybreak I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, and I have been in terror ever since! Tell me, my directors, what it all means."

"We shall be able to judge, on hearing them."

Then the king told them his dreams, and asked what those visions would entail upon him.

The brahmins fell a-wringing their hands! "Why wring your hands, brahmins?" asked the king. "Because, sire, these are evil dreams." "What will come of them?" said the king. "One of three calamities,--harm to your kingdom, to your life, or to your riches." "Is there a remedy, or is there not?" "Undoubtedly these dreams in themselves are so threatening as to be without

remedy; but none the less we will find a remedy for them. Otherwise, what boots our much study and learning?" "What then do you propose to do to avert the evil?" "Wherever four roads meet, we would offer sacrifice, sire." "My directors," cried the king in his terror, "my life is in your hands; make haste and work my safety." "Large sums of money, and large supplies of food of every kind will be ours," thought the exultant brahmins; and, bidding the king have no fear, they departed from the palace. Outside the town they dug a sacrificial pit and collected a host of fourfooted creatures, perfect and without blemish, and a multitude of birds. But still they discovered something lacking, and back they kept coming to the king to ask for this that and the other. Now their doings were watched by Queen Mallikā, who came to the king and asked what made these brahmins keep coming to him.

"I envy you," said the king; "a snake in your ear, and you not to know of it!" "What does your majesty mean?" "I have dreamed, oh such unlucky dreams! The brahmins tell me they point to one of three calamities; and they are anxious to offer sacrifices to avert the evil. And this is what brings them here so often." "But has your majesty consulted the Chief Brahmin both of this world and of the world of devas?" "Who, pray, may he be, my dear?" asked the king. "Know you not that chiefest personage of all the world, the all-knowing and pure, the spotless master-brahmin? Surely, he, the Blessed One, will understand your dreams. Go, ask him." "And so I will, my queen," said the king. And away he went to the monastery, saluted the Master, and sat down. "What, pray, brings your majesty here so early in the morning?" asked the Master in his sweet tones. "Sir," said the king, "just before daybreak [336] I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, which so terrified me that I told them to the brahmins. They told me that

my dreams boded evil, and that to avert the threatened calamity they must offer sacrifice wherever four roads met. And so they are busy with their preparations, and many living creatures have the fear of death before their eyes. But I pray you, who are the chiefest personage in the world of men and devas, you into whose ken comes all possible knowledge of things past and present and to be,--I pray you tell me what will come of my dreams, O Blessed One."

"True it is, sire, that there is none other save me, who can tell what your dreams signify or what will come of them. I will tell you. Only first of all relate to me your dreams as they appeared to you."

"I will, sir," said the king, and at once began this list, following the order of the dreams' appearance:--

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,
Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot,
A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood,
And gourds that sank, and stones that swam [1],
With frogs that gobbled up black snakes,
A crow with gay-plumed retinue,
And wolves in panic-fear of goats!

"How was it, sir, that I had the following one of my dreams? Methought, four black bulls, like collyrium in hue, came from the four cardinal directions to the royal courtyard with avowed intent to fight; and people flocked together to see the bull-fight, till a great crowd had gathered. But the bulls only made a show of

fighting, roared and bellowed, and finally went off without fighting at all. This was my first dream. What will come of it?"

"Sire, that dream shall have no issue in your days or in mine. But hereafter, when kings shall be niggardly and unrighteous, and when folk shall be unrighteous, in days when the world is perverted, when good is waning and evil waxing apace,--in those days of the world's backsliding there shall fall no rain from the heavens, the feet of the storm shall be lamed, the crops shall wither, and famine shall be on the land. Then shall the clouds gather as if for rain from the four quarters of the heavens; there shall be haste first to carry indoors the rice and crops that the women have spread in the sun to dry, for fear the harvest should get wet; and then with spade and basket in hand the men shall go forth to bank up the dykes. As though in sign of coming rain, the thunder shall bellow, the lightning shall flash from the clouds,--but even as the bulls in your dream, that fought not, so the clouds shall flee away without raining. This is what shall come of this dream. But no harm shall come therefrom to you; [337] for it was with regard to the future that you dreamed this dream. What the brahmins told you, was said only to get themselves a livelihood." And when the Master had thus. told the fulfilment of this dream, he said, "Tell me your second dream, sire."

"Sir," said the king, "my second dream was after this manner:--Methought little tiny trees and shrubs burst through the soil, and when they had grown scarce a span or two high, they flowered and bore fruit! This was my second dream; what shall come of it?"

"Sire," said the Master, "this dream shall have its fulfilment in days when the world has fallen into decay and when men are shortlived. In times to come the passions shall be strong; quite young girls shall go to live with men, and it shall be with them after the manner of women, they shall conceive and bear children. The flowers typify their issues, and the fruit their offspring. But you, sire, have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your third dream, O great king."

"Methought, sir, I saw cows sucking the milk of calves which they had borne that selfsame day. This was my third dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in days to come, when respect shall cease to be paid to age. For in the future men, shewing no reverence for parents or parents-in-law, shall themselves administer the family estate, and, if such be their good pleasure, shall bestow food and clothing on the old folks, but shall withhold their gifts, if it be not their pleasure to give. Then shall the old folks, destitute and dependent, exist by favour of their own children, like big cows suckled by calves a day old. But you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw men unyoking a team of draught-oxen, sturdy and strong, and setting young steers to draw the load; and the steers, proving unequal to the task laid on them, refused and stood stock-still, so that wains moved not on their way. This was my fourth dream. What shall come of it?"

"Here again the dream shall not have its fulfilment until the future, in the days of unrighteous kings. For in days to come, unrighteous and niggardly kings shall shew no honour to wise lords skilled in precedent, fertile in expedient, and able to get through business; nor shall appoint to the courts of law and justice aged councillors of wisdom and of learning in the law. Nay, they shall honour the very young and foolish, and appoint such to preside in the courts. And these latter, ignorant alike of state-craft and of practical knowledge, shall not be able to bear the burthen of their honours or to govern, but because of their incompetence shall throw off the yoke of office. Whereon the aged and wise lords, albeit right able to cope with all difficulties, shall keep in mind how they were passed over, and shall decline to aid, saying:--'It is no business of ours; we are outsiders; let the boys of the inner circle see to it.' [338] Hence they shall stand aloof, and ruin shall assail those kings on every hand. It shall be even as when the yoke was laid on the young steers, who were not strong enough for the burthen, and not upon the team of sturdy and strong draught-oxen, who alone were able to do the work. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a horse with a mouth on either side, to which fodder was given on both sides, and it ate with both its mouths. This was my fifth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in the future, in the days of unrighteous and foolish kings, who shall appoint unrighteous and covetous men to be judges. These base ones, fools, despising the good, shall take bribes from both sides as they sit in the seat of judgment, and shall be filled with this two-fold corruption, even as the horse that ate fodder with two

mouths at once. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw people holding out a well-scoured golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces, and begging an old jackal to stale therein. And I saw the beast do so. This was my sixth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall only have its fulfilment in the future. For in the days to come, unrighteous kings, though sprung of a race of kings, mistrusting the scions of their old nobility, shall not honour them, but exalt in their stead the low-born; whereby the nobles shall be brought low and the law-born raised to lordship. Then shall the great families be brought by very need to seek to live by dependence on the upstarts, and shall offer them their daughters in marriage. And the union of the noble maidens with the low-born shall be like unto the staling of the old jackal in the golden bowl. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your seventh dream."

"A man was weaving rope, sir, and as he wove, he threw it down at his feet. Under his bench lay a hungry she jackal, which kept eating the rope as he wove, but without the man knowing it. This is what I saw. This was my seventh dream. What shall come of it?" [1]

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come, women shall lust after men and strong drink and finery and gadding abroad and after the joys of this world. In their wickedness and profligacy these women shall drink strong drink with their paramours; they shall flaunt in garlands and perfumes and unguents; and heedless of even the most pressing of their household duties, they shall keep watching for their

paramours, even at crevices high up in the outer wall; aye, they shall pound up the very seed-corn that should be sown on the morrow so as to provide good cheer;--in all these ways shall they plunder the store won by the hard work of their husbands in field and byre, devouring the poor men's substance even as the hungry jackal under the bench ate up the rope of the rope-maker as he wove it. [339] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eighth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw at a palace gate a big pitcher which was full to the brim and stood amid a number of empty ones. And from the four cardinal points, and from the four intermediate points as well, there kept coming a constant stream of people of all the four castes, carrying water in pipkins and pouring it into the full pitcher. And the water overflowed and ran away. But none the less they still kept on pouring more and more water into the over-flowing vessel, without a single man giving so much as a glance at the empty pitchers. This was my eighth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment until the future. For in days to come the world shall decay; the kingdom shall grow weak, its kings shall grow poor and niggardly; the foremost among them shall have no more than 100,000 pieces of money in his treasury. Then shall these kings in their need set the whole of the country-folk to work for them;--for the kings' sake shall the toiling folk, leaving their own work, sow grain and pulse, and keep watch and reap and thresh and garner; for the kings' sake shall they plant sugar-canes, make and drive sugar-mills, and boil down the molasses; for the kings' sake shall they lay out

flower-gardens and orchards, and gather in the fruits. And as they gather in all the divers kinds of produce they shall fill the royal garners to overflowing, not giving so much as a glance at their own empty barns at home. Thus it shall be like filling up the full pitcher, heedless of the quite-empty ones. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your ninth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a deep pool with shelving banks all round and over-grown with the five kinds of lotuses. From every side two-footed creatures and four-footed creatures flocked thither to drink of its waters. The depths in the middle were muddy, but the water was clear and sparkling at the margin where the various creatures went down into the pool. This was my ninth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; they shall rule after their own will and pleasure, and shall not execute judgment according to righteousness. These kings shall hunger after riches and wax fat on bribes; they shall not shew mercy, love and compassion toward their people, but be fierce and cruel, amassing wealth by crushing their subjects like sugar-canes in a mill and by taxing them even to the uttermost farthing. Unable to pay the oppressive tax, the people Shall fly from village and town and the like, and take refuge upon the borders of the realm; the heart of the land shall be a wilderness, while the borders shall teem with people,--even as the water was muddy in the middle of the pool and clear at the margin. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. [340] Tell me your tenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw rice boiling in a pot without getting done. By not getting done, I mean that it looked as though it were

sharply marked off and kept apart, so that the cooking went on in three distinct stages. For part was sodden, part hard and raw, and part just cooked to a nicety. This was my tenth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; the people surrounding the kings shall grow unrighteous too, as also shall brahmins and householders, townsmen, and countryfolk; yes, all people alike shall grow unrighteous, not excepting even sages and brahmins. Next, their very tutelary deities--the spirits to whom they offer sacrifice, the spirits of the trees, and the spirits of the air--shall become unrighteous also. The very winds that blow over the realms of these unrighteous kings shall grow cruel and lawless; they shall shake the mansions of the skies and thereby kindle the anger of the spirits that dwell there, so that they will not suffer rain to fall--or, if it does rain, it shall not fall on all the kingdom at once, nor shall the kindly shower fall on all tilled or sown lands alike to help them in their need. And, as in the kingdom at large, so in each several district and village and over each separate pool or lake, the rain shall not fall at one and the same time on its whole expanse; if it rain on the upper part, it shall not rain upon the lower; here the crops shall be spoiled by a heavy downpour,

there wither for very drought, and here again thrive apace with kindly showers to water them. So the crops sown within the confines of a single kingdom--like the rice in the one pot--shall have no uniform character. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eleventh dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw sour buttermilk bartered for precious sandal-wood, worth 100,000 pieces of money. This was my eleventh dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future--in the days when my doctrine is waning. For in days to come many greedy and shameless Brethren shall arise, who for their belly's sake shall preach the very words in which I inveighed against greed! Because they have deserted by reason of their belly and have taken their stand on the side of the sectaries [1], they shall fail to make their preaching lead up to Nirvana. Nay, their only thought, as they preach, shall be by fine words and sweet voices to induce men to give them costly raiment and the like, and to be minded to give such gifts. Others again seated in the highways, at the street-corners, at the doors of kings' palaces, and so forth, shall stoop to preach for money, yea for mere coined kahāpanas, half-kahāpanas, pādas, or māsakas! [2] And as they thus barter away for food or raiment or for kahāpanas and half-kahāpanas my doctrine the worth whereof is Nirvana, they shall be even as those who bartered away for soar buttermilk precious sandal-wood worth 100,000 pieces. [341] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your twelfth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw empty pumpkins sinking in the water. What shall come of it?"

"This dream also shall not have its fulfilment till the future, in the days of unrighteous kings, when the world is perverted. For in those days shall kings shew favour not to the scions of the nobility, but to the low-born only; and these latter shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Alike in the royal presence, in the palace gates, in the council chamber, and in the

courts of justice, the words of the low-born alone (whom the empty pumpkins typify) shall be stablished, as though they had sunk down till they rested on the bottom. So too in the assemblies of the Brotherhood, in the greater and lesser conclaves, and in enquiries regarding bowls, robes, lodging, and the like,--the counsel only of the wicked and the vile shall be considered to have saving power, not that of the modest Brethren. Thus everywhere it shall be as when the empty pumpkins sank. Howbeit, you have Nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your thirteenth dream."

Hereupon the king said, "Methought, sir, I saw huge blocks of solid rock, as big as houses, floating like ships upon the waters. What shall come of it?"

"This dream also shall not have its fulfilment before such times as those of which I have spoken. For in those days unrighteous kings shall shew honour to the low-born, who shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Not to the nobles, but to the upstarts alone shall respect be paid. In the royal presence, in the council chamber, or in the courts of justice, the words of the nobles learned in the law (and it is they whom the solid rocks typify) shall drift idly by, and not sink deep into the hearts of men; when they speak, the upstarts shall merely laugh them to scorn, saying, 'What is this these fellows are saying?' So too in the assemblies of the Brethren, as afore said, men shall not deem worthy of respect the excellent among the Brethren; the words of such shall not sink deep, but drift idly by,--even as when the rocks floated upon the waters. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourteenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, swiftly pursuing huge black snakes, chopping them up like so many lotus-stalks and gobbling them up. What shall come of this?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till those days to come such as those of which I have spoken, when the world is decaying. For then shall men's passions be so strong, and their lusts so hot, that they shall be the thralls of the very youngest of their wives for the time being, at whose sole disposal shall be slaves and hired servants, oxen, buffalos and all cattle, gold and silver, and everything that is in the house. Should the poor husband ask where the money (say) or a robe is, at once he shall be told that it is where it is, that he should mind his own business, and not be so inquisitive as to what is, or is not, in *her* house. And therewithal in divers ways the wives with abuse and goading taunts shall establish their dominion over their husbands, as over slaves and bond-servants. [342] Thus shall it be like as when the tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, gobbled up the big black snakes. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifteenth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a village crow, in which dwelt the whole of the Ten Vices, escorted by a retinue of those birds which, because of their golden sheen, are called Royal Golden Mallards. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of weakling kings. In days to come kings shall arise who shall know nothing about elephants or other arts, and shall be cowards in the field. Fearing to be deposed and cast from their

royal estate, they shall raise to power not their peers but their footmen, bath-attendants, barbers, and such like. Thus, shut out from royal favour and unable to support themselves, the nobles shall be reduced to dancing attendance on the upstarts,--as when the crow had Royal Golden Mallards for a retinue. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixteenth dream."

"Heretofore, sir, it always used to be panthers that preyed on goats; but methought I saw goats chasing panthers and devouring them--munch, munch, munch!--whilst at bare sight of the goats afar off, terror-stricken wolves fled quaking with fear and hid themselves in their fastnesses in the thicket [1]. Such was my dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of unrighteous kings. In those days the low-born shall be raised to lordship and be made royal favourites, whilst the nobles shall sink into obscurity and distress. Gaining influence in the courts of law because of their favour with the king, these upstarts shall claim perforce the ancestral estates, the raiment, and all the property of the old nobility. And-when these latter plead their rights before the courts, then shall the king's minions have them cudgelled and bastinadoed and taken by the throat and cast out with words of scorn, such as:--'Know your place, fools! What? do you dispute with us? The king shall know of your insolence, and we will have your hands and feet chopped off and other correctives applied!' Hereupon the terrified nobles shall affirm that their own belongings really belong to the overbearing upstarts, and will tell the favourites to accept them. And they shall hie them home and there cower in an agony of fear. Likewise, evil Brethren shall harry at pleasure good and

worthy Brethren, till these latter, finding none to help them, shall flee to the jungle. And this oppression of the nobles and of the good Brethren by the low-born and by the evil brethren, shall be like the scaring of wolves by goats. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. For this dream too has reference to future times only. [343] It was not truth, it was not love for you, that prompted the brahmins to prophesy as they did. No, it was greed of gain, and the insight that is bred of covetousness, that shaped all their self-seeking utterances."

Thus did the Master expound the import of these sixteen great dreams, adding,--"You, sire, are not the first to have these dreams; they were dreamed by kings of bygone days also; and, then as now, the brahmins found in them a pretext for sacrifices; whereupon, at the instance of the wise and good, the Bodhisatta was consulted, and the dreams were expounded by them of old time

in just the same manner as they have now been expounded." And so saying, at the king's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country. When he came to years of discretion he renounced the world for a hermit's life; he won the higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalaya country in the bliss that comes from Insight.

In those days, in just the same manner, Brahmadatta dreamed these dreams at Benares, and enquired of the brahmins concerning them. And the brahmins, then as now, set to work at sacrifices. Amongst them was a young brahmin of learning and wisdom, a pupil of the king's chaplain, who addressed his master thus:--"Master, you have taught me the Three Vedas. Is there not therein a text that says 'The slaying of one creature giveth not life to another'?" "My son, this means money to us, a great deal of money. You only seem anxious to spare the king's treasury!" "Do as you will, master," said the young brahmin; "as for me, to what end shall I tarry longer here with you?" And so saying, he left him, and betook himself to the royal pleasaunce.

That selfsame day the Bodhisatta, knowing all this, thought to himself: "If I visit to-day the haunts of men, I shall work the deliverance of a great multitude from their bondage." So, passing through the air, he alighted in the royal pleasaunce and seated himself, radiant as a statue of gold, upon the Ceremonial Stone. The young brahmin drew near and with due obeisance seated himself by the Bodhisatta in all friendliness. Sweet converse passed; and the Bodhisatta asked whether the young brahmin thought the king ruled righteously. "Sir," answered the young man, "the king is righteous himself; but the brahmins make him side with evil. Being consulted by the king as to sixteen dreams which he had dreamed, the brahmins clutched at the opportunity for sacrifices [344] and set to work thereon. Oh, sir, would it not be a good thing that you should offer to make known to the king the real import of his dreams and so deliver great numbers of creatures from their dread?" "But, my son, I do not know the king, nor he me. Still, if he should cone here and ask me, I will tell him." "I will bring the king, sir," said the young brahmin; "if you will only be so good as to wait here a minute till

I come back." And having gained the Bodhisatta's consent, he went before the king, and said that there had alighted in the royal pleasaunce an air-travelling ascetic, who said he would expound the king's dreams; would not his majesty relate them to this ascetic?

When the king heard this, he repaired at once to the pleasaunce with a large retinue. Saluting the ascetic, he sat down by the holy man's

side, and asked whether it was true that he knew what would come of his dreams. "Certainly, sire," said the Bodhisatta; "but first let me hear the dreams as you dreamed them." "Readily, sir," answered the king; and he began as follows:--

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,
Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot,
A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood,
And gourds that sank, and stones that swam,

and so forth, ending up with

And wolves in panic-fear of goats.

And his majesty went on to tell his dreams in just the same manner as that in which King Pasenadi had described them. [345]

"Enough," said the Great Being; "you have nothing to fear or dread from all this." Having thus reassured the king, and having freed a great multitude from bondage, the Bodhisatta again took up his position in mid-air, whence he exhorted the king and

established him in the Five Commandments, ending with these words:--"Henceforth, O king, join not with the brahmins in slaughtering animals for sacrifice." His teaching ended, the Bodhisatta passed straight through the air to his own abode. And the king, remaining stedfast in the teaching he had heard, passed away after a life of alms-giving and other good works to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "You have nothing to fear from these dreams; away with the sacrifice!" Having had the sacrifice removed, and having saved the lives of a multitude of creatures, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the king of those days, Sāriputta the young Brahmin, and I the ascetic."

(*Pāli note*. But after the passing of the Blessed One, the Editors of the Great Redaction put the three first lines into the Commentary, and making the lines from 'And gourds that sank' into one Stanza (therewith) [1], put the whole story into the First Book.)

[*Note*. Cf. Sacy's Kalilah and Dimnah, chapter 14; Benfey's Pañcatantra § 225; *JṚ.AṢ.* for 1893 page 509; and Rouse ('A Jātaka in Pausanias') in 'Folklore' i. 409 (1890).]

Footnotes

188:1 See Mahā-Vīra-Carita, p. 13, Mahābhārata II. 2196.

189:1 Cf. the story of Ocnus in Pausanias x. 29.

191:1 Reading *titthakarānaṁ pakkhe*, as conjectured by Fausböll.

191:2 See Vinaya II. 294 for the same list; and see page 6 of Rhys Davids' "Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon" in *Numismata Orientalia* (Trübner).

192:1 Here the Pāli interpolates the irrelevant remark that "the word *hi* is nothing more than a particle."

194:1 I am not at all sure that this is the correct translation of this difficult and corrupt passage.

No. 78.

ILLĪSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Both squint*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a miserly Lord High Treasurer. Hard by the city of Rājagaha, as we are told, was a town named Jagghery, and here dwelt a certain Lord High Treasurer, known as the Millionaire Miser, who was worth eighty crores! Not so much as the tiniest drop of oil that a blade of grass will take up, did he either give away or consume for his own enjoyment. So he made no use of all his wealth either for his family or for sages and brahmins: it remained unenjoyed,--like a pool haunted by demons. Now, it fell out on a day that the Master arose at dawn moved with a great compassion, and as he reviewed those ripe for conversion throughout the universe, he became aware that this Treasurer with his wife some four hundred miles away were destined to tread the Paths of Salvation.

Now the day before, the Lord High Treasurer had gone his way to the palace to wait upon the king, and was on his homeward way when he saw a country-bumpkin, who was quite empty within, eating a cake stuffed with gruel. The sight awoke a craving within him! But, arrived at his own house, [346] be thought to himself,--"If I say I should like a stuffed cake, a whole host of people will want to share my meal; and that means getting through ever so much of my rice and ghee and sugar. I mustn't say a word to a soul." So he walked about, wrestling with his craving. As hour after hour passed, he grew yellower and yellower, and the veins stood out like cords on his emaciated

frame. Unable at last to bear it any longer, he went to his own room and lay down hugging his bed. But still not a word would he say to a soul for fear of wasting his substance! Well, his wife came to him, and, stroking his back, said: "What is the matter, my husband?"

"Nothing," said he. "Perhaps the king has been cross to you?" "No, he has not." "Have your children or servants done anything to annoy you?" "Nothing of that kind, either." "Well, then, have you a craving for anything?" But still not a word would he say,--all because of his preposterous fear that he might waste his substance; but lay there speechless on his bed. "Speak, husband," said the wife; "tell me what you have a craving for." "Yes," said he with a gulp, "I have got a craving for one thing." "And what is that, my husband?" "I should like a stuffed cake to eat!" "Now why not have said so at once? You're rich enough! I'll cook cakes enough to feast the whole town of Jagghery." "Why trouble about them? They must work to earn their own meal." "Well then, I'll cook only enough for our street." "How rich you are!" "Then, I'll cook just enough for our own household." "How extravagant you are!" "Very good, I'll cook only enough for our children." "Why bother about them?" "Very good then, I'll only provide for our two selves." "Why should you be in it?" "Then, I'll cook just enough for you alone," said the wife.

"Softly," said the Lord High Treasurer; "there are a lot of people on the watch for signs of cooking in this place. Pick out broken rice,--being careful to leave the whole grain,--and take a brazier and cooking-pots and just a very little milk and ghee and honey and molasses; then up with you to the seventh story of the house and do the cooking up there. There I will sit alone and undisturbed to eat."

Obedient to his wishes, the wife had all the necessary things carried up, climbed all the way up herself, sent the servants away, and despatched word to the Treasurer to come. Up he climbed, shutting and bolting door after door as he ascended, till at last he came to the seventh floor, the door of which he also shut fast. Then he sat down. His wife lit the fire in the brazier, put her pot on, and set about cooking the cakes.

Now in the early morning, the Master had said to the Elder Great Moggallāna,--"Moggallāna, this Miser Millionaire [347] in the town of Jagghery near Rājagaha, wanting to eat cakes himself, is so afraid of letting others know, that he is having them cooked for him right up on the seventh story. Go thither; convert the man to self-denial, and by transcendental power transport husband and wife, cakes, milk, ghee and all, here to Jetavana. This day I and the five hundred Brethren will stay at home, and I will make the cakes furnish them with a meal."

Obedient to the Master's bidding, the Elder by supernatural power passed to the town of Jagghery, and rested in mid-air before the chamber-window, duly clad in his under and outer cloths, bright as a jewelled image. The unexpected sight of the Elder made the Lord High Treasurer quake with fear. Thought he to himself, "It was to escape such visitors that I climbed up here: and now there's one of them at the window!" And, failing to realise the comprehension of that which he must needs comprehend, he sputtered with rage, like sugar and salt thrown on the fire, as he burst out with--"What will you get, sage, by your simply standing in mid-air? Why, you may pace up and

down till you've made a path in the pathless air,--and yet you'll still get nothing."

The Elder began to pace to and fro in his place in the air! "What will you get by pacing to and fro?" said the Treasurer! "You may sit cross-legged in meditation in the air,--but still you'll get nothing." The Elder sat down with legs crossed! Then said the Treasurer, "What will you get by sitting there? You may come and stand on the window-sill; but even that won't get you any-thing!" The Elder took his stand on the window-sill. "What will you get by standing on the window-sill? Why, you may belch smoke, and yet you'll still get nothing!" said the Treasurer. Then the Elder belched forth smoke till the whole palace was filled with it. The Treasurer's eyes began to smart as though pricked with needles; and, for fear at last that his house might be set on fire, he checked himself from adding--"You won't get anything even if you burst into flames." Thought he to himself, "This Elder is most persistent! He simply won't go away empty-handed! I must have just one cake given him." So he said to his wife, "My dear, cook one little cake and give it to the sage to get rid of him."

So she mixed quite a little dough in a crock. But the dough swelled and swelled till it filled the whole crock, and grew to be a great big cake! "What a lot you must have used!" exclaimed the Treasurer at the sight. And he himself with the tip of a spoon took a very little of the dough, and put that in the oven to bake. But that tiny piece of dough grew larger than the first lump; and, one after another, every piece of dough he took became ever so big! Then he lost heart and said to his wife, "You give him a cake, dear." But, as soon as she took one cake from the basket, at once all the other cakes stuck fast to it. So she cried out to her

husband that all the cakes had stuck together, and that she could not part them.

"Oh, I'll soon part them," said he,--but found he could not!

Then husband and wife both took hold of the mass of cakes at the corner and tried to get them apart. But tug as they might, they could make no more impression together than they did singly, on the mass. Now as the Treasurer was pulling away at the cakes, he burst into a perspiration, and his craving left him. Then said he to his wife, "I don't want the cakes; [348] give them, basket and all, to this ascetic." And she approached the Elder with the basket in her hand. Then the Elder preached the truth to the pair, and proclaimed the excellence of the Three Gems. And, teaching that giving was true sacrifice, he made the fruits of charity and other good works to shine forth even as the full-moon in the heavens. Won by the Elder's words, the Treasurer said, "Sir, come hither and sit on this couch to eat your cakes."

"Lord High Treasurer," said the Elder, "the All-Wise Buddha with five hundred Brethren sits in the monastery waiting a meal of cakes. If such be your good pleasure, I would ask you to bring your wife and the cakes with you, and let us be going to the Master." "But where, sir, is the Master at the present

time?" "Five and forty leagues away, in the monastery at Jetavana." "How are we to get all that way, sir, without losing a long time on the road?" "If it be your pleasure, Lord High Treasurer, I will transport you thither by my transcendental powers. The head of the staircase in your house shall remain where it is, but the bottom shall be at the main-gate of Jetavana.

In this wise will I transport you to the Master in the time which it takes to go downstairs." "So be it, sir," said the Treasurer.

Then the Elder, keeping the top of the staircase where it was, commanded, saying,--"Let the foot of the staircase be at the main-gate of Jetavana." And so it came to pass! In this way did the Elder transport the Treasurer and his wife to Jetavana quicker than they could get down the stairs.

Then husband and wife came before the Master and said meal-time had come. And the Master, passing into the Refectory, sat down on the Buddha-seat prepared for him, with the Brotherhood gathered round. Then the Lord High Treasurer poured the Water of Donation over the hands of the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, whilst his wife placed a cake in the alms-bowl of the Blessed One. Of this he took what sufficed to support life, as also did the five hundred Brethren. Next the Treasurer went round offering milk mixed with ghee and hooey and jagghery; and the Master and the Brotherhood brought their meal to a close. Lastly the Treasurer and his wife ate their fill, but still there seemed no end to the cakes. Even when all the Brethren and the scrap-eaters through-out the monastery had all had a share, still there was no sign of the end approaching. So they told the Master, saying, "Sir, the supply of cakes grows no smaller."

"Then throw them down by the great gate of the monastery."

So they threw them away in a cave not far from the gateway; and to this day a spot called 'The Crock-Cake,' is shown at the extremity of that cave.

The Lord High Treasurer and his wife approached and stood before the Blessed One, who returned thanks; and at the close of his words of thanks, the pair attained Fruition of the First Path of Salvation. Then, taking their leave of the Master, the two mounted the stairs at the great gate and found themselves in their own home once more. [349] Afterwards, the Lord High Treasurer lavished eighty crores of money solely on the Faith the Buddha taught.

Next day the Perfect Buddha, returning to Jetavana after a round for alms in Sāvatthi, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brethren before retiring to the seclusion of the Perfumed Chamber. At evening, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and exclaimed, "How great is the power of the Elder Moggallāna! In a moment he converted a miser to charity, brought him with the cakes to Jetavana, set him before the piaster, and stablished him in salvation. How great is the power of the Elder!" As they sat talking thus of the goodness of the Elder, the Master entered, and, on enquiry, was told of the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "a Brother who is the converter of a household, should approach that household without causing it annoyance or vexation,--even as the bee when it sucks the nectar from the flower; in such wise should he draw nigh to declare the excellence of the Buddha." And in praise of the Elder Moggallāna, he recited this stanza:--

Like bees, that harm no flower's scent or hue
But, laden with its honey, fly away,
So, sage, within thy village walk thy way [1].

Then, to set forth still more the Elder's goodness, he said,--"This is not the first time, Brethren, that the miserly Treasurer has

been converted by Moggallāna. In other days too the Elder converted him, and taught him how deeds and their effects are linked together." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a Treasurer, Illīsa by name, who was worth eighty crores, and had all the defects which fall to the lot of man. He was lame and crook-backed and had a squint; he was an unconverted infidel, and a miser, never giving of his store to others, nor enjoying it himself; his house was like a pool haunted by demons. Yet, for seven generations, his ancestors had been bountiful, giving freely of their best; but, when he became Treasurer, he broke through the traditions of his house. Burning down the almonry and driving the poor with blows from his gates, he hoarded his wealth.

One day, when he was returning from attendance on the king, he saw a yokel, who had journeyed far and was a-weary, seated on a bench, and filling a mug from a jar of rank spirits, and drinking it off, with a dainty morsel of stinking dried-fish as a relish. The sight made the Treasurer feel a thirst for spirits, but he thought to himself, [350] "If I drink, others will want to drink with me, and that means a ruinous expense." So he walked about, keeping his thirst under. But, as time wore on, he could do so no longer; he grew as yellow as old cotton; and the veins stood out on his sunken frame. On a day, retiring to his chamber, he lay down hugging his bed. His wife came to him, and rubbed his back, as she asked, "What has gone amiss with my lord?"

(What follows is to be told in the words of the former story.) But, when she in her turn said, "Then I'll only brew liquor enough for you," he said, "If you make the brew in the house, there will be many on the watch; and to send out for the spirits and sit and drink it here, is out of the question." So he produced one single penny, and sent a slave to fetch him a jar of spirits from the tavern. When the slave came back, he made him go from the town to the riverside and put the jar down in a remote thicket. "Now be off!" said he, and made the slave wait some distance off, while he filled his cup and fell to.

Now the Treasurer's father, who for his charity and other good works had been re-born as Sakka in the Realm of Devas, was at that moment wondering whether his bounty was still kept up or not, and became aware of the stopping of his bounty, and of his son's behaviour. He saw how his son, breaking through the traditions of his house, had burnt the almonry to the ground, had driven the poor with blows from his gates, and how, in his miserliness, fearing to share with others, that son had stolen away to a thicket to drink by himself. Moved by the sight, Sakka cried, "I will go to him and make my son see that deeds must have their consequences; I will work his conversion, and make him charitable and worthy of re-birth in the Realm of Devas." So he came down to earth, and once more trod the ways of men, putting on the semblance of the Treasurer Illīsa, with the latter's lameness, and crookback, and squint. In this guise, he entered the city of Rājagaha and made his way to the

palace-gate, where he bade his coming be announced to the king. "Let him approach," said the king; and he entered and

stood with due obeisance before his majesty.

"What brings you here at this unusual hour, Lord High Treasurer?" said the king. "I am come, Sire, because I have in my house eighty crores of treasure. Deign to have them carried to fill the royal treasury." "Nay, my Lord Treasurer; [351] the treasure within my palace is greater than this." "If you, sire, will not have it, I shall give it away to whom I will." "Do so by all means, Treasurer," said the king. "So be it, sire," said the pretended Illīsa, as with due obeisance he departed from the presence to the Treasurer's house. The servants all gathered round him, but not one could tell that it was not their real master. Entering, he stood on the threshold and sent for the porter, to whom he gave orders that if anybody resembling himself should appear and claim to be master of the house they should soundly cudgel such a one and throw him out. Then, mounting the stairs to the upper story, he sat down on a gorgeous couch and sent for Illīsa's wife. When she came he said with a smile, "My dear, let us be bountiful."

At these words, wife, children, and servants all thought, "It's a long time since he was this way minded. He must have been drinking to be so good-natured and generous to-day." And his wife said to him, "Be as bountiful as you please, my husband." "Send for the crier," said he, "and bid him proclaim by beat of drum all through the city that everyone who wants gold, silver, diamonds, pearls, and the like, is to come to the house of Illīsa the Treasurer." His wife did as he bade, and a large crowd soon assembled at the door carrying baskets and sacks. Then Sakka bade the treasure-chambers be thrown open, anal cried, "This is my gift to you; take what you will and go your ways." And the crowd seized on the riches there stored, and piled them in heaps

on the floor and filled the bags and vessels they had brought, and went off laden with the spoils. Among them was a countryman who yoked Illīsa's oxen to Illīsa's carriage, filled it with the seven things of price, and journeyed out of the city along the highroad. As he went along, he drew near the thicket, and sang the Treasurer's praises in these words:--"May you live to be a hundred, my good lord Illīsa! What you have done for me this day will enable me to live without doing another stroke of work. Whose were these oxen?--yours. Whose was this carriage?--yours. Whose the wealth in the carriage?--yours again. It was no father or mother who gave me all this; no, it came solely from you, my lord."

These words filled the Lord High Treasurer with fear and trembling. "Why, the fellow is mentioning my name in his talk," said he to himself. "Can the king have been distributing my wealth to the people?" [352] At the bare thought he bounded from the bush, and, recognizing his own

oxen and cart, seized the oxen by the cord, crying, "Stop, fellow; these oxen and this cart belong to me." Down leaped the man from the cart, angrily exclaiming, "You rascal! Illīsa, the Lord High Treasurer, is giving away his wealth to all the city. What has come to you?" And he sprang at the Treasurer and struck him on the back like a falling thunder-bolt, and went off with the cart. Illīsa picked himself up, trembling in every limb, wiped off the mud, and hurrying after his cart, seized hold of it. Again the countryman got down, and seizing Illīsa by the hair, doubled him up and thumped him about the head for some time; then taking him by the throat, he flung him back the way be had come, and

drove off. Sobered by this rough usage, Illīsa hurried off home. There, seeing folk making off with the treasure, he fell to laying hands on here a man and there a man, shrieking, "Hi! what's this? Is the king despoiling me?" And every man he laid hands on knocked him down. Bruised and smarting, he sought to take refuge in his own house, when the porters stopped him with, "Holloa, you rascal! Where might you be going?" And first thrashing him soundly with bamboos, they took their master by the throat and threw him out of doors. "There is none but the king left to see me righted," groaned Illīsa, and betook himself to the palace. "Why, oh why, sire," he cried, "have you plundered me like this?"

"Nay, it was not I, my Lord Treasurer," said the king. "Did you not yourself come and declare your intention of giving your wealth away, if I would not accept it? And did you not then send the crier round and carry out your threat?" "Oh sire, indeed it was not I that came to you on such an errand. Your majesty knows how near and close I am, and how I never give away so much as the tiniest drop of oil which a blade of grass will take up. May it please your majesty to send for him who has given my substance away, and to question him on the matter."

Then the king sent for Sakka. And so exactly alike were the two that neither the king nor his court could tell which, was the real Lord High Treasurer. Said the miser Illīsa, "Who, and what, sire, is this Treasurer? I am the Treasurer."

"Well, really I can't say which is the real Illīsa," said the king. "Is there anybody who can distinguish them for certain?" "Yes, sire, my wife." So the wife was sent for and asked which of the two was her husband. And she said Sakka was her husband and went

to his side. [353] Then in turn Illīsa's children and servants were brought in and asked the same question; and all with one accord declared Sakka was the real Lord High Treasurer. Here it flashed across Illīsa's mind that he had a wart on his head, hidden among his hair, the existence of which was known only to his barber. So, as a last resource, he asked that his barber might be sent for to identify him. Now at this time the Bodhisatta was his barber. Accordingly, the barber was sent for and asked if he could

distinguish the real from the false Illīsa. "I could tell, sire," said he, "if I might examine their heads." "Then look at both their heads," said the king. On the instant Sakka caused a wart to rise on his head! After examining the two, the Bodhisatta reported that, as both alike had got warts on their heads, he couldn't for the life of him say which was the real man. And therewithal he uttered this stanza:--

Both squint; both halt; both men are hunchbacks too;
And both have warts alike!
I cannot tell Which of the two the real Illīsa is.

Hearing his last hope thus fail him, the Lord High Treasurer fell into a tremble; and such was his intolerable anguish at the loss of his beloved riches, that down he fell in a swoon. Thereupon Sakka put forth his transcendental powers, and, rising in the air, addressed the king thence in these words: "Not Illīsa am I, O king, but Sakka." Then those around wiped Illīsa's face and dashed water over him. Recovering, he rose to his feet and bowed to the ground before Sakka, King of Devas. Then said Sakka, "Illīsa, mine was the wealth, not thine; I am thy father, and

thou art my son. In my lifetime I was bountiful toward the poor and rejoiced in doing good; wherefore, I am advanced to this high estate and am become Sakka. But thou, walking not in my footsteps, art grown a niggard and a very miser; thou hast burnt my almonry to the ground, driven the poor from the gate, and hoarded thy riches. Thou hast no enjoyment thereof thyself, nor has any other human being; [354] but thy store is become like a pool haunted by demons, whereat no man may slake his thirst. Albeit, if thou wilt rebuild mine almonry and show bounty to the poor, it shall be accounted to thee for righteousness. But, if thou wilt not, then will I strip thee of all that thou hast, and cleave thy head with the thunderbolt of Indra, and thou shalt die."

At this threat Illīsa, quaking for his life, cried out, "Henceforth I will be bountiful." And Sakka accepted his promise, and, still seated in mid-air, established his son in the Commandments and preached the Truth to him, departing thereafter to his own abode. And Illīsa was diligent in almsgiving and other good works, and so assured his re-birth thereafter in heaven.

"Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that Moggallāna has converted the miserly Treasurer; in bygone days too the same man was converted by him." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This miserly Treasurer was the Illīsa of those days, Moggallāna was Sakka, King of Devas, Ānanda was the king, and I myself the barber."

[*Note*. Respecting this story, see an article by the translator in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for January 1892, entitled "The Lineage of the 'Proud King'."]

Footnotes

197:1 This is verse 49 of the *Dhammapada*.

No. 79.

KHARASSARA-JĀTAKA.

"He gave the robbers time."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Minister. He, ’tis said, ingratiated himself with the king, and, after collecting the royal revenue in a border-village, privily arranged with a band of robbers that he would march the men off into the jungle, leaving the village for the rascals to plunder,--on condition that they gave him half the booty. Accordingly, at daybreak when the place was left unprotected, down came the robbers, who slew and ate the cattle, looted the village, and were off with their booty before he came back at evening with his followers. But it was a very short time before his knavery leaked out and came to the ears of the king. And the king sent for him, and, as his guilt was manifest, he was degraded and another headman put in his place. Then the king went to the Master at Jetavana and told him what had happened. "Sire," said the Blessed One, "the man has only shewn the same disposition now which he shewed in bygone days." Then at the king's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he appointed a certain Minister to be headman of a border-village; and every-thing came to pass as in the above case. Now in those days the Bodhisatta was making the round of the border-villages in the way of trade, [355] and had taken up his abode in that very village. And when the headman was marching his men back

at evening with drums a-beating, he exclaimed, "This scoundrel, who privily egged on the robbers to loot the village, has waited till they had made off to the jungle again, and now back he comes with drums a-beating,--feigning a happy ignorance of anything wrong having happened." And, so saying, he uttered this stanza:--

He gave the robbers time to drive and slay
The cattle, burn the houses, capture folk;
And then with drums a-beating, home he marched,
--A son no more, for such a son is dead [1].

In such wise did the Bodhisatta condemn the headman. Not long after, the villany was detected, and the rascal was punished by the king as his wickedness deserved.

"This is not the first time, sire," said the king, "that he has been of this disposition; he was just the same in bygone days also." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The headman of to-day was also the headman of those days, and I myself the wise and good man who recited the stanza."

Footnotes

202:1 The scholiast's explanation is, that a son who is so lost to all decency and shame, ceases *ipso facto* to be a son, and that his mother is sonless even while her son is still alive.

No. 80.

BHĪMASENA-JĀTAKA.

"You vaunted your prowess."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain braggart among the Brethren. Tradition says that he used to gather round him Brethren of all ages, and go about deluding everyone with lying boasts about his noble descent. "Ah, Brethren," he would say, "there's no family so noble as mine, no lineage so peerless. I am a scion of the highest of princely lines; no man is my equal in birth or ancestral estate; there is absolutely no end to the gold and silver and other treasures we possess. Our very slaves and menials are fed on rice and meat-stews, and are clad in the best Benares cloth, with the choicest Benares perfumes to perfume themselves withal;--whilst I, because I have joined the Brotherhood, [3561 have to content myself with this vile fare and this vile garb."

But another Brother, after enquiring into his family estate, exposed to the Brethren the emptiness of this pretension. So the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth, and talk began as to how that Brother, in spite of his vows to leave worldly things and cleave only to the saving Truth, was going about deluding the Brethren with his lying boasts. Whilst the fellow's sinfulness was being discussed, the Master entered and enquired what their topic was. And they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that he has gone about boasting; in bygone days too he went about boasting and deluding people." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in a market-town in the North country, and when he was grown up he studied under a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasilā. There he learnt the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Branches of knowledge, and completed his education. And he became known as the sage Little Bowman. Leaving Takkasilā, he came to the Andhra country in search of practical experience. Now, it happened that in this Birth the Bodhisatta was somewhat of a crooked little dwarf, and he thought to himself, "If I make my appearance before any king, he's sure to ask what a dwarf like me is good for; why should I not use a tall broad fellow as my stalking-horse and earn my living in the shadow of his more imposing

personality'?" So he betook himself to the weavers' quarter, and there espying a huge weaver named Bhīmasena, saluted him, asking the man's name. "Bhīmasena [1] is my name," said the weaver. "And what makes a fine big man like you work at so sorry a trade?" "Because I can't get a living any other way." "Weave no more, friend. The whole continent can shew no such archer as I am; but kings would scorn me because I am a dwarf. And so you, friend, must be the man to vaunt your prowess with the bow, and the king will take you into his pay [357] and make you ply your calling regularly. Meantime I shall be behind you to perform the duties that are laid upon you, and so shall earn my living in your shadow. In this manner we shall both of us thrive and prosper. Only do as I tell you." "Done with you," said the other.

Accordingly, the Bodhisatta took the weaver with him to Benares, acting as a little' page of the bow, and putting the other in the front; and when they were at the gates of the palace, he made him send word of his coming to the king. Being summoned into the royal presence, the pair entered together and bowing stood before the king. "What brings you here?" said the king. "I am a mighty archer," said Bhīmasena; "there is no archer like me in the whole continent." "What pay would you want to enter my service?" "A thousand pieces a fortnight, sire." "What is this man of yours?" "He's my little page, sire." "Very well, enter my service."

So Bhīmasena entered the king's service; but it was the Bodhisatta who did all his work for him. Now in those days there was a tiger in a forest in Kāsi which blocked a frequented high-road and had devoured many victims. When this was reported to the king, he sent for Bhīmasena and asked whether he could catch the tiger.

"How could I call myself an archer, sire, if I couldn't catch a tiger?" The king gave him largesse and sent him on the errand. And home to the Bodhisatta came Bhīmasena with the news. "All right," said the Bodhisatta; "away you go, my friend." "But are you not coming too?" "No, I won't go; but I'll tell you a little plan." "Please do, my friend." "Well don't you be rash and approach the tiger's lair alone. What you will do is to muster a strong band of countryfolk to march to the spot with a thousand or two thousand bows; when you know that the tiger is aroused, you bolt into the thicket and lie down flat on your face. The countryfolk will beat the tiger to death; and as soon as he is quite dead, you bite off a creeper with your teeth, and draw near to the dead tiger, trailing the creeper in your hand. At the sight

of the dead body of the brute, you will burst out with--'Who has killed the tiger? I meant to lead it [358] by a creeper, like an ox, to the king, and with this intent had

just stepped into the thicket to get a creeper. I must know who killed the tiger before I could get back with my creeper.' Then the countryfolk will be very frightened and bribe you heavily not to report them to the king; you will be credited with slaying the tiger; and the king too will give you lots of money."

"Very good," said Bhīmasena; and off he went and slew the tiger just as the Bodhisatta had told him. Having thus made the road safe for travellers, back he came with a large following to Benares, and said to the king, "I have killed the tiger, sire; the forest is safe for travellers now." Well-pleased, the king loaded him with gifts.

Another day, tidings came that a certain road was infested with a buffalo, and the king sent Bhīmasena to kill it. Following the Bodhisatta's directions, he killed the buffalo in the same way as the tiger, and returned to the king, who once more gave him lots of money. He was a great lord now. Intoxicated by his new honours, he treated the Bodhisatta with contempt, and scorned to follow his advice, saying, "I can get on without you. Do you think there's no man but yourself?" This and many other harsh things did he say to the Bodhisatta.

Now, a few days later, a hostile king marched upon Benares and beleaguered it, sending a message to the king summoning him either to surrender his kingdom or to do battle. And the king of Benares ordered Bhīmasena out to fight him. So Bhīmasena was

armed cap-à-pie in soldierly fashion and mounted on a war-elephant sheathed in complete armour. And the Bodhisatta, who was seriously alarmed that, Bhīmasena might get killed, armed himself cap-à-pie also and seated himself modestly behind Bhīmasena. Surrounded by a host, the elephant passed out of the gates of the city and arrived in the forefront of the battle. At the first notes of the martial drum Bhīmasena fell a-quaking with fear. "If you fall off now, you'll get killed," said the Bodhisatta, and accordingly fastened a cord round him, which he held tight, to prevent him from falling off the elephant. But the sight of the field of battle proved too much for Bhīmasena, and the fear of death was so strong on him that he fouled the elephant's back. "Ah," said the Bodhisatta, "the present does not tally with the past. Then you affected the warrior; now your prowess is confined to befouling the elephant you ride on." And so saying, he uttered this stanza:--

[359] You vaunted your prowess, and loud was your boast;
  You swore you would vanquish the foe!
But is it consistent, when faced with their host,
  To vent your emotion, sir, *so*?

When the Bodhisatta had ended these taunts, he said, "But don't you be afraid, my friend. Am not I here to protect you?" Then he made Bhīmasena get off the elephant and bade him wash himself and go home. "And now to win renown this day," said the Bodhisatta, raising his

battle-cry as he dashed into the fight. Breaking through the king's camp, he dragged the king out and took him alive to Benares. In great joy at his prowess, his royal master loaded him

with honours, and from that day forward all India was loud with the fame of the Sage Little Bowman. To Bhīmasena he gave largesse, and sent him back to his own home; whilst he himself excelled in charity and all good works, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

"Thus, Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that this Brother has been a braggart; he was just the same in bygone days too." His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This braggart Brother was the Bhīmasena of those days, and I myself the Sage Little Bowman."

Footnotes

204:1 The name means "one who has or leads a terrible army;" it is the name of the second Pāṇḍava.

No. 81.

SURĀPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

[360] "*We drank*."--This story was cold by the Master about the Elder Sāgata, while he was dwelling in the Ghosita-park near Kosambī.

For, after spending the rainy season at Sāvatthi, the Master had come on an alms-pilgrimage to a market-town named Bhaddavatikā, where cowherds and goatherds and farmers and wayfarers respectfully besought him not to go down to the Mango Ferry; "for," said they, "in the Mango Ferry, in the demesne of the naked ascetics, dwells a poisonous and deadly Naga, known as the Naga of the Mango Ferry, who might harm the Blessed One." Feigning not to hear them, though they repeated their warning thrice, the Blessed One held on his way. Whilst the Blessed One was dwelling near Bhaddavatikā in a certain grove there, the Elder Sāgata, a servant of the Buddha, who had won such supernatural powers as a worldling can possess, went to the demesne, piled a couch of leaves at the spot where the Naga-king dwelt, and sate himself down cross-legged thereon. Being unable to conceal his evil nature, the Naga raised a great smoke. So did the Elder. Then the Naga sent forth flames. So too did the Elder. But, whilst the Nāga's flames did no harm to the Elder, the Elder's flames did do harm to the Naga, and so in a short time he mastered the Naga-king and established him in the Refuges and the Commandments, after which he repaired back to the Master. And the Master, after dwelling as long as it pleased him at Bhaddavatikā, went on to Kosambī. Now the story of the Nāga's conversion by Sāgata, had

got noised abroad all over the countryside, and the townsfolk of Kosambī went forth to meet the Blessed One and saluted him, after which they passed to the Elder Sāgata and saluting him, said, "Tell us, sir, what you lack and we will furnish it." The Elder himself remained

silent; but the followers of the Wicked Six [1] made answer as follows:--"Sirs, to those who have renounced the world, white spirits are as rare as they are acceptable. Do you think you could get the Elder some clear white spirit?" "To be sure we can," said the townsfolk, and invited the Master to take his meal with them next clay. Then they went back to their own town and arranged that each in his own house should offer clear white spirit to the Elder, and accordingly they all laid in a store and invited the Elder in and plied him with the liquor, house by house. So deep were his potations that, on his way out of town, the Elder fell prostrate in the gateway and there lay hiccoughing nonsense. On his way back from his meal in the town, the Master came on the Elder lying in this state, and bidding the Brethren carry Sāgata home, [361] passed on his way to the park. The Brethren laid the Elder down with his head at the Buddha's feet, but he turned round so that he came to lie with his feet towards the Buddha. Then the Master asked his question, "Brethren, does Sāgata shew that respect towards me now that he formerly did?" "No, sir." "Tell me, Brethren, who it was that mastered the Naga-king of the Mango Ferry?" "It was Sāgata, sir." "Think you that in his present state Sāgata could piaster even a harmless water-snake?" "That he could not, sir." "Well now, Brethren, is it proper to drink that which, when drunk, steals away a man's senses?" "It is improper, sir." Now, after discoursing with the Brethren in dispraise of the

Elder, the Blessed One laid it down as a precept that the drinking of intoxicants was an offence requiring confession and absolution; after which he rose up and passed into his perfumed chamber.

Assembling together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the sin of spirit-drinking, saying, "What a great sin is the drinking of spirits, sirs, seeing that it has blinded to the Buddha's excellence even one so wise and so gifted as Sāgata." Entering the Hall of Truth at this point, the Master asked what topic they were discussing; and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that they who had renounced the world have lust their senses through drinking spirits; the very same thing took place in bygone days." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern Brahmin-family in Kāsi; and when he grew up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life. He won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the enjoyment of the bliss of Insight in the Himalayas, with five hundred pupils around him. Once, when the rainy season had come, his pupils said to him, "Master, may we go to the haunts of men and bring back salt and vinegar?" "For my own part, sirs, I shall remain here; but you may go for your health's sake, and come back when the rainy season is over."

"Very good," said they, and taking a respectful leave of their master, came to Benares, where they took up their abode in the royal pleasaunce. On the morrow they went in quest of alms to a village just outside the city gates, where they had plenty to eat;

and next day they made their way into the city itself. The kindly citizens gave alms to them, and the king was soon informed that five hundred hermits from the Himalayas had

taken up their abode in the royal pleasaunce, and that they were ascetics of great austerity, subduing the flesh, and of great virtue. Hearing this good character of them, the king went to the pleasaunce and graciously made them welcome [362] to stay there for four months. They promised that they would, and thenceforth were fed in the royal palace and lodged in the pleasaunce. But one day a drinking festival was held in the city, and the king gave the five hundred hermits a large supply of the best spirits, knowing that such things rarely come in the way of those who renounce the world and its vanities. The ascetics drank the liquor and went back to the pleasaunce. There, in drunken hilarity, some danced, some sang, whilst others, wearied of dancing and singing, kicked about their rice-hampers and other belongings,--after which they lay down to sleep. When they had slept off their drunkenness and awoke to see the traces of their revelry, they wept and lamented, saying, "We have done that which we ought not to have done. We have done this evil because we are away from our master." Forthwith, they quitted the pleasaunce and returned to the Himalayas. Laying aside their bowls and other belongings, they saluted their master and took their seats. "Well, my sons," said he, "were you comfortable amid the haunts of men, and were you spared weary journeyings in quest of alms? Did you dwell in unity one with another?"

"Yes, master, we were comfortable; but we drank forbidden drink, so that, losing our senses and forgetting ourselves, we

both danced and sang." And by way of setting the matter forth, they composed and repeated this stanza:--

We drank, we danced, we sang, we wept; ’twas well
That, when we drank the drink that steals away
The senses, we were not transformed to apes.

"This is what is sure to happen to those who are not living under a master's care," said the Bodhisatta, rebuking those ascetics; and he exhorted them saying, "Henceforth, never do such a thing again." Living on with Insight unbroken, he became destined to rebirth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

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[363] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth (and henceforth we shall omit the words 'shewed the connexion '), by saying,--"My disciples were the band of hermits of those days, and I their teacher."

Footnotes

207:1 See note 1 on page 71.

No. 82.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA.

"No more to dwell."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a self-willed Brother. The incidents of this Birth, which took place in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, will be related in the Tenth Book in the Mahā-Mittavindaka Jātaka [1].

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this Stanza:--

No more to dwell in island palaces
Of crystal, silver, or of sparkling gems,--
With flinty headgear thou'rt invested now;
Nor shall its griding torture ever cease
Till all thy sin be purged and life shall end.

So saying, the Bodhisatta passed to his own abode among the Devas. And Mittavindaka, having donned that headgear, suffered grievous torment till his sin had been spent and he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth, by saying, "This self-willed Brother was the Mittavindaka of those days, and I myself the King of the Devas."

Footnotes

209:1 No. 439. See No. 41, and Divyāvadāna, p. 603, &c.

No. 83.

KĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA. [364]

"*A friend is he*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a friend of Anātha-piṇḍika's. Tradition says that the two had made mud-pies together, and had gone to the same school; but, as years went by, the friend, whose name was 'Curse,' sank into great distress and could not make a living anyhow. So he came to the rich man, who was kind to him, and paid him to look after all his property; and the poor friend was employed under Anātha-piṇḍika and did all his business for him. After he had gone up to the rich man's It was a common thing to hear in the house--"Stand up, Curse," or "Sit down, Curse," or "Have your dinner, Curse."

One day the Treasurer's friends and acquaintances called on him and said, "Lord Treasurer, don't let this sort of thing go on in your house. It's enough to scare an ogre to hear such ill-omened observations as--'Stand up, Curse,' or 'Sit down, Curse,' or 'Have your dinner, Curse.' The man is not your social equal; he's a miserable wretch, dogged by misfortune. Why have anything to do with him?" "Not so," replied Anātha-piṇḍika; "a name only serves to denote a man, and the wise do not measure a man by his name; nor is it proper to wax superstitious about mere sounds. Never will I throw over, for his mere name's sake, the friend with whom I made mud-pies as a child." And he rejected their advice.

One day the great man departed to visit a village of which he was headman, leaving the other in charge of the house. Hearing of his departure certain robbers made up their mind to break into the house; and, arming themselves to the teeth, they surrounded it in the night-time. But 'Curse' had a suspicion that burglars might be expected, and was sitting up for them. And when he knew that they had come, he ran about as if to rouse his people, bidding one sound the conch, another beat the drum, till he had the whole house full of noise, as though be were rousing a whole army of servants. Said the robbers, "The house is not so empty as we were told; the master must be at home." Flinging away their stones, clubs and other weapons, away they bolted for their lives. Next day great alarm was caused by the sight of all the discarded weapons lying round the house; and Curse was lauded to the skies by such praises as this:--"If the house had not been patrolled by one so wise as this man, the robbers would have simply walked in at their own pleasure and have plundered the house. The Treasurer owes this stroke of good luck to his staunch friend." And the moment the merchant came back from his village they hastened to tell him the whole story. "Ah," said he, "this is the trusty guardian of my house whom you wanted me to get rid of. If I had taken your advice and got rid of him; I should be a beggar to-day. It's not the name but the heart within that makes the man." So saying he raised his wages. And thinking that here was a good story [365] to tell, off he went to the Master and gave him a complete account of it all, right through. "This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that a friend named Curse has saved his friend's wealth from robbers; the like happened in bygone days as well." Then, at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Treasurer of great renown; and he had a friend whose name was Curse, and so on as in the foregoing story. When on his return from his zemindary the Bodhisatta heard what had happened he said to his friends, "If I had taken your advice and got rid of my trusty friend, I should have been a beggar to-day." And he repeated this stanza:--

A friend is he that seven steps will go
To help us [1]; twelve attest the comrade true.
A fortnight or a month's tried loyalty
Makes kindred, longer time a second self.
--Then how shall I, who all these years have known
My friend, be wise in driving Curse away?

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the Curse of those days, and I myself the Treasurer of Benares."

Footnotes

210:1 See Griffith's "Old Indian Poetry," p. 27; and Pānini's rule, v. 2. 22.

No. 84.

ATTHASSADVĀRA-JĀTAKA. [366]

"*Seek health*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boy who was sage in matters relating to spiritual welfare. When he was only seven years old, the boy, who was the son of a very wealthy Treasurer, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare; and one day came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. The father could not answer, but he thought to himself,--"This is a very difficult question; from highest heaven to nethermost hell there is none that can answer it, save only the All-knowing Buddha." So he took the child with him to Jetavana, with a quantity of perfumes and flowers and unguents. Arrived there, he did reverence to the Master, bowed down before him, and seating himself on one side, spoke as follows to the Blessed One:--"Sir, this boy of mine, who is intelligent and anxious for his spiritual welfare, has asked me what are the Paths leading to spiritual welfare; and as I did not know, I came to you. Vouchsafe, O Blessed One, to resolve this question." "Lay-brother," said the Master, "this selfsame question was asked me by this very child in former times, and I answered it for him. He knew the answer in bygone days, but now he has forgotten because of change of birth." Then, at the father's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy Treasurer; and he had a son who, when only seven years old, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare. One day the child came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. And his father answered him by repeating this stanza:--

Seek Health, the supreme good; be virtuous;
Hearken to elders; from the scriptures learn;
Conform to Truth; and burst Attachment's bonds.
--For chiefly these six Paths to Welfare lead.

[367] In this wise did the Bodhisatta answer his son's question as to the Paths that lead to spiritual welfare; and the boy from that time forward followed those six rules. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This child was also the child of those days, and I myself the Lord Treasurer."

No. 85.

KIMPAKKA-JĀTAKA.

"*As they who ate*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a concupiscent Brother. Tradition says there was a scion of a good family who gave his heart to the Buddha's doctrine and joined the Brotherhood. But one day as he was going his round for alms in Sāvatthi, he was there stirred to concupiscence by the sight of a beautifully dressed woman. Being brought by his teachers and directors before the Master, he admitted in answer to the enquiries of the Blessed One that the spirit of concupiscence had entered into him. Then said the Master, "Verily the five lusts of the senses are sweet in the hour of actual enjoyment, Brother; but this enjoyment of them (in that it entails the miseries of re-birth in hell and the other evil states) is like the eating of the fruit of the What-fruit tree. Very fair to view is the What-fruit, very fragrant-and sweet; but when eaten, it racks the inwards and brings death. In other days, through ignorance [368] of its evil nature, a multitude of men, seduced by the beauty, fragrance and sweetness of the fruit, ate thereof so that they died." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the leader of a caravan. Once when journeying with five hundred carts from East to West, he came to the outskirts of a forest. Assembling his men, he said to them:--"In this forest grow trees that bear poisonous fruit. Let no

man eat any unfamiliar fruit without first asking me." When they had traversed the forest, they came at the other border on a What-fruit tree with its boughs bending low with their burthen of fruit. In form, smell and taste, its trunk, boughs, leaves and fruit resembled a mango. Taking the tree, from its misleading appearance and so forth, to be a mango, some plucked the fruit and ate; but others said, "Let us speak to our leader before we eat." And these latter, plucking the fruit, waited for him to come up. When he came, he ordered them to fling away the fruit they had plucked, and had an emetic administered to those who had already eaten. Of these latter, some recovered; but such as had been the first to eat, died. The Bodhisatta reached his destination in safety, and sold his wares at a profit, after which he travelled home again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

It was when he had told this story, that the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:--

As they who ate the What-fruit died, so Lusts,
When ripe, slay him who knowing not the woe
They breed hereafter, stoops to lustful deeds.

Having thus shewn that the Lusts, which are so sweet in the hour of fruition, end by slaying their votaries, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close [369] whereof the concupiscent Brother was converted and won the Fruit of the First Path. Of the rest of the Buddha's following some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again became Arahats.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the people of the caravan in those days, and I their leader."

No. 86.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Naught can compare*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin who put to the test his reputation for goodness. This Brother, who was maintained by ṭhe King of Kosala, had sought the Three Refuges; he kept the Five Commandments, and was versed in the Three Vedas. "This is a good man," thought the King, and shewed him great honour. But that Brother thought to himself, "The King shews honour to me beyond other brahmins, and has manifested his great regard by making me his spiritual director. But is his favour due to my goodness or only to my birth, lineage, family, country and accomplishments? I must clear this up without delay." Accordingly, one day when he was leaving the palace, he took unbidden a coin from a treasurer's counter, and went his way. Such was the treasurer's veneration for the brahmin that he sat perfectly still and said not a word. Next day the brahmin took two coins; but still the official made no remonstrance. The third day the brahmin took a whole handful of coins. "This is the third day," cried the treasurer, "that you have robbed his Majesty;" and he shouted out three times,--"I have caught the thief who robs the treasury." In rushed a crowd of people from every side, crying, "Ah, you've long been posing as a model of goodness." And dealing him two or three blows, they led him before the King. In great sorrow the King said to him, "What led you, brahmin, to do, so wicked a thing?" And he gave orders, saying, "Off with him to punishment." "I are no thief, sire," said the brahmin. "Then why did you take money from the treasury?" "Because you shewed me such great honour, sire, and because I

made up my mind to find out whether that honour was paid to my birth and the like or only to my goodness. That was my motive, and now I know for certain (inasmuch as you order me off to punishment) that it was my goodness and not my birth and other advantages, that won me your majesty's favour. Goodness I know to be the chief and supreme good; I know too that to goodness [370] I can

never attain in this life, whilst I remain a layman, living in the midst of sinful pleasures. Wherefore, this very day I would fain go to the Master at Jetavana and renounce the world for the Brotherhood. Grant me your leave, sire." The King consenting, the brahmin set out for Jetavana. His friends and relations in a body tried to turn him from his purpose, but, finding their efforts of no avail, left him alone. He came to the Master and asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. After admission to the lower and higher orders, he won by application spiritual insight and became an Arahat, whereon he drew near to the Master, saying, "Sir, my joining the Order has borne the Supreme Fruit,"--thereby signifying that he had won Arahatship. Hearing of this, the Brethren, assembling in the Hall of Truth, spoke with one another of the virtues of the King's chaplain who tested his own reputation for goodness and who, leaving the King, had now risen to be an Arahat. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what the Brethren were discussing, and they told him. "Not without a precedent, Brethren," said he, "is the action of this brahmin in putting to the test his reputation for goodness and in working out his salvation after renouncing the world. The like was done by the wise and good of bygone days as well." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his chaplain,--a man given to charity and other good works, whose mind was set on righteousness, always keeping unbroken the Five Commandments. And the King honoured him beyond the other brahmins; and everything came to pass as above.

But, as the Bodhisatta was being brought in bonds before the King, he came where some snake-charmers were exhibiting a snake, which they laid hold of by the tail and the throat, and tied round their necks. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta begged the men to desist, for the snake might bite them and cut their lives short. "Brahmin," replied the snake-charmers, "this is a good and well-behaved cobra; he's not wicked like you, who for your wickedness and misconduct are being hauled off in custody."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "Even cobras, if they do not bite or wound, are called 'good.' How much more must this be the case with those who have come to be human beings! Verily it is just this goodness which is the most excellent thing in all the world, nor [371] does aught surpass it." Then he was brought before the King. "What is this, my friends?" said the King. "Here's a thief who has been robbing your majesty's treasury." "Away with him to execution." "Sire," said the brahmin, "I am no thief." "Then how came you to take the money?" Hereon the Bodhisatta made answer precisely as above, ending as follows:--"This then is why I have come to the conclusion that it is goodness which is the highest and most excellent thing in all the world. But be that as it may, yet, seeing that the cobra, when it does not bite or

wound, must simply be called 'good' and nothing more, for this reason too it is

goodness alone which is the highest and most excellent of all things." Then in praise of goodness he uttered this stanza:--

Naught can compare with Goodness;
all the world Can not its equal show. The cobra fell,
If men account it 'good,' is saved from death.

After preaching the truth to the King in this stanza, the Bodhisatta, abjuring all Lusts, and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, repaired to the Himalayas, where he attained to the five Knowledges and the eight Attainments, earning for himself the sure hope of re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the King's following in those days, and I myself the King's chaplain."

[*Note*. Compare Nos. 290, 330, and 362; and see Feer's *Études sur le Játaka*.]

No. 87.

MAṀGALA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whoso renounces*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about a brahmin who was skilled in the prognostications [372] which can be drawn from pieces of cloth [1]. Tradition says that at Rājagaha dwelt a brahmin who was superstitious and held false views, not believing in the Three Gems. This brahmin was very rich and wealthy, abounding in substance; and a female mouse gnawed a suit of clothes of his, which was lying by in a chest. One day after bathing himself all over, he called for this suit, and then was told of the mischief which the mouse had done. "If these clothes stop in the house," thought he to himself, "they'll bring ill-luck; such an ill-omened thing is sure to bring a curse. It is out of the question to give them to any of my children or servants; for whosoever has them will bring misfortune on all around him. I must have them thrown away in a charnel-ground [2]; but how? I cannot hand them to servants; for they might covet and keep them, to the ruin of my house. My son must take them." So he called his son, and telling him the whole matter bade him take his charge on a stick, without touching the clothes with his hand, and fling them away in a charnel-ground. Then the son was to bathe himself all over and return. Now that morning at dawn of day the Master looking

round to see what persons could be led to the truth, became aware that the father and son were predestined to attain salvation. So he betook himself in the guise of a hunter on his way to hunt, to the charnel-ground, and sate down at the

entrance, emitting the six-coloured rays that mark a Buddha. Soon there came to the spot the young brahmin, carefully carrying the clothes as his father had bidden him, on the end of his stick, just as though he had a house-snake to carry.

"What are you doing, young brahmin?" asked the Master.

"My good Gotama [1]," was the reply, "this suit of clothes, having been gnawed by mice, is like ill-luck personified, and as deadly as though steeped in venom; wherefore my father, fearing that a servant might covet and retain the clothes, has sent me with them. I promised that I would throw them away and bathe afterwards; and that's the errand that has brought me here." "Throw the suit away, then," said the Master; and the young brahmin did so. "They will just suit me," said the Master, as he picked up the fate-fraught clothes before the young man's very eyes, regardless of the latter's earnest warnings and repeated entreaties to him not to take them; and he departed in the direction of the Bamboo-grove.

Home in all haste ran the young brahmin, to tell his father how the Sage Gotama had declared that the clothes would just suit him, and had persisted, in spite of all warnings to the contrary, in taking the suit away with him to the Bamboo-grove. "Those clothes," thought the brahmin to himself, "are bewitched and accursed. Even the sage Gotama cannot wear them without destruction befalling him; and that would bring me into disrepute. I will give the Sage abundance of other garments and get him to throw that suit away." So with a large number of robes he started in company of his son for the Bamboo-grove. When he came upon the Master he stood respectfully on one side and spoke thus,--"Is it indeed true, as I hear, that you, my

good Gotama, [373] picked up a suit of clothes in the charnel-ground?" "Quite true, brahmin." "My good Gotama, that suit is accursed; if you make use of them, they will destroy you. If you stand in need of clothes, take these and throw away that suit." "Brahmin," replied the Master, "by open profession I have renounced the world, and am content with the rags that lie by the roadside or bathing-places, or are thrown away on dustheaps or in charnel-grounds. Whereas you have held your superstitions in bygone days, as well as at the present time." So saying, at the brahmin's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time there reigned in the city of Rājagaha, in the kingdom of Magadha, a righteous King of Magadha. In those days the Bodhisatta came to life again as a brahmin of the North-west. Growing up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life, won the Knowledges and the Attainments, and went to dwell in the Himalayas. On one occasion, returning from the Himalayas, and taking up his abode in the King's pleasaunce, he went on the second day into the city to collect alms. Seeing him, the King had him summoned into the palace and there provided with a seat and with food,--exacting a promise from him that he would take up his abode in the pleasaunce. So the Bodhisatta used to receive his food at the palace and dwell in the grounds.

Now in those days there dwelt in that city a brahmin known as Cloth-omens. And he had in a chest a suit of clothes which were gnawed by mice, and everything came to pass just as in the foregoing story. But when the son was on his way to the charnel-

ground the Bodhisatta got there first and took his seat at the gate; and, picking up the suit which the young brahmin threw away, he returned to the pleasaunce. When the son told this to the old brahmin, the latter exclaimed, "It will be the death of the King's ascetic"; and entreated the Bodhisatta to throw that suit away, lest he should perish. But the ascetic replied, "Good enough for us are the rags that are flung away in charnel-grounds. We have no belief in superstitions about luck, which are not approved by Buddhas, Pacceka Buddhas, or Bodhisattas; and therefore no wise man ought to be a believer in luck." Hearing the truth thus expounded, the brahmin forsook his errors and took refuge in the Bodhisatta. And the Bodhisatta, preserving his Insight unbroken, earned re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm. [374.]

Having told this story, the Master, as Buddha, taught the Truth to the brahmin in this stanza:--

Whose renounces omens, dreams and signs,
That man, from superstition's errors freed,
Shall triumph o’er the paired Depravities
And o’er Attachments to the end of time.

When the Master had thus preached his doctrine to the brahmin in the form of this stanza, he proceeded further to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that brahmin, with his son, attained to the First Path. The Master identified the Birth by saying, "The father and son of to-day were also the father and son of those days, and I myself the ascetic."

Footnotes

215:1 Cf. *Tevijja Sutta* translated by Rhys Davids in "Buddhist Suttas," p. 197.

215:2 An *āmaka-susāna* was an open space or grove in which corpses were exposed for wild-beasts to eat, in order that the earth might not be defiled. Cf. the Parsee 'Towers of Silence.'

216:1 In Pāli *bho Gotama*,--a form of familiar address. Brahmins are always represented as presuming to say *bho* to the Buddha.

No. 88.

SĀRAMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Speak kindly*."--This story was told by the Master while at Sāvatthi, about the precept touching abusive language. The introductory story and the story of the past are the same as in the Nandivisāla-jātaka above [1].

But in this case [375] there is the difference that the Bodhisatta was an ox named Sārambha, and belonged to a brahmin of Takkasilā in the kingdom

of Gandhāra. After telling the story of the past, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:--

Speak kindly, revile not your fellow;
Love kindness; reviling breeds sorrow.

When the Master had ended his lesson he identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the brahmin of those days, Uppalavaṇṇā his wife, and I Sārambha."

Footnotes

217:1 No. 28.

No. 89.

KUHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*How plausible*." This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a knave. The details of his knavery will be related in the Uddāla-jātaka [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there lived hard by a certain little village a shifty rascal of an ascetic, of the class which wears long, matted hair. The squire of the place had a hermitage built in the forest for him to dwell in, and used to provide excellent fare for him in his own house. Taking the matted-haired rascal to be a model of goodness, and living as he did in fear of robbers, the squire brought a hundred pieces of gold to the hermitage and there buried them, bidding the ascetic keep watch over them. "No need to say that, sir, to a man who has renounced the world; we hermits never covet other folks' goods." "It is well, sir," said the squire, who went off with full confidence in the other's protestations. Then the rascally ascetic thought to himself, "there's enough here [376] to keep a man all his life long." Allowing a few days to elapse first, he removed the gold and buried it by the wayside, returning to dwell as before in his hermitage. Next day, after a meal of rice at the squire's house, the ascetic said, "It is now a, long time, sir, since I began to be supported by you; and to live long in one place is. like living in the world,--which is forbidden to professed ascetics. Wherefore I must needs depart." And though the squire pressed him to stay, nothing could overcome this determination.

"Well, then, if it must be so, go your way, sir," said the squire; and he escorted the ascetic to the outskirts before he left him. After going a little way the ascetic thought that it would be a good thing to cajole the squire; so, putting a straw in his matted hair, back he turned again. "What brings you back?" asked the squire. "A straw from your roof, sir, had stuck in my hair; and, as we hermits may not take anything which is not bestowed upon us, I have brought it back to you." "Throw it down, sir, and go your way," said the squire, who thought, to himself, "Why, he won't take so much as a straw which does not belong to him! What a sensitive nature!" Highly delighted with the ascetic, the squire bade him farewell.

Now at that time it chanced that the Bodhisatta, who was on his way to the border-district for trading purposes, had halted for the night at that village. Hearing what the ascetic said, the suspicion was aroused in his mind that the rascally ascetic must have robbed the squire of something; and he asked the latter whether he had deposited anything in the ascetic's care.

"Yes,--a hundred pieces of gold."

"Well, just go and see if it's all safe."

Away went the squire to the hermitage, and looked, and found his money gone. Running back to the Bodhisatta, he cried, "It's not there." "The thief is none other than that long-haired rascal of an ascetic," said the Bodhisatta; "let us pursue and catch him." So away they hastened in hot pursuit. When they caught the rascal they kicked and cuffed him, till he discovered to them where he had hidden the money. When he procured the gold,

the Bodhisatta, looking at it, scornfully remarked to the ascetic, "So a hundred pieces of gold didn't trouble your conscience so much as that straw!" And he rebuked him in this stanza:--

How plausible the story that the rascal told!
How heedful of the straw! How heedless of the gold!

[377] When the Bodhisatta had rebuked the fellow in this wise, he added,--"And now take care, you hypocrite, that you don't play such a trick again." When his life ended, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Thus you see, Brethren, that this Brother was as knavish in the past as he is to-day." And he identified the Birth by saying, "This knavish Brother was the knavish ascetic of those days, and I the wise and good man."

Footnotes

218:1 No. 487.

No. 90.

AKATAÑÑU-JĀTAKA.

"*The man ungrateful*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika.

On the borders, so the tale goes, there lived a merchant, who was a correspondent and a friend of Anātha-piṇḍika's, but they had never met. There came a time when this merchant loaded five hundred carts with local produce and gave orders to the men in charge to go to the great merchant Anātha-piṇḍika, and barter the wares in his correspondent's shop for their value, and bring back the goods received in exchange. So they came to Sāvatthi, and found Anātha-piṇḍika. First making him a present, they told him their business. "You are welcome," said the great man, and ordered them to be lodged there and provided with money for their needs. After kindly enquiries after their master's health, he bartered their merchandise and gave them the goods in exchange. Then they went back to their own district, and reported what had happened.

Shortly afterwards, Anātha-piṇḍika similarly despatched five hundred carts with merchandise to the very district in which they dwelt; and his people, when they had got there, went, present in hand, to call upon the border merchant. "Where do you come from?" said he. "From Sāvatthi," replied they; "from your correspondent, Anātha-piṇḍika." "Anyone can call himself Anātha-piṇḍika," said he with a sneer; and taking their present, he bade them begone, giving them neither lodging nor douceur.

So they bartered their goods for themselves and brought back the wares in exchange to Sāvatthi, with the story of the reception they had had.

Now it chanced [378] that this border merchant despatched another caravan of five hundred carts to Sāvatthi; and his people came with a present in their hands to wait upon Anātha-piṇḍika. But, as soon as Anātha-piṇḍika's people caught sight of them, they said, "Oh, we'll see, sir, that they are properly lodged, fed, and supplied with money for their needs." And they took the strangers outside the city and bade them unyoke their carts at a suitable spot, adding that rice and a douceur would come from Anātha-piṇḍika's house. About the middle watch of the night, having collected a baud of serving-men and slaves, they looted the whole caravan, carried off every garment the men had got, drove away their oxen, and took the wheels off the carts, leaving the latter but removing the wheels. Without so much as a shirt among the lot of them, the terrified strangers sped away and managed to reach their home on the border. Then Anātha-piṇḍika's people told him the whole story. "This capital story," said he, "shall be my gift to the Master to-day;" and away he went and told it to the Master.

"This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that this border merchant has shewn this disposition; he was just the same in days gone by." Then, at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told the following story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant in that city. And he too

had as a correspondent a border merchant whom he had never seen and all came to pass as above.

p. 221

Being told by his people what they had done, he said, "This trouble is the result of their ingratitude for kindness shewn them." And he went on to instruct the assembled crowd in this stanza:--

The man ungrateful for a kindly deed,
Thenceforth shall find no helper in his need.

After this wise did the Bodhisatta teach the truth in this stanza. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[379] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The border merchant of to-day was the border merchant of those days also; and I was the merchant of Benares."

[p a r a g r a p h c o n t i n u e s]

No. 91.

LITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*He bolts the die*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about using things thoughtlessly.

Tradition says that most of the Brethren of that day were in the habit of using robes and so forth, which were given them, in a thoughtless manner. And their thoughtless use of the Four Requisites as a rule barred their escape from the doom of re-birth in hell and the animal world. Knowing this, the Master set forth the lessons of virtue and showed the danger of such thoughtless use of things, exhorting them to be careful in the use of the Four Requisites, and laying down this rule, "The thoughtful Brother has a definite object in view when he wears a robe, namely, to keep off the cold." After laying down similar rules for the other Requisites, he concluded by saying, "Such is the thoughtful use which should be made of the Four Requisites. Thoughtlessly to use them is like taking deadly poison; and there were those in bygone days who through their thoughtlessness did inadvertently take poison, to their exceeding hurt in due season." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a well-to-do family, and when he grew up, he became a dice-player. With him used to play a sharper, who kept on playing while he was winning, but, when luck turned, broke up the game by putting one of the dice in his

mouth and pretending it was lost,--after which he would take himself off. [380] "Very good," said the Bodhisatta

when he realised what was being done; "we'll look into this." So he took some dice, anointed them at home with poison, dried them carefully, and then carried them with him to the sharper, whom he challenged to a game. The other was willing, the dice-board was got ready, and play began. No sooner did the sharper begin to lose than he popped one of the dice into his mouth. Observing him in the act, the Bodhisatta remarked, "Swallow away; you will not fail to find out what it really is in a little time." And he uttered this stanza of rebuke:--

He bolts the die quite boldly,--knowing not
What burning poison thereon lurks unseen.
--Aye, bolt it, sharper! Soon you'll burn within.

But while the Bodhisatta was talking away, the poison began to work on the sharper; he grew faint, rolled his eyes, and bending double with pain fell to the ground. "Now," said the Bodhisatta, "I must save the rascal's life." So he mixed some simples and administered an emetic until vomiting ensued. Then he administered a draught of ghee with honey and sugar and other ingredients, and by this means made the fellow all right again. Then he exhorted him not to do such a thing again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master said, "Brethren, the thoughtless use of things is like the thoughtless taking of deadly poison." So saying, he identified the Birth in these words, "I was myself the wise and good gambler of those days."

(*Pãli Note*. "No mention is made of the sharper,--the reason being that, here as elsewhere, no mention is made of persons who are not spoken of at this date.")

No. 92.

[381] MAHĀSĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*For war men crave*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the venerable Ānanda.

Once the wives of the King of Kosala thought among themselves, as follows, "Very rare is the coming of a Buddha; and very rare is birth in a human form with all one's faculties in perfection. Yet, though we have happened on a human form in a Buddha's lifetime, we cannot go at will to the Monastery to hear the

truth from his own lips, to do obeisance, and to make offerings to him. We live here as in a box. Let us ask the King to send for a fitting Brother to come here and teach us the truth. Let us learn what we can from him, and he charitable and do good works, to the end that we may profit by our having been born at this happy juncture." So they all went in a body to the King, and told him what was in their minds; and the King gave his consent.

Now it fell out on a day that the King was minded to take his pleasure in the royal pleasaunce, and gave orders that the grounds should be made ready for his coming. As the gardener was working away, he espied the Master seated at the foot of a tree. So he went to the King and said, "The pleasaunce is made ready, sire; but the Blessed One is sitting there at the foot of a tree." "Very good," said the King, "we will go and hear the

Master." Mounting his chariot of state, he went to the Master in the pleasaunce.

Now there was then seated at the Master's feet, listening to his teaching, a lay-brother named Chattapāṇi, who had entered the Third Path. On catching sight of this lay-brother, the King hesitated; but, on reflection that this must be a virtuous man, or he would not be sitting by the Master for instruction, he approached and with a bow seated himself on one side of the Master. Out of reverence for the supreme Buddha, the lay-brother neither rose in the King's honour nor saluted his majesty; and this made the King very angry. Noticing the King's displeasure, the Master proceeded to extol the merits of that lay-brother, saying, "Sire, this lay-brother is master of all tradition; he knows by heart the scriptures that have been handed down; and he has set himself free from the bondage of passion." "Surely," thought the King, "he whose praises the Master is telling can be no ordinary person." And he said to him, "Let me know, lay-brother, if you are in need of anything." "Thank you," said the man. Then the King listened to the Master's teaching, and at its close rose up and ceremoniously withdrew.

Another day, meeting that same lay-brother going after breakfast umbrella in hand to Jetavana, the King had him summoned to his presence and said, "I hear, lay-brother, that you are a man of great learning. Now my wives are very anxious to hear and learn the truth; I should be glad if you would teach them." "It is not meet, sire, that a layman [382] should expound or teach the truth in the King's harem; that is the prerogative of the Brethren."

Recognising the force of this remark, the King, after dismissing the layman, called his wives together and announced to them his intention of sending to the Master for, one of the Brethren to come as their instructor in the doctrine. Which of the eighty chief disciples would they have? After talking it over together, the ladies with one accord chose Ānanda [1] the Elder, surnamed the Treasurer of the Faith. So the King went to the Master and with a courteous greeting sat down by his side, after which he proceeded to state his wives' wish, and his own hope, that Ānanda might be their teacher. The Master, having consented to send Ānanda, the King's wives now began to be regularly taught by the Elder and to learn from him.

One day the jewel out of the King's turban was missing. When the King heard of the loss he sent for his ministers and bade them seize everyone who had access to the precincts and find the jewel. So the Ministers searched everybody, women and all, for the missing jewel, till they had worried everybody almost out of their lives; but no trace of it could they find. That day Ānanda came to the palace, only to find the King's wives as dejected as they had hitherto been delighted when he taught them. "What has made you like this to-day?" asked the Elder. "Oh, sir," said they, "the King has lost the jewel out of his turban; and by his orders the ministers are worrying everybody, women and all, out of their lives, in order to find it. We can't say what may not happen to anyone of us; and that is why we are so sad." "Don't think

any more about it," said the Elder cheerily, as he went to find the King. Taking the seat set for him, the Elder asked whether it was

true that his majesty had lost his jewel. "Quite true, sir," said the King. "And can it not be found?" "I have had all the inmates of the palaces worried out of their lives, and yet I can't find it." "There is one way, sire, to find it, without worrying people out of their lives." "What way is that, sir?" "By wisp-giving, sire." "Wisp-giving? What may that be, pray?" "Call together, sire, all the persons you suspect, and privately give each one of them separately a wisp of straw, or a lump of clay will do, saying, 'Take this and put it in such and such a place to-morrow at daybreak.' The man that took the jewel will put it in the straw or clay, and so bring it back. If it be brought back the very first day, well and good. If not, the same thing must be done on the second and third clays. In this way, a large number of persons will escape worry, and you will get your jewel back." With these words the Elder departed.

Following the above counsel, the King caused the straw and clay to be dealt out for three successive days; but yet the jewel was not recovered. [383] On the third day the Elder came again, and asked whether the jewel had been brought back. "No, sir," said the King. "Then, sire, you must have a large water-pot set in a retired corner of your courtyard, and you must have the pot filled with water and a screen put up before it. Then give orders that all who frequent the precincts, men and women alike, are to put off their outer-garments, and one by one wash their hands behind the screen and then come back." With this advice the Elder departed. And the King did as he bade.

Thought the thief, "Ānanda has seriously taken the matter in hand; and, if he does not find the jewel, he'll not let things rest here. The time has really come to give the jewel up without more ado." So he secreted the jewel about his person, and going

behind the screen, dropped it in the water before he went away. When everyone had gone, the pot was emptied, and the jewel found. "It's all owing to the Elder," exclaimed the King in his joy, "that I have got my jewel back, and that without worrying a host of people out of their lives." And all the persons about the precincts were equally grateful to Ānanda for the trouble he had saved them from. The story how Ānanda's marvellous powers had found the jewel, spread through all the city, till it reached the Brotherhood. Said the Brethren, "The great knowledge, learning, and cleverness of the Elder Ānanda have been the means at once of recovering the lost jewel and of saving many persons from being worried out of their lives." And as they sate together in the Hall of Truth, singing the praises of Ānanda, the Master entered and asked the subject of their conversation. Being told, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that what had been stolen has been found, nor is Ānanda the only one who has brought about such a discovery. In bygone days too the wise and good discovered what had been stolen away, and also saved a host of people from trouble, sheaving that the lost property had fallen into the hands of animals." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, having perfected his education, became one of the King's ministers. One day the King with a large following went into his pleasaunce, and, after walking about the woods, felt a desire to disport himself in the water. So he went down into the royal tank and sent for his harem. The women of the harem, removing the jewels from their heads and necks and so forth,

laid them aside with their upper garments in boxes under the charge of female slaves, and then went down into

the water. Now, as the queen was taking off her jewels and ornaments, and laying them with her upper robe on a box, she was watched by a female monkey, which was hidden in the branches of a tree hard by. Conceiving a longing to wear the queen's pearl necklace, this monkey watched for the slave in charge to be off her guard. At first the girl kept looking all about her in order to keep the jewels [384] safe; but as time wore on, she began to nod. As soon as the monkey saw this, quick as the wind she jumped down, and quick as the wind she was up the tree again, with the pearls round her own neck. Then, for fear the other monkeys should see it, she hid the string of pearls in a hole in the tree and sat on guard over her spoils as demurely as though nothing had happened. By and by the slave awoke, and, terrified at finding the jewels gone, saw nothing else to do but to scream out, "A man has run off with the queen's pearl necklace." Up ran the guards from every side, and hearing this story fold it to the King. "Catch the thief," said his majesty; and away went the guards searching high and low for the thief in the pleasaunce. Hearing the din, a poor superstitious rustic [1] took to his heels in alarm. "There he goes," cried the guards, catching sight of the runaway; and they followed him up till they caught him, and with blows demanded what he meant by stealing such precious jewels.

Thought he, "If I deny the charge, I shall die with the beating I shall get from these ruffians. I'd better say I took it." So he confessed to the theft and was hauled off a prisoner to the King.

"Did you take those precious jewels?" asked the King. "Yes, your majesty." "Where are they now?" "Please your majesty, I'm a poor man; I've never in my life owned anything, even a bed or a chair, of any value,--much less a jewel. It was the Treasurer who made me take that valuable necklace; and I took it and gave it to him. He knows all about it."

Then the King sent for the Treasurer, and asked whether the rustic had passed the necklace on to him. "Yes, sire," was the answer. "Where is it then?" "I gave it to your majesty's Chaplain." Then the Chaplain was sent for, and interrogated in the same way. And he said he had given it to the Chief Musician, who in his turn said he had given it to a courtesan [385] as a present. But she, being brought before the King, utterly denied ever having received it.

Whilst the five were thus being questioned, the sun set. "It's too late now," said the King; "we will look into this to-morrow." So he handed the five over to his ministers and went back into the city. Here-upon the Bodhisatta fell a-thinking. "These jewels," thought he, "were lost inside the grounds, whilst the rustic was outside. There was a strong guard at the gates, and it was impossible for anyone inside to get away

with the necklace. I do not see how anyone, whether inside or out, could have managed to secure it. The truth is this poor wretched fellow must have said he gave it to the Treasurer merely in order to save his own skin; and the Treasurer must have said he gave it to the Chaplain, in the hope that he would get off if he could mix the Chaplain up. in the matter. Further, the Chaplain must have said he gave it to the Chief Musician,

because he thought the latter would make the time pass merrily in prison; whilst the Chief Musician's object in implicating the courtesan, was simply to solace himself with her company during imprisonment. Not one of the whole five has anything to do with the theft. On the other hand, the grounds swarm with monkeys, and the necklace must have got into the hands of one of the female monkeys."

When he had arrived at this conclusion, the Bodhisatta went to the King with the request that the suspects might be handed over to him and that he might be allowed to examine personally into the matter. "By all means, my wise friend," said the King; "examine into it."

Then the Bodhisatta sent for his servants and told them where to lodge the five prisoners, saying, "Keep strict watch over them; listen to everything they say, and report it all to me," And his servants did as he bade them. As the prisoners sat together, the Treasurer said to the rustic, "Tell me, you wretch, where you and I ever met before this day; tell me when you gave me that necklace." "Worshipful sir," said the other, "it has never been mine to own aught so valuable even as a stool or bedstead that wasn't rickety. I thought that with your help I should get out of this trouble, and that's why I said what I did. Be not angry with me, my lord." Said the Chaplain [386] in his turn to the Treasurer, "How then came you to pass on to me what this fellow had never given to you?" "I only said so because I thought that if you and I, both high officers of state, stand together, we can soon put the matter right." "Brahmin," now said the Chief Musician to the Chaplain, "when, pray, did you give the jewel to me?" "I only said I did," answered the Chaplain, "because I thought you would help to make the time pass more agreeably." Lastly the

courtesan said, "Oh, you wretch of a musician, you know you never visited me, nor I you. So when could you have given me the necklace, as you say?" "Why be angry, my dear?" said the Musician, "we five have got to keep house together for a bit; so let us put a cheerful face on it and be happy together."

This conversation being reported to the Bodhisatta by his agents, he felt convinced the five were all innocent of the robbery, and that a female monkey had taken the necklace. "And I must find a means to make her drop it," said he to himself. So he had a number of bead necklaces made. Next he had a number of monkeys caught and turned loose again, with strings of beads on their necks, wrists and ancles. Meantime, the guilty

monkey kept sitting in the trees watching her treasure. Then the Bodhisatta ordered a number of men to carefully observe every monkey in the grounds, till they saw one wearing the missing pearl necklace, and then frighten her into dropping it.

Tricked out in their new splendour, the other monkeys strutted about till they came to the real thief, before whom they flaunted their finery. Jealousy overcoming her prudence, she exclaimed, "They're only beads!" and put on her own necklace of real pearls. This was at once seen by the watchers, who promptly made her drop the necklace, which they picked up and brought to the Bodhisatta. He took it to the King, saying, "Here, sire, is the necklace. The five prisoners are innocent; it was a female monkey in the pleasaunce that took it." "How came you to find that out?" asked the King; "and how did you manage to get possession of it again?" Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, and the King thanked [387] the Bodhisatta, saying, "You

are the right man in the right place." And he uttered this stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:--

For war men crave the hero's might,
  For counsel sage sobriety,
  Boon comrades for their jollity,
But judgment when in parlous plight.

Over and above these words of praise and gratitude, the King showered treasures upon the Bodhisatta like a storm-cloud pouring rain from the heavens. After following the Bodhisatta's counsels through a long life spent in charity and good works, the King passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master, after extolling the Elder's merits, identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was the King of those clays and I his wise counsellor."

Footnotes

223:1 Ānanda held 'advanced views on the woman question.' It was he who persuaded the reluctant Buddha into admitting women to the Order, as recorded in the *Vinaya* (*S. B. E.* XX, 320 et seqq.).

225:1 Or perhaps "a taxpaying ryot."

[p a d a g r a p h c o n t i n u e s]

No. 93.

VISSĀSABHOJANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Trust not the trusted*." This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about taking things on trust.

Tradition tells us that in those days the Brethren, for the most part, used to rest content if anything was given them by their mothers or fathers, brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts, or other kinsfolk. Arguing that in their lay state they had as a matter of course received things from the same hands, they, as Brethren,

likewise shewed no circumspection or caution before using food, clothing and other requisites which their relations gave them. Observing this the Master felt that he must read the Brethren a lesson. So he called them together, and said, "Brethren, no matter whether [388] the giver be a relation or not, let circumspection accompany use. The Brother who without circumspection uses the requisites which are given to him, may entail on himself a subsequent existence as an ogre or as a ghost. Use without circumspection is like unto taking poison; and poison kills just the same, whether it be given by a relative or by a stranger. There were those who in bygone days actually did take poison because it was offered by those near and dear to them, and thereby they met their end." So saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant. He had a herdsman who, when the corn was growing thick, drove his cows to the forest and kept them there at a shieling, bringing the produce from time to time to the merchant. Now hard by the shieling in the forest there dwelt a lion; and so afraid of the lion were the cows that they gave but little milk. So when the herdsman brought in his ghee one day, the merchant asked why there was so little of it. Then the herdsman told him the reason. "Well, has the lion formed an attachment to anything?" "Yes, master; he's fond of a doe." "Could you catch that doe?" "Yes, master." "Well, catch her, and rub her all over with poison and sugar, and let her dry. Keep her a day or two, and then turn her loose. Because of his affection for her, the lion will lick her all over with his tongue, and die. Take his hide with the claws and teeth and fat, and bring them back to me." So saying, he gave deadly poison to the herdsman and sent him off. With the aid of a net which he made, the herdsman caught the doe and carried out the Bodhisatta's orders.

As soon as he saw the doe again, the lion, in his great love for her, licked her with his tongue so that he died. And the herdsman took the lion's hide and the rest, and brought them to the Bodhisatta, who said, "Affection for others should be eschewed. Mark how, for all his strength, the king of beasts, the lion, was led by his sinful love for a doe to poison himself by licking her and so to die." So saying, he uttered this stanza for the instruction of those gathered around:--

[389] Trust not the trusted, nor th’ untrusted trust;
Trust kills; through trust the lion bit the dust.

Such was the lesson which the Bodhisatta taught to those around him. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the merchant of those days."

[*Note*. Cf. Böhtlingk's "Indische Sprüche," (1st ed.) Nos. 1465-7 and 4346.]

No. 94.

LOMAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Now scorched*."--This story the Master told while at Pāṭikārāma near Vesāli, about Sunakkhatta.

For at that time Sunakkhatta, having become an adherent of the Master, was travelling about the country as a Brother with bowl and robes, when he was perverted to the tenets of Kora the Kshatriya [1]. So he returned to the Blessed Buddha his bowl and robes-and reverted to a lay life by reason of Kora the Kshatriya, about the time when this latter had been re-born as the offspring of the Kālakañjaka Asura. And he went about within the three walls of Vesāli defaming the Master by affirming that there was nothing superhuman about the sage Gotama, who was not distinguished from other men by preaching a saving faith; that the sage Gotama had simply worked out a system which was the outcome of his own individual thought and study; and that the ideal for the attainment of which his doctrine was preached, did not lead to the destruction of sorrow in those who followed it [2].

Now the reverend Sāriputta was on his round for alms when he heard Sunakkhatta's blasphemies; and on his return from his round he reported this to the Blessed One. Said the Master, "Sunakkhatta is a hot-headed person, Sāriputta, and speaks idle words. His hot-headedness has led him to talk like this and to deny the saving grace of my doctrine. Unwittingly, this foolish person is extolling me; I say unwittingly, for he has no

knowledge [390] of my efficacy. In me, Sāriputta, dwell the Six Knowledges, and herein am more than human; the Ten Powers are within me, and the Four Grounds of Confidence. I know the limits of the four types of earthly existence and the five states of possible re-birth after earthly death. This too is a superhuman quality in me; and whose denies it must retract his words, change his belief, and renounce his heresy, or he will without ado be cast into hell." Having thus magnified the superhuman nature and power which existed within him, the Master went on to say, "Sunakkhatta, I hear, Sāriputta, took delight in the misguided self-mortifications of the asceticism of Kora the Kshatriya; and therefore it was that he could take no pleasure in me. Ninety-one aeons ago I lived the higher life in ail its four forms [3], examining into that false asceticism to discover whether the truth abode therein. An ascetic was I, the chief of ascetics; worn and emaciated was I, beyond all others; loathing of comfort had I, a loathing surpassing that of all others; I dwelt apart, and unapproachable was my passion for solitude." Then, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, ninety-one æons ago, the Bodhisatta set himself to examine into the false asceticism. So he became a recluse, according to the Naked Ascetics (Ājīvikas),--unclothed and covered with dust, solitary and lonely, fleeing like a deer from the face of men; his food was small

fish, cowdung, and other refuse; and in order that his vigil might not be disturbed, he took up his abode in a dread thicket in the jungle. In the snows of winter, he came forth by night from the

sheltering thicket to the open air, returning with the sun-rise to his thicket again; and, as he was wet with the driving snows by night, so in the day time he was drenched by the drizzle from the branches of the thicket. Thus day and night alike he endured the extremity of cold. In summer, he abode by day in the open air, and by night in the forest--scorched by the blazing sun by day, and fanned by no cooling breezes by night, so that the sweat streamed from him. And there presented itself to his mind this stanza, which was new and never uttered before:--

Now scorched, now frore, lone in the lonesome woods,
Beside no fire, but all afire within,
Naked, the hermit wrestles for the Truth.

[391] But when after a life spent in the rigours of this asceticism, the vision of hell rose before the Bodhisatta as he lay dying, he realised the worthlessness of all his austerities, and in that supreme moment broke away from his delusions, laid hold of the real truth, and was re-born in the Heaven of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the naked ascetic of those days."

[*Note*. For the 'story of the past'? cf. *Cariyā Piṭaka*, p. 102. For the introductory story see Sutta No. 12 of the Majjhima Nikāya.]

Footnotes

229:1 See Hardy's *Manual of Budhism*, p. 330.

229:2 This is a quotation from the *Majjhima Nikāya* I. 68.

229:3 *i.e.* as a learner, householder, *réligieux*, and recluse.

No. 95.

MAHĀSUDASSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*How transient*."--This story was told by the Master as he lay on his death-bed, concerning Ānanda's words, "O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town."

"When the Buddha was dwelling at Jetavana," thought the Master, "the Elder Sāriputta [1], who was born in Nāla village, died at Varaka in the month of Kattika, when the moon was at the full; and in the selfsame month, when the

moon was on the wane, the great Moggallāna died [1]. My two chief disciples being dead, I too will pass away, in Kusinārā."--So thought the Blessed One; and coming in his alms-pilgrimage to Kusinārā, there upon the Northward bench between the twin Sāl-trees he lay down never to rise again. Then said the Elder Ānanda, "O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town, this rough little town in the jungle, this little suburban town. Shall not Rājagaha or some other large city be the death-place of the Buddha?"

"Nay, Ānanda," said the Master; "call not this a sorry little town, a little town in the jungle, a little suburban town. In bygone days, in the days of Sudassana's universal monarchy, it was in this town that I had my dwelling. It was then a mighty city encompassed by jewelled walls [392] twelve leagues round." Therewithal, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past and uttered the Mahā-Sudassana Sutta [2].

Then it was that Sudassana's queen Subhaddā marked how, after coming down from the Palace of Truth, her lord was lying hard by on his right side on the couch prepared for him in the Palm-grove [3] which was all of gold and jewels,--that couch from which he was not to rise again. And she said, "Eighty-four thousand cities, chief of which is the royal-city of Kusāvatī, own your sovereignty, sire. Set your heart on them."

"Say not so, my queen," said Sudassana; "rather exhort me, saying, 'Keep your heart set on this town, and yearn not after those others'."

"Why so, my lord?"

"Because I shall die to-day," answered the king.

In tears, wiping her streaming eyes, the queen managed to sob out the words the king bade her say. Then she broke into weeping and lamentation; and the other women of the harem, to the number of eighty-four thousand, also wept and wailed; nor could any of the courtiers forbear, but all alike joined in one universal lament.

"Peace!" said the Bodhisatta; and at his word their lamentation was stilled. Then, turning to the queen, he said,--"Weep not, my queen, nor wail. For, even down to a tiny seed of sesamum, there is no such thing as a compound thing which is permanent; all are transient, all must break up." Then, for the queen's behoof, he uttered this stanza:--

How transient are all component things!
Growth is their nature and decay:
They are produced, they are dissolved again:
And then is best,--when they have sunk to rest [4].

[393] Thus did the great Sudassana lead his discourse up to ambrosial Nirvana as its goal. Moreover, to the rest of the multitude he gave the exhortation to be charitable, to obey the Commandments, and to keep hallowed the fast days. The destiny be won was to be re-born thereafter in the Realm of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The mother of Rāhula [1] was the Queen Subhaddā of those days; Rāhula was the King's eldest son; the disciples of the Buddha were his courtiers; and I myself the great Sudassana."

[*Note*. For the evolution of this Jātaka, see the *Mahā-parinibbāna Sutta* and the *Mahā-Sudassana Sutta*, translated by Prof. Rhys Davids in his volume of "Buddhist Suttas."]

Footnotes

230:1 For the death of Sāriputta, see Bigandet's 'Legend of the Burmese Buddha.'

231:1 For the death of Moggallāna, see Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 298, and Bigandet, *op. cit.*

231:2 The 17th Sutta of the Dīgha Nikāya, translated by Rhys Davids in Vol. XI. of the *S. B. E*.

231:3 See pp. 267 and 277 of Vol. XI. of the *S. B. E*. for this palm-grove.

231:4 This translation is borrowed from the Hibbert Lectures of Prof. Rhys Davids (2nd edition, p. 212), where a translation is given of the commentary on these "perhaps the most frequently quoted and most popular verses in Pāli Buddhist books."

No. 96.

TELAPATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*As one with care*."--This story was told by the Master while dwelling in a forest near the town of Desaka in the Sumbha country, concerning the Janapada-Kalyāṇi Sutta [2]. For on that occasion the Blessed One said:--"Just as if, Brethren, a great crowd were to gather together, crying 'Hail to the Belle of the Land! Hail to the Belle of the Land!' and just as if in like manner a greater crowd were to gather together, crying 'The Belle of the Land is singing and dancing'; and then suppose there came a man fond of life, fearful of death, fond of pleasure, and averse to pain, and suppose such an one were addressed as follows,--'Hi, there! you are to carry this pot of oil, which is full to the brim, betwixt the crowd and the Belle of the Land; a man with a drawn sword will follow in your footsteps; and if you spill a single drop, he will cut off your head';--what think you, Brethren? Would that man, under these circumstances, be careless, and take no pains in carrying that pot of oil?" "By no manner of means, sir." "This is an allegory [394], which I framed to make my

meaning clear, Brethren; and here is its meaning:--The brimming pot of oil typifies a collected state of mind as regards things concerning the body, and the lesson to be learnt is that such mindfulness should be practised and perfected. Fail not in this, Brethren." So saying, the Master gave forth the Sutta concerning the Belle of the Land, with both text and interpretation. [395] Then, by way of application, the Blessed One went on to say,--"A Brother desirous of practising right mindfulness concerning the

body, should be as careful not to let his mindfulness drop, as the man in the allegory was not to let drop the pot of oil."

When they had heard the Sutta and its meaning, the Brethren said:--"It was a hard task, sir, for the man to pass by with the pot of oil without gazing on the charms of the Belle of the Land." "Not hard at all, Brethren; it was quite an easy task,--easy for the very good reason that he was escorted along by one who threatened him with a drawn sword. But it was a truly hard task for the wise and good of bygone days to preserve right mindfulness and to curb their passions so as not to look at celestial beauty in all its perfection. Still they triumphed, and passing on won a kingdom." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the youngest of the King's hundred sons, and grew up to manhood. Now in those days there were Pacceka Buddhas who used to come to take their meals at the palace, and the Bodhisatta ministered to them.

Thinking one day of the great number of brothers he had, the Bodhisatta asked himself whether there was any likelihood of his coming to the throne of his fathers in that city, and determined to ask the Pacceka Buddhas to tell him what should come to pass. Next day the Buddhas came, took the water-pot that was consecrated to holy uses, filtered the water, washed and dried their feet, and sate down to their meal. And as they sat, the Bodhisatta came and seating himself by them with a courteous salutation, put his question. And they answered and said, "Prince, you will never come to be king in this city. But in

Gandhāra, two thousand leagues away, there stands the city of Takkasilā. If you can reach that city, in seven days you will become king there. But there is peril on the road thither, in journeying through a great forest. It is double the distance round the forest that it is to pass through it. Ogres have their dwelling therein, and ogresses make villages and houses arise by the wayside. Beneath a goodly canopy embroidered with stars overhead, their magic sets a costly couch shut in by fair curtains of wondrous dye. Arranged in celestial splendour the ogresses sit within their abodes, seducing wayfarers [396] with honied words. 'Weary you seem,' they say; 'come hither, and eat and drink before you journey further on your way.' Those that come at their bidding are given seats and fired to lust by the charm of their wanton beauty. But scarce have they sinned, before the ogresses slay them and eat them while the warm

blood is still flowing. And they ensnare men's senses; captivating the sense of beauty with utter loveliness, the ear with sweet minstrelsy, the nostrils with heavenly odours, the taste with heavenly dainties of exquisite savour, and the touch with red-cushioned couches divinely soft. But if you can subdue your senses, and be strong in your resolve not to look upon them, then on the seventh day you will become king of the city of Takkasilā."

"Oh, sirs; how could I look upon the ogresses after your advice to me?" So saying, the Bodhisatta besought the Pacceka Buddhas to give him something to keep him safe on his journey. Receiving from them a charmed thread and some charmed sand, he first bade farewell to the Pacceka Buddhas and to his father and

mother; and then, going to his own abode, he addressed his household as follows:--"I am going to Takkasilā to make myself king there. You will stop behind here." But five of them answered, "Let us go too."

"You may not come with me," answered the Bodhisatta; "for I am told that the way is beset by ogresses who captivate men's senses, and destroy those who succumb to their charms. Great is the danger, but I will rely on myself and go."

"If we go with you, prince, we should not gaze upon their baleful charms. We too will go to Takkasilā." "Then shew yourselves steadfast," said the Bodhisatta, and took those five with him on his journey.

The ogresses sat waiting by the way in their villages. And one of the five, the lover of beauty, looked upon the ogresses, and being ensnared by their beauty, lagged behind the rest. "Why are you dropping behind?" asked the Bodhisatta. "My feet hurt me, prince. I'll just sit down for a bit in one of these pavilions, and then catch you up." "My good mall, these are ogresses; don't hanker after them." "Be that as it may, prince, I can't go any further." "Well, you will soon be shewn in your real colours," said the Bodhisatta, as he went on with the other four.

Yielding to his senses, the lover of beauty drew near to the ogresses, who [397] tempted him to sin, and killed him then and there. Thereon they departed, and further along the road raised by magic arts a new pavilion, in which they sat singing to the music of divers instruments. And now the lover of music dropped behind and was eaten. Then the ogresses went on further and sat waiting in a bazaar stocked with all sweet scents and perfumes. And here the lover of sweet-smelling things fell

behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further and sat in a provision-booth where a profusion of heavenly viands of exquisite savour was offered for sale. And here the gourmet fell behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further, and sat on heavenly conches wrought by their magic arts. And here the lover of comfort fell behind. And him too they ate.

Only the Bodhisatta was left now. And one of the ogresses followed him, promising herself that for all his stern resolution she would succeed in devouring him ere she turned back. Further on in the forest, woodmen and others, seeing the ogress, asked her who the man was that walked on ahead.

"He is my husband, good gentlemen."

"Hi, there!" said they to the Bodhisatta; "when you have got a sweet young wife, fair as the flowers, to leave her home and put her trust in you, why don't you walk with her instead of letting her trudge wearily behind you?" "She is no wife of mine, but an ogress. She has eaten my five companions." "Alas! good gentlemen," said she, "anger will drive men to say their very wives are ogresses and ghouls."

Next, she simulated pregnancy and then the look of a woman who has borne one child; and child on hip, she followed after the Bodhisatta. Everyone they met asked just the same questions about the pair, and the Bodhisatta gave just the same answer as he journeyed on.

At last he came to Takkasilā, where the ogress made the child disappear, and followed alone. At the gates of the city the

Bodhisatta entered a Rest-house and sat down. Because of the Bodhisatta's efficacy and power, she could not enter too; so she arrayed herself in divine beauty and stood on the threshold.

The King of Takkasilā was at that moment passing by on his way to his pleasaunce, and was snared by her loveliness. "Go, find out," said he to an attendant, "whether she has a husband [398] with her or not." And when the messenger came and asked whether she had a husband with her, she said, "Yes, sir; my husband is sitting within in the chamber."

"She is no wife of mine," said the Bodhisatta. "She is an ogress and has eaten my five companions."

And, as before, she said, "Alas! good gentlemen, anger will drive men to say anything that comes into their heads."

Then the man went back to the King and told him what each had said. "Treasure-trove is a royal perquisite," said the King. And he sent for the ogress and had her seated on the back of his elephant. After a solemn procession round the city, the King came back to his palace and had the ogress lodged in the apartments reserved for a queen-consort. After bathing and perfuming himself, the King ate his evening meal and then lay down on his royal bed. The ogress too prepared herself a meal, and donned all her splendour. And as she lay by the side of the delighted King, she turned on to her side and burst into tears. Being asked why she wept, she said, "Sire, you found me by the wayside, and the women of the harem are many. Dwelling here among enemies I shall feel crushed when they say 'Who knows who your father and mother are, or anything about your family? You were picked up by the wayside.' But if your

majesty would give me power and authority over the whole kingdom, nobody would dare to annoy me with such taunts."

"Sweetheart, I have no power over those that dwell throughout my kingdom; I am not their lord and master. I have only jurisdiction over those who revolt or do iniquity [1]. So I cannot give you power and authority over the whole kingdom."

"Then, sire, if you cannot give me authority over the kingdom or over the city, at least give me authority within the palace, that I may have rule here over those that dwell in the palace."

Too deeply smitten with her charms to refuse, the King gave her authority over all within the palace and bade her have rule over them [399]. Contented, she waited till the King was asleep, and then making her way to the city of the ogres returned with the whole crew of ogres to the palace. And she herself slew the King and devoured him, skin, tendons and flesh, leaving only the bare bones. And the rest of the ogres entering the gate devoured everything as it came in their way, not leaving even a fowl or a dog alive. Next day when people came and found the gate shut, they beat on it with impatient cries, and effected an entrance,--only to find the whole palace strewn with bones. And they exclaimed, "So the man was right in saying she was not his wife but an ogress. In his unwisdom the King brought her home to be his wife, and doubtless she has assembled the other ogres, devoured everybody, and then made off."

Now on that day the Bodhisatta, with the charmed sand on his head and the charmed thread twisted round his brow, was standing in the Rest-house, sword in hand, waiting for the dawn.

Those others, meantime, cleansed the palace, garnished the floors afresh, sprinkled perfumes on them, scattered flowers, hanging nosegays from the roof and festooning the walls with garlands, and burning incense in the place. Then they took counsel together, as follows:--

"The man that could so master his senses as not so much as to look at the ogress as she followed him in her divine beauty, is a noble and steadfast man, filled with wisdom. With such an one as king, it would be well with the whole kingdom. Let us make him our king."

And all the courtiers and all the citizens of the kingdom were one-minded in the matter. So the Bodhisatta, being chosen king, was escorted into the capital and there decked in jewels and anointed king of Takkasilā. Shunning the four evil paths, and following the ten paths of kingly duty, he ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and after a life spent in charity and other good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His story told, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:-- [400]

As one with care a pot of oil will bear,
  Full to the brim, that none may overflow,
So he who forth to foreign lands doth fare
  O’er his own heart like governaunce should shew.

[401] When the Master had thus led up to the highest point of instruction, which is Arahatship, he identified the Birth by saying,

"The Buddha's disciples were in those days the king's courtiers, and I the prince that won a kingdom."

Footnotes

232:1 This is the general style in the canon of the wife of Goiania the Buddha. Cf. Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, Vol. I. page 82, and the translation in *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XIII. p. 208. It is not however correct to say that the *Vinaya* passage is "the only passage in the Pāli Piṭakas which mentions this lady." For she is mentioned in the *Buddhavaṃsa* (P. T. S. edition, page 65), and her name is there given as Bhaddakaccā.

232:2 It is not yet known where this Sutta occurs. A Pāli summary of it has been left untranslated, as adding little or nothing to the above 'Introductory Story.'

236:1 Cf. *Milinda-pañho* 359 for an exposition of the limited prerogative of kings.

No. 97.

NĀMASIDDHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Seeing Quick dead*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who thought luck went by names. For we hear that a young man of good family, named 'Base,' had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the Brotherhood. [402] And the Brethren used to call to him, "Here, Brother Base!" and "Stay, Brother Base," till he resolved that, as 'Base' gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill-luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to give him a new name. But they said that a name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said "This is not the first time this Brother has believed luck went by names; he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasilā, and five hundred young brahmins learnt the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, "Go, Base" and "Come, Base," he longed to get rid of his name and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be

given him. Said his master, "Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you."

The young man did as he was bidden, and taking provisions for the

journey wandered from village to village till he cane to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahmin seeing him borne to the cemetery asked what his name was.

"Quick," was the reply. "What, can Quick be dead?" "Yes, Quick is dead; both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl's name was Rich. [403] Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to shew.

"And what is the girl's name?"

"Rich," said they. "And cannot Rich make good a paltry day's pay?" "Be she called Rich or Poor, the money's not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

More reconciled to his own name, the young brahmin left the city and on the road found a. man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man asked what his name was. "Guide," was the reply. "And has Guide lost his way?" "Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahmin came back to his master.

"Well, what name have you chosen?" asked the Bodhisatta. "Master," said he, "I find that death comes to 'Quick' and 'Dead' alike, that 'Rich' and 'Poor' may be poor together, and that 'Guide' and 'Misguide' alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner's destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other."

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahmin had done with the sights he had seen:--

Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,
Base learned content nor travelled more.

His story told, the Master said "So you see, Brethren, that in former days as now this Brother imagined there was a great deal in a name." And he identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahmin of those days; the Buddha's disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master."

No. 98.

KŪṬAVĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

[404] "*Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a cheating merchant. There were two merchants in partnership at Sāvatthi, we are told, who travelled with their merchandise and came back with the proceeds. And the cheating merchant thought to himself, "My partner has been badly fed and badly lodged for so many days past that he will die of indigestion now he has got home again and can feast to his heart's content on dainties manifold. My plan is to divide what we have made into three portions, giving one to his orphans and keeping two for myself." And with this object he made some excuse day by day for putting off the division of the profits.

Finding that it was in vain to press for a division, the honest partner went to the Master at the monastery, made his salutation, and was received kindly. "It is a very long time," said the Buddha, "since you came last to see me." And hereupon the merchant told the Master what had befallen him.

"This is not the first time, lay-follower," said the Master, "that this man has been a cheating merchant; he was no less a cheat in times past. As he tries to defraud you now, so did he try to defraud the wise and good of other days." So saying, at the merchant's request, the Master told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant's family and on name-day was named 'Wise.' When he grew up he entered into partnership with another merchant named 'Wisest,' and traded with him. And these two took five hundred waggons of merchandise from Benares to the country-districts, where they disposed of their wares, returning afterwards with the proceeds to the city. When the time for dividing came, Wisest said, "I must have a double share." "Why so?" asked Wise. "Because while you are only Wise, I am Wisest. And Wise ought to have only one share to Wisest's two." "But we both had an equal interest in the stock-in-trade and in the oxen and waggons. Why should you have two shares?" "Because I am Wisest." And so they talked away till they fell to quarrelling.

"Ah!" thought Wisest, "I have a plan." And he made his father hide in [405] a hollow tree, enjoining the old man to say, when the two came, "Wisest should have a double portion." This arranged, he went to the Bodhisatta and proposed to him to refer the claim for a double share to the competent decision of the Tree-Sprite. Then he made his appeal in these words: "Lord Tree-Sprite, decide our cause!" Hereupon the father, who was hidden in the tree, in a changed voice asked them to state the

case. The cheat addressed the tree as follows: "Lord, here stands Wise, and here stand I Wisest. We have been partners in trade. Declare what share each should receive."

"Wise should receive one share, and Wisest two," was the response.

Hearing this decision, the Bodhisatta resolved to find out whether it was indeed a Tree-Sprite or not. So he filled the hollow trunk with straw and set it on fire. And Wisest's father was half roasted by the rising flames and clambered up by clutching hold of a bough. Falling to the ground, he uttered this stanza:--

Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly got his name;
Through Wisest, I'm nigh roasted in the flame.

Then the two merchants made an equal division and each took half, and at their deaths passed away to fare according to their deserts.

"Thus you see," said the Master, "that your partner was as great a cheat in past times as now." Having ended his story, he identified the Birth by saying, "The cheating merchant of to-day was the cheating merchant in the story, and I the honest merchant named Wise."

No. 99.

PAROSAHASSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Far better than a thousand fools*."--This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, concerning the question of the unconverted. [406]

(The incidents will be related in the Sarabhaṅga-jātaka [1].)

On a certain occasion the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth and praised the wisdom of Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith, who had expounded the meaning of the Buddha's pithy saying. Entering the hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking about. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that the meaning of a pithy saying of mine has been brought out by Sāriputta. He did the like in times gone by." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Northern brahmin and perfected his education at Takkasilā. Putting Lusts from him and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, he

won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalayas, where five 'hundred hermits gathered round him. One rainy season, his chief disciple went with half the hermits to the haunts of men to get salt and vinegar. And that was the time when the Bodhisatta should die. And his disciples,

wishing to know his spiritual attainment, said to him, "What excellence have you won?"

"Won?" said he; "I have won *Nothing* [1]." So saying, he died, but was reborn in the Brahma Realm of Radiant Devils. (For Bodhisattas even though they may have attained to the highest state are never reborn in the Formless World, because they are incapable of passing beyond the Realm of Form.) Mistaking his meaning, his disciples concluded that he had failed to win any spiritual attainment. So they did not pay the customary honours at cremation.

On his return the chief disciple learnt that the master was dead, and asked whether they had asked what he had won. "He said he had won nothing," said they. "So we did not pay him the usual honours at cremation."

"You understood not his meaning," said that chief disciple. "Our master meant that he had attained to the insight called the insight into the Nothingness of Things." But though he explained this again and again to the disciples, they believed him not.

Knowing their unbelief, the Bodhisatta cried, "Fools! they do not believe my chief disciple. I will make this thing plain unto them." And he came from the Brahma Realm and by virtue of his mighty powers rested in mid-air above the hermitage and uttered this stanza in praise of the wisdom of the chief disciple:--[407]

Far better than a thousand fools, though they
Cry out a hundred years unceasingly,
Is one who, hearing, straightway understands.

Thus did the Great Being from mid-air proclaim the Truth and rebuke the band of hermits. Then he passed back to the Brahma Realm, and all those hermits too qualified themselves for rebirth in the same Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the chief disciple of those days, and I Mahā-Brahma."

Footnotes

240:1 No. 522.

241:1 One of the highest Attainments was the insight into the nothingness of things; everything being a delusion.

No. 100.

ASĀTARŪPA-JĀTAKA.

"*In guise of joy*."--This story was told by the Master while at Kuṇḍadhānavana near the city of Kuṇḍiya about Suppavāsā, a lay-sister, who was daughter to King Koliya. For at that time, she, who had carried a child seven years in her womb, was in the seventh day of her throes, and her pains were grievous. In spite of all her agony, she thought as follows:--"All-Enlightened is the Blessed One who preaches the Truth to the end that such suffering may cease; righteous are the Elect of the Blessed One who so walk that such suffering may cease; blessed is Nirvana wherein such suffering cloth cease." These three thoughts were her consolation in her pangs. And she sent her husband to the Buddha to tell her state and bear a greeting for her.

Her message was given to the Blessed One, who said, [408] "May Suppavāsā, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, grow strong and well again, and bear a healthy child." And at the word of the Blessed One, Suppavāsā, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, became well and strong, and bore a healthy child. Finding on his return that his wife had been safely delivered, the husband marvelled greatly at the exalted powers of the Buddha. Now that her child was born, Suppavāsā was eager to show bounty for seven days to the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, and sent her husband back to invite them. Now it chanced that at that time the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head had received an invitation from the layman who supported the Elder Moggallāna the Great; but the Master, wishing to gratify

Suppavāsā's charitable desires, sent to the Elder to explain the matter, and with the Brotherhood accepted for seven days the hospitality of Suppavāsā. On the seventh day she dressed up her little boy, whose name was Sīvali, and made him bow before the Buddha and the Brotherhood. And when he was brought in due course to Sāriputta, the Elder in all kindness greeted the infant, saying, "Well, Sīvali, is all well with you?" "How could it be, sir?" said the infant. "Seven long years have I had to wallow in blood."

Then in joy Suppavāsā exclaimed, "My child, only seven days old, is actually discoursing on religion with the apostle Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith?"

"Would you like another such a child?" asked the Master. "Yes, sir;" said Suppavāsā, "seven more, if I could have them like him." In solemn phrase the Master gave thanks for Suppavāsā's hospitality and departed.

At seven years of age the child Sīvali gave his heart to the Faith and forsook the world to join the Brotherhood; at twenty he was admitted a full Brother. Righteous was he and won the crown of righteousness which is Arahatship, and the earth shouted aloud for joy.

So one day the assembled Brethren talked with one another in the Hall of Truth respecting the matter, saying, "The Elder Sīvali, who is now so shining a light, was the child of many prayers; seven long years was he in the womb and seven days in birth. How great must have been the pains of mother and child! Of what deeds were their pains the fruit?"

Entering the hall, the Master asked the subject of their discourse. "Brethren," said he, "the righteous Sīvali [409] was

seven years in the womb and seven days in birth all because of his own past deeds. And similarly Suppavāsā's seven years' pregnancy and seven days' travail resulted from her own past deeds." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the child of the queen-consort, and grew up and was educated at Takkasilā, and at his father's death became king and ruled righteously. Now in those days the King of Kosala came up with a great force against Benares and slew the king and bore off his queen to be his own wife.

When the king was slain, his son made his escape through the sewer. Afterwards he collected a mighty force and came to Benares. Encamping hard by, he sent a message to the king to either surrender the kingdom or give battle. And the king sent back the answer that he would give battle. But the mother of the young prince, hearing of this, sent a message to her son, saying, "There is no need to do battle. Let every approach to the city on every side be invested and barred, till lack of firewood and water and food wears out the people. Then the city will fall into your hands without any fighting." Following his mother's advice, the prince for seven days invested the city with so close a blockade that the citizens on the seventh day cut off their king's head and brought it to the prince. Then he entered the city and made himself king, and when his life ended he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

The result and consequence of his acts in blockading the city for those seven days was that for seven years he abode in the womb and was seven days in birth. But, inasmuch as he had fallen at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara and had prayed with many gifts that the crown of Arahatship might be his; and, inasmuch as, in the days of the Buddha Vipassī, he had offered up the same prayer, he and his townsfolk, with gifts of great price;--[410] therefore, by his merit, he won the crown of Arahatship. And because Suppavāsā sent the message bidding her son take the city by blockade, she was doomed to a seven years' pregnancy and to a seven days' travail.

His story ended, the Master, as Buddha, repeated these verses:--

In guise of joy and blessings, sorrow comes
And trouble, sluggards' hearts to overwhelm.

And when he had taught this lesson, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sīvali was the prince who in those days blockaded the city, and became king; Suppavāsā was his mother, and I his father, the king of Benares."

No. 101.

PAROSATA-JĀTAKA.

Far better than a hundred fools, though they
Think hard a hundred years unceasingly,
Is one who, hearing, straightway understands.

[411] This story is in all respects analogous to the Parosahassa-Jātaka (No. 99), with the sole difference that 'think hard' is read here.

No. 102.

PAṆṆIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*He that should prove*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who was a greengrocer in Sāvatthi and made a living by the sale of various roots and vegetables, and pumpkins and the like. Now he had a pretty daughter who was as good and virtuous as she was pretty, but was always laughing. And when she was asked in marriage by a family of his own station in life, he thought "She ought to be married, but she's always laughing; and a bad girl married into a strange family is her parents' shame. I must find out for certain whether she is a good girl or not."

So one day he made his daughter take a basket and come with him to the forest to gather herbs. Then to try her, he took her by the hand with whispered words of love. Straightway the girl burst into tears and began to cry out that such a thing would be as monstrous as fire rising out of water, and she besought him to forbear. Then he told her that his only intent was to try her, and asked whether she was virtuous. And she declared that she was and that she had never looked on any man with eyes of love. Calming her fears and taking her back home, he made a feast and gave her in marriage. Then feeling that he ought to go and pay his respects to the Master, he took perfumes and garlands in his hand and went to Jetavana. His salutations done and offerings made, he seated himself near the Master, who observed that it was a long time since his last coming. Then the man told the Blessed One the whole story.

"She has always been a good girl," said the Master. "You have put her to the test now just as you did in days gone by." Then at the greengrocer's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares [412], the Bodhisatta was a Tree-Sprite in a forest. And a lay-follower who was a greengrocer of Benares had just the sane doubts of his daughter, and all fell out as in the introductory story. And as her father took hold of her hand the weeping girl repeated these verses:--

He that should prove my buckler strong,
My father, worketh me this wrong.
Forlorn in thickest wood I cry;
My helper proves my enemy.

Then her father calmed her fears, and asked whether she was a virgin. And when she declared that she was, he brought her home and made a feast and gave the girl in marriage.

His story ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the greengrocer was established in the First Path of Salvation. Then the faster identified the Birth by saying, "The father and daughter of to-day were the father and daughter in the story, and I the Tree-Sprite who witnessed the scene."

[*Note*. Cf. No. 217.]

No. 103.

VERI-JĀTAKA.

"*If wise, thou 'lt loiter not*."--This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Anātha-piṇḍika. For we hear that Anātha-piṇḍika was returning from the village of which he was headman, when he saw robbers on the road. "It won't do to loiter by the way," thought he; "I must hurry on to Sāvatthi." So he urged his oxen to speed [413] and got safely into Sāvatthi. Next day he went to the monastery and told the Master what had befallen him. "Sir," said the Master, "in other times too the wise and good espied robbers on the road and hastened without delay to their homes." Then at the merchant's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich merchant, who had been to a village to collect his dues and was on his homeward way when he saw robbers on the road. At once he urged his oxen to their topmost speed and reached home in safety. And as he sat on his couch of state after a rich repast, he exclaimed, "I have escaped from the robbers' hand to mine own house, where fear dwells not." And in his thankfulness he uttered this stanza:--

If wise, thou 'lt loiter not 'mid enemies;
A night or two with such brings miseries.

So, from the fulness of his heart, spake the Bodhisatta, and after a life of charity and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the merchant of Benares of those days."

No. 104.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*From four to eight*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an unruly Brother. The incidents are the same as those in the previous story of Mittavindaka [1], but belong to the days of the Buddha Kassapa.

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[414] Now at that time one of the damned who had put on the circlet and was suffering the tortures of hell, asked the Bodhisatta--"Lord, what sin have I committed?" The Bodhisatta detailed the man's evil deeds to hire and uttered this stanza:--

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so
To thirty-two insatiate greed doth go,
--Still pressing on till insatiety
Doth win the circlet's griding misery [2].

So saying he went back to the Realm of Devas, but the other abode in hell till his sin had been purged from him. Then he passed thence to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This unruly Brother was then Mittavindaka and I the Deva."

Footnotes

246:1 No. 41.

246:2 Part of these lines occur in the Pañca Tantra 98.

No. 105.

DUBBALAKAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Fear'st thou the wind*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who lived in a perpetual state of nervous alarm. We learn that he came of a good family in Sāvatthi, and was led to give up the world by hearing the Truth preached, and that he was always in fear of his life

both by night and by day. The sough of the wind, the rustle of a fan, or the cry of bird or beast would inspire him with such abject terror that he would shriek and dash away. He never reflected that death was sure to come upon him; though, had he practised meditation on the certainty of death, he would not have feared it. [415] For only they that do not so meditate fear death. Now his constant fear of dying became known to the Brethren, and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and fell to discussing his fearfulness and the propriety of every Brother's taking death as a theme for meditation. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. So he sent for that Brother and asked him whether it was true he lived in fear of death. The Brother confessed that he did. "Be not angry, Brethren," said the Master, "with this Brother. The fear of death that fills his breast, now was no less strong in bygone times." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Tree-Sprite near the Himalayas. And in those days the king put his state elephant in the elephant-trainers' hands to be broken in to stand firm. And they tied the elephant up fast to a post, and with goads in their hands set about training the animal. Unable to bear the pain whilst he was being made to do their bidding, the elephant broke the post down, put the trainers to flight, and made off to the Himalayas. And the men, being unable to catch it, had to come back empty-handed. The elephant lived in the Himalayas in constant fear of death. A breath of wind sufficed to fill him with fear and to start him off at full speed, shaking his trunk to and fro. And it was with him as though he was still tied to the post to be trained. All happiness of mind and body gone, he wandered up and down in constant dread. Seeing this, the Tree-Sprite stood in the fork of his tree and uttered this stanza:--

Fear'st thou the wind that ceaselessly
The rotten boughs doth rend alway?
Such fear will waste thee quite away!

[416] Such were the Tree-Sprite's cheering words. And the elephant thenceforth feared no more.

His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths (at the close whereof the Brother entered the Paths), and identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the elephant of those days and I the Tree-Sprite."

No. 106.

UDAÑCANI-JĀTAKA.

"*A happy life was mine*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a temptation by a fat girl. The incident will be related in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa Jātaka [1] in the Thirteenth Book.

On asking the Brother, the Master was told that it was true he was in love, and in love with the fat girl. "Brother," said the Master, "she is leading you astray. So too in times gone by she led you into evil, and you were only restored to happiness by the wise and good of those days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, those things came to pass which will be told in the Culla-Nārada-Kassapa Jātaka. But on this occasion the Bodhisatta at evening came with fruits to the hermitage, and, opening the door, said to his son, "Every other day you brought wood and victuals, and lit a fire. Why have you not done any of these things to-day, but sit sadly here pining away?"

"Father," said the young man, "while you were away gathering fruits, there came a woman who tried to lure me away with blandishments. But I would not go with her till I had your leave,

and so left her sitting waiting for me. And now my wish is to depart."

Finding that the young man was too much in love to be able to give her up, the Bodhisatta bade him go, saying "But when she wants meat [417] or fish or ghee or salt or ride or any such thing to eat, and sends you hurrying to and fro on her errands, then remember this hermitage and flee away back to me."

So the other went off with the woman to the haunts of men; and when he was come to her house, she made him run about to fetch every single thing she wanted.

"I might just as well be her slave as this," thought he, and promptly ran away back to his father, and saluting him, stood and repeated this stanza:--

A happy life was mine till that fell she,
--That worrying, tiresome pitcher styled my wife--
Set me to run the errands of her whims.

And the Bodhisatta commended the young man, and exhorted him to kindliness and mercy, setting forth the four forms of right feeling towards

men and the modes of ensuring Insight. Nor was it long before the young man won the Knowledges and Attainments, and attained to right feeling towards his fellow-creatures, and with his father was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, and the Four Truths preached (at the close whereof that Brother entered the First Path) the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The fat girl of to-day was also the fat girl of those days; this yoking Brother was the son; and I the father of those days."

Footnotes

248:1 No. 477.

No. 107.

SĀLITTAKA-JĀTAKA.

[418] "*Prize skill*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who threw and hit a swan. We are told that this Brother, who came of a good family in Sāvatthi, had acquired great skill in hitting things with stones; and that hearing the Truth preached one day he gave his heart to it and, giving up the world, was admitted to full Brotherhood. But neither in study nor practice did he excel as a Brother. One day, with a youthful Brother, he went to the river Aciravatī [1], and was standing on the hank after bathing, when he saw two white swans flying by. Said he to the younger Brother, "I'll hit the hinder swan in the eye and bring it down." "Bring it down indeed!" said the other; "you can't hit it." "Just you wait a moment. I'll hit it on the eye this side through the eye on the other." "Oh, nonsense." "Very well; you wait and see." Then he took a three-cornered stone in his hand and flung it after the swan. 'Whiz' went the stone through the air and the swan, suspecting danger, stopped to listen. At once the Brother seized a smooth round stone and as the resting swan was looking in another direction hit it full in the eye, so that the stone went in at one eye and came out at the other. And with a loud scream the swan fell to the ground at their feet. "That is a highly improper action," said the other Brother, and brought him before the Master, with an account of what had happened. After rebuking the Brother, the Master said, "The same skill was his, Brethren, in past times as now." And he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of the King's courtiers. And the royal chaplain of those days was so talkative and longwinded that, when he once started, no

one else could get a word in. So the King cast about for someone to cut the chaplain short, and looked high and low for such an one. Now at that time there was a cripple in Benares who was a wonderful marksman with stones, and the boys used to put him on a little cart and [419] draw him to the gates of Benares, where there is a large branching banyan-tree covered with leaves. There they would gather round and give him half-pence, saying 'Make an elephant,' or 'Make a horse.' And the cripple would throw stone after stone till he had cut the foliage into the shapes asked for. And the ground was covered with fallen leaves.

On his way to his pleasaunce the King came to, the spot, and all the boys scampered off in fear of the King, leaving the cripple there helpless. At the sight of the litter of leaves the King asked, as he rode by in his chariot, who had cut the leaves off. And he was told that the cripple had done it. Thinking that here might be a way to stop the chaplain's mouth, the King asked where the cripple was, and was shewn him sitting at the foot of the tree. Then the King had him brought to him and, motioning his retinue to stand apart, said to the cripple, "I have a very talkative chaplain. Do you think you could stop his talking?"

"Yes, sire,--if I had a peashooter full of dry goat's dung," said the cripple. Then the King had him taken to the palace and set with a pea-shooter full of dry goat's dung behind a curtain with a slit in it, facing the chaplain's seat. When the brahmin came to wait

upon the King and was seated on the seat prepared for him, his majesty started a conversation. And the chaplain forthwith monopolized the conversation, and no one else could get a word in. Hereon the cripple shot the pellets of goat's dung one by one, like flies, through the slit in the curtain right into the chaplain's gullet. And the brahmin swallowed the pellets down as they came, like so much oil, till all had disappeared. When the whole peashooter-full of pellets was lodged in the chaplain's stomach, they swelled to the size of half a peck; and the King, knowing they were all gone, addressed the brahmin in these words: "Reverend sir, so talkative are you, that you have swallowed down a peashooter-full of goat's dung without noticing it. That's about as much as you will be able to take at a sitting. Now go home and take a dose of panick seed and water by way of emetic, and put yourself right again."

From that day [420] the chaplain kept his mouth shut and sat as silent during conversation as though his lips were sealed.

"Well, my ears are indebted to the cripple for this relief," said the King, and bestowed on him four villages, one in the North, one in the South, one in the West, and one in the East, producing a hundred thousand a year.

The Bodhisatta drew near to the King and said, "In this world, sire,

skill should be cultivated by the wise. Mere skill in aiming has brought this cripple all this prosperity." So saying he uttered this stanza:--

Prize skill, and note the marksman lame;
--Four villages reward his aim.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the cripple of those days, Ānanda the King, and I the wise courtier."

Footnotes

249:1 The modern Rāpti, in Oudh.

No. 108.

BĀHIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Learn thou betimes*."--This story was told by the Master, while he was dwelling in the Gabled Chamber at the Great Grove near Vesāli, about a Licchavi, a pious prince who had embraced the Truth. He had invited the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head to his house, and there had shewn great bounty towards them. Now his wife was a very fat woman, almost bloated in appearance, and she was badly dressed.

Thanking the King for his hospitality, the Master returned to the monastery and, after a discourse to the Brethren, retired to his perfumed chamber.

Assembled in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren expressed their surprise that a man like this Licchavi prince should have such a fat badly-dressed woman for his wife, and be so fond of her. Entering the Hall and hearing what they were discussing, the Master said, "Brethren, as now, so in former times he was fond of a fat woman." Then, at their request, he told this story of the past.

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[421] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of his courtiers. And a fat and badly-dressed country woman, who worked for hire, was passing near the courtyard of the palace, when pressing need for an occasion came upon her. Bending down with her raiment

decently gathered round her, she accomplished her purpose, and was erect again in a trice.

The King chanced to be looking out on to the courtyard through a window at the time and saw this. Thought he, "A woman who could manage this with so much decency must enjoy good health. She would be sure to be cleanly in her house; and a son born into a cleanly house would be sure to grow up cleanly and virtuous. I will make her my queen-consort." And accordingly the King, first assuring himself that she

was not another's, sent for her and made her his queen. And she became very near and dear to him. Not long afterwards a son was born, and this son became an Universal Monarch.

Observing her fortunes, the Bodhisatta took occasion to say to the King, "Sire, why should not care be taken duly to fulfil all proper observances, when this excellent woman by her modesty and decency in relieving nature won your majesty's favour and rose to such fortune?" And he went on to utter this stanza:--

Learn thou betimes, though headstrong folk there be;
The rustic pleased the King by modesty.

Thus did the Great Being commend the virtues of those who devoted themselves to the study of proper observances.

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[422] His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of to-day were also the husband and wife of those times, and I the wise courtier."

No. 109.

KUṆḌAKAPŪVA-JĀTAKA.

"*As fares his worshipper*."--This story was told by the Master when at Sāvatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Sāvatthi the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was skewing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice-gruel followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired labourer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from empty husks and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort, and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than anyone else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor roan's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man,

offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery and after instructing the Brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia, and how the poor man had been enriched [423] and made Lord Treasurer to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A

festival came round and the villagers offered sacrifices to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man shewed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odours, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree. Standing before it, he thought within himself, "Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself." And he turned to go away, when the Bodhisatta from the fork of his tree exclaimed, "My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion." And he uttered this stanza:--

As fares his worshipper, a Sprite must fare.
Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share.

Then the man turned again, and, seeing the Bodhisatta, offered up his sacrifice. The Bodhisatta fed on the savour and said, "Why do you worship me?" "I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty." [424] "Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in waggons to the King's courtyard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well-pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer." So saying, the Bodhisatta vanished from sight. The

man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by aid of the Bodhisatta come

to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

No. 110.

SABBASAṀHĀRAKA-PAÑHA.

"*There is no All-embracing*."--This All-embracing Question will be set out at length in the Ummagga-jātaka [1]. This is the end of the All-embracing Question.

Footnotes

254:1 Not yet edited; it occurs at the end of the collection of Jātakas.

No. 111.

GADRABHA-PAÑHA.

"*Thou think'st thyself a swan*."--This Question as to the Ass will also be set out at length in the Ummagga-jātaka. This is the end of the Question as to the Ass.

No. 112.

AMARĀDEVĪ-PAÑHA.

"*Cakes and gruel*."--This question too will be found in the same Jātaka. This is the end of the Question of Queen Amarā [2].

Footnotes

254:2 Amarā was the wife of King Mahosadha; of. *Milindapañho*, page 205. The Bodhisatta was Mahosadha, cf. Jātaka (test) i. p. 53.

No. 113.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The drunken jackal*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. The Brethren had assembled [425] in the Hall of Truth and were telling how Devadatta had gone to Gayāsīsa with five hundred followers, whom he was leading into error by declaring that the Truth was manifest in him "and not in the ascetic Gotama"; and how by his lies he was breaking up the Brotherhood; and how he kept two fast-days a week. And as they sate there talking of the wickedness of Devadatta, the Master entered and was told the subject of their conversation. "Brethren," said he, "Devadatta was as great a liar in past times as he is now." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Tree-sprite in a cemetery grove. In those days a festival was proclaimed in Benares, and the people resolved to sacrifice to the ogres. So they strewed fish and meat about courtyards, and streets, and other places, and set out great pots of strong drink. At midnight a jackal came into the town by the sewer, and regaled himself on the meat and liquor. Crawling into some bushes, he was fast asleep when morning dawned. Waking up and seeing it was broad daylight, he know that he could not make his way back at that hour with safety. So he lay down quietly near the roadside where he could not be

seen, till at last he saw a solitary brahmin on his way to rinse his mouth in the tank. Then the jackal thought to himself, "Brahmins are a greedy lot. I must so play on his greediness as to get him to carry me out of the city in his waist-cloth under his outer robe." So, with a human voice, he cried "Brahmin."

"Who calls me?" said the brahmin, turning round. "I, brahmin." "What for?" "I have two hundred gold pieces, brahmin; and if you will hide me in your waist-cloth under your outer robe and so get me out of the city without my being seen, you shall have them all."

Closing with the offer, the greedy brahmin hid the jackal and carried the beast a little way out of the city. "What place is this, brahmin?" said the jackal. "Oh, it's such and such a place," said the brahmin. "Go on a bit further," said the jackal and kept urging the brahmin on always a little further, till at last the cremation-park was reached. [426] "Put me down here," said the jackal; and the brahmin did so. "Spread your robe out on the ground, brahmin." And the greedy brahmin did so.

"And now dig up this tree by the roots," said he, and while the brahmin was at work he walked on to the robe, and dunged and staled on it in five places,--the four corners and the middle. This done, he made off into the wood.

Hereon the Bodhisatta, standing in the fork of the tree, uttered this stanza:--

The drunken jackal, brahmin, cheats thy trust!
Thou ’lt find not here a hundred cowry-shells,

Far less thy quest, two hundred coins of gold.

And when he had repeated these verses, the Bodhisatta said to the brahmin, "Go now and wash your robe and bathe, and go about your business." So saying, he vanished from sight, and the brahmin did as he was bidden, and departed very mortified at having been so tricked.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the Tree-sprite."

No. 114.

MITACINTI-JĀTAKA.

"*They twain in fisher's net*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about two aged Elders. After a rainy-season spent in a forest in the country they resolved to seek out the Master, and got together provisions for their journey. But they kept putting off their departure day by day, till a month flew by. Then they provided a fresh supply of provisions, and procrastinated till a second month was gone, and a third. When their indolence and sluggishness had lost them three months, they set out and came to Jetavana. Laying aside their bowls and robes in the common-room, they came into the Master's presence. The Brethren remarked on the length of the time since the two had visited the Master, and asked the reason. Then [427] they told their story and all the Brotherhood came to know of the laziness of these indolent Brethren.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked together of this thing. And the Master entered and was told what they were discussing. Being asked whether they were really so indolent, those Brethren admitted their short-coming. "Brethren," said he, "in former times, no less than now, they were indolent and loth to leave their abode." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there lived in the river of Benares three fishes, named Over-thoughtful, Thoughtful, and

Thoughtless. And they came down-stream from the wild country to where men dwelt. Hereupon Thoughtful said to the other two, "This is a dangerous and perilous neighbourhood, where fishermen catch fish with nets, basket-traps, and such like tackle. Let us be off to the wild country again." But so lazy were the other two fishes, and so greedy, that they kept putting off their going from day to day, until they had let three months slip by. Now fishermen cast their nets into the river; and Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless were swimming on ahead in quest of food when in their fully they blindly rushed into the net. Thoughtful, who was behind, observed the net, and saw the fate of the other two.

"I must save these lazy fools from death," thought he. So first he dodged round the net, and splashed in the water in front of it like a fish that has broken through and gone up stream; and then doubling back, he splashed about behind it, like a fish that has broken through and gone down stream. Seeing this, the fishermen thought the fish had broken the net and all got away; so they pulled it in by one corner and the two fishes escaped from the net into the open water again. In this way they owed their lives to Thoughtful.

His story told, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:

[428] They twain in fisher's nets are ta’en;
Them Thoughtful saves and frees again.

His lesson ended, and the Four Truths expounded (at the close whereof the aged Brethren gained fruition of the First Path), the Master identified the Birth by saying: "These two Brethren were then Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless, and I Thoughtful."

No. 115.

ANUSĀSIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The greed-denouncing bird*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Sister who gave a warning to others. For we are told that she came of a good Sāvatthi family, but that from the day of her entrance into the Order she failed of her duty and was filled with a gluttonous spirit; she used to seek alms in quarters of the city unvisited by other Sisters. And dainty food was given her there. Now her gluttony made her afraid that other Sisters might go there too and take away from her part of the food. Casting about for a device to stop them from going and to keep everything to herself, she warned

the other Sisters that it was a dangerous quarter, troubled by a fierce elephant, a fierce horse, and a fierce dog. And she besought them not to go there for alms. Accordingly not a single Sister gave so much as a look in that direction.

Now one day on her way through this district for alms, as she was hurrying into a house there, a fierce ram butted her with such violence as to break her leg. Up ran the people and set her leg and brought her on a litter to the convent of the Sisterhood. And all the Sisters tauntingly said her broken leg came of her going where she had warned them not to go.

Not long after the Brotherhood came to hear of this; and one day in the Hall of Truth [429] the Brethren spoke of how this sister had got her leg broken by a fierce ram in a quarter of the

city against which she had warned the other Sisters; and they condemned her conduct. Entering the Hall at this moment, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "As now, Brethren," said he, "so too in a past time she gave warnings which she did not follow herself; and then as now she came to harm." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird, and growing up became king of the birds and came to the Himalayas with thousands of birds in his train. During their stay in that place, a certain fierce bird used to go in quest of food along a highway where she found rice, beans, and other grain dropped by passing waggons. Casting about how best-to keep the others from coming there too, she addressed them as follows:--"The highway is full of peril. Along it go elephants and horses, waggons drawn by fierce oxen, and such like dangerous things. And as it is impossible to take wing on the instant, don't go there at all." And because of her warning, the other birds dubbed her 'Warner'.

Now one day when she was feeding along the highway she heard the sound of a carriage coming swiftly along the road, and turned her head to look at it. "Oh it's quite a long way off," thought she and went on as before. Up swift as the wind came the carriage, and before she could rise, the wheel had crushed her and whirled on its way. At the muster, the King marked her absence and ordered search to be made for her. And at last she was found cut in two on the highway and the news was brought to the king. "Through not following her own caution to the other birds she has been cut in two," said he, and uttered this stanza:--

The greed-denouncing bird, to greed a prey,
The chariot wheels leave mangled on the way.

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[430] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The warning sister was the bird 'Warner' of those times, and I the King of the birds."

No. 116.

DUBBACA-JĀTAKA.

"*Too much*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an unruly Brother whose-own story will be given in the Ninth Book in the Gijjha-jātaka [1].

The Master rebuked him in these words:--"As now, so in former days wert thou unruly, Brother, disregarding the counsels of the wise and good. Wherefore, by a javelin thou didst die." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into an acrobat's family. When he grew up, he was a very wise and clever fellow. From another acrobat he learned the javelin dance, and with his master used to travel about exhibiting his skill. Now this master of his knew the four javelin dance but not the five; but one day when performing in a certain village, he, being in liquor, had five javelins set up in a row and gave out that he would dance through the lot.

Said the Bodhisatta, "You can't manage all five javelins, master. Have one taken away. If you try the five, you will be run through by the fifth and die."

"Then you don't know what I can do when I try," said the drunken fellow; and paying no heed to the Bodhisatta's words, he danced through four of the javelins only to impale himself on

the fifth like the Bassia flower on its stalk. And there he lay groaning. Said the Bodhisatta, "This calamity comes of your disregarding the counsels of the wise and good"; and he uttered this stanza:--

[431] Too much--though sore against my will--you tried;
Clearing the four, upon the fifth you died.

So saying, he lifted his master from off the javelin point and duly performed the last offices to his body.

His story done, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This unruly Brother was the master of those days, and I the pupil."

Footnotes

259:1 No. 427.

No. 117.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

"*As died the partridge*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Kokālika, whose story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Takkāriya Jātaka [1].

Said the Master, "As now, Brethren, so likewise in former times, Kokālika's tongue has worked his destruction."

So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country. When he grew up, he received a complete education at Takkasilā, and, renouncing Lusts, gave up the world to become a hermit. He won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and all the recluses of the Himalayas to the number of five hundred assembled together and followed him as their master.

Insight was his as he dwelt amid his disciples in the Himalayas.

In those days there was an ascetic suffering from jaundice who was chopping wood with an axe. And a chattering Brother came and sat by him, and directed his work, bidding him give here a chop and there a chop, [432] till the jaundiced ascetic lost his temper. In a rage he cried, "Who are you to teach me how to chop wood?" and lifting up his keen-edged axe stretched the

other dead with a single blow. And the Bodhisatta had the body buried.

Now on an ant-hill hard by the hermitage there dwelt a partridge which early and late was always piping on the top of the ant-hill. Recognising the note of a partridge, a sportsman killed the bird and took it off with him. Missing the bird's note, the Bodhisatta asked the hermits why they did not hear their neighbour the partridge now. Then they told him what had happened, and he linked the two events together in this stanza:--

As died the partridge for her clamorous cry,
So prate and chatter doomed this fool to die.

Having developed within himself the four Perfect States, the Bodhisatta thus became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

Said the Master, "Brethren, as now, so likewise in former days Kokālika's tongue has worked his destruction." And at the close of this lesson he identified the Birth by saying, "Kokālika was the meddling ascetic of those days, my followers the band of hermits, and I their master."

Footnotes

260:1 No. 481. Kokālika was one of Devadatta's schismatics.

No. 118.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The thoughtless man*."--This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the son of Over-Treasurer. This Over-Treasurer is said to have been a very rich man of Sāvatthi, and his wife became the mother of a righteous being from the realm of Brahma angels, who grew up as lovely as Brahma. [433] Now one day when the Kattikā festival had been proclaimed in Sāvatthi, the whole city gave itself up to the festivities. His companions, sons of other rich men, had all got wives, but Over-Treasurer's son had lived so long in the Brahma Realm that he was purged from passion. His companions plotted together to get him too a sweetheart and make him keep the feast with them. So going to him they said, "Dear friend, it is the great feast of Kattikā.. Can't we get a sweetheart for you too, and have a good time together?" At last his friends picked out a charming girl and decked her out, and left her at his house, with directions to make her way to his chamber. But when she entered the room, not a look or a word did she get from the young merchant. Piqued at this slight to her beauty, she put forth all her graces and feminine blandishments, smiling meantime so as just to shew her pretty teeth. The sight of her teeth suggested bones, and his mind was filled with the idea of bones, till the girl's whole body seemed to him nothing but a chain of bones. Then he gave her money and bade her begone. But as she came out of the house a nobleman saw her in the street and gave her a present to accompany him home.

At the end of seven days the festival was over, and the girl's mother, seeing her daughter did not come back, went to the young merchant's friends and asked where she was, and they in turn asked the young merchant. And he said he had paid her and sent her packing as soon as he saw her.

Then the girl's mother insisted on having her daughter restored to her, and brought the young man before the king, who proceeded to examine into the matter. In answer to the king's questions, the young man admitted that the girl had been passed on to him, but said he had no knowledge of her whereabouts, and no means of producing her. Then said the king, "If he fails to produce the girl, execute him." So the young man was forthwith hauled off with his hands tied behind his back to be executed, and the whole city was in an uproar at the news. With hands laid on their breasts the people followed after him with lamentations, saying, "What means this, sir? You suffer unjustly."

Then thought the young man [434] "All this sorrow has befallen me because I was living a lay life. If I can only escape this danger, I will give up the world and join the Brotherhood of the great Gotama, the All-Enlightened One."

Now the girl herself heard the uproar and asked what it meant. Being told, she ran swiftly out, crying, "Stand aside, sirs! let me pass! let the king's men see me." As soon as she had thus shown herself, she was handed over to her mother by the king's men, who set the young man free and went their way.

Surrounded by his friends, the son of Over-Treasurer went down to the river and bathed. Returning home, he breakfasted and let his parents know his resolve to give up the world. Then taking cloth for his ascetic's robe, and followed by a great crowd, he sought out the Master and with due salutation asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. A novice first, and afterwards a full Brother, he meditated on the idea of Bondage till he gained Insight, and not long afterwards won Arahatship.

Now one day in the Hall of Truth the assembled Brethren talked of his virtues, recalling how in the hour of danger he had recognized the excellence of the Truth, and, wisely resolving to give up the world for its sake, had won that highest fruit which is Arahatship. And as they talked, the Master entered, and, on his asking, was told what was the subject of their converse. Whereon he declared to them that, like the son of Over-Treasurer, the wise of former times, by taking thought in the hour of peril, had escaped death. So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Ḅenares, the Bodhisatta by change of existence was born a quail. Now in those days there was a quail-catcher who used to catch numbers of these birds in the forest and take them home to fatten. When they were fat, he used to sell them to people and so make a living. And one day he caught the Bodhisatta and brought him home with a number of other quails. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I take the food and drink he gives me, I shall be sold; whilst if I don't eat it, I shall get so thin, that people will notice it and pass me over, with the result that I shall be safe. This, then,

is what I must do." So he fasted and fasted till he got so thin that he was nothing but skin and bone, and not a soul would have him at any price. Having disposed [435] of every one of his birds except the Bodhisatta, the bird-catcher took the Bodhisatta out of the cage and laid him on the palms of his hand to see what ailed the bird. Watching when the man was off his guard, the Bodhisatta spread his wings and flew off to the forest. Seeing him return, the other quails asked what had become of him so long, and where he had been. Then he told them he had been caught by a fowler, and, being asked how he had escaped, replied, that it was by a device he had thought of, namely, not to take either the food or the drink which the fowler supplied. So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

The thoughtless man no profit reaps.--But see
Thought's fruit in me, from death and bondage free.

In this manner did the Bodhisatta speak of what he had done.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the quail that escaped death in those days."

No. 119.

AKĀLARĀVI-JĀTAKA.

"*No parents trained*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who used to be noisy at wrong seasons. He is said to have come of a good Sāvatthi family and to have given up the world for the Truth, but to have neglected his duties and despised instruction. He never took count of the hours for duties, for ministry or for reciting the texts. Throughout the three watches of the night, as well as the hours of waking, he was never quiet;--so that the other Brethren could not get a wink of sleep. Accordingly, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth censured his conduct. Entering the Hall and learning on enquiry what they were talking about, the Master said, "Brethren, as now, so in past times, this Brother was noisy out of season, and for his unseasonable conduct was strangled." So saying he told this story of the past.

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[436] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern brahmin family, and when he grew up, learned all knowledge and became a teacher of world-wide fame with five hundred young brahmins studying under him. Now these young brahmins had a cock who crowed betimes and roused them to their studies. And this cock died. So they looked all about for another, and one of their number, when picking up firewood in the cemetery-grove, saw a cock there which he brought home and kept in a coop. But, as

this second cock had been bred in a cemetery, he had no knowledge of times and seasons, and used to crow casually,--at midnight as well as at daybreak. Roused by his crowing at midnight, the young brahmins fell to their studies; by dawn they were tired out and could not for sleepiness keep their attention on the subject; and when he fell a-crowing in broad day they did not get a chance of quiet for repeating their lesson. And 'as it was the cock's crowing both at midnight and by day which had brought their studies to a standstill, they took the bird and wrung his neck. Then they told their teacher that they had killed the cock that crowed in and out of season.

Said their teacher, for their edification, "It was his bad bringing up that brought this cock to his end." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

No parents trained, no teacher taught this bird:
Both in and out of season was he heard.

p. 264

Such was the Bodhisatta's teaching on the matter; and when he had lived his allotted time on earth, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth as follows,--"This Brother was the cock of those times, who did not know when not to crow; my disciples were the young brahmins; and I their teacher."

No. 120.

[437] BANDHANAMOKKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whilst folly's speec*h"--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the brahmin-girl Ciñcā, whose history will be given in the Twelfth Book in the Mahāpaduma-jātaka [1]. On this occasion the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time Ciñcā has laid false accusations against me. She did the like in other times." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the chaplain's family, and on his father's death succeeded to the chaplaincy.

Now the king promised to grant whatsoever boon his queen should ask of him, and she said,--"The boon I ask is an easy one; henceforth you must not look on any other woman with eyes of love." At first he refused, but, wearied by her unceasing importunity, was obliged to give way at last. And from that day forward he never cast a glance of love at any one of his sixteen thousand nautch-girls.

Now a disturbance arose on the borders of his kingdom, and after two or three engagements with the robbers, the troops there sent a letter to the king saying that they were unable to carry the matter through. Then the king was anxious to go in person and assembled a mighty host. And he said to his wife, "Dear one, I go to the frontier, where battles will rage ending in

victory or defeat. The camp is no place for a woman, and you must stay behind here."

"I can't stop if you go, my lord," said she. But finding the king firm in his decision she made the following request instead,--"Every league,

send a messenger to enquire how I fare." And the king promised to do so. Accordingly, when he marched out with his host, leaving the Bodhisatta in the city, the king sent back a messenger at the end of every league to let the queen know how he was, and to find out how she fared. Of each man as he came she asked what brought him back. And on receiving the answer that he was come to learn how she fared, they queen beckoned the messenger to her and sinned with him. Now the king journeyed two and thirty leagues and sent two and thirty messengers [438], and the queen sinned with them all. And when he had pacified the frontier, to the great joy of the inhabitants, he started on his homeward journey, despatching a second series of thirty-two messengers. And the queen misbehaved with each one of these, as before. Halting his victorious army near the city, the king sent a letter to the Bodhisatta to prepare the city for his entry. The preparations in the city were done, and the Bodhisatta was preparing the palace for the king's arrival, when he came to the queen's apartments. The sight of his great beauty so moved the queen that she called to him to satisfy her lust. But the Bodhisatta pleaded with her, urging the king's honour, and protesting that he shrank from all sin and would not do as she wished. "No thoughts of the king

frightened sixty-four of the king's messengers," said she; "and will you for the king's sake fear to do my will?"

Said the Bodhisatta, "Had these messengers thought with me, they would not have acted thus. As for me that know the right, I will not commit this sin."

"Don't talk nonsense," said she. "If you refuse, I will have your head chopped off."

"So be it. Cut off my head in this or in a hundred thousand existences; yet will I not do your bidding."

"All right; I will see," said the queen menacingly. And retiring to her chamber, she scratched herself, put oil on her limbs, clad herself in dirty clothes and feigned to be ill. Then she sent for her slaves and bade them tell the king, when he should ask after her, that she was ill.

Meantime the Bodhisatta had gone to meet the king, who, after marching round the city in solemn procession, entered his palace. Not seeing the queen, he asked where she was, and was told that she was ill. Entering the royal bed-chamber, the king caressed the queen and asked what ailed her. She was silent; but when the king asked the third time, she looked at him and said, "Though my lord the king still lives, yet poor women like me have to own a master."

"What do you mean?"

"The chaplain whom you left to watch over the city came here on pretence of seeing after the palace; and because I would not

yield to his will, [439] he beat me to his heart's content and went off."

p. 266

Then the king fumed with rage, like the crackling of salt or sugar in the fire; and he rushed from the chamber. Calling his servants, he bade them bind the chaplain with his hands behind him, like one condemned to death, and cut off his head at the place of execution. So away they hurried and bound the Bodhisatta. And the drum was beaten to announce the execution.

Thought the Bodhisatta, "Doubtless that wicked queen has already poisoned the king's mind against me, and now must I save myself from this peril." So he said to his captors, "Bring me into the king's presence before you slay me." "Why so?" said they. "Because, as the king's servant, I have toiled greatly on the king's business, and know where great treasures are hidden which I have discovered. If I am not brought before the king, all this wealth will be lost. So lead me to him, and then do your duty."

Accordingly, they brought him before the king, who asked why reverence had not restrained him from such wickedness.

"Sire," answered the Bodhisatta, "I was born a brahmin, and have never taken the life so much as of an emmet or ant. I have never taken what was not my own, even to a blade of grass. Never have I looked with lustful eyes upon another man's wife. Not even in jest have I spoken falsely, and not a drop of strong drink have I ever drunk. Innocent am I, sire; but that wicked woman took me lustfully by the hand, and, being rebuffed, threatened me, nor did she retire to her chamber before she had

told me her secret evil-doing. For there were sixty-four messengers who came with letters from you to the queen. Send for these men and ask each whether he did as the queen bade him or not." Then the king had the sixty-four men bound and sent for the queen. And she confessed to having had guilty converse with the men. Then the king ordered off all the sixty-four to be beheaded.

But at this point [440] the Bodhisatta cried out, "Nay, sire, the men are not to blame; for they were constrained by the queen. Wherefore pardon them. And as for the queen:--she is not to blame, for the passions of women are insatiate, and she does but act according to her inborn nature. Wherefore, pardon her also, O king."

Upon this entreaty the king was merciful, and so the Bodhisatta saved the lives of the queen and the sixty-four men, and he gave them each a place to dwell in. Then the Bodhisatta came to the king and said, "Sire, the baseless accusations of folly put the wise in unmerited bonds, but the words of the wise released the foolish. Thus folly wrongfully binds, and wisdom sets free from bonds." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

Whilst folly's speech doth bind unrighteously,
At wisdom's word the justly bound go free.

When he had taught the king the Truth in these verses, he exclaimed, "All this trouble sprang from my living a lay life. I must change my mode of life, and crave your permission, sire, to give up the world." And with the king's permission he gave up the world and quitted his tearful relations and his great wealth

to become a recluse. His dwelling was in the Himalayas, and there he won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments and became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

His teaching ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ciñcā was the wicked queen of those days, Ānanda the king, and I his chaplain."

Footnotes

264:1 No. 472. Cf. note, page 143.

No. 121.

[441] KUSANĀḶI-JĀTAKA.

"*Let great and small*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anātha-piṇḍika's true friend. For his acquaintances and friends and relations came to him and tried hard to stop his intimacy with a certain man, saying that neither in birth nor wealth was he Anātha-piṇḍika's equal. But the great merchant replied that friendship should not depend on equality or inequality of externals. And when he went off to his zemindary, he put this friend in charge of his wealth. Everything came to pass as in the Kālakaṇṇi jātaka [1]. But, when in this case Anātha-piṇḍika related the danger his house had been in, the Master said, "Layman, a friend rightly so-called is never inferior. The standard is ability to befriend. A friend rightly so-called, though only equal or inferior to one's self, should be held a superior, for all such friends fail not to grapple with trouble which befalls one's self. It is your real friend that has now saved you your wealth. So in days gone by a like real friend saved a Sprite's mansion." Then at Anātha-piṇḍika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Sprite in the king's pleasaunce, and dwelt in a clump of kusa-grass. Now in the same grounds near the king's seat there grew a beautiful Wishing Tree (also called the Mukkhaka) with straight stem and spreading branches, which received great favour from the king. Here dwelt one who had been a mighty deva-king and had been reborn a Tree-sprite. And

the Bodhisatta was on terms of intimate friendship with this Tree-sprite.

Now the king's dwelling had only one pillar to support the roof

and that pillar grew shaky. Being told of this, the king sent for carpenters and ordered them to put in a sound pillar and make it secure. So the carpenters [442] looked about for a tree that would do and, not finding one elsewhere, went to the pleasaunce and saw the Mukkhaka. Then away they went back to the king. "Well," said he, "have you found a tree that will do?" "Yes, sire," said they; "but we don't like to fell it." "Why not?" said the king. Then they told him how they had in vain looked everywhere for a tree and did not dare to cut down the sacred tree. "Go and cut it down," said he, "and make the roof secure. I will look out for another tree."

So they went away. And they took a sacrifice to the pleasaunce and offered it to the tree, saying among themselves that they would come and cut it down next day. Hearing their words, the Tree-sprite knew that her home would be destroyed on the morrow, and burst into tears as she clasped her children to her breast, not knowing whither to fly with them. Her friends, the spirits of the forest, came and asked what the matter was. But not one of them could devise how to stay the carpenters' hand, and all embraced her with tears and lamentations. At this moment up came the Bodhisatta to call upon the Tree-sprite and was told the news. "Have no fear," said the Bodhisatta cheerfully. "I will see that the tree is not cut down. Only wait and see what I will do when the carpenters come to-morrow."

Next day when the men came, the Bodhisatta, assuming the shape of a chameleon, was at the tree before they were, and got in at the roots and worked his way up till he got out among the branches, making the tree look full of holes. Then the Bodhisatta rested among the boughs with his head rapidly moving to and fro. Up came the carpenters; and at sight of the chameleon their leader struck the tree with his hand, and exclaimed that the tree was rotten and that they didn't look carefully before making their offerings the day before. And off he went full of scorn for the great strong tree. In this way the Bodhisatta saved the Tree-sprite's home. And when all her friends [443] and acquaintances came to see her, she joyfully sang the praises of the Bodhisatta, as the saviour of her home, saying, "Sprites of the Trees, for all our mighty power we knew not what to do; while a humble Kusa-sprite had wit to save my home for me. Truly we should choose our friends without considering whether they are superiors, equals, or inferiors, making no distinction of rank. For each according to his strength can help a friend in the hour of need." And she repeated this stanza about friendship and its duties:--

Let great and small and equals, all,
Do each their best, if harm befal,
And help a friend in evil plight,
As I was helped by Kusa-sprite.

Thus did she teach the assembled devas, adding these words, "Wherefore, such as would escape from an evil plight must not merely consider whether a man is an equal or a superior, but must make friends of the wise whatsoever their station in life."

And she lived her life and with the Kusa-sprite finally passed away to fare according to her deserts.

His lesson ended the Master identified the birth by saying, "Ānanda was then the Tree-sprite, and I the Kusa-sprite."

Footnotes

267:1 No. 83.

No. 122.

[444] DUMMEDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Exalted station breeds a fool great woe*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For the Brethren had met together in the Hall of Truth, and were talking of how the sight of the Buddha's perfections and all the distinctive signs of Buddhahood [1] maddened Devadatta; and how in his jealousy he could not bear to hear the praises of the Buddha's utter wisdom. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what was the subject of their converse. And when they told him, he said, "Brethren, as now, so in former times Devadatta was maddened by hearing my praises." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when King Magadha was ruling in Rājagaha in Magadha, the Bodhisatta was born an elephant. He was white all over and graced with all the beauty of form described above [2]. And because of his beauty the king made him his state elephant.

One festal day the king adorned the city like a city of the devas and, mounted on the elephant in all its trappings, made a solemn procession round the city attended by a great retinue. And all along the route the people were moved by the sight of that peerless elephant to exclaim, "Oh what a stately gait! what proportions! what beauty! what grace! such a white elephant is worthy of an universal monarch." All this praise of his

elephant awoke the king's jealousy and he resolved to have it cast over a precipice and killed. So he summoned the mahout and asked whether he called that a trained elephant.

"Indeed he is well trained, sire," said the mahout. "No, he is very badly trained." "Sire, he is well trained." [445] "If he is so well trained, can you get him to climb to the summit of Mount Vepulla?" "Yes, sire." "Away with you, then," said the king. And he got down from the elephant, making the mahout mount instead, and went himself to the foot of the mountain, whilst the mahout rode on the elephant's back up to the top of Mount Vepulla. The king with his courtiers also climbed the mountain, and had the elephant halted at the brink of a precipice. "Now," said he to the man, "if he is so well trained as you say, make him stand on three legs."

And the mahout on the elephant's back just touched the animal with his goad by way of sign and called to him, "Hi! my beauty, stand on three legs." "Now make him stand on his two fore-legs," said the king. And the Great Being raised his hind-legs and stood on his fore-legs alone. "Now on the hind-legs," said the king, and the obedient elephant raised his fore-legs till he stood on his hind-legs alone. "Now on one leg," said the king, and the elephant stood on one leg.

Seeing that the elephant did not fall over the precipice, the king cried, "Now if you can, make him stand in the air."

Then thought the mahout to himself, "All India cannot shew the match of this elephant for excellence of training. Surely the king must want to make him tumble over the precipice and meet his death." So he whispered in the elephant's ear, "My son, the king wants you to fall over and get killed. He is not worthy of you. If

you have power to journey through the air, rise up with me upon your back and fly through the air to Benares."

And the Great Being, endowed as he was with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, straightway rose up into the air. Then said the mahout, "Sire, this elephant, possessed as he is with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, is too good for such a worthless fool as you: none but a wise and good king is worthy to be his master. When those who are so worthless as you get an elephant like this, they don't know his value, and so they lose their elephant, and all the rest of their glory and splendour." So saying the mahout, seated on the elephant's neck, recited this stanza:--

Exalted station breeds a fool great woe;
He proves his own and others' mortal foe.

[446] "And now, goodbye," said he to the king as he ended this rebuke; and rising in the air, he passed to Benares and halted in mid-air

over the royal courtyard. And there was a great stir in the city and all cried out, "Look at the state-elephant that has come through the air for our king and is hovering over the royal courtyard." And with all haste the news was conveyed to the king too, who came out and said, "If your coming is for my behoof, alight on the earth." And the Bodhisatta descended from the air. Then the mahout got down and bowed before the king, and in answer to the king's enquiries told the whole story of their leaving Rājagaha. "It was very good of you," said the king, "to come here"; and in his joy he had the city decorated and the

elephant installed in his state-stable. Then he divided his kingdom into three portions, and made over one to the Bodhisatta, one to the mahout, and one he kept himself. And his power grew from the day of the Bodhisatta's coming till all India owned his sovereign sway. As Emperor of India, he was charitable and did other good works till he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying "Devadatta was in those days the king of Magadha, Sāriputta the king of Benares, Ānanda the mahout, and I the elephant."

[*Note*. Cf. Milinda-pañho, 201.]

Footnotes

269:1 See p. 2, and (*e.g.*) the Sela Sutta (No. 33 of the Sutta Nipāta and No. 92 of the Majjhima Nikāya).

269:2 Apparently the reference is to p. 175.

No. 123.

NAṄGALĪSA-JĀTAKA.

"For universal application."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Lāḷudāyi who is said to have had a knack of always saying the wrong thing. He never knew the proper occasion for the several teachings. For instance, if it was a festival, he would croak out the gloomy text [1], "Without the walls they lurk, and where four cross-roads meet." If it was a funeral, he would burst out with "Joy filled the hearts of gods and men," or with "Oh may you see [447] a hundred, nay a thousand such glad days!"

Now one day the Brethren in the Hall of Truth commented on his singular infelicity of subject and his knack of always saying the wrong thing. As they sat talking, the Master entered, and, in answer to his question, was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Lāḷudāyi's folly has made him say the wrong thing. He has always been as inept as now." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin's family, and when he grew up, was versed in all knowledge and was a world-renowned professor with five hundred young brahmins to instruct.

At the time of our story there was among the young brahmins one who always had foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Bodhisatta and ministered to him like a slave.

Now one day after supper the Bodhisatta laid himself on his bed and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahmin on hands, feet and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Bodhisatta said to him, "Prop up the feet of my bed before you go." And the young brahmin propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop and passed the night so. When the Bodhisatta got up in the morning and saw the young brahmin, he asked why he was sitting there. "Master," said the young man, "I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead."

Moved at these words, the Bodhisatta thought, "What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?" And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahmin on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. [448] "For," thought the master, "this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him."

Accordingly he sent for the young man and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves to say what he

had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, "Master, I saw a snake." "What did it look like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." "That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of ploughs," said the Bodhisatta, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

Another day the young brahmin saw an elephant in the forest and told his master. "And what is an elephant like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." His master said nothing, for he thought that, as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plough, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the trunk in particular), because of his inability to go into accurate detail,

A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master. "And what is a sugar-cane like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." .,That is scarcely a good comparison," thought his master, but said nothing. Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported. "And what are curds and milk like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." Then the master thought to himself, "This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plough, and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in colour) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; [449] and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn." So saying he uttered this stanza:--

For universal application he
Employs a term of limited import.
Plough-shaft and curds to him alike unknown,
--The fool asserts the two things are the same.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Lāḷudāyi was the dullard of those days, and I the professor of world-wide renown."

Footnotes

271:1 For this quotation see the Khuddaka Pātha edited by Childers (J. R. A. S. 1870, p. 319).

No. 124.

AMBA-JĀTAKA.

"*Toil on, my brother*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good brahmin belonging to a noble Sāvatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and, joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness folk gave regularly five hundred meals a clay to the Brethren; and great gain and honour accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the Brethren fell to talking of how that Brother's goodness had brought them gain and honour, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, [450] the Master asked, and

was told, what their talk was about. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that this Brother has been regular in the fulfilment of duties, In days gone by five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North, and, growing up,

gave up the world and dwelt at the head of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that everyone of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the hermit." This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes or jambus or bread-fruits or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty waggons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed, "Thus has one main's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be stedfast in right-doing." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;
  Nor let thy courage flag and tire;
Forget not him, who by his grievous fast [1]
  Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire.

[451] Such was the teaching of the Great Being to the band of hermits.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the good hermit of those days, and I the hermits' master."

Footnotes

274:1 Cf. Vol. iv. 269 (text), and *supra* page 133.

No. 125.

KAṬĀHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*If he 'mid strangers*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. The introductory story about him is like what has been already related [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich Treasurer, and his wife bore him a son. And the selfsame day a female slave in his house gave birth to a boy, and the two children grew up together. And when the rich man's son was being taught to write, the young slave used to go with his young master's tablets and so learned at the same time to write himself. Next he learned two or three handicrafts, and grew up to be a fair-spoken and handsome young man; and his name was Kaṭāhaka. Being employed as private secretary, he thought to himself, "I shall not always be kept at this work. The slightest fault and I shall be beaten, imprisoned, branded, and fed on slave's fare. On the border there lives a merchant, a friend of my master's. Why should I not go to him with a letter purporting to come from my master, and, passing myself off as my master's son, marry the merchant's daughter and live happily ever afterwards?

So he wrote a letter, [452] saying, "The bearer of this is my son. It is meet that our houses should be united in marriage, and I would have you give your daughter to this my son and keep the

young couple near you for the present. As soon as I can conveniently do so, I will come to you." This letter he sealed with his master's private seal, and came to the border-merchant's with a well-filled purse, handsome dresses, and perfumes and the like. And with a bow he stood before the merchant. "Where do you come from?" said the merchant. "From Benares." "Who is your father?" "The Treasurer of Benares." "And what brings you here?" "This letter will tell you," said Kaṭāhaka, handing it to him. The merchant read the letter and exclaimed, "This gives me new life." And in his joy he gave his daughter to Kaṭāhaka and set up the young couple, who lived in great style. But Kaṭāhaka gave himself airs, and used to find fault with the victuals and the clothes that were brought him, calling them "provincial." "These misguided provincials," he would say, "have

no idea of dressing. And as for taste in scents and garlands, they've got none."

Missing his slave, the Bodhisatta said, "I don't see Kaṭāhaka. Where has he gone? Find him." And off went the Bodhisatta's people in quest of him, and searched far and wide till they found him. Then back they came, without Kaṭāhaka recognizing them, and told the Bodhisatta.

"This will never do," said the Bodhisatta on hearing the news. "I will go and bring him back." So he asked the King's permission, and departed with a great following. And the tidings spread everywhere that the Treasurer was on his way to the borders. Hearing the news Kaṭāhaka fell to thinking of his course of action. He knew that he was the sole reason of the Treasurer's coming, and he saw that to run away now was to destroy all

chance of returning. So he decided to go to meet the Treasurer, and conciliate him by acting as a slave towards him as in the old days. Acting on this plan, he made a point of proclaiming in [453] public on all occasions his disapprobation of the lamentable decay of respect towards parents which shewed itself in children's sitting down to meals with their parents, instead of waiting upon them. "When my parents take their meals," said Kaṭāhaka, "I hand the plates and dishes, bring the spittoon, and fetch their fans for them. Such is my invariable practice." And he explained carefully a slave's duty to his master, such as bringing the water . and ministering to him when he retired. And having already schooled folk in general, he had said to his father-in-law shortly before the arrival of the Bodhisatta, "I hear that my father is coming to see you. You had better make ready to entertain him, while I will go and meet him on the road with a present." "Do so, my dear boy," said his father-in-law.

So Kaṭāhaka took a magnificent present and went out with a large retinue to meet the Bodhisatta, to whom he handed the present with a low obeisance. The Bodhisatta took the present in a kindly way, and at breakfast time made his encampment and retired for the purposes of nature. Stopping his retinue, Kaṭāhaka took water and approached the Bodhisatta. Then the young man fell at the Bodhisatta's feet and cried, "Oh, sir, I will pay any sum you may require; but do not expose me."

"Fear no exposure at my hands," said the Bodhisatta, pleased at his dutiful conduct, and entered into the city, where he was fēted with great magnificence. And Kaṭāhaka still acted as his slave.

As the Treasurer sat at his ease, the border-merchant said, "My Lord, upon receipt of your letter I duly gave my daughter in

marriage to your son." And the Treasurer made a suitable reply about 'his son' in so kindly a way that the merchant was delighted beyond measure. But from that time forth the Bodhisatta could not bear the sight of Kaṭāhaka.

One day the Great Being sent for the merchant's daughter and said, "My dear, please look my head over." She did so, and he thanked her for

her much-needed services, [454] adding, "And now tell me, my dear, whether my son is a reasonable man in weal and woe, and whether you manage to get on well with him."

"My husband has only one fault. He will find fault with his food."

"He has always had his faults, my dear; but I will tell you how to stop his tongue. I will tell you a text which you must learn carefully and repeat to your husband when he finds fault again with his food." And he taught her the lines and shortly afterwards set out for Benares. Kaṭāhaka accompanied him part of the way, and took his leave after offering most valuable presents to the Treasurer. Dating from the departure of the Bodhisatta, Kaṭāhaka waxed prouder and prouder. One day his wife ordered a nice dinner, and began to help him to it with a spoon, but at the first mouthful Kaṭāhaka began to grumble. Thereon the merchant's daughter remembering her lesson, repeated the following stanza:--

If he ’mid strangers far from home talks big [1],
Back comes his visitor to spoil it all.
--Come, eat your dinner then, Kaṭāhaka [2].

"Dear me," thought Kaṭāhaka, "the Treasurer must have informed her of my name, and have told her the whole story." And from that day forth he gave himself no more airs, but humbly ate what was set before him, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[455] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This bumptious Brother was the Kaṭāhaka of those days, and I the Treasurer of Benares."

Footnotes

275:1 No. 80, probably.

277:1 Cf. Upham Mahāv. 3. 301.

277:2 The scholiast explains that the wife had no understanding of the meaning of the verse, but only repeated the words as she was taught them. That is to say, the *gāthā* was not in the vernacular, but in a learned tongue intelligible to the educated Kaṭāhaka, but not to the woman, who repeated it parrot-fashion.

No. 126.

ASILAKKHAṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Our diverse fates*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin retained by the King of Kosala because of his power of telling whether swords were lucky or not. We are told that when the king's smiths had forged a sword, this brahmin could by merely smelling it tell whether it was

a lucky one or not. And he made it a rule only to commend the work of those smiths who gave him presents, while he rejected the work of those who did not bribe him.

Now a certain smith made a sword and put into the sheath with it some finely-ground pepper, and brought it in this state to the King, who at once handed it over to the brahmin to test. The brahmin unsheathed the blade and sniffed at it. The pepper got up his nose and made him sneeze, and that so violently that he slit his nose on the edge of the sword [1].

This mishap of the brahmin came to the Brethren's ears, and one day they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth when the Master entered. On learning the subject of their talk, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this brahmin has slit his nose sniffing swords. The same fate befell him in former days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he had in his service a brahmin who professed to tell whether swords were lucky or not, and all came to pass as in the Introductory Story. And the king called in the surgeons and had him fitted with a false tip to his nose which was cunningly painted for all the world like a real nose; and then the brahmin resumed his duties again about the king. Now Brahmadatta had no son, only a daughter and a nephew, whom he had brought up under his own eye. And when these two grew up, they fell in love with one another. So the king sent for his councillors and said to them, "My nephew is heir to the throne. If I give him my daughter to wife, he shall be anointed king."

[456] But, on second thoughts, he decided that as in any case his nephew was like a son, he had better marry him to a foreign princess, and give his daughter to a prince of another royal house. For, he thought, this plan would give him more grandchildren and vest in his line the sceptres of two several kingdoms. And, after consulting with his councillors, he resolved to separate the two, and they were accordingly made to dwell apart from one another. Now they were sixteen years old and very much in love, and the young prince thought of nothing but how to carry off the princess from her father's palace. At last the plan struck him of sending for a wise woman, to whom he gave a pocketful of money.

"And what's this for?" said she.

Then he told her of his passion, and besought the wise woman to convey him to his dear princess.

And she promised him success, and said that she would tell the king that his daughter was under the influence of witchcraft, but

that, as the demon had possessed her so long that he was off his guard, she would take

the princess one day in a carriage to the cemetery with a strong escort under arms, and there in a magic circle lay the princess on a bed with a dead man under it, and with a hundred and eight douches of scented water wash the demon out of her. "And when on this pretext I bring the princess to the cemetery," continued the wise woman, "mind that you just reach the cemetery before us in your carriage with an armed escort, taking some ground pepper with you. Arrived at the cemetery, you will leave your carriage at the entrance, and despatch your men to the cemetery grove, while you will yourself go to the top of the mound and lie down as though dead. Then I will come and set up a bed over you on which I will lay the princess. Then will come the time when you must sniff at the pepper till you sneeze two or three times, and [457] when you sneeze we will leave the princess and take to our heels. Thereon you and the princess must bathe all over, and you must take her home with you." "Capital," said the prince; "a most excellent device."

So away went the wise woman to the king, and he fell in with her idea, as did the princess when it was explained to her. When the day came, the old woman told the princess their errand, and said to the guards on the road in order to frighten them, "Listen. Under the bed that I shall set up, there will be a dead man; and that dead man will sneeze. And mark well that, so soon as he has sneezed, he will come out from under the bed and seize on the first person he finds. So be prepared, all of you."

Now the prince had already got to the place and got under the bed as had been arranged.

Next the crone led off the princess and laid her upon the bed, whispering to her not to be afraid. At once the prince sniffed at the pepper and fell a-sneezing. And scarce had he begun to sneeze before the wise woman left the princess and with a loud scream was off, quicker than ally of them. Not a man stood his ground;--one and all they threw away their arms and bolted for dear life. Hereon the prince came forth and bore off the princess to his home, as had been before arranged. And the old woman made her way to the king and told him what had happened.

"Well," thought the king, "I always intended her for him, and they've grown up together like ghee in rice-porridge." So he didn't fly into a passion, but in course of time made his nephew king of the land, with his daughter as queen-consort.

Now the new king kept on in his service the brahmin who professed to tell the temper of swords, and one day as he stood in the sun, the false tip to the brahmin's nose got loose and fell off. And there he stood, hanging his head for very shame. "Never mind, never mind," laughed the king. "Sneezing is good for some, but bad for others. One sneeze

lost you your nose [458]; whilst I have to thank a sneeze for both my throne and queen." So saying he uttered this stanza:--

Our diverse fates this moral show,
--What brings me weal, may work you woe.

So spake the king, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

In this wise did the Master teach the lesson that the world was wrong in thinking things were definitely and absolutely good or bad in all cases alike. Lastly, he identified the Birth by saying, "The same man that now professes to understand whether swords are lucky or not, professed the same skill in those days; and I was myself the prince who inherited his uncle's kingdom."

Footnotes

278:1 Cf. Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," p. 119, where this Introductory Story is given.

No. 127.

KALAṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*You vaunt*."--This story was told by the Master once at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. (The introductory story and the story of the past in this case are like those of Kaṭāhaka related above [1].)

Kalaṇḍuka was in this case the name of the slave of the Treasurer of Benares. And when he had run away and was living in luxury with the daughter of the border-merchant, the Treasurer missed him and could not discover his whereabouts. So he sent a young pet parrot to search for the runaway. And off flew the parrot in quest of Kalaṇḍuka, and searched for him far and wide, till at last the bird came to the town where he dwelt. And just at that very time Kalaṇḍuka was enjoying himself on the river with his wife in a boat well-stocked with dainty fare and with flowers and perfumes. Now the nobles of that land at their water-parties make a point of taking milk with a pungent drug to drink, and so escape suffering from cold after their pastime on the water. [459] But when our Kalaṇḍuka tasted this milk, he hawked and spat it out; and in so doing spat on the head of the merchant's daughter. At this moment up flew the parrot, and saw all this from the bough of a fig-tree on the bank. "Come, come,

slave Kalaṇḍuka," cried the bird; "remember who and what you are, and don't spit on the head of this young gentlewoman.

Know your place, fellow." So saying, he uttered the following stanza:--

You vaunt your high descent, your high degree,
With lying tongue. Though but a bird, I know
The truth. You'll soon be caught, you runaway.
Scorn not the milk then, slave Kalaṇḍuka.

Recognizing the parrot, Kalaṇḍuka grew afraid of being exposed, and exclaimed, "Ah! good master, when did you arrive?"

Thought the parrot, "It is not friendliness, but a wish to wring my neck, that prompts this kindly interest." So he replied that he did not stand in need of Kalaṇḍuka's services, and flew off to Benares, where he told the Lord Treasurer everything he had seen.

"The rascal!" cried the Treasurer, and ordered Kalaṇḍuka to be hauled back to Benares where he had once more to put up with a slave's fare.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was Kalaṇḍuka in the story, and I the Treasurer of Benares."

Footnotes

280:1 No. 125.

[460] No. 128.

BIḶĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Where saintliness*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. When the Brother's hypocrisy was reported to him, the Master said, "This is not the first time he has shewn himself a hypocrite; he was just the sane in times gone by." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born rat, perfect in wisdom, and as big as a young boar.

He had his dwelling in the forest and many hundreds of other rats owned his sway.

Now there was a roving jackal who espied this troop of rats and fell to scheming how to beguile and eat them. And he took up his stand near their home with his face to the sun, snuffing up the wind, and standing on one leg. Seeing this when out on his road in quest of food, the Bodhisatta conceived the jackal to be a saintly being, and went up and asked his name.

"'Godly' is my name," said the jackal. "Why do you stand only on one leg?" "Because if I stood on all four at once, the earth could not bear my weight. That is why I stand on one leg only." "And why do you keep your mouth open?" "To take the air. I live on air; it is my only food." "And why do you face the sun?" "To worship

him." "What uprightness!" thought the Bodhisatta, and thenceforward he made a point of going, attended by the other rats, to pay his respects morning and evening to the saintly jackal. And when the rats were leaving, the jackal seized and devoured the hindermost one of them, wiped his lips, and looked as though nothing had happened. In consequence of this the rats grew fewer and fewer, till they noticed the gaps in their ranks, and wondering why this was so, asked the Bodhisatta the reason. He could not make it out, but suspecting the jackal, [461] resolved to put him to the test. So next day he let the other rats go out first and himself brought up the rear. The jackal made a spring on the Bodhisatta who, seeing him coming, faced round and cried, "So this is your saintliness, you hypocrite and rascal!" And he repeated the following stanza:--

Where saintliness is but a cloak
Whereby to cozen guileless folk
And screen a villain's treachery,
--The cat-like nature there we see [1].

So saying, the king of the rats sprang at the jackal's throat and bit his windpipe asunder just under the jaw, so that he died. Back trooped the other rats and gobbled up the body of the jackal with a 'crunch, crunch, crunch';--that is to say, the foremost of them did, for they say there was none left for the last-corners. And ever after the rats lived happily in peace and quiet.

His lesson ended, the Master made the connection by saying, "This hypocritical Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the king of the rats."

Footnotes

282:1 Though the foregoing prose relates to a jackal, the stanza speaks of a cat, as does the *Mahābhārata* in its version of this story.

No. 129.

AGGIKA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Twas greed*."..Ṭhis story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another hypocrite.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was King of the Rats and dwelt in the forest. Now a fire broke out in the forest, and a jackal who could not run away put his head against a tree [462] and let the flames sweep by him. The fire singed the hair off his body everywhere, and left him perfectly bald, except for a tuft like a scalp-knot [1] where the crown of his head was pressed against the tree. Drinking one day in a rocky pool, he caught sight of this top-knot reflected in the water. "At last I've got wherewithal to go to market," thought he. Coming in the course of his wanderings in the forest to the rats' cave, he said to himself, "I'll hoodwink those rats and devour them;" and with this intent he took up his stand hard by, just as in the foregoing story.

On his way out in quest of food, the Bodhisatta observed the jackal and, crediting the beast with virtue and goodness, came to him and asked what his name was.

"Bhāradvāja [2], Votary of the Fire-God."

"Why have you come here?"

"In order to guard you and yours."

"What will you do to guard us?"

"I know how to count on my fingers, and will count your numbers both morning and evening, so as to be sure that as many came home at night, as went out in the morning. That's how I'll guard you."

"Then stay, uncle, and watch over us."

And accordingly, as the rats were starting in the morning he set about counting them "One, two, three;" and so again when they came back at night. And every time he counted them, he seized and ate the hindmost. Everything came to pass as in the foregoing story, except that here the King of the Rats turned and said to the jackal, "It is not sanctity,

Bhāradvāja, Votary of the Fire-God, but gluttony that has decked your crown with that top-knot." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

’Twas greed, not virtue, furnished you this crest.
Our dwindling numbers fail to work out right;
We've had enough, Fire-votary, of you.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the King of the Rats."

Footnotes

283:1 The Buddhist 'Brother' shaves his crown, except for a tuft of hair on the top, which is the analogue of the tonsure of Roman Catholic priests.

283:2 Bhāradvāja was the name of a clan of great Rishis, or religious teachers, to whom the sixth book of the Rigveda is ascribed.

No. 130.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA [1].

[463] "*You may ail or eat*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a woman of Sāvatthi. She is said to have been the wicked wife of a good and virtuous brahmin, who was a lay-brother. Her nights she spent in gadding about; whilst by day she did not a stroke of work, but made out to be ill and lay abed groaning.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" said her husband.

"Wind troubles me."

"What can I get for you?"

"Sweets, savouries, rich food, rice-gruel, boiled-rice, oil, and so forth."

The obedient husband did as she wished, and toiled like a slave for her. She meantime kept her bed while her husband was about the house; but no sooner saw the door shut on him, than she was in the arms of her paramours.

"My poor wife doesn't seem to get any better of the wind," thought the brahmin at last, and betook himself with offerings of perfumes, flowers, and the like, to the Master at Jetavana. His obeisance done, he stood before the Blessed One, who asked him why he had been absent so long.

"Sir," said the brahmin, "I'm told my wife is troubled with the wind, and I toil away to keep her supplied with every conceivable

dainty. And now she is stout and her complexion quite clear, but the wind is as troublesome as ever. It is through ministering to my wife that I have not had any time to come here, sir."

Said the Master, who knew the wife's wickedness, "Ah! brahmin, the wise and good of days gone by taught you how to physic a woman suffering like your wife from so stubborn an ailment. But re-birth has confused your memory so that you forget." So saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in a very distinguished family. After perfecting

his education at Takkasilā, he became a teacher of world-wide fame in Benares. To him flocked as pupils the young nobles and brahmins from all the princely and wealthy families. Now a country brahmin, who had learned from the Bodhisatta the three Vedas, and the eighteen Sciences, and who stopped on in Benares to look after his estate, came two or three times every day to listen to the Bodhisatta's teachings. [464] And this brahmin had a wife who was a bad, wicked woman. And everything came to pass as above. When the brahmin explained how it was that he could not get away to listen to his master's teachings, the Bodhisatta, who knew that the brahmin's wife was only feigning sickness, thought to himself, "I will tell him what physic will cure the creature." So he said to the brahmin, "Get her no more dainties, my son, but collect the stalings of cows and therein souse five kinds of fruit and so forth, and let the lot

pickle in a new copper pot till the whole savours of the metal. Then take a rope or cord or stick and go to your wife, and tell her plainly she must either swallow the safe cure you have brought her, or else work for her food. (And here you will repeat certain lines which I will tell you.) If she refuses the remedy, then threaten to let her have a taste of the rope or stick, and to drag her about for a time by the hair, while you pummel her with your fists. You will find that at the mere threat she will be up and about her work."

So off went the brahmin and brought his wife a mess prepared as the Bodhisatta had directed.

"Who prescribed this?" said she.

"The master," said her husband.

"Take it away, I won't have it."

"So you won't have it, eh?" said the young brahmin, taking up the rope-end; "well then, you've either got to swallow down that safe cure or else to work for honest fare." So saying he uttered this stanza:--

You may ail or eat; which shall it be?
For you can't do both, my Kosiyā.

[465] Terrified by this, the woman Kosiyā realised from the moment the master interfered how impossible it was to deceive him, and, getting up, went about her work. And the consciousness that the master knew her wickedness made her repent, and become as good as she had formerly been wicked.

(So ended the story, and the brahmin's wife, feeling that the All-enlightened Buddha knew what she was, stood in such awe of him that she sinned no more.)

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of today were the husband and wife of the story, and I was the master."

Footnotes

284:1 See also No. 226.

No. 131.

ASAMPADĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*If a friend*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For at that time the Brethren were discussing in the Hall of Truth the ingratitude of Devadatta and his inability to recognise the Master's goodness, when the Master himself entered and on enquiry was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has been ungrateful; he was just as ungrateful in bygone days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

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[466] Once on a time, when a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rājagaha, the Bodhisatta was his Treasurer, worth eighty crores, and known as the 'Millionaire.' In Benares there dwelt a Treasurer also worth eighty crores, who was named Piliya, and was a great friend of the Millionaire. For some reason or other Piliya of Benares got into difficulties, and lost all his property, and was reduced to beggary. In his need he left Benares, and with his wife journeyed on foot to Rājagaha, to see the Millionaire, the last hope left him. And the Millionaire embraced his friend and treated him as an honoured guest, asking, in due course, the reason of the visit. "I am a ruined man," answered Piliya, "I have lost everything, and have come to ask you to help me."

"With all my heart! Have no fear on that score," said the Millionaire. He had his strong-room opened, and gave to Piliya forty crones. Also he divided into two equal parts the whole of his property, live stock and all, and bestowed on Piliya the just half of his entire fortune. Taking his wealth, Piliya went back to Benares, and there dwelt.

Not long after a like calamity overtook the Millionaire, who, in his turn, lost every penny he had. Casting about whither to turn in the hour of need, he bethought him how he had befriended Piliya to the half of his possessions, and might go to him for assistance without fear of being thrown over. So he set out from Rājagaha with his wife, and came to Benares. At the entrance to the city he said to her, "Wife, it is not befitting for you to trudge along the streets with me. Wait here a little till I send a carriage with a servant to bring you into the city in proper state." So saying, he left her under shelter, and went on alone into the town, till he came to Piliya's house, where he bade himself be announced as the Millionaire from Rājagaha, come to see his friend.

"Well, show him in," said Piliya; but at sight of the other's condition he neither rose to meet him, nor greeted him with words of welcome, but only demanded what brought him here.

"To see you," was the reply.

[467] "Where are you stopping?"

"Nowhere, as yet. I left my wife under shelter and came straight to you."

"There's no room here for you. Take a dole of rice, find somewhere to cook and eat it, and then begone and never come to visit me again." So saying, the rich man despatched a servant with orders to give his unfortunate friend half-a-quartern of pollard to carry away tied up in the corner of his cloth;--and this, though that very day he had had a thousand waggon-loads of the best rice threshed out and stored up in his overflowing granaries. Yes, the rascal, who had coolly taken four hundred millions, now doled out half-a-quartern of pollard to his benefactor! Accordingly, the servant measured out the pollard in a basket, and brought it to the Bodhisatta, who argued within himself whether or no he should take it. And he thought, "This ingrate breaks off our friendship because I am a ruined man. Now, if I refuse his paltry gift, I shall be as bad as he. For the ignoble, who scorn a modest gift, outrage the first idea of friendship. Be it, therefore, mine to fulfil friendship so far as in me lies, by taking his gift of pollard." So he tied up the pollard in the corner of his cloth, and made his way back to where he had housed his wife.

"What have you got, dear?" said she.

"Our friend Piliya gives us this pollard, and washes his hands of us."

"Oh, why did you take it? Is this a fit return for the forty crores?"

"Don't cry, dear wife," said the Bodhisatta. "I took it simply because I wanted not to violate the principle of friendship. Why these tears?" So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

If a friend plays the niggard's part,
A simpleton is cut to th’ heart;

[468] His dole of pollard I will take,
And not for this our friendship break.

But still the wife kept on crying.

Now, at that moment a farm-servant whom the Millionaire had given to Piliya was passing by and drew near on hearing the weeping of his former mistress. Recognising his master and mistress, he fell at their feet, and with tears and sobs asked the reason of their coming. And the Bodhisatta told him their story.

"Keep up your spirits," said the man, cheerily; and, taking them to his own dwelling, there made ready perfumed baths, and a meal for them. Then he let the other slaves know that their old master and mistress had come, and after a few days marched them in a body to the King's palace, where they made quite a commotion.

The King asked what the matter was, and they told him the whole

story. So he sent forthwith for the two, and asked the Millionaire whether the report was true that he had given four hundred millions to Piliya.

"Sir," said he, "when in his need nay friend confided in me, and came to seek my aid, I gave him the half, not only of my money, but of my live stock and of everything that I possessed."

"Is this so?" said the king to Piliya.

"Yes, sire," said he.

"And when, in his turn, your benefactor confided in you and sought you out, did you show him honour and hospitality?"

Here Piliya was silent.

"Did you have a half-quartern of pollard doled out into the corner of his cloth?"

[469] Still Piliya was silent.

Then the king took counsel with his ministers as to what should be done, and finally, as a judgment on Piliya, ordered them to go to Piliya's house and give the whole of Piliya's wealth to the Millionaire.

"Nay, sire," said the Bodhisatta; "I need not what is another's. Let me be given nothing beyond what I formerly gave him."

Then the king ordered that the Bodhisatta should enjoy his own again; and the Bodhisatta, with a large retinue of servants, came back with his regained wealth to Rājagaha, where he put his affairs in order, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the Treasurer Piliya of those days, and I myself the Millionaire."

No. 132.

PAÑCAGARU-JĀTAKA.

"*Wise counsels heeding*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Sutta concerning the Temptation by the Daughters of Māra [1] at the Goat-herds' Banyan-tree. The Master quoted the Sutta, beginning with its opening words:--

In all their dazzling beauty on they came,
--Craving and Hate and Lust. Like cotton-down
Before the wind, the Master made them fly.

After he had recited the Sutta right through to the end, the Brethren met together in the Hall of Truth and spoke of how the Daughters of Māra drew near in all their myriad charms yet failed to seduce the All-Enlightened One. For he did not as much as open his eyes to look upon them, so marvellous was he! Entering the hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "Brethren," said he, "it is no marvel that I did not so much as look upon the Daughters of Māra in this life when I have put sin from me and have won enlightenment. In former days when I was but in quest of Wisdom, when sin still dwelt within me, I found strength not to gaze even upon loveliness divine by way of lust in violation of virtue; and by that continence I won a kingdom." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the youngest of a hundred brothers, and his adventures are to be detailed here, as above [470] in the Takkasilā-Jātaka [1]. When the kingdom had been offered to the Bodhisatta by the people, and when he had accepted it and been anointed king, the people decorated the town like a city of the gods and the royal palace like the palace of Indra. Entering the city the Bodhisatta passed into the spacious hall of the palace and there seated himself in all his godlike beauty on his jewelled throne beneath the white umbrella of his Kingship. Round him in glittering splendour stood his ministers and brahmins and nobles, whilst sixteen thousand nautch girls, fair as the nymphs of heaven, sang and danced and made music, till the palace was loud with sounds like the ocean when the storm bursts in thunder on its waters [2]. Gazing round on the pomp of his royal state, the Bodhisatta thought how, had he looked upon the charms of the ogresses, he would have perished miserably, nor ever have lived to see his present magnificence, which he owed to his following the counsels of the Pacceka Buddhas. And as these thoughts filled his heart, his emotion found vent in these verses:--

Wise counsels heeding, firm in my resolve,
With dauntless heart still holding on my course,
I shunned the Sirens' dwellings and their snares,
And found a great salvation in my need.

[471] So ended the lesson which these verses taught. And the Great Being ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and abounded in charity and other good works till in the end he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the prince of those days who went to Takkasilā and won a kingdom."

Footnotes

288:1 See pp. 78 and 79 of Volume I. of the text for the temptation. I have not been able to trace the Palobhana Sutta referred to.

289:1 Apparently the reference is to No. 96. For a like confusion of title see note 1, p. 112.

289:2 Or is the meaning 'like the vault of heaven filled with thunder-clouds'? Cf. *arṇava* in the Rigveda.

No. 133.

GHATĀSANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! in your stronghold*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Brother who was given by the Master a subject for meditation, and, going to the borders, took up his abode in the forest near a hamlet. Here he hoped to pass the rainy season, but during the very first month his hut was burnt down whilst he was in the village seeking alms. Feeling the loss of its sheltering roof, he told his lay friends of his misfortune, and they readily undertook to build him another hut. But, in spite of their protestations, three months slipped away without its being rebuilt. Having no roof to shelter him, the Brother had no success in his meditation. Not even the dawn of the Light had been vouchsafed to him when at the close of the rainy season he went back to Jetavana and stood respectfully before the Master. In the course of talk the Master asked whether the Brother's meditation had been successful. Then that Brother related from the beginning the good and ill that had befallen him. Said the Master, "In days gone by, even brute beasts could discern between what was good and what bad for them and so quitted betimes, ere they proved dangerous, the habitations that had sheltered them in happier days. And if beasts were so discerning, how could you fall so far short of them in wisdom?" So saying, at that Brother's request, the Master told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird. When he came to years of discretion, good fortune attended him and he became king of the birds, taking up his abode with his subjects in a giant tree which stretched its leafy branches over the waters of a lake. And all these birds, [472] roosting in the boughs, dropped their dung into the waters below. Now that lake was the abode of Caṇḍa, the Naga King, who was enraged by this fouling of his water and resolved to take vengeance on the birds and burn them out. So one night when they were all roosting along the branches, he set to work, and first he made the waters of the lake to boil, then he caused smoke to arise, and thirdly he made flames dart up as high as a palm-tree.

Seeing the flames shooting up from the water, the Bodhisatta cried to the birds, "Water is used to quench fire; but here is the water itself on fire. This is no place for us; let us seek a home elsewhere." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

Lo! in your stronghold stands the foe,
  And fire doth water burn;
So from your tree make haste to go,
  Let trust to trembling turn.

And hereupon the Bodhisatta flew off with such of the birds as followed his advice; but the disobedient birds, who stopped behind, all perished.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatship) and identified the Birth by saying, "The loyal and obedient birds of those days are now become my disciples, and I myself was then the king of the birds."

No. 134.

[473] JHĀNASODHANA-JĀTAKA.

"*With conscious*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the interpretation by Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith, at the gate of Saṁkassa town, of a problem tersely propounded by the Master. And the following was the story of the past he then told.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares,...&c.... the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, exclaimed, "Neither conscious nor unconscious." And the recluses did not believe the interpretation which the Bodhisatta's chief disciple gave of the Master's words. Back came the Bodhisatta from the Radiant Realm, and from mid-air recited this stanza:--

With conscious, with unconscious, too,
Dwells sorrow. Either ill eschew.
Pure bliss, from all corruption free,
Springs but from Insight's ecstasy.

His lesson ended, the Bodhisatta praised his disciple and went back to the Brahma Realm. Then the rest of the recluses believed the chief disciple.

His lesson taught, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "In those days Sāriputta was the chief disciple, and I Mahā-Brahma."

No. 135.

[474] CANDĀBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who sagely meditates*."--This story too was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the interpretation of a problem by the Elder Sāriputta at the gate of Saṁkassa.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, answered his disciples' enquiries with the words--"Moonlight and Sunlight." With these words he died and passed to the Radiant Realm.

Now when the chief disciple interpreted the Master's words his fellows did not believe him. Then back came the Bodhisatta and from mid-air recited this stanza:--

Who sagely meditates on sun and moon,
Shall win (when Reason unto Ecstasy
Gives place) his after-lot in Radiant Realms [1].

Such was the Bodhisatta's teaching, and, first praising his disciple, he went his way back to the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sāriputta was the chief disciple of those days, and I Mahā-Brahmā."

Footnotes

292:1 These technical lines imply that, by taking the Sun and Moon as his *kammaṭṭhāna*, or subject for meditation, a Buddhist, by attaining Jhāna (or Insight) in the second (*i.e.* supra-rational) degree, can save himself from re-birth in a lower sphere of existence than the Ābhassaraloka or Radiant Realm of the corporeal Brahma-world.

No. 136.

SUVAṆṆAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Contented be*."--This story was told by the Master about a Sister named Fat Nandā.

A lay-brother at Sāvatthi had offered the Sisterhood a supply of garlic, and, sending for his bailiff; had given orders that, if they should come, each Sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice [475] of coming

to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out, and the Sister Fat Nandā, coming with others to the house, was told, when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house, it had all been used up out of hand, and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry and remarked what a greedy lot these Sisters were! This piqued the more moderate Sisters; and the Brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the Sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nandā, the Master said, "Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him; a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things." In such wise did the Master point the moral, ending by saying, "Brethren, as Fat Nandā is greedy now, so she was greedy in

times gone by." And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Brahmin, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nandā, Nanda-vatī and Sundari-nandā. The Bodhisatta dying, they were taken in by neighbours and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt and alighted on the top of the central beam of the roof. Seeing the Bodhisatta, [476] the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. "You shall have my feathers," said he, "one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort." So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahmin-women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come

back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers." Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Bodhisatta's feathers had this property that if

they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, Brethren, how Fat Nandā was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold in the same way as her greed now will lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole Sisterhood of their supply of garlic, and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

Contented be, nor itch for further store.
They seized the swan--but had its gold no more.

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring Sister and laid down the precept that any Sister who should eat garlic would

have to do penance. Then, [477] making the connexion, he said, "Fat Nandā was the brahmin's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahmin's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

[*Note*. The story occurs at pp. 258-9 of Vol. IV. of the Vinaya. Cf. *La poule aux œufs d'or* in La Fontaine (v. 13) &c.]

No. 137.

BABBU-JĀTAKA.

"*Give food to one cat*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the precept respecting Kāṇā's mother. She was a lay-sister at Sāvatthi known only as Kāṇā's mother, who had entered the Paths of Salvation and was of the Elect. Her daughter Kāṇā [1] was married to a husband of the same caste in another village, and some errand or other made her go to see her mother. A few days went by, and her husband sent a messenger to say he wished her to come back. The girl asked her mother whether she should go, and the mother said she could not go back empty-handed after so long an absence, and set about making a cake. Just then up came a Brother going his round for alms, and the mother sat him down to the cake she had just baked. Away he went

and told another Brother, who came up just in time to get the second cake that was baked for the daughter to take home with her. He told a third, and the third told a fourth, and so each fresh cake was taken by a fresh comer. The result of this was that the daughter did not start on her way home, and the husband sent a second and a third messenger after her. And the message he sent by the third was that if his wife did not come back, he should get another wife. And each message had exactly the same result. So the husband took another wife, and at the news his former wife fell a-weeping. Knowing all this, the Master put on his robes early in the morning and went with his alms-bowl to the house of Kāṇā's mother and sat down on the seat set for

him. Then he asked why the daughter was crying, and, being told, spoke words of consolation to the mother, and arose and went back to the Monastery.

Now the Brethren came to know how Kāṇā had been stopped three times from going back to her husband owing to the action of the four Brothers; and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and began to talk about the matter. The Master came into the Hall [478] and asked what they were discussing, and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "think not this is the first time those four Brothers have brought sorrow on Kāṇā's mother by eating of her store; they did the like in days gone by too." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in. Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a stone-cutter, and growing up became expert in working stones. Now in the Kāsi country there dwelt a very rich merchant who had amassed forty crores in gold. And when his wife died, so strong was her love of money that she was re-born a mouse and dwelt over the treasure. And one by one the whole family died, including the merchant himself. Likewise the village became deserted and forlorn. At the time of our story the Bodhisatta was quarrying and shaping stones on the site of this deserted village; and the mouse used often to see him as she ran about to find food. At last she fell in love with him; and, bethinking her how the secret of all her vast wealth would die with her, she conceived the idea of enjoying it with him. So one day she came to the Bodhisatta with a coin in her mouth. Seeing this, he spoke to her kindly, and said, "Mother, what has brought you here with this coin?" "It is for you to lay

out for yourself, and to buy meat with for me as well, my son." Nowise loth, he took the money and spent a halfpenny of it on meat which he brought to the mouse, who departed and ate to her heart's content. And this went on, the mouse giving the Bodhisatta a coin every day, and he in return supplying her with meat. But it fell out one day that the mouse was caught by a cat.

"Don't kill me," said the mouse.

"Why not?" said the cat. "I'm as hungry as can be, and really must kill you to allay the pangs."

"First, tell me whether you're always hungry, or only hungry today."

"Oh, every day finds me hungry again."

"Well then, if this be so, I will find you always in meat; [479] only let me go."

"Mind you do then," said the cat, and let the mouse go.

As a consequence of this the mouse had to divide the supplies of meat she got from the Bodhisatta into two portions and gave one half to the cat, keeping the other for herself.

Now, as luck would have it, the same mouse was caught another day by a second cat and had to purchase her release on the same terms. So now the daily food was divided into three portions. And when a third cat caught the mouse and a like arrangement had to be made, the supply was divided into four portions. And later a fourth cat caught her, and the food had to

be divided among five, so that the mouse, reduced to such short commons, grew so thin as to be nothing but skin and bone. Remarking how emaciated his friend was getting, the Bodhisatta asked the reason. Then the mouse told him all that had befallen her.

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" said, the Bodhisatta. "Cheer up, I'll help you out of your troubles." So he took a block of the purest crystal and scooped out a cavity in it and made the mouse get inside. "Now stop there," said he, "and don't fail to fiercely threaten and revile all who come near."

So the mouse crept into the crystal cell and waited. Up came one of the cats and demanded his meat. "Away, vile grimalkin," said the mouse; "why should I supply you? go home and eat your kittens!" Infuriated at these words, and never suspecting the mouse to be inside the crystal, the cat sprang at the mouse to eat her up; and so furious was its spring that it broke the walls of its chest and its eyes started from its head. So that cat died and its carcase tumbled down out of sight. And the like fate in turn befell all four cats. And ever after the grateful mouse brought the Bodhisatta two or three coins instead of one as before, and by degrees she thus gave him the whole of the hoard. In unbroken friendship the two lived together, till their lives ended and they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

The story told, the boaster, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:--
[480]

Give food to one cat, Number Two appears:
A third and fourth succeed in fruitful line;

--Witness the four that by the crystal died.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "These four Brethren were the four cats of those days, Kāṇā's mother was the mouse, and I the stone-cutter."

[*Note*. See Vinaya IV. 79 for the Introductory Story.]

Footnotes

294:1 The name Kāṇā means 'one-eyed'.

No. 138.

GODHA-JĀTAKA.

"*With matted hair*."--This story was told by the boaster while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. The incidents were like those above related [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a lizard; and in a but hard by a village on the borders there lived a rigid ascetic who had attained the Five Knowledges, and was treated with great respect by the villagers. In an ant-hill at the end of the walk where the recluse paced up and down, dwelt the Bodhisatta, and twice or thrice each day he would go to the recluse and hear words of edification and holiness. Then with due obeisance to the good man, the Bodhisatta would depart to his own abode. After a certain time the ascetic bade farewell to the villagers and went away. In his stead there came another ascetic, a rascally fellow, to dwell in the hermitage. Assuming the holiness of the new-comer, the Bodhisatta acted towards him as to the first ascetic. One day an unexpected storm in the dry season brought out the ants on their hills [2], and the lizards, coming abroad to eat them, were caught in great numbers [481] by the village folk; and some were served up with vinegar and sugar for the ascetic to eat. Pleased with so savoury a dish, he asked what it was, and learned that it was a dish of lizards. Hereon he reflected that he had a remarkably fine lizard as his neighbour, and resolved to dine off

him. Accordingly he made ready the pot for cooking and sauce to serve the lizard in, and sat at the door of his hut with a mallet hidden under his yellow robe, awaiting the Bodhisatta's coming, with a studied air of perfect peace. At evening the Bodhisatta came, and as he drew near, marked that the hermit did not seem quite the same, but had a look about him that boded no good. Snuffing up the wind which was blowing towards him from the hermit's cell, the Bodhisatta smelt the smell of lizard's flesh, and at once realised how the taste of lizard had made the ascetic want to kill him with a mallet and eat him up. So he retired homeward without calling on the ascetic. Seeing that the Bodhisatta did not come, the ascetic judged that the lizard must have divined his plot, but marvelled how he could have discovered it. Determined that the lizard should not escape, he drew out the mallet and threw

it, just hitting the tip of the lizard's tail. Quick as thought the Bodhisatta dashed into his fastness, and putting his head out by a different hole to that by which he had gone in, cried, "Rascally hypocrite, your garb of piety led me to trust you, but now I know your villainous nature. What has a thief like you to do with hermit's clothing?" Thus upbraiding the false ascetic, the Bodhisatta recited this stanza:--

With matted hair and garb of skin
  Why ape th’ ascetic's piety?
A saint without, thy heart within
  Is choked with foul impurity [1].

[482] In this wise did the Bodhisatta expose the wicked ascetic, after which he retired into his ant-hill. And the wicked ascetic

departed from that place.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The hypocrite was the wicked ascetic of those days, Sāriputta the good ascetic who lived in the hermitage before him, and I myself the lizard."

Footnotes

297:1 Apparently No. 128. Cf. No. 325.

297:2 Cf. p. 303.

298:1 Dhammapada v. 394.

No. 139.

UBHATOBHAṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*His blinding and her beating*."--This story the Master told while at the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. We hear that the Brethren, meeting together in the Hall of Truth, spoke one with another, saying that even as a torch from a pyre, charred at both ends and bedunged in the middle, does not serve as wood either in forest-tree or village-hearth, so Devadatta by giving up the world to follow this saving faith had only achieved a twofold shortcoming and failure, seeing that he had missed the comforts of a-lay life yet had fallen short of his vocation as a Brother.

Entering the Hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking of together. "Yes, Brethren," said he, "and so too in days gone by Devadatta came to just such another two-fold failure." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in-Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Tree-Sprite, and there was a certain village where

line-fishermen dwelt in those days. And one of these fishermen taking his tackle went off with his little boy, and cast his hook into the most likely waters known to his fellow-fishermen. Now [483] a snag caught his hook and the fisherman could not pull it up. "What a fine fish!" thought he. "I'd better send my boy off

home to my wife and tell her to get up a quarrel and keep the others at home, so that there'll be none to want to go shares in my prize." Accordingly he told the lad to run off home and tell his mother what a big fish he had hooked and how she was to engage the neighbours' attention. Then, fearing his line might break, he flung off his coat and dashed into the water to secure his prize. But as he groped about for the fish, he struck against the snag and put out both his eyes. Moreover a robber stole his clothes from the hank. In an agony of pain, with his hands pressed to his blinded eyes, he clambered out trembling in every limb and tried to find his clothes.

Meantime his wife, to occupy the neighbours by a quarrel on purpose, had tricked herself out with a palm-leaf behind one ear, and had blacked one eye with soot from the saucepan. In this guise, nursing a dog, she came out to call on her neighbours. "Bless me, you've gone mad," said one woman to her. "Not mad at all," retorted the fisherman's wife; "you abuse me without cause with your slanderous tongue. Come your ways with me to the zemindar and I'll have you fined eight pieces [1] for slander."

So with angry words they went off to the zemindar. But when the matter was gone into, it was the fisherman's wife who was fined; and she was tied up and beaten to make her pay the fine. Now when the Tree-Sprite saw how misfortune had befallen both the wife in the village and the husband in the forest, he stood in the fork of his tree and exclaimed, "Ah fisherman, both in the water and on land thy labour is in vain, and twofold is thy failure." So saying he uttered this stanza:--

His blinding, and her beating, clearly show
A twofold failure and a twofold woe [2].

[484] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the fisherman of those days, and I the Tree-Sprite."

Footnotes

299:1 The Pāli word here, as in No. 137, is *kahāpaṇa*. But there it is shewn by the context to be a golden coin; whereas here the poverty of the fisher-folk supports the view that the coin was of copper, as commonly. The fact seems to be that the word *kahāpaṇa*, like some other names of Indian coins, primarily indicated a weight of any coined metal,--whether gold, silver or copper.

299:2 Cf. *Dhammapada*, page 147.

No. 140.

KĀKA-JĀTAKA.

"*In ceaseless dread*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a sagacious counsellor. The incidents will be related in the twelfth book in connection with the Bhaddasāla-jātaka [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a crow. One day the King's chaplain went out from the city to the river, bathed there, and having perfumed and garlanded himself, donned his bravest array and came back to the city. On the archway of the city gate there sat two crows; and one of them said to his mate, "I mean to foul this brahmin's head." "Oh, don't do any such thing," said the other; "for this brahmin is a great man, and it is an evil thing to incur the hatred of the great. If you anger him, he may destroy the whole of our kind." "I really must," said the first. "Very well, you're sure to be found out," said the other, and flew quickly away. Just when the brahmin was under the battlements, down dropped the filth upon him as if the crow were dropping a festoon. The enraged brahmin forthwith conceived hatred against all crows.

Now at this time it chanced that a female slave in charge of a granary spread the rice out in the sun at the granary door and was sitting there to watch it, when she fell asleep. Just then up came a shaggy goat and fell to eating the rice till the girl woke

up and drove it away. Twice or three times the goat came back, as soon as she fell asleep, and ate the rice. [485] So when she had driven the creature away for the third time she bethought her that continued visits of the goat would consume half her store of rice and that steps must be taken to scare the animal away for good and so save her from so great a loss. So she took a lighted torch, and, sitting down, pretended to fall asleep as usual. And when the goat was eating, she suddenly sprang up and hit its shaggy back with her torch. At once the goat's shaggy hide was all ablaze, and to ease its pain, it dashed into a hay-shed near the elephant's stable and rolled in the hay. So the shed caught fire and the flames spread to the stables. As these stables caught fire, the elephants began to suffer, and many of them were badly burnt beyond the skill of the elephant-doctors to cure. When this

was reported to the King, he asked his chaplain whether he knew what would cure the elephants. "Certainly I do, sire," said the chaplain, and being pressed to explain, said his nostrum was crows' fat. Then the King ordered crows to be killed and their fat taken. And forthwith there was a great slaughter of crows, but never was any fat found on them, and so they went on killing till dead crows lay in heaps everywhere. And a great fear was upon all crows.

Now in those days the Bodhisatta had his dwelling in a great cemetery, at the head of eighty thousand crows. One of these brought tidings to him of the fear that was upon the crows. And the Bodhisatta, feeling that there was none but him who could essay the task, resolved to free his kinsfolk from their great

dread. Reviewing the Ten Perfections, and selecting therefrom Kindness as his guide, he flew without stopping right up to the King's palace, and entering in at the open window alighted underneath the King's throne. Straightway a servant tried to catch the bird, but the King entering the chamber forbade him.

Recovering himself in a moment, the Great Being, remembering Kindness, came forth from beneath the King's throne and spoke thus to the King;--"Sire, a king should remember the maxim that kings should not walk according to lust and other evil passions in ruling their kingdoms. Before taking action, it is meet first to examine and know the whole matter, and then only to do that which being done is salutary. If kings do that which being done is not salutary, they fill thousands with a great fear, even the fear of death. [486] And in prescribing crows' fat, your chaplain was prompted by revenge to lie; for crows have no fat."

By these words the King's heart was won, and he bade the Bodhisatta be set on a throne of gold and there anointed beneath the wings with the choicest oils and served in vessels of gold with the King's own meats and drink. Then when the Great Being was filled and at ease, the King said, "Sage, you say that crows have no fat. How comes it that they have none?"

"In this wise," answered the Bodhisatta with a voice that filled the whole palace, and he proclaimed the Truth in this stanza:--

In ceaseless dread, with all mankind for foes,
Their life is passed; and hence no fat have crows.

This explanation given, the Great Being taught the King, saying, "Sire, kings should never act without examining and knowing the whole matter." Well pleased, the King laid his kingdom at the

Bodhisatta's feet, but the Bodhisatta restored it to the King, whom he established in the Five Precepts, beseeching him to shield all living creatures from harm. And the King was moved by these words to grant immunity to all living

creatures, and in particular he was unceasingly bountiful to crows. Every day he had six bushels of rice cooked for them and delicately flavoured, and this was given to the crows. But to the Great Being there was given food such as the Bing alone ate.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ānanda was King of Benares in those days, and I myself the king of the crows.'

Footnotes

300:1 No. 465.

No. 141.

GODHA-JĀTAKA.

[487] "*Bad company*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about a traitorous Brother. The introductory incident is the same as that told in the Mahilā-mukha jātaka [1].

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born an iguana. When he grew up he dwelt in a big burrow in the river bank with a following of many hundreds of other iguanas. Now the Bodhisatta had a son, a young iguana, who was great friends with a chameleon, whom he used to clip and embrace. This intimacy being reported to the iguana king, he sent for his young son and said that such friendship was misplaced, for chameleons were low creatures, and that if the intimacy was persisted in, calamity would befall the whole of the tribe of iguanas. And he enjoined his son to haw no more to do with the chameleon. But the son continued in his intimacy. Again and again did the Bodhisatta speak with his son, but finding his words of no avail, and foreseeing danger to the iguanas from the chameleon, he had an outlet cut on one side of their burrow, so that there might be a means of escape in time of need.

Now as time went on, the young iguana grew to a great size, whilst the chameleon never grew any bigger. And as these mountainous embraces of the young giant grew painful indeed, the chameleon foresaw

that they would be the death of him if they went on a few days longer, and he resolved to combine with a hunter to destroy the whole tribe of iguanas.

One day in the summer the ants came out after a thunder-storm [1], and [488] the iguanas darted hither and thither catching them and eating them. Now there came into the forest an iguana trapper with spade and dogs to dig out iguanas; and the chameleon thought what a haul he would put in the trapper's way. So he went up to the man, and, lying down before him, asked why he was about in the forest. "To catch iguanas," was the reply. "Well, I know where there's a burrow of hundreds of them," said the chameleon; "bring fire and brushwood and follow me." And he brought the trapper to where the iguanas dwelt. "Now," said the chameleon, "put your fuel in there and smoke the iguanas out. Meantime let your dogs be all round and take a big stick in your hand. Then as the iguanas dash out, strike them down and make a pile of the slain." So saying, the treacherous chameleon withdrew to a spot hard by, where he lay down, with his head up, saying to himself,--"This day I shall see the rout of my enemy."

The trapper set to work to smoke the iguanas out; and fear for their lives drove them helter-skelter from their burrow. As they came out, the trapper knocked them on the head, and if he missed them, they fell a prey to his dogs. And so there was great slaughter among the iguanas. Realising that this was the chameleon's doing, the Bodhisatta cried, "One should never make friends of the wicked, for such bring sorrow in their train. A single wicked chameleon has proved the bane of all these iguanas." So saying, he escaped by the outlet he had provided, uttering this stanza:--

Bad company can never end in good.
Through friendship with one sole chameleon
The tribe of iguanas met their end.

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[489] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the chameleon of those days; this traitorous Brother was the disobedient young iguana, the son of the Bodhisatta; and I myself the king of the iguanas."

Footnotes

302:1 No. 26.

303:1 *Makkhikā* may refer to the wings which the ants get in India at the beginning of the rainy season; cf. p. 297.

No. 142.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thy tightening grip*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's going about to kill him. For, hearing the Brethren talking together as to this in the Hall of Truth, the Master said that, as Devadatta acted now, so he acted in times gone by, yet failed--to his own grievous hurt--of his wicked purpose. And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Behaves, the Bodhisatta was born a jackal, and dwelt in a charnel-grove with a great following of jackals of whom he was king. And at that time there was a festival held at Rājagaha, and a very wet festival it was, with everybody drinking hard. Now a parcel of rogues got hold of victual and drink in abundance, and putting on their best clothes sang and made merry over their fare. By midnight the meat was all gone, though the liquor still held out. Then on one asking for more meat and being told there was none left, said the fellow, "Victuals never lack while I am about. I'll off to the charnel-grove, kill a jackal prowling about to eat the corpses, and bring back some meat." So saying he snatched up a club and made his way out of the city by the sewer to the place, where he lay down, club in hand, feigning to be dead. Just then, followed by the other jackals, the Bodhisatta came up and marked the pretended corpse. Suspecting the fraud, he determined to sift the matter. So he went round to the lee side and knew by the

scent that the man was not really dead. Resolving to make the man look foolish before leaving him, the Bodhisatta stole near and took hold of the club with his teeth and tugged at it. The rascal did not leave go: not perceiving the Bodhisatta's approach, he [490] took a tighter grip. Hereon the Bodhisatta stepped back a pace or two and said, "My good man, if you had been dead, you would not have tightened your grip on your club when I was tugging at it, and so have betrayed yourself." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

Thy tightening grip upon thy club doth show
Thy rank imposture--thou'rt no corpse, I trow.

Finding that he was discovered, the rogue sprang to his feet and flung his club at the Bodhisatta, but missed his aim, "Be off, you brute," said

he, "I've missed you this time." Turning round, the Bodhisatta said, "True you have missed me, but be assured you will not miss the torments of the Great Hell and the sixteen Lesser Hells."

Empty-handed, the rogue left the cemetery and, after bathing in a ditch, went back into the city by the way he had come.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the rogue of those times, and I the king of the jackals."

No. 143.

VIROCANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Your mangled corpse*."--This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta's efforts to pose as a Buddha at Gayāsīsa [1]. For when his spiritual Insight left him and he lost the honour and profit which once were his, he in his perplexity asked the Master to concede the Five Points. This being refused, he made a schism in the Brotherhood and departed to Gayāsīsa with five hundred young Brethren, pupils of the Buddha's two chief disciples, but as yet unversed in the Law and the Rule. With this following he performed the acts of a separate Brotherhood gathered together within the same precincts. Knowing well the time when the knowledge of these young Brethren should ripen, the Master sent the two Elders to them. Seeing these, [491] Devadatta joyfully set to work expounding far into the night with (as he flattered himself) the masterly power of a Buddha. Then posing as a Buddha he said, "The assembly, reverend Sāriputta, is still alert and sleepless. Will you be so good as to think of some religious discourse to address to the Brethren? My back is aching with my labours, and I must rest it awhile." So saying he went away to lie down. Then those two chief disciples taught the Brethren, enlightening them as to the Fruitions and the Paths, till in the end they won them all over to go back to the Bamboo-grove.

Finding the Monastery emptied of the Brethren, Kokālika went to Devadatta and told him how the two disciples had broken up his following and left the Monastery empty; "and yet here you still lie asleep," said he. So saying he stripped off Devadatta's outer

cloth and kicked him on the chest with as little compunction as if he were knocking a roof-peg into a mud-wall. The blood gushed out of Devadatta's mouth, and ever after he suffered from the effects of the blow [2].

Said the Master to Sāriputta, "What was Devadatta doing when you got there?" And Sāriputta answered that, though posing as a Buddha, evil had befallen him. Said the Master, "Even as now, Sāriputta, so in former times too has Devadatta imitated me to his own hurt." Then, at the Elder's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a maned lion and dwelt at Gold Den in the Himalayas. Bounding forth one day from his lair, he looked North and West, South and East, and roared aloud as he went in quest of prey. Slaying a large buffalo, he devoured the prime of the carcass, after which he went down to a pool, and having drunk his fill of crystal water turned to go towards his den. Now a hungry jackal, suddenly meeting the lion, and being unable to make his escape, threw himself at the lion's feet. Being asked what he wanted, the jackal replied, "Lord, let me be thy servant." "Very well," said the lion; "serve me and you shall feed on prime meat." So saying, he went with the jackal following to Gold Den. Thenceforth the lion's leavings fell to the jackal, and he grew fat.

Lying one day in his den, the lion told the jackal to scan the valleys from the mountain top, to see whether there were any elephants or horses or buffalos about, or any other animals

[492] of which he, the jackal, was fond. If any such were in sight, the jackal was to report and say with due obeisance, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord." Then the lion promised to kill and eat, giving a part to the jackal. So the jackal used to climb the heights, and whenever he espied below beasts to his taste, he would report it to the lion, and falling at his feet, say, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord." Hereon the lion would nimbly bound forth and slay the beast, even if it were a rutting elephant, and share the prime of the carcass with the jackal. Glutted with his meal, the jackal would then retire to his den and sleep.

Now as time went on, the jackal grew bigger and bigger till be grew haughty. "Have not I too four legs?" he asked himself. "Why am I a pensioner day by day on others' bounty? Henceforth *I* will kill elephants and other beasts, for my own eating. The lion, king of beasts, only kills them because of the formula, 'Shine forth in thy might, Lord.' I'll make the lion call out to me, 'Shine forth in thy might, jackal,' and then I'll kill an elephant for myself." Accordingly he went to the lion, and pointing out that he had long lived on what the lion had killed, told his desire to eat an elephant of his own killing, ending with a request to the lion to let him, the jackal, couch in the lion's corner in Gold Den whilst the lion was to climb the mountain to look out for an elephant. The quarry found, he asked that the lion should come to him in the den and say, 'Shine forth in

thy might, jackal.' He begged the lion not to grudge him this much. Said the lion, "Jackal, only lions can kill elephants, nor has the world ever seen a jackal able to cope with them. Give up this fancy, and continue to feed on what I kill." But say what the lion

could, the jackal would not give way, and still pressed his request. So at last the lion gave way, and bidding the jackal couch in the den, climbed the peak and thence espied an elephant in rut. Returning to the mouth of the cave, he said, "Shine forth in thy might, jackal." Then from Gold Den the jackal [493] nimbly bounded forth, looked around him on all four sides, and, thrice raising its howl, sprang at the elephant, meaning to fasten on its bead. But missing his aim, he alighted at the elephant's feet. The infuriated brute raised its right foot and crushed the jackal's head, trampling the bones into powder. Then pounding the carcass into a mass, and dunging upon it, the elephant dashed trumpeting into the forest. Seeing all this, the Bodhisatta observed, "Now shine forth in thy might, jackal," and uttered this stanza:--

Your mangled corpse, your brains mashed into clay,
Prove how you've shone forth in your might to-day.

Thus spake the Bodhisatta, and living to a good old age he passed away in the fulness of time to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the lion."

Footnotes

305:1 See pp. 34 and 35 *supra*.

305:2 The *Vinaya* account (*Cullavagga* vii. 4) omits the kicking, simply stating that Kokālika "awoke" Devadatta, and that, at the news of the defection, "warm blood gushed out of Devadatta's mouth." In other accounts (Spence Hardy and Bigandet) it is stated that Devadatta died then and there.

No. 144.

NAṄGUṬṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Vile Jātaveda*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, touching the false austerity of the Ājīvikas, or naked ascetics. Tradition tells us that behind Jetavana they used to practise false austerities [1]. A number of the Brethren seeing them there painfully squatting on their heels, swinging in the air like bats, reclining on thorns, scorching themselves with five fires, and so forth in

their various false austerities,--were moved to ask the Blessed One whether any good resulted therefrom. "None whatsoever," answered the Master. "In days gone by, the wise and good went into the forest with their birth-fire, thinking to profit by such austerities; but, finding themselves no better for all their sacrifices to Fire and for all similar practices, straightway doused the birth-fire with water till it went out. By an act of Meditation the Knowledges and Attainments were gained and a title won to the Brahma Realm." So saying he told this story of the past.

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[494] Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country, and on the day of his birth his parents lit a birth-fire.

In his sixteenth year they addressed him thus, "Son, on the day of your birth we lit a birth-fire for you. Now therefore choose. If

you wish to lead a family life, learn the Three Vedas; but if you wish to attain to the Brahma Realm, take your fire with you into the forest and there tend it, so as to win Mahā-Brahmā's favour and hereafter to enter into the Brahma Realm."

Telling his parents that a family life had no charms for him, he went into the forest and dwelt in a hermitage tending his fire. An ox was given him as a fee one day in a border-village, and when he had driven it home to his hermitage, the thought came to him to sacrifice a cow to the Lord of Fire. But finding that he had no salt, and feeling that the Lord of Fire could not eat his meat-offering without it, he resolved to go back and bring a supply from the village for the purpose. So he tied up the ox and set off again to the village.

While he was gone, a band of hunters came up and, seeing the ox, killed it and cooked themselves a dinner. And what they did not eat they carried off, leaving only the tail and hide and the shanks. Finding only these sorry remains on his return, the brahmin exclaimed, "As this Lord of Fire cannot so much as look after his own, how shall he look after me? It is a waste of time to serve him, bringing neither good nor profit." Having thus lost all desire to worship Fire, he said--"My Lord of Fire, if you cannot manage to protect yourself, how shall you protect me? The meat being gone, you must make shift to fare on this offal." So saying, he threw on the fire the tail and the rest of the robbers' leavings and uttered this stanza:--

Vile Jātaveda [1], here's the tail for you;
And think yourself in luck to get so much! [495]
The prime meat's gone; put up with tail to-day.

So saying the Great Being put the fire out with water and departed to become a recluse. And he won the Knowledges and Attainments, and ensured his re-birth in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the ascetic who in those days quenched the fire."

Footnotes

307:1 See (*e.g.*) *Majjhima Nikāya*, pp. 77-8, for a catalogue of ascetic austerities, to which early Buddhism was strongly opposed.

308:1 See No. 35, p. 90.

No. 145.

RĀDHA-JĀTAKA.

"*How many more?*"--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about hankering after the wife of one's mundane life. The incidents of the introductory story will be told in the Indriya-jātaka [1].

The Master spoke thus to the Brother, "It is impossible to keep a guard over a woman; no guard can keep a woman in the right path. You yourself found in former days that all your safeguards were unavailing; and how can you now expect to have more success?"

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a parrot. A certain brahmin in the Kāsi country was as a father to him and to his younger brother, treating them like his own children. Poṭṭhapāda was the Bodhisatta's name, and Rādha his brother's.

Nov the brahmin had a bold bad wife. And as he was leaving home on business, he said to the two brothers, "If your mother, my wife, is minded to be naughty, stop her." "We will, papa," said the Bodhisatta, "if we can; [496] but if we can't, we will hold our peace."

Having thus entrusted his wife to the parrots' charge, the brahmin set out on his business. Every day thenceforth his wife

misconducted herself; there was no end to the stream of her lovers in and out of the house. Moved by the sight, Rādha said to the Bodhisatta, "Brother, the parting injunction of our father was to stop any misconduct on his wife's part, and now she does nothing but misconduct herself. Let us stop her."

"Brother," said the Bodhisatta, "your words are the words of folly. You might carry a woman about in your arms and yet she would not be safe. So do not essay the impossible." And so saying he uttered this stanza:--

How many more shall midnight bring? Your plan
Is idle. Naught but wifely love could curb
Her lust; and wifely love is lacking quite.

And for the reasons thus given, the Bodhisatta did not allow his brother to speak to the brahmin's wife, who continued to gad about to her heart's content during her husband's absence. On his return, the brahmin asked Poṭṭhapāda about his wife's conduct, and the Bodhisatta faithfully related all that had taken place.

"Why, father," he said, "should you have anything more to do with so wicked a woman?" And he added these words,--"My father, now that I have reported my mother's wickedness, we can dwell here no longer." So saying, he bowed at the brahmin's feet and flew away with Rādha to the forest.

His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths, at the close whereof the Brother who hankered after the wife of his mundane life was established in the fruition of the first Path.

"This husband and wife," said the Master, "were the brahmin and his wife of those days, Ānanda was Rādha, and I myself Poṭṭhapāda."

Footnotes

309:1 No. 423.

No. 146.

[497] KĀKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Our throats are tired*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a number of aged Brethren. Whilst they were still of the world, they were rich and wealthy squires of Sāvatthi, all friends of one another; and tradition tells us that while they were engaged in good works they heard the Master preach. At once they cried, "We are old; what to us are house and home? Let us join the Brotherhood, and following the Buddha's lovely doctrine make an end of sorrow."

So they shared all their belongings amongst their children and families, and, leaving their tearful kindred, they came to ask the Master to receive them into the Brotherhood. But when admitted, they did not live the life of Brethren;

and because of their age they failed to master the Truth [1]. As in their life as householders, so now too when they were Brethren they lived together, building themselves a cluster of neighbouring huts on the skirts of the Monastery. Even when they went in quest of alms, they generally made for their wives' and children's houses and ate there. In particular, all these old men were maintained by the bounty of the wife of one of their number, to whose house each brought what he had received and there ate it, with sauces and curries which she furnished. An illness having carried her oft; the aged Brethren went their way back to the monastery, and falling on one another's necks walked about bewailing the death of their benefactress, the

giver of sauces. The noise of their lamentation brought the Brethren to the spot to know what ailed them. And the aged men told how their kind benefactress was dead, and that they wept because they had lost her and should never see her like again. Shocked at such impropriety, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth about the cause of the old men's sorrow, and they told the Master too, on his entering the Hall and asking what they were discussing. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "in times past, also, this same woman's death made them go about weeping and wailing; in those days she was a crow and was drowned in the sea, and these were toiling hard to empty all the water out of the sea in order to get her out, when the wise of those days saved them."

And so saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a sea-sprite. Now a crow with his mate came down in quest of food to the sea-shore [498] where, just before, certain persons had been offering to the Nāgas a sacrifice of milk, and rice, and fish, and meat and strong drink and the like. Up came the crow and with his mate ate freely of the elements of the sacrifice, and drank a great deal of the spirits. So they both got very drunk. Then they wanted to disport themselves in the sea, and were trying to swim on the surf, when a wave swept the hen-crow out to sea and a fish came and gobbled her up.

"Oh, my poor wife is dead," cried the crow, bursting into tears and lamentations. Then a crowd of crows were drawn by his wailing to the spot to learn what ailed him. And when he told them how his wife had been carried out to sea, they all began

with one voice to lament. Suddenly the thought struck them that they were stronger than the sea and that all they had to do was to empty it out and rescue their comrade! So they set to work with their bills to empty the sea out by mouthfuls, betaking themselves to dry land to rest so soon as their throats were sore with the salt water. And so they toiled away till their mouths and jaws were dry and inflamed and their eyes bloodshot, and they were ready to drop for weariness. Then in despair they turned to one another and said that it was in vain they laboured to empty the sea,

for no sooner had they got rid of the water in one place than more flowed in, and there was all their work to do over again; they would never succeed in baling the water out of the sea. And, so saying, they uttered this stanza:--

Our throats are tired, our mouths are sore;
The sea refilleth evermore.

Then all the crows fell to praising the beauty of her beak and eyes, her complexion, figure and sweet voice, saying that it was her excellencies that had provoked the sea to steal her from them. But [499] as they talked this nonsense, the sea-sprite made a bogey appear from the sea and so put them all to flight. In this wise they were saved.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The aged Brother's wife was the hen-crow of those days, and her

husband the male crow; the other aged Brethren were the rest of the crows, and I the sea-sprite."

Footnotes

311:1 Buddhism combined reverence for age with mild contempt for aged novices who, after a mundane life, vouchsafed the selvage of their days and faculties to a creed only to be mastered by hard thinking and ardent zeal.

No. 147.

PUPPHARATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*I count it not as pain*."--This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who was passion-tost. Being questioned by the Master, he admitted his frailty, explaining that he longed for the wife of his mundane life, "For, oh sir!" said he, "she is so sweet a woman that I cannot live without her."

"Brother," said the Master, "she is harmful to you. She it was that in former days was the means whereby you were impaled on a stake; and it was for bewailing her at your death that you were reborn in hell. Why then do you now long after her?" And so saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Spirit of the Air. Now in Benares there was held the night-festival of Kattikā; the city was decorated like a city of the gods, and the whole people kept holiday. And a poor man had only a couple of coarse cloths which he had washed and pressed till they were in a hundred, nay, a thousand creases. But his wife said, "My husband, I want

a safflower-coloured cloth to wear outside and one to wear underneath, as I go about at the festival hanging round your neck."

"How are poor people like us to get safflowers?" said he. "Put on your nice clean attire and come along."

"If I can't have them dyed with safflower, I don't want to go at all," said his wife. "Get some other woman to go to the festival with you."

"Now why torment me like this? How are we to get safflowers?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," retorted the woman. "Are there no safflowers in the king's conservatories?" [500]

"Wife," said he, "the king's conservatories are like a pool haunted by an ogre. There's no getting in there, with such a strong guard on the watch. Give over this fancy, and be content with what you've got."

"But when it's night-time and dark," said she, "what's to stop a man's going where he pleases?"

As she persisted in her entreaties, his love for her at last made him give way and promise she should have her wish. At the hazard of his own life, he sallied out of the city by night and got into the conservatories by breaking down the fence. The noise he made in breaking the fence roused the guard, who turned out to catch the thief. They soon caught him and with blows and curses put him in fetters. In the morning he was brought before the king, who promptly ordered him to be impaled alive. Off he was hauled, with his hands tied behind his back, and led out of the city to execution to the sound of the execution-drum, and was impaled alive. Intense were his agonies; and, to add to them, the crows settled on his head and pecked out his eyes with their dagger-like beaks. Yet, heedless of his pain, and thinking

only of his wife, the man murmured to himself, "Alas, I shall miss going to the festival with you arrayed in safflower-coloured cloths, with your arms twined round my neck." So saying, he uttered this stanza:--

I count it not as pain that, here impaled,
By crows I'm torn. My heartfelt pain is this,
That my dear wife will not keep holiday
Attired in raiment gay of ruddy dye.

And as he was babbling thus about his wife, he died and was reborn in hell.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This husband and wife were the husband and wife of those days also, and I was the Spirit of the Air who made their story known."

No. 148.

[501] SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"Once bitten, twice shy."--This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, about subduing desires.

We are told that some five hundred rich friends, sons of merchants of Sāvatthi, were led by listening to the Master's teachings to give their hearts to the Truth, and that joining the Brotherhood they lived in Jetavana in the part that Anātha-piṇḍika paved with gold pieces laid side by side [1].

Now in the middle of a certain night thoughts of lust took hold of them, and, in their distress, they set themselves to lay hold once again of the lusts they had renounced. In that hour the Master raised aloft the lamp of his omniscience to discover what manner of passion had hold of the Brethren in Jetavana, and, reading their hearts, perceived that lust and desire had sprung up within them. Like as a mother watches over her only child, or as a one-eyed man is careful of the one eye left him, even so watchful is the Master over his disciples;--at morn or even, at whatsoever hour their passions war against them, he will not let his faithful be overpowered but in that self-same hour subdues the raging lusts that beset them. Wherefore the thought came to him, "This is like as when thieves break into the city of an emperor; I will unfold the Truth straightway to these Brethren, to the end that, subduing their lusts, I may raise them to Arahatship."

So he came forth from his perfumed chamber, and in sweet tones called by name for the venerable Elder, Ānanda, Treasurer of the Faith. And the Elder came and with due obeisance stood before the Master to know his pleasure. Then the Master bade him assemble together in his perfumed chamber all the Brethren who dwelt in that quarter of Jetavana. Tradition says that the Master's thought was that if he summoned only those five hundred Brethren, they would conclude that he was aware of their lustful mood, and would be debarred by their agitation from receiving the Truth; accordingly he summoned all the Brethren who dwelt there. And the Elder took a key and went from cell to cell summoning the Brethren till all were assembled in the perfumed chamber. Then he made ready the Buddha-seat. In stately dignity like Mount Sineru resting on the solid earth, the Master seated himself on the Buddha-seat, making a glory shine round him of paired garlands upon garlands of six-coloured light, which divided and divided into masses of the size of a platter, of the size of a canopy, and of the size of a tower, until, like shafts of lightning, the rays reached to the heavens above. It was even as when the sun rises, stirring the ocean to the depths.

With reverent obeisance and reverent hearts, the Brethren entered and took their seats around him, encompassing him as it were within an orange curtain. Then in tones as of Mahā-Brahma the Master [502] said, "Brethren, a Brother should not harbour the three evil thoughts,--lust, hatred and cruelty. Never let it be imagined that wicked desires are a trivial matter. For such desires are like an enemy; and an enemy is no trivial matter, but, given opportunity, works only destruction. Even so a desire, though small at its first arising, has only to be allowed to grow, in order to work utter destruction. Desire is like poison in food, like the itch in the skin, like a viper, like the thunderbolt of Indra, ever

to be shunned, ever to be feared. Whensoever desire arises, forthwith, without

finding a moment's harbourage in the heart, it should be expelled by thought and reflection,--like as a raindrop rolls at once off the leaf of the lotus. The wise of former times so hated even a slight desire that they crushed it out before it could grow larger." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was re-born into life as a jackal and dwelt in the forest by the river-side. Now an old elephant died by the banks of the Ganges, and the jackal, finding the carcass, congratulated himself on lighting upon such a store of meat. First he bit the trunk, but that was like biting a plough-handle. "There's no eating here," said the jackal and took a bite at a tusk. But that was like biting bones. Then he tried an ear, but that was like chewing the rim of a winnowing-basket. So he fell to on the stomach, but found it as tough as a grain-basket. The feet were no better, for they were like a mortar. Next he tried the tail, but that was like the pestle. "That won't do either," said the jackal; and having failed elsewhere to find a toothsome part, he tried the rear and found that like eating a soft cake. "At last," said he, "I've found the right place," and ate his way right into the belly, where he made a plenteous meal off the kidneys, heart and the rest, quenching his thirst with the blood. And when night came on, he lay down inside. As he lay there, the thought came into the jackal's mind, "This carcass is both meat and house to me, and wherefore should I leave it?" So there he stopped, and dwelt

in the elephant's inwards, eating away. Time wore on till the summer sun and the summer winds dried and shrank the elephant's hide, [503] until the entrance by which the jackal had got in was closed and the interior was in utter darkness. Thus the jackal was, as it were, cut off from the world and confined in the interspace between the worlds. After the hide, the flesh dried up and the blood was exhausted. In a frenzy of despair, he rushed to and fro beating against his prison walls in the fruitless endeavour to escape. But as he bobbed up and down inside like a ball of rice in a boiling saucepan, soon a tempest broke and the downpour moistened the shell of the carcass and restored it to its former state, till light shone like a star through the way by which the jackal had got in. "Saved! saved!" cried the jackal, and, backing into the elephant's head made a rush head-first at the outlet. He managed to get through, it is true, but only by leaving all his hair on the way. And first he ran, then he halted, and then sat down and surveyed his hairless body, now smooth as a palm-stem. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "this misfortune has befallen me because of my greed and my greed alone. Henceforth I will not be greedy nor ever again get into

the carcass of an elephant." And his terror found expression in this stanza:--

Once bitten, twice shy. Ah, great was my fear!
Of elephants' inwards henceforth I'll steer clear.

And with these words the jackal made off, nor did he ever again so much as look either at that or at any other elephant's carcass. And thenceforth he was never greedy again.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Brethren, never let desires take root in the heart but pluck them out wheresoever they spring up." [504] Having preached the Four Truths (at the close whereof those five hundred Brethren won Arahatship and the rest won varying lesser degrees of salvation), the Master identified the Birth as follows: "I was myself the jackal of those days."

Footnotes

314:1 Or 'paved with crores.' See *Vinaya*, *Cullav*. vi. 4. 9, translated in *S. B. E.*, Volume XX., page 188. Cf. also *Jātaka* (text) I. 92.

No. 149.

EKAPAṆṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*If poison lurk*."--This story was told about the Licchavi Prince Wicked of Vesālī by the Master when he was living in the gabled house in the great forest near Vesālī. In those days Vesālī enjoyed marvellous prosperity. A triple wall encompassed the city, each wall a league distant from the next, and there were three gates with watch-towers. In that city there were always seven thousand seven hundred and seven kings to govern the kingdom, and a like number of viceroys, generals, and treasurers. Among the kings' sons was one known as Wicked Licchavi Prince, a fierce, passionate and cruel young man, always punishing, like an enraged viper. Such was his passionate nature that no one could say more than two or three words in his presence; and neither parents, kindred, nor friends could make him better. So at last his parents resolved to bring the ungovernable youth to the All-Wise Buddha, realising that none but he could possibly tame their son's fierce spirit. So they brought him to the Master, whom, with due obeisance, they besought to read the youth a lecture.

Then the Master addressed the prince and said: "Prince, human beings should not be passionate or cruel or ferocious. The fierce man is one who is harsh and unkind alike to the mother that bore him, to his father and child, to his brothers and sisters, and to his wife, friends and kindred; inspiring terror like a viper darting forward to bite, like a robber springing on his victim in the forest, like an ogre advancing to devour, the fierce man

straightway will be re-born after this life in hell or other place of punishment; and even in this life,

however much adorned he is, he looks ugly. Be his face beautiful as the orb of the moon at the full, yet is it loathly as a lotus scorched by flames, as a disc of gold overworn with filth. It is such rage that drives men to slay themselves with the sword, to take poison, to hang themselves, and to throw themselves from precipices; and so it comes to pass that, meeting their death by reason of their own rage, they are re-born into torment. So too they who injure others, are hated even in this life and shall for their sins pass at the body's death to hell and punishment; and when once more they are born as men, [505] disease and sickness of eye and ear and of every kind ever beset them, from their birth onward. Wherefore let all men shew kindness and be doers of good, and then assuredly hell and punishment have no fears for then."

Such was the power of this one lecture upon the prince that his pride was humbled forthwith; his arrogance and selfishness passed from him, and his heart was turned to kindness and love. Nevermore did he revile or strike, but became gentle as a snake with drawn fangs, as a crab with broken claws, as a bull with broken horns.

Marking this change of mood, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth of how the Licchavi Prince Wicked, whom the ceaseless exhortations of his parents could not curb, had been subdued and humbled with a single exhortation by the All-Wise Buddha, and how this was like taming six rutting elephants at once. Well had it been said that, 'The elephant-tamer, Brethren,

guides the elephant he is breaking in, making it to go to right or left, backward or forward, according to his will; in like manner the horse-tamer and the ex-tamer with horses and oxen; and so too the Blessed One, the All-wise Buddha, guides the man he would train aright, guides him whithersoever he wills along any of the eight directions, and makes his pupil discern shapes external to himself. Such is the Buddha and He alone,'--and so forth, down to the words,--'He that is hailed as chief of the trainers of men, supreme in bowing men to the yoke of Truth [1].' "For, sirs," said the Brethren, "there is no trainer of men like unto the Supreme Buddha."

And here the Master entered the Hall and questioned them as to what they were discussing. Then they told him, and he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that a single exhortation of mine has conquered the prince; the like happened before."

And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a brahmin in the North country, and when he grew up he first learned the Three Vedas and all learning, at Takkasilā, and for some time lived a mundane life. But when his parents died he became a recluse, dwelling in the Himalayas, and attained the mystic Attainments and Knowledges. There he dwelt a long time, till need of salt and other necessaries of life brought him back to the paths of men, and he came to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the royal pleasaunce. Next day he dressed himself with care and pains, and in the best garb of an ascetic went in quest of alms to the city [506] and came to the king's gate. The king was sitting

down and saw the Bodhisatta from the window and marked within himself how the hermit, wise in heart and soul, fixing his gaze immediately before him, moved on in lion-like majesty, as though at every

footstep he were depositing a purse of a thousand pieces. "If goodness dwell anywhere," thought the king, "it must be in this man's breast." So summoning a courtier, he bade him bring the hermit into the presence. And the courtier went up to the Bodhisatta and with due obeisance, took his alms-bowl from his hand. "How now, your excellency?" said the Bodhisatta. "The king sends for your reverence," replied the courtier. "My dwelling," said the Bodhisatta, "is in the Himalayas, and I have not the king's favour."

So the courtier went back and reported this to the king. Bethinking him that he had no confidential adviser at the time, the king bade the Bodhisatta be brought, and the Bodhisatta consented to come.

The king greeted him on his entrance with great courtesy and bade him be seated on a golden throne beneath a royal parasol. And the Bodhisatta was fed on dainty food which had ḅeen made ready for the king's own eating.

Then the king asked where the ascetic lived and learned that his home was in the Himalayas.

"And where are you going now?"

"In search, sire, of a habitation for the rainy season."

"Why not take up your abode in my pleasaunce?" suggested the king. Then, having gained the Bodhisatta's consent, and having eaten food himself, he went with his guest to the pleasaunce and there had a hermitage built with a cell for the day, and a cell for the night. This dwelling was provided with the eight requisites of an ascetic. Having thus installed the Bodhisatta, the king put him under the charge of the gardener and went back to the palace. So it came to pass that the Bodhisatta dwelt thenceforward in the king's pleasaunce, and twice or thrice every day the king came to visit him.

Now the king had a fierce and passionate son who was known as Prince Wicked, who was beyond the control of his father and kinsfolk. Councillors, brahmins and citizens all pointed out to the young man the error of his ways, but in vain. He paid no heed to their counsels. And the king felt that the only hope of reclaiming his son lay with the virtuous ascetic. So as a last chance [507] he took the prince and handed him over to the Bodhisatta to deal with. Then the Bodhisatta walked with the prince in the pleasaunce till they came to where a seedling Nimb tree was growing, on which as yet grew but two leaves, one on one side, one on the other.

"Taste a leaf of this little tree, prince," said the Bodhisatta, "and see what it is like."

The young man did so; but scarce had he put the leaf in his mouth, when he spat it out with an oath, and hawked and spat to get the taste out of his mouth,

"What is the matter, prince?" asked the Bodhisatta.

"Sir, to-day this tree only suggests a deadly poison; but, if left to grow, it will prove the death of many persons," said the prince, and forthwith plucked up and crushed in his hands the tiny growth, reciting these lines:--

If poison lurk in the baby tree,
What will the full growth prove to be?

Then said the Bodhisatta to him, "Prince, dreading what the poisonous seedling might grow to, you have torn it up and rent it asunder. Even as you acted to the tree, so the people of this kingdom, dreading what a prince so fierce and passionate may become when king, will not place you on the throne but uproot you like this Nimb tree and drive you forth to exile. Wherefore take warning by the tree and henceforth shew mercy and abound in loving-kindness."

From that hour the prince's mood was changed. He grew humble and meek, merciful and overflowing with kindness. Abiding by the Bodhisatta's counsel, [508] when at his father's death he came to be king, he abounded in charity and other good works, and in the end passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "So, Brethren, this is not the first time that I have tamed Prince Wicked; I did the same in days gone by." Then he identified the Birth by saying, "The Licchavi Prince Wicked of to-day was the Prince Wicked of the story, Ānanda the king, and I the ascetic who exhorted the prince to goodness."

Footnotes

317:1 The quotation has not been traced in published texts.

No. 150.

SAÑJĪVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Befriend a villain*."--This story was told by the Master when at the Bamboo-grove, about King Ajātasattu's adherence to false teachers [1]. For he believed in that rancorous foe of the Buddhas, the base and wicked Devadatta, and in his infatuation, wishing to do honour to Devadatta, expended a vast sum in erecting a monastery at Gayāsīsa. And following Devadatta's wicked counsels, he slew

the good and virtuous old King his father, who had entered on the Paths, thereby destroying his own chance of winning like goodness and virtue, and bringing great woe upon himself.

Hearing that the earth had swallowed up Devadatta, he feared a like fate for himself. And such was the frenzy of his terror that he reeked not of his kingdom's welfare, slept not upon his bed, but ranged abroad quaking in every limb, like a young elephant in an agony of pain. In fancy he saw the earth yawning for him, and the flames of hell darting forth; he could see himself fastened down on a bed of burning metal with iron lances being thrust into his body. Like a wounded cock, not for one instant was he, at peace. The desire came on him to see the All-Wise Buddha, to be reconciled to him, and to ask guidance of him; but because of the magnitude of his transgressions he shrank from coming into the Buddha's presence. When the Kattikā festival came round, and by night Rājagaha was illuminated and adorned like a city of the gods, the King, as he sat on high upon a throne of gold, saw

Jīvaka Komārabhacca sitting near. The idea flashed across his mind to go with Jīvaka to the Buddha, but he felt he could not say outright that he would not go alone but wanted Jīvaka to take him. No; the better course would be, after praising the beauty of the night, [509] to propose sitting at the feet of some sage or brahmin, and to ask the courtiers what teacher can give the heart peace. Of course, they would severally praise their own masters; but Jīvaka would be sure to extol the All-Enlightened Buddha; and to the Buddha the King with Jīvaka would go. So he burst into fivefold praises of the night, saying--"How fair, sirs, is this clear cloudless night! How beautiful! How charming! How delightful! How lovely [1]! What sage or brahmin shall we seek out, to see if haply he may give our hearts peace?"

Then one minister recommended Pūraṇa Kassapa, another Makkhali Gosāla, and others again Ajita Kesakambala, Kakudha Kaccāyana, Sañjaya Belaṭṭhiputta, or Nigaṇṭha Nātaputta. All these names the King heard in silence, waiting for his chief minister, Jīvaka, to speak. But Jīvaka, suspecting that the King's real object was to make him speak, kept silence in order to make sure. At last the King said, "Well, my good Jīvaka, why have you nothing to say?" At the word Jīvaka arose from his seat, and with hands clasped in adoration towards the Blessed One, cried, "Sire, yonder in my mango-grove dwells the All-Enlightened Buddha with thirteen hundred and fifty Brethren. This is the high fame that has arisen concerning him." And here he proceeded to recite the nine titles of honour ascribed to him, beginning with 'Venerable [2].' When he had further shewn how from his birth onwards the Buddha's powers had surpassed all the earlier presages and expectations, Jīvaka said, "Unto him, the Blessed One, let the King repair, to hear the truth and to put questions."

His object thus attained, the King asked Jīvaka to have the elephants got ready and went in royal state to Jīvaka's mango-grove, where he found in the perfumed pavilion the Buddha amid the Brotherhood which was tranquil as the ocean in perfect repose. Look where he would, the King's eye saw only the endless ranks of the Brethren, exceeding in numbers any following he had ever seen. Pleased with the demeanour of the Brethren, the King bowed low and spoke words of praise. Then saluting the Buddha, he seated himself, and asked him the question, 'What is the fruit of the religious life?' And the Blessed One gave utterance to the Sāmaññaphala Sutta in two sections [3]. Glad at heart, the King made his peace with the Buddha at the close of the Sutta, and rising up departed with solemn obeisance. Soon after the King had gone,

the Master addressed the Brethren and said, "Brethren, this King is uprooted; [510] had not this King slain in lust for dominion that righteous ruler his father, he would have won the Arahat's clear vision of the Truth, ere he rose from his seat. But for his sinful favouring of Devadatta he has missed the fruit of the first path [1]."

Next day the Brethren talked together of all this and said that Ajātasattu's crime of parricide, which was due to that wicked and sinful Devadatta whom he had favoured, had lost him salvation; and that Devadatta had been the King's ruin. At this point the Master entered the Hall of Truth and asked the subject of their converse. Being told, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ajātasattu has suffered for favouring the sinful;

like conduct in the past cost him his life." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a wealthy brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he went to study at Takkasilā, where he received a complete education. In Benares as a teacher he enjoyed world-wide fame and had five hundred young brahmins as pupils. Among these was one named Sañjīva, to whom the Bodhisatta taught the spell for raising the dead to life. But though the young man was taught this, he was not taught the counter charm. Proud of his new power, he went with his fellow-pupils to the forest wood-gathering, and there came on a dead tiger.

"Now see me bring the tiger to life again," said he.

"You can't," said they.

"You look and you will see me do it."

"Well, if you can, do so," said they and climbed up a tree forthwith.

Then Sañjīva repeated his charm and struck the dead tiger with a potsherd. Up started the tiger and quick as lightning sprang at Sañjīva and bit him on the throat, killing him outright. Dead fell the tiger then and there, and dead fell Sañjīva too at the same spot. So there the two lay dead side by side.

The young brahmins took their wood and went back to their master to whom they told the story. "My dear pupils," said he,

"mark herein how by reason of showing favour to the sinful and paying honour where it was not due, he has brought all this calamity upon himself." And so saying he uttered this stanza:--

[511] Befriend a villain, aid him in his need,
And, like that tiger which Sañjīva [2] raised
To life, he straight devours you for your pains.

Such was the Bodhisatta's lesson to the young brahmins, and after a life of almsgiving and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ajātasattu was the young brahmin of those days who brought the dead tiger to life, and I the world-famed teacher."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Footnotes

319:1 See *Vinaya*, *Cullav*. vii. 3. 4-- (translated in *S. B. E.* XX. pp. 242 &c.). In the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta*, the Dīgha Nikāya gives the

incidents of this introductory story and makes the King confess to having killed his father (Vol. I. p. 85).

320:1 These exclamations are misprinted as verse in the Pāli text. It is curious that the order is somewhat transposed here, as compared with the opening words of the *Sāmaññaphala Sutta*.

320:2 See p. 49 of Vol. I. of the Dīgha Nikāya for the list.

320:3 In the Dīgha Nikāya there is no division of the Sutta into two bhāṇavāras or sections.

321:1 Unlike the preceding sentence. this last sentence does not occur in the Dīgha Nikāya. The interpolation is interesting as suggesting the license with which words were put into the Master's mouth by Buddhist authors.

321:2 The gloss suggests that *sañjīviko*, (='of or belonging to Sañjīva') is an acrid pun on the meaning of Sañjīvo, which means 'alive,'--the tiger having been restored to life by Sañjīva, whom it bereft of life by way of reward.

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

Ābhassara, the celestial realm 291-292

Aciravatī, the river 102, 249

Aggāḷava, the temple 47

Agni (*see also* Jātaveda) 283, 308

Ajātasattu, King 67, 319-321

Āḷavi, the town 47

Amarā, Queen 254

Ambatittha 206

Ambavana 14

Ānanda, the Elder 32, 42, 48, 89, 222, 230, 314; a fish 83

Anātha-piṇḍika 1, 38, 92, 100, 101, 117, 120, 134, 209, 220, 245, 267, 314; the younger 38

Andhapura, a town 12

Andhra, the country 203

Aṅgulimāla, the Elder 139

Añjanavana 166

Anotatta, Lake 103

Anūpiya, a town 32

Aratī, Māra's daughter 288

Asura 80, 82, 229

Avīci, the hell 104

Badarika, the monastery 47

Bamboo-grove, the 35, 44, 57, 67, 174, 177, 215, 255, 269, 286, 298, 302, 304, 305, 319

Benares 4, 10, 19, 21, 22 *et passim*

Bhaddavatikā, a town 206

Bhaddiya, the Elder 32

Bhagu, the Elder 32

Bhīmasena, a big weaver 204

Brahmā (*see* Mahā-Brahmā)

Brahmadatta, King *passim*; Prince 126

Brahma-realm 8 *et passim*.

Buddha, Gotama the 103, 172, 229, 230 *et passim*.; Kassapa the 16, 246; Padumuttara the 38, 243; Vipassī the 243

Buddhas, Pacceka 101, 103, 233, 289; previous 16, 38, 90, 243, 246

Caṇḍa, a Nāga 290

Captain of the Faith (see Sāriputta)

Ceti, the country of 121

Chattapāṇi, a lay-brother 223

Ciñcā, the brahmin-girl 143, 264

Cittahattha-Sāriputta, the Elder 168

Culla-Panthaka, the Elder 14, 16

Culla-Piṇḍapātika-Tissa, the Elder 44

Dabba, the Mallian 21

Desaka, a town 232

Devas, wars of 80-81

Devadatta 14, 32, 34, 57, 67, 142, 144, 174, 255, 269, 286, 298, 304, 305, 319, 320

Dhanapālaka, the elephant 57

Form, realm of 241

Formless Realm 241

Four Regents, the 81, 102

Gāmani, Prince 29

Gandhāra 173, 218

Ganges 156, 315

Garuḷa 80, 81

Gayā-sīsa 34, 67, 255, 305, 319

Gotama 44, 100, 216

Ghaṭīkāra, the potter 56

Ghositārāma 206

Himalayas 25, 93, 171, 207, 215, 241, 258, 260, 267, 274, 317

Illīsa, a miser 198

Indra (*see also* Sakka) 28, 130, 171, 201, 289

Jambudīpa 137

Janaka, King 133

Jātaveda (= Agni) 90

Jetavana 1, 9, 38, 172, 183, 314 *et passim*.

Jīvaka-Komārabhacca 14, 16, 320

Kālakañjaka, the Asura 229

Kalaṇḍuka, a slave 280

Kāṇā, a girl 294

Kāṇā-mātā 294

Kāpilānī, a Therī 150

Kapilavatthu 85

Kāsi 4, 10, 19, 21, 24, 114, 129, 162, 204, 207, 295, 309

Kassapa, the Buddha 16, 246; the Elder 36

Kaṭāhaka, a slave 275, 280

Kaṭṭhavāhana, King 29

Kattikā, the festival 261, 312

Ketakavana 54

Kharādiyā, a doe 47

Kimbila, the Elder 32

Kings, the four great 81, 102

Kokālika 260, 305

Koliya, King 242

Kora, the kshatriya 229

Kosala 27, 38, 50, 91, 118, 129, 164, 172, 183, 184, 187, 213, 243, 277

Kosambī 47, 206

Kosiyā, a brahmin woman 285

Kumbhaṇḍa 81

Kuṇḍadhānavana 242

Kuṇḍiya, a city 242

Kusāvatī, a city 231

Kusinārā, a town 231

Kuṭumbiyaputta-Tissa, the Elder 172

Lāḷudāyi, the Elder 271

Licchavis, the 251, 316

Losaka-Tissa, the Elder 105, 111

Macala, a hamlet 77

Magadha 35, 42, 49, 77, 88, 89, 98, 116, 216, 269, 286

Magha, Prince 77

Mahā-Brahmā 81, 241, 291, 292, 308, 314

Mahāmāyā, Gotama's mother 166

Mahānāma-Sakka, King 27

Mahā-Panthaka, the Elder 15

Mahāvana 251, 316

Mahiṃsāsa, Prince 24

Mahosadha, King 254

Makhādeva, King 31

Mallikā, Queen 187

Manosilā, a region 103

Māra 103; daughters of 288

Mithilā, a city 31

Mittavindaka 109, 209, 246

Moggallāna, the Elder 35, 48, 94, 196, 231, 242, 305

Nāga 81, 206, 290, 311

Nāgamuṇḍā, Queen 27

Nālagāmaka, a village 230

Naḷakapāna, a village 54

Nāḷapana 231

Nandā, a brahmin woman 293

Nidānakathā 30

Nimi, King 31

North-country, the 193, 203, 207, 240, 260, 263, 274, 317

North-west country, the 216

Pacceka Buddhas 101, 103, 233, 289

Padumuttara, the Buddha 38, 243

Pajjunna, the god 184

Pasenadi, King 38, 194

Pāṭikārāma 229

Pātimokkha, the 140

Pavāraṇā, the festival 73

Piliya, a treasurer 286

Ragā, Māra's daughter 288

Rāhu, the Titan 65, 139

Rāhula, the Elder 47

Rājagaha 2, 14, 34, 35, 36, 38, 42, 44, 49, 77, 92, 195, 198, 216, 231, 269, 286, 304, 320

Raṭṭhapāla, the Elder 44

Rohiṇī, the river 181

Sāgata, the Elder 206

Sāketa, a city 166

Sakka 77, 80, 81, 102, 171, 182, 198

Saṁkassa, a town 73, 291, 292

Saṁkhaseṭṭhi, a treasurer 286

Sañjaya, a gardener 45

Sañjīva, a brahmin 321

Sārambha, an ox 217

Sāriputta, the Elder 35, 48, 64, 92-94, 98, 106, 167, 229, 230, 240, 291, 305

Sāvatthi 1, 2, 9, 12, 44, 69, 92, 106, 116, 135, 140, 161, 168, 183, 184, 185, 206, 212, 217, 239, 244, 246, 249, 257, 261, 273, 284, 292, 294, 310, 314

Sēri, a country 12

Sindh 61, 63

Sineru, Mt. 80, 101, 162, 176, 314

Sīvali, the Elder 242

Six, the wicked 71, 73, 92, 207

Subhaddā, Queen 231

Sudassana, King 231

Sudatta (= Anāthapiṇḍika) 1

Suddhodana, Gotama's father 166

Sumbha, a country 232

Sunakkhatta, a pervert 229

Suppavāsā, a lay-sister 242

Takkasilā, a city 71,126, 137, 148, 173, 203, 217, 233, 237, 240, 243, 260, 285, 289, 317, 321

Taṇhā, Māra's daughter 288

Tathāgata 30

Tāvatiṁsa-devaloka 80

Telavāha, a river 12

Thullanandā, a Sister 292

Tissa, the Elder Kuṭumbiyaputta- 172; Losaka- 105, 111

Titan (*see* Asura)

Udāyi, the Elder Lāḷ- 21

Upāli, the Elder 32, 38

Uppalavaṇṇā, the Sister 47, 50, 164

Uttaraseṭṭhi, a youth 261

Varaka, a town 230

Vāsabha-Khattiyā, Queen 27

Velāma 101

Veḷuvana (*see* Bamboo-grove)

Vepacittiya, an Asura 82

Vesāli 92, 229, 251, 316

Vessavaṇa, a deity 25, 182

Videha, the country 31

Viḍūḍabha, Prince 27

Vipassī, the Buddha 243

Visākhā, the lay-sister 38

Vissakamma, the deity 171

Yugandhara Mts. 18

The Jataka, Volume I: Page Index

Preface

page vii
page viii
page ix
page x
page xi
page xii

Contents

page xiii
page xiv
page xv
page xvi
page xvii
page xviii
page xix
page xx
page xi
page xxii
page xxiii
page xxiv
page xxv
page xxvi

No. 1. Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka

page 1
page 2
page 3
page 4
page 5
page 6
page 7
page 8
page 9

No. 2. Vaṇṇupatha-Jātaka

page 10
page 11

No. 3. Serivāṇija-Jātaka

page 12
page 13
page 14

No. 4. Cullaka-Seṭṭhi-Jātaka

page 15
page 16
page 17
page 18
page 19
page 20

No. 5. Taṇḍulanāli-Jātaka

page 21

page 22
page 23

No. 6. Devadhamma-Jātaka

page 24
page 25
page 26
page 27

No. 7. Kaṭṭhahāri-Jātaka

page 28
page 29

No. 8. Gāmani-Jātaka

page 30

No. 9. Makhādeva-Jātaka

page 31
page 32

No. 10. Sukhavihāri-Jātaka

page 33
page 34

No. 11. Lakkhaṇa-Jātaka

page 35
page 36

No. 12. Nigrodhamiga-Jātaka

page 37
page 38
page 39
page 40
page 41
page 42

No. 13. Kaṇḍina-Jātaka

page 43

No. 14. Vātamiga-Jātaka

page 44
page 45
page 46

No. 15. Kharādiya-Jātaka

page 47

No. 16. Tipallattha-Miga-Jātaka

page 48
page 49
page 50

No. 17. Māluta-Jātaka

page 51

No. 18. Matakabhatta-Jātaka

page 52
page 53

No. 19. Āyācitabhatta-Jātaka

page 54

No. 20. Naḷapāna-Jātaka

page 55
page 56

No. 21. Kuruṅga-Jātaka

page 57
page 58

No. 22. Kukkura-Jātaka

page 59
page 60
page 61

No. 23. Bhojājānīya-Jātaka

page 62
page 63

No. 24. Ājañña-Jātaka

page 64

No. 25. Tittha-Jātaka

page 65
page 66

No. 26. Mahilāmukha-Jātaka

page 67
page 68
page 69

No. 27. Abhiṇha-Jātaka

page 70

No. 28. Nandivisāla-Jātaka

page 71
page 72

No. 29. Kaṇha-Jātaka

page 73
page 74
page 75

No. 30. Muṇika-Jātaka

page 76

No. 31. Kulāvaka-Jātaka

page 77
page 78
page 79
page 80

page 81
page 82
page 83

No. 32. Nacca-Jātaka

page 84

No. 33. Sammodamāna-Jātaka

page 85
page 86

No. 34. Maccha-Jātaka

page 87
page 88

No. 35. Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka

page 89
page 90

No. 36. Sakuṇa-Jātaka

page 91
page 92

No. 37. Tittira-Jātaka

page 93
page 94
page 95

No. 38. Baka-Jātaka

page 96
page 97
page 98

No. 39. Nanda-Jātaka

page 99

No. 40. Khadiraṅgāra-Jātaka

page 100
page 101
page 102
page 103
page 104
page 105

No. 41. Losaka-Jātaka

page 106
page 107
page 108
page 109
page 110
page 111

No. 42. Kapota-Jātaka

page 112
page 113
page 114

No. 43. Veḷuka-Jātaka

page 115

No. 44. Makasa-Jātaka

page 116
page 117

No. 45. Rohiṇī-Jātaka

page 118

No. 46. Ārāmadūsaka-Jātaka

page 119

No. 47. Vāruṇi-Jātaka

page 120
page 121

No. 48. Vedabbha-Jātaka

page 122
page 123
page 124

No. 49. Nakkhatta-Jātaka

page 125
page 126

No. 50. Dummedha-Jātaka

page 127
page 128

No. 51. Mahāsīlava-Jātaka

page 129
page 130
page 131
page 132
page 133

No. 53. Puṇṇapāti-Jātaka

page 134
page 135

No. 54. Phala-Jātaka

page 136

No. 55. Pañcāvudha-Jātaka

page 137
page 138
page 139

No. 56. Kañcanakkhandha-Jātaka

page 140
page 141

No. 57. Vānarinda-Jātaka

page 142

page 143

No. 58. Tayodhamma-Jātaka

page 144
page 145

No. 59. Bherivāda-Jātaka

page 146

No. 60. Saṁkhadhamana-Jātaka

page 147

No. 61. Asātamanta-Jātaka

page 148
page 149
page 150

No. 62. Aṇḍabhūta-Jātaka

page 151
page 152
page 153
page 154
page 155

No. 63. Takka-Jātaka

page 156
page 157
page 158

No. 64. Durājāna-Jātaka

page 159
page 160

No. 65. Anabhirati-Jātaka

page 161

No. 66. Mudulakkhaṇa-Jātaka

page 162
page 163
page 164

No. 67. Ucchaṅga-Jātaka

page 165
page 166

No. 68. Sāketa-Jātaka

page 167

No. 69. Visavanta-Jātaka

page 168

No. 70. Kuddāla-Jātaka

page 169
page 170
page 171

No. 71. Varaṇa-Jātaka

page 172
page 173
page 174

No. 72. Sīlavanāga-Jātaka

page 175
page 176
page 177

No. 73. Saccaṁkira-Jātaka

page 178
page 179
page 180
page 181

No. 74. Rukkhadhamma-Jātaka

page 182

No. 75. Maccha-Jātaka

page 183
page 184
page 185

No. 76. Asaṁkiya-Jātaka

page 186

No. 77. Mahāsupina-Jātaka

page 187
page 188
page 189
page 190
page 191
page 192
page 193
page 194

No. 78. Illīsa-Jātaka

page 195
page 196
page 197
page 198
page 199
page 200
page 201

No. 79. Kharassara-Jātaka

page 202
page 203

No. 80. Bhīmasena-Jātaka

page 204
page 205
page 206

No. 81. Surāpāna-Jātaka

page 207

page 208

No. 82. Mittavinda-Jātaka

page 209

No. 83. Kālakaṇṇi-Jātaka

page 210

No. 84. Atthassadvāra-Jātaka

page 211

No. 85. Kimpakka-Jātaka

page 212
page 213

No. 86. Sīlavīmaṁsana-Jātaka

page 214
page 215

No. 87. Maṁgala-Jātaka

page 216
page 217

No. 88. Sārambha-Jātaka

page 218

No. 89. Kuhaka-Jātaka

page 219

No. 90. Akataññu-Jātaka

page 220
page 221

No. 91. Litta-Jātaka

page 222

No. 92. Mahāsāra-Jātaka

page 223
page 224
page 225
page 226
page 227

No. 93. Vissāsabhojana-Jātaka

page 228

No. 94. Lomahaṁsa-Jātaka

page 229
page 230

No. 95. Mahāsudassana-Jātaka

page 231
page 232

No. 96. Telapatta-Jātaka

page 233
page 234
page 235
page 236
page 237

No. 97. Nāmasiddhi-Jātaka

page 238

No. 98. Kūṭavāṇija-Jātaka

page 239
page 240

No. 99. Parosahassa-Jātaka

page 241

No. 100. Asātarūpa-Jātaka

page 242
page 243

No. 102. Paṇṇika-Jātaka

page 244
page 245

No. 104. Mittavinda-Jātaka

page 246

No. 105. Dubbalakaṭṭha-Jātaka

page 247

No. 106. Udañcani-Jātaka

page 248
page 249

No. 107. Sālittaka-Jātaka

page 250
page 251

No. 108. Bāhiya-Jātaka

page 252

No. 109. Kuṇḍakapūva-Jātaka

page 253
page 254

No. 113. Sigāla-Jātaka

page 255
page 256

No. 114. Mitacinti-Jātaka

page 257

No. 115. Anusāsika-Jātaka

page 258

No. 116. Dubbaca-Jātaka

page 259

No. 117. Tittira-Jātaka

page 260
page 261

No. 118. Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka

page 262

No. 119. Akālarāvi-Jātaka

page 263
page 264

No. 120. Bandhanamokkha-Jātaka

page 265
page 266
page 267

No. 121. Kusanāḷi-Jātaka

page 268
page 269

No. 122. Dummedha-Jātaka

page 270
page 271

No. 123. Naṅgalīsa-Jātaka

page 272
page 273

No. 124. Amba-Jātaka

page 274

No. 125. Kaṭāhaka-Jātaka

page 275
page 276
page 277

No. 126. Asilakkhaṇa-Jātaka

page 278
page 279
page 280

No. 127. Kalaṇḍuka-Jātaka

page 281

No. 128. Biḷāra-Jātaka

page 282

No. 129. Aggika-Jātaka

page 283
page 284

No. 130. Kosiya-Jātaka

page 285

No. 131. Asampadāna-Jātaka

page 286
page 287
page 288

No. 132. Pañcagaru-Jātaka

page 289

No. 133. Ghatāsana-Jātaka

page 290
page 291

No. 135. Candābha-Jātaka

page 292

No. 136. Suvaṇṇahaṁsa-Jātaka

page 293
page 294

No. 137. Babbu-Jātaka

page 295
page 296

No. 138. Godha-Jātaka

page 297
page 298

No. 139. Ubhatobhaṭṭha-Jātaka

page 299

No. 140. Kāka-Jātaka

page 300
page 301
page 302

No. 141. Godha-Jātaka

page 303

No. 142. Sigāla-Jātaka

page 304
page 305

No. 143. Virocana-Jātaka

page 306
page 307

No. 144. Naṅguṭṭha-Jātaka

page 308
page 309

No. 145. Rādha-Jātaka

page 310

No. 146. Kāka-Jātaka

page 311
page 312

No. 147. Puppharatta-Jātaka

page 313

No. 148. Sigāla-Jātaka

page 314
page 315
page 316

No. 149. Ekapaṇṇa-Jātaka

page 317
page 318
page 319

No. 150. Sañjīva-Jātaka

page 320
page 321
page 322

Index of Proper Names

page 323
page 324

Errata

page 324: 'Mahiṁsāsa'->'Mahiṃsāsa'

---

page 324: 'Nālapana'->'Nāḷapana'

The Jataka

Volume II

tr. W.H.D. Rouse

ed. E. B. Cowell

[1895]

Contents Start Reading Page Index Text [Zipped]

VOLUME I | **VOLUME II** | VOLUME III | VOLUME IV | VOLUME V | VOLUME VI

The Jataka is a massive collection of Buddhist folklore about previous incarnations of the Buddha, both in human and animal form. Originally written in Pali, and dating to at least 380 BCE, the Jataka includes many stories which have traveled afar. Many of these can be traced cross-culturally in the folklore of many countries.

Title Page
Preface

Contents
Additions and Corrections

Book II. Dukanipāta

No. 151. Rājovāda-Jātaka
No. 152. Sigāla-Jātaka
No. 153 Sūkara-Jātaka
No. 154. Uraga-Jātaka
No. 155. Gagga-Jātaka
No. 156. Alīnacitta-Jātaka
No. 157. Guṇa-Jātaka
No. 158. Suhanu-Jātaka
No. 159. Mora-Jātaka
No. 160. Vinīlaka-Jātaka
No. 161. Indasamānagotta-Jātaka
No. 162. Santhava-Jātaka
No. 163. Susīma-Jātaka
No. 164. Gijjha-Jātaka
No. 165. Nakula-Jātaka
No. 166. Upasāḷha-Jātaka
No. 167. Samiddhi-Jātaka
No. 168. Sakuṇagghi-Jātaka
No. 169. Araka-Jātaka
No. 170. Kakaṇṭaka-Jātaka
No. 171. Kalyāṇa-Dhamma-Jātaka
No. 172. Daddara-Jātaka
No. 173. Makkaṭa-Jātaka
No. 174. Dūbhiya-Makkaṭa-Jātaka
No. 175. Ādiccupaṭṭhāna-Jātaka
No. 176. Kalāya-Muṭṭhi-Jātaka
No. 177. Tiṇḍuka-Jātaka

No. 178. Kacchapa-Jātaka
No. 179. Satadhamma-Jātaka
No. 180. Duddada-Jātaka
No. 181. Asadisa-Jātaka
No. 182. Saṁgāmāvacara-Jātaka
No. 183. Vālodaka-Jātaka
No. 184. Giridanta-Jātaka
No. 185. Anabhirati-Jātaka
No. 186. Dadhi-Vāhana-Jātaka
No. 187. Catumaṭṭa-Jātaka
No. 188. Sīhakoṭṭhuka-Jātaka
No. 189. Sīhacamma-Jātaka
No. 190. Sīlānisaṁsa-Jātaka
No. 191. Ruhaka-Jātaka
No. 192. Siri-Kāḷakaṇṇi-Jātaka
No. 193. Culla-Paduma-Jātaka
No. 194. Maṇicora-Jātaka
No. 195. Pabbatūpatthara-Jātaka
No. 196. Valāhassa-Jātaka
No. 197. Mittāmitta-Jātaka
No. 198.
No. 199. Gahapati-Jātaka
No. 200. Sādhusīla-Jātaka
No. 201. Bandhanāgāra-Jātaka
No. 202. Keḷi-Sīla-Jātaka
No. 203. Khandha-Vatta-Jātaka
No. 204. Vīraka-Jātaka
No. 205. Gaṅgeyya-Jātaka
No. 206. Kuruṅga-Miga-Jātaka
No. 207. Assaka-Jātaka
No. 208. Suṁsumāra-Jātaka
No. 209. Kakkara-Jātaka

No. 210. Kandagalaka-Jātaka
No. 211. Somadatta-Jātaka
No. 212. Ucchiṭṭha-Bhatta-Jātaka
No. 213. Bharu-Jātaka
No. 214. Puṇṇa-Nadī-Jātaka
No. 215. Kacchapa-Jātaka
No. 216. Maccha-Jātaka
No. 217. Seggu-Jātaka
No. 218. Kūṭa-Vāṇija-Jātaka
No. 219. Garahita-Jātaka
No. 220. Dhammaddhaja-Jātaka
No. 221. Kāsāva-Jātaka
No. 222. Cūla-Nandiya-Jātaka
No. 223. Puṭa-Bhatta-Jātaka
No. 224. Kumbhīla-Jātaka
No. 225. Khanti-Vaṇṇana-Jātaka
No. 226. Kosiya-Jātaka
No. 227. Gūtha-Pāṇa-Jātaka
No. 228. Kāmanīta-Jātaka
No. 229. Palāyi-Jātaka
No. 230. Dutiya-Palāyi-Jātaka
No. 231. Upāhana-Jātaka
No. 232. Vīṇā-Thūṇa-Jātaka
No. 233. Vikaṇṇaka-Jātaka
No. 234. Asitābhū-Jātaka
No. 235. Vaccha-Nakha-Jātaka
No. 236. Baka-Jātaka
No. 237. Sāketa-Jātaka
No. 238. Ekapada-Jātaka
No. 239. Harita-Māta-Jātaka
No. 240. Mahāpiṅgala-Jātaka
No. 241. Sabbadāṭha-Jātaka

No. 242. Sunakha-Jātaka
No. 243. Guttila-Jātaka
No. 244. Vīticcha-Jātaka
No. 245. Mūla-Pariyāya-Jātaka
No. 246. Telovāda-Jātaka
No. 247. Pādañjali-Jātaka
No. 248. Kiṁsukopama-Jātaka
No. 249. Sālaka-Jātaka
No. 250. Kapi-Jātaka

Book III. Tika-Nipāta

No. 251. Saṁkappa-Jātaka
No. 252. Tila-Muṭṭhi-Jātaka
No. 253. Maṇi-Kaṇṭha-Jātaka
No. 254. Kuṇḍaka-Kucchi-Sindhava-Jātaka
No. 255. Suka-Jātaka
No. 256. Jarudapāna-Jātaka
No. 257. Gāmaṇi-Caṇḍa-Jātaka
No. 258. Mandhātu-Jātaka
No. 259. Tirīṭa-Vaccha-Jātaka
No. 260. Dūta-Jātaka
No. 261. Paduma-Jātaka
No. 262. Mudu-Pāṇi-Jātaka
No. 263. Culla-Palobhana-Jātaka
No. 264. Mahā-Panāda-Jātaka
No. 265. Khurappa-Jātaka
No. 266. Vātagga-Sindhava-Jātaka
No. 267. Kakkatā-Jātaka
No. 268. Ārāma-Dūsa-Jātaka
No. 269. Sujāta-Jātaka
No. 270. Ulūka-Jātaka

No. 271. Udapāna-Dūsaka-Jātaka
No. 272. Vyaggha-Jātaka
No. 273. Kacchapa-Jātaka
No. 274. Lola-Jātaka
No. 275.
No. 276. Kurudhamma-Jātaka
No. 277. Romaka-Jātaka
No. 278. Mahisa-Jātaka
No. 279. Satapatta-Jātaka
No. 280. Puṭa-Dūsaka-Jātaka
No. 281. Abbhantara-Jātaka
No. 282. Seyya-Jātaka
No. 283. Vaḍḍhaki-Sūkara-Jātaka
No. 284. Siri-Jātaka
No. 285. Maṇisūkara-Jātaka
No. 286. Sālūka-Jātaka
No. 287. Lābha-Garaha-Jātaka
No. 288. Macch-Uddāna-Jātaka
No. 289. Nāna-Cchanda-Jātaka
No. 290. Sīla-Vīmaṁsa-Jātaka
No. 291. Bhadra-Ghaṭa-Jātaka
No. 292. Supatta-Jātaka
No. 293. Kāya-Vicchinda-Jātaka
No. 294. Jambu-Khādaka-Jātaka
No. 295. Anta-Jātaka
No. 296. Samudda-Jātaka
No. 297. Kāma-Vilāpa-Jātaka
No. 298. Udumbara-Jātaka
No. 299. Komāya-Putta-Jātaka
No. 300. Vaka-Jātaka
Index of Names and Pali Words
Index of Matters

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. II.

TRANSLATED BY

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SOMETIME FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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MANIBVS

GVILLELMI ROBERTSON SMITH

SVMMO DESIDERIO

D. D. D.

PREFACE.

IN a book like this, where a translation is made for the first time from a language little known, mistakes there needs must be. For any such I ask the indulgence of scholars; and assure them that no trouble has been spared to get accuracy. A word or phrase dismissed in a footnote as obscure or inexplicable has often cost hours of research before it has been given up.

Although it has not been possible to reproduce the rhythm of the verses, yet I hope something of the same effect has been given by keeping in each story to one metre where the Pāli has but one, and changing where it changes; and a pretty consistent rule has been observed, of giving long lines for long and short for short, two short lines being held equivalent to one long. But in different stories the same metre has often been differently translated for convenience.

For parallels I have looked through all the Pāli books as far as they are printed; but I have not had time to read them carefully, and many must have escaped me. The notes must then not be considered as exhaustive. Other illustrations have been noted where I have come across them, and I hope that students of folk-tales may be interested in one unpublished variant which I have been able to give (page 110).

It remains to acknowledge my indebtedness to those friends who have helped me. The members of our "Guild" who are resident at Cambridge have been so kind as to revise the proofs;

and to them I owe very many corrections and improvements. Mr R. Chalmers lent me a MS. translation of a few of the 'Stories of the Past,' for which I thank him. But my chief thanks are due to my Master, Professor Cowell; who, for many years past, has with unfailing patience and kindliness helped me in my Oriental studies. I feel that what I know of these things has been his gift to me almost entirely; and I hope he may consider this book not all unworthy of his teaching.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
July 30, 1895.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

151. RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA 1

Two kings, both wise and good, meet in a narrow way, and a dispute arises who is to give place. Both are of the same age and power. Their drivers sing each his master's praises. One is good to the good, and bad to the bad; the other repays evil with good. The first acknowledges his superior, and gives place.

152. SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA 4

The Bodhisatta is a young lion, one of seven brothers; a Jackal proposes love to his sister. Six of the brothers set out to kill the jackal, but seeing him as he lies in a crystal grotto, imagine him to be in the sky, leap up and kill themselves. The Bodhisatta roars, and the jackal dies of fear.

153. SŪKARA-JĀTAKA 7

A boar challenges a lion to fight; and then in fear

wallows amid filth until he smells so foul that the lion will not come near him, but owns himself vanquished rather than fight with him.

154. URAGA-JĀTAKA 9

A Garuḷa chases a serpent, which taking the form of a jewel, fixes himself upon an ascetic's garment, and by this means wins safety.

155. GAGGA-JĀTAKA 11

How a goblin had power over all people who did not wish each other well at a sneeze, and how he was foiled.

156. ALĪNA-CITTA-JĀTAKA 13

An elephant runs a thorn into its foot; it is tended by some carpenters, and serves them out of gratitude. His young one takes his place afterwards, and is bought by the king for a large sum. How on the king's death, it routs a hostile host, and saves the kingdom for the king's infant son.

PAGE

157. GUṆA-JĀTAKA 17

A jackal rescues a lion, who out of gratitude makes him a friend. The lioness is jealous of the she-jackal; then the whole matter is explained, and maxims given in praise of friendship.

158. SUHANU-JĀTAKA 21

Two savage horses, that maltreat all other of their kind, strike up a sudden friendship with each other, thus illustrating the proverb, 'Birds of a feather.'

159. MORA-JĀTAKA 23

How a peacock kept itself safe by reciting spells; how its mind was disturbed by hearing the female's note, and it was caught; how the king desired to eat it, but the peacock discoursed such good divinity that he was stayed; and finally the bird was set free again to return to the mountains.

160. VINĪLAKA-JĀTAKA 26

A bird, the offspring of a goose with a crow, is being carried by his father's two other sons to see him, but is arrogant and compares them to horses that serve him; so he is sent back again.

161. INDASAMĀNAGOTTA-JĀTAKA 28

How a man kept a fat elephant, which turned against him and trampled him to death.

162. SANTHAVA-JĀTAKA 29

How a man had his house burnt by reason of the great offerings which he made to his sacred fire.

163. SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA 31

How a lad whose hereditary right it was to manage a festival, journeyed 2000 leagues in a day, learnt the ceremonial, and returned in time to conduct the ceremony.

164. GIJJHA-JĀTAKA 34

About a merchant who succoured some vultures, and they in return stole cloths and other things and

brought to him; how one was caught, and the king learnt the story, and all the goods were restored.

165. NAKULA-JĀTAKA 36

How a mongoose and a snake were friends, and distrusted each other nevertheless; and how they were made at one.

166. UPASĀḶHA-JĀTAKA 37

How a certain man was particular in choice of burying-grounds, and how he was shown that there is no spot free of taint from some dead body.

PAGE

167. SAMIDDHI-JĀTAKA 39

How a nymph tempted the saint to love, and he resisted, since no man knows the time of death.

168. SAKUṆAGGHI-JĀTAKA 40

How a quail beat a falcon by fighting on his own ground.

169. ARAKA-JĀTAKA 42

How the Buddha forsook the world, and discoursed on charity.

170. KAKAṆṬAKA-JĀTAKA 43

(See *Mahā-ummagga*.)

171. KALYĀṆA-DHAMMA-JĀTAKA 44

How a certain man became a recluse all because of a lucky greeting.

172. DADDARA-JĀTAKA 45

How a jackal amongst lions betrayed himself by his tongue.

173. MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA 47

How a monkey disguised himself as an ascetic, and

was found out.

174. DŪBHIYA-MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA 48

How the Bodhisatta drew water for a monkey, and all he got for his pains was a grimace and an insult.

175. ĀDICCUPAṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA 50

How a rascally monkey made havoc in the settlement, and the people took him for a holy being.

176. KALĀYA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA 51

How a monkey threw away a handful of peas to find one.

177. TIṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA 53

How a troop of monkeys entered a village by night, and were surrounded by the villagers; and the device by which they were saved.

178. KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA 55

How a tortoise came to grief because he loved his home too much.

179. SATADHAMMA-JĀTAKA 57

How a proud young brahmin ate the leavings of a low-caste man, and then felt ashamed of himself.

180. DUDDADA-JĀTAKA 59

Where faith is, no gift is small.

PAGE

181. ASADISA-JĀTAKA 60

Of a clever archer, and his feats.

182. SAṀGĀMĀVACARA-JĀTAKA 63

How a noble elephant obeyed the word of command.

183. VĀLODAKA-JĀTAKA 65

He that is noble keeps a steady brain even though he drain most potent liquor dry.

184. GIRIDANTA-JĀTAKA 67

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

185. ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA 68

On serenity of mind.

186. DADHI-VĀHANA-JĀTAKA 69

The Magic Razor-axe, Milk-bowl, and Drum.

187. CATUMAṬṬA-JĀTAKA 73

How a jackal was reproved for intruding.

188. SĪHAKOṬṬHUKA-JĀTAKA 75

How a mongrel cub among lions was betrayed by its voice.

189. SĪHACAMMA-JĀTAKA 76

The ass in the lion's skin.

190. SĪLĀNISAṀSA-JĀTAKA 77

How a virtuous barber saved another man by his merit.

191. RUHAKA-JĀTAKA 79

How a wicked wife fooled her husband, and sent him prancing down the street in horse-trappings.

192. SIRI-KĀḶAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA 80

(See *Mahā-ummagga*.)

193. CULLA-PADUMA-JĀTAKA 81

Of a wicked wife, who tried to murder her husband, and finally with her paramour was brought for trial before her husband, then become king.

194. MAṆICORA-JĀTAKA 85

Of the plot devised by a king to take the wife of another man; and how Sakka caused him to change bodies with his victim, and so to be executed himself.

195. PABBATŪPATTHARA-JĀTAKA 88

How the Bodhisatta advised a king to condone an intrigue.

196. VALĀHASSA-JĀTAKA 89

How some shipwrecked mariners escaped from a city of goblins by aid of a flying horse.

PAGE

197. MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA 91

How to tell friend from foe.

198. RĀDHA-JĀTAKA 92

How a parrot told tales of his mistress, and had his

neck wrung.

199. GAHAPATI-JĀTAKA 94

How a wife tried to trick her husband, and was found out.

200. SĀDHUSĪLA-JĀTAKA 96

How a father chose a husband for his daughters.

201. BANDHANĀGĀRA-JĀTAKA 97

The real fetters are those of desire.

202. KEḶI-SĪLA-JĀTAKA 98

How Sakka rebuked an irreverent king.

203. KHANDHA-VATTA-JĀTAKA 100

How to win the goodwill of snakes.

204. VĪRAKA-JĀTAKA 103

How a crow tried to steal meat, and was plucked.

205. GAṄGEYYA-JĀTAKA 104

How two fish disputed which should be the more beautiful, and a tortoise answered that he was more beautiful than either.

206. KURUṄGA-MIGA-JĀTAKA 106

How a woodpecker and a tortoise rescued their friend the antelope from a trap.

207. ASSAKA-JĀTAKA 108

How a king was cured of love for his dead wife by a revelation of her present condition.

208. SUṀSUMĀRA-JĀTAKA 110

How a crocodile wanted the heart of a monkey, and how the monkey pretended that it was hanging on a fig-tree.

209. KAKKARA-JĀTAKA 112

How a fowler tried to stalk a bird by covering himself with branches.

210. KANDAGALAKA-JĀTAKA 113

How a woodpecker struck a tree too hard for it, and perished.

211. SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA 115

How a foolish man gave when he meant to crave.

PAGE

212. UCCHIṬṬHA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA 117

How a husband found out his wife's intrigue by the state of the rice.

213. BHARU-JĀTAKA 118

How the king of Bharu made two bands of hermits to quarrel.

214. PUṆṆA-NADĪ-JĀTAKA 121

How a king sent a riddling message to his former preceptor.

215. KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA 123

How a tortoise was conveyed through the air, biting with his teeth upon a stick; and how he answered to a taunt, and fell.

216. MACCHA-JĀTAKA 125

How a fish being captured lamented for loss of his wife, and was set at liberty.

217. SEGGU-JĀTAKA 126

How a pious greengrocer tested his daughter's virtue.

218. KŪṬA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA 127

How a man deposited ploughshares with a friend, and the friend protested that they had been eaten by rats;

and of the clever device by which the man's guilt was brought home to him.

219. GARAHITA-JĀTAKA 129

How a monkey had been a captive of men, and escaped, and his censure upon mankind.

220. DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA 131

How impossible tasks were set to a good man, who did them all by aid of Sakka.

221. KĀSĀVA-JĀTAKA 138

How a man disguised himself in holy robes, and killed elephants; and how he was put to shame.

222. CŪLA-NANDIYA-JĀTAKA 140

How two monkeys sacrificed their lives to save their mother, and what befel the hunter.

223. PUṬA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA 142

How a harsh husband was rebuked.

224. KUMBHĪLA-JĀTAKA 145

225. KHANTI-VAṆṆANA-JĀTAKA 145

How two sinners were made to amend their ways.

PAGE

226. KOSIYA-JĀTAKA 146

How an owl came to grief through sallying forth untimely.

227. GŪTHA-PĀṆA-JĀTAKA 147

How an intoxicated beetle challenged an elephant, and was ignominiously destroyed.

228. KĀMANĪTA-JĀTAKA 149

How a king was cured of greed.

229. PALĀYI-JĀTAKA 151

How a king was frightened away by the mere sight of a city gate.

230. DUTIYA-PALĀYI-JĀTAKA 153

How a hostile king was frightened away by the sight of the Bodhisatta, and the hearing of his threats.

231. UPĀHANA-JĀTAKA 154

How a pupil tried to outdo his teacher, and was worsted.

232. VĪṆĀ-THŪṆA-JĀTAKA 156

How a girl thought a humpback was a right royal man, and how she was undeceived.

233. VIKAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA 157

How some fish came to feed at the sound of a drum; and how a malevolent crocodile was speared.

234. ASITĀBHŪ-JĀTAKA 158

How a man, enamoured of a sprite, lost his wife by this lust.

235. VACCHA-NAKHA-JĀTAKA 160

How a Brother was tempted to return to the world, and the evil of a worldly life shown forth.

236. BAKA-JĀTAKA 161

How a crane shammed sleep, in order to catch fish; and how he was exposed.

237. SĀKETA-JĀTAKA 162

(As No. 68.)

238. EKAPADA-JĀTAKA 163

Of a precocious boy who asked a philosophical question; and the answer to the same.

239. HARITA-MĀTA-JĀTAKA 164

A water-snake that fell into a fish-trap, and how the fish all fell upon him; with a moral.

PAGE

240. MAHĀ-PIṄGALA-JĀTAKA 165

How the porter mourned when his tyrannical master died, lest he should prove too much for the King of Death, and should be sent back to earth again.

241. SABBA-DĀṬHA-JĀTAKA 168

How a jackal learnt the spell 'Of subduing the world,' and by it collected a great army of wild beasts; and how he was discomfited.

242. SUNAKHA-JĀTAKA 170

How a dog gnawed through his leash, and escaped from servitude.

243. GUTTILA-JĀTAKA 172

How a great musician played by aid of Sakka to the delight of all that heard.

244. VĪTICCHA-JĀTAKA 178

How a certain man tried to catch the Master with phrases.

245. MŪLA-PARIYĀYA-JĀTAKA 180

How the Master discomfited some would-be clever youths.

246. TELOVĀDA-JĀTAKA 182

That there is no harm in eating meat, but only in taking life.

247. PĀDAÑJALI-JĀTAKA 183

How a fool was found out.

248. KIṀSUKOPAMA-JĀTAKA 184

How four lads saw a tree, and each described it differently.

249. SĀLAKA-JĀTAKA 186

How soft words failed to bring down a monkey from a tree.

250. KAPI-JĀTAKA 187

How a monkey disguised himself as an ascetic, and was found out.

251. SAṀKAPPA-JĀTAKA 189

How an ascetic was tempted by lust, and how he was saved.

252. TILA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA 193

How a teacher chastised a pupil, and the pupil meditated revenge, but was appeased.

253. MAṆI-KAṆṬHA-JĀTAKA 197

How a serpent and an ascetic were friends, and how the ascetic got rid of the serpent.

PAGE

254. KUṆḌAKA-KUCCHI-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA 199

Of a high-bred foal; how he knew his own worth, and what he could do for a marvel.

255. SUKA-JĀTAKA 203

Of a parrot that used to bring food oversea for his parents, and how he ate too much, and was drowned.

256. JARUDAPĀNA-JĀTAKA 205

How some men won a treasure by digging, and by digging too much lost it again.

257. GĀMAṆI-CAṆḌA-JĀTAKA 207

How a prince's wisdom was tried. Also how a man was

haled to the king's tribunal for injuries done unwittingly, and the judgements of the king thereupon; and of certain problems propounded to him by those he met. [Several stories in one.]

258. MANDHĀTU-JĀTAKA 216

How a king could not win contentment, not though he ruled as King of Heaven.

259. TIRĪṬA-VACCHA-JĀTAKA 218

How a king's life was saved, and the gratitude which he showed to his deliverer.

260. DŪTA-JĀTAKA 221

How a man got a meal by calling himself 'Belly's Messenger.'

261. PADUMA-JĀTAKA 222

How some boys tried to wheedle a noseless gardener that he might give them a bunch of lotus.

262. MUDU-PĀṆI-JĀTAKA 224

Love will find a way; and the nature of womankind.

263. CULLA-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA 227

How the Bodhisatta is tempted by a woman, and succumbs.

264. MAHĀ-PANĀDA-JĀTAKA 229

(Incomplete: as No. 489.)

265. KHURAPPA-JĀTAKA 231

How one brave man saved a caravan from robbers.

266. VĀTAGGA-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA 233

How a she-ass fell in love with a fine horse, and by coquetry lost him.

267. KAKKATA-JĀTAKA 235

How an elephant, by aid of his faithful mate, destroyed an immense crab.

268. ĀRĀMA-DŪSA-JĀTAKA 237

How some monkeys were left to water a garden, and how they pulled up the trees to proportion the water to the length of the roots.

269. SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA 239

How the shrew was tamed by observation of a cuckoo and a jay.

270. ULŪKA-JĀTAKA 242

How the owl was proposed as king of the birds, but because of his sour looks, not taken.

271. UDAPĀNA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA 243

The vile nature of jackals.

272. VYAGGHA-JĀTAKA 244

How a sprite drove away from its wood a lion and tiger, and how men came and cut the trees down.

273. KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA 246

How a monkey insulted a tortoise, and how he was punished.

274. LOLA-JĀTAKA 248

How a crow lost his life through greed.

275. RUCIRA-JĀTAKA 250

(As No. 274.)

276. KURU-DHAMMA-JĀTAKA 251

How there was a drought, and by observance of virtue the rain was made to come.

277. ROMAKA-JĀTAKA 260

How a sham ascetic tried to kill a bird, and failed.

278. MAHISA-JĀTAKA 262

Of a wicked monkey, that was killed for his vileness; and of the patience of the Bodhisatta.

279. SATAPATTA-JĀTAKA 264

How a man did not know his friend from his enemy; and how the Bodhisatta was a robber.

280. PUṬA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA 266

Of a monkey who thought to please a gardener by destroying the potties which he made.

PAGE

281. ABBHANTARA-JĀTAKA 267

How a queen longed for a 'middle mango'; and how a pet parrot procured one.

282. SEYYA-JĀTAKA 273

How a marauding monarch was conquered by kindness.

283. VAḌḌHAKI-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA 275

How a boar drilled an army of boars to conquer a tiger; and how a sham ascetic was done to death.

284. SIRI-JĀTAKA 279

How luck came of eating the flesh of certain birds.

285. MAṆI-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA 283

How some boars tried to sully crystal by rubbing it, and only made it shine the more.

286. SĀLŪKA-JĀTAKA 285

How an ox envied the fatted pig.

287. LĀBHA-GARAHA-JĀTAKA 287

Of the evil of a worldly life.

288. MACCH-UDDĀNA-JĀTAKA 288

How a parcel of money was lost in the river, and restored by the river-spirit in the belly of a fish.

289. NĀNA-CCHANDA-JĀTAKA 290

How a king fell into the hands of thieves, and a brahmin saw it; and what were the boons he asked.

290. SĪLA-VĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA 292

How a man tried his own reputation for virtue.

291. BHADRA-GHAṬA-JĀTAKA 293

The Wishing-Bowl, with a moral ending.

292. SUPATTA-JĀTAKA 297

How a queen of the crows desired some meat, and a brave crow got it for her.

293. KĀYA-VICCHINDA-JĀTAKA 299

Of a sick man who on his recovery became religious, to his own great advantage.

294. JAMBU-KHĀDAKA-JĀTAKA 299

The Fox and the Crow, with a difference.

PAGE

295. ANTA-JĀTAKA 300

Similar to the last, but vice versa.

296. SAMUDDA-JĀTAKA 301

Of a crow that feared the sea might be drunk dry.

297. KĀMA-VILĀPA-JĀTAKA 302

How desire is stronger than pain.

298. UDUMBARA-JĀTAKA 303

Old birds cannot be caught with chaff.

299. KOMĀYA-PUTTA-JĀTAKA 305

Upon the reformation of a mischievous monkey.

300. VAKA-JĀTAKA 306

How a wolf kept a holy day service.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 10, *note*. The Garuḷa is often represented as a Winged Man in art. See Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, pl. xxvi. 1, xxviii. 1, &c. Examples are numerous; e.g. British Museum, 2nd N. Gallery, 'Brahmanism,' side case, sect. 5 (little bronzes); a large steatite image, ibid.; Berlin, Mus. f. Völkerkunde, Indian Section, Case 45, I. c. 448, praying Garuḷa from Siam, with wings and bird feet. Often the Garuḷa is a bird of peculiar shape. One or two of each are figured in *Grünwedel, Buddhistische Kunst in Indien*, pp. 47-50.

" 53. With this story compare *Tibetan Tales*, p. 348.

" 60, *note*, before 'on the Sanchi Tope' *insert* 'possibly.' (The archer is not shooting at the mango tree; and other things are present not referred to in the story. I took this reference at second hand, before I was able to see the plate myself.)

" 80, *note*, 216, *note*, *read:* Tibetan.

" 92, No. 198, *insert title:* Rādha-jātaka.

" 129, *note* 1, read: Tunisische.

" 158, *title*, *read:* Asitābhu *for* -ū-

" 207, *note*, *add:* Compare Tibetan Tales, p. 29, *Ādarśamukha*, and pref. p. xli.

" 220, *line* 6 *infra*, *for* Perfections *read* Faculties.

" 235, *title*, *read:* Kakkaṭa. for -ā-.

BOOK II. DUKANIPĀTA.

No. 151 [1].

RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "*Rough to the rough*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst he was living in Jetavana, to explain how a king was taught a lesson.

This will be set forth in the Tesakuṇa Birth [2].

It is said that one day the king of Kosala had just passed sentence in a very difficult case involving moral wrong [3]. After his meal, with hands not yet dry, he proceeded in his splendid chariot to visit the Master; and the king saluted him, his feet beautiful like the open lotus flower, and sat down aside.

Then the Master addressed him in these words. "Why, my lord king, what brings you here at this time of day?" "Sir," said he, "I missed my time because I was sitting on a difficult case, involving moral wrong; now I have finished it, and eaten, and here I am, with my hands hardly dry, to wait upon you." "My lord king," replied the Master, "to judge a cause with justice and impartiality is the right thing; that is the way to heaven. Now when you first have the advice of a being all-wise like me, it is no wonder if you should judge your case fairly and justly; but the wonder is when kings have only had the advice of scholars who are not all-wise, and yet have decided fairly and justly, avoiding the Four Ways of Wickedness, and observing the Ten Royal Virtues, and after ruling justly have gone to swell the hosts of

heaven." Then, at the king's request, he told a story of the olden time.

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[2] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by his Queen Consort; and the ceremonies proper to her state having been duly done [4], she was afterwards safely

delivered. On his name-day, the name they gave him was Prince Brahmadatta.

In course of time, he grew up, and at sixteen years went to Takkasilā [1] for his education; where he mastered all branches of learning, and on his father's death he became king in his stead, and ruled with uprightness and all rectitude, administering justice with no regard had to his own will or whim. And as he ruled thus justly, his ministers on their part were also just; thus, while all things were justly done, there was none who brought a false suit into court. Presently all the bustle of suitors ceased within the precincts of the palace; all day long the ministers might sit on the bench, and go away without seeing a single suitor. The courts were deserted.

Then the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "Because of my just government not one suitor comes to try issue in court; the old hubbub is quiet; the courts of law are deserted. Now I must search whether I have any fault in me; which if I find, I will eschew it, and live a good life hereafter." From that time he tried continually to find some one who would tell him of a fault; but of

all who were about him at court he could not find one such; nothing could he hear but good of himself. "Perhaps," thought he, "they are all so much afraid of me that they say no ill of me but only good," and so he went about to try those who were outside his walls. But with these it was just the same. Then he made inquisition of the citizens at large, and outside the city questioned those who belonged to the suburbs at the four city gates. Still there was none who had any fault to find; nothing but praises could he hear. Lastly, with intent to try the country side, he entrusted all government to his ministers, and mounted in his carriage, and taking only the driver with him, left the city in disguise. All the country he traversed, even to the frontier; [3] but not a faultfinder could he light upon; all he could hear was only his own praises. So back he turned from the marches, and set his face homewards again by the highroad.

Now it fortuned that at this very time Mallika, the king of Kosala, had done the very same thing. He too was a just king, and he had been searching for his faults; but amongst those about him there was none who had any fault to find; and hearing nothing but praise, he had been making enquiry throughout all the country, and had but then arrived at that same spot.

These two met, in a place where the .carriage-road was deeply sunk between two banks, and there was no room for one carriage to pass another.

Get your carriage out of the way!" said king Mallika's driver to the driver of the king of Benares.

"No, no, driver," said he, "out of the way with yours! Know that in this carriage sits the great monarch Brahmadatta, lord of the kingdom of Benares!"

"Not so, driver!" replied the other, "in this carriage sits the great king Mallika, lord of the realm of Kosala! It is for you to make way, and to give place to the carriage of our king!"

"Why, here's a king too," thought the driver of the king of Benares. "What in the world is to be done?" Then a thought struck him; he would enquire what should be the age of the two kings, so that the younger should give way to the elder. And he made enquiry of the other driver how old his king was; but he learnt that both were of the same age. Thereupon he asked the extent of this king's power, wealth, and glory, and all points touching his caste and clan and his family; discovering that both of them had a country three hundred leagues long, and that they were alike in power, wealth, glory, and the nature of their family and lineage. Then he bethought him that place might be given to the better man; so he requested that the other driver should describe his master's virtues. The man replied by the first verse of poetry following, in which he set forth his monarch's faults as though they were so many virtues:--

"Rough to the rough, king Mallika the mild with mildness sways,
Masters the good by goodness, and the bad with badness pays.
Give place, give place, O driver! such are this monarch's ways!"

[4] "Oh," said the man of the king of Benares, "is that all you have to say about your king's virtues?" "Yes," said the other.--"If these are his virtues, what must his vices be?" "Vices be it, then," quoth he, "if you will; but let us hear what your king's virtues

may be like!" "Listen then," rejoined the first, and repeated the second verse:--

"He conquers wrath by mildness, the bad with goodness sways,
By gifts the miser vanquishes and lies with truth repays.
Give place, give place, O driver! such are this monarch's ways [1]!"

At these words both king Mallika and his driver descended from their carriage, and loosed the horses, and moved it out of the way, to give place to the king of Benares. Then the king of Benares gave good admonition to king Mallika, saying, "Thus and thus [5] must you do;" after which he returned to Benares, and there gave alms and did good all his life, till at the last the went to swell the hosts of heaven. And king Mallika took the lesson to heart; and after traversing the length and breadth of the

land, and lighting upon none who had any fault to find, returned to his own city; where he gave alms all his life and did good, till at the end he too went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, which he began for the purpose of giving a lesson to the king of Kosala, he identified the Birth: "Moggallāna was then the driver of king Mallika, Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was the driver of the king of Benares, but I myself was the king."

Footnotes

1:1 Fausbøll, *Ten J.*, pp. 1 and 57; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. xxii. A similar contest of two minstrels occurs in the *Kalevala* (Crawford's translation, i. p. 30). The young drives fiercely into the old, who says--'Thou shouldst give me all the highway, for I am the older.' 'What matters that?' says the other; 'let the least wise give place.' There they stand and each sings his legends by way of deciding the matter.

1:2 No. 521.

1:3 Reading, with Childers (Diet. p. 613), *agatigataṁ*.

1:4 Lit. "protection to the embryo;" doubtless some magical rite.

2:1 The great University town of India; it was in the Punjab (Τάξιλα).

3:1 *Dhammapada*, verse 223.

No. 152.

SIGĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who rashly undertakes*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying in his gabled chamber, about a barber who lived at Vesāli.

This man, as we are told, used to do shaving and hairdressing and cross-plaiting for the royal household, kings and queens, princes and princesses, indeed he did all of that kind that had to be done. He was a true believer, sheltered in the Three Refuges [1], resolved to keep the Five Precepts; and from time to time he would listen to the Master's discoursing.

One day he set out to do his work in the palace, taking his son with him. The young fellow, seeing a Licchavi girl drest up fine and grand, like a nymph, fell in love for desire of her. He said to his father, as they left the palace in company, "There is a girl--if I get her, I shall live; but if I don't, there's nothing but death for me." He would not touch a morsel of food, but lay down hugging the bedstead. His father found him and said, "Why, son, don't set your mind on forbidden fruit. You are a nobody--a barber's son; this Licchavi girl is a highborn lady. You're no match for her. I'll find you somebody else; a girl of your own place and station." But the lad would not listen to him. Then came mother, brother, and sister, aunt and uncle, all his kinsfolk, and all his friends and companions, trying to pacify him; but pacify him they could not. So he pined and pined away, and lay there until he died.

Then the father performed his obsequies, and did what is usual to do for the spirits of the dead. [6] By and by, when the first

edge of grief had worn off, he thought he would wait upon the Master. Taking a large present of flowers, scents, and perfumes, he repaired to Mahāvana, and did reverence to the Master, saluted him, and sat down on one side. "Why have you kept out of sight all this time, layman?" the Master asked. Then the man told him what had happened. Said the Master, "Ah, layman, ’tis not the first time he has perished by setting his heart on what he must not have; this is only what he has done before." Then at the layman's request, he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young Lion in the region of Himalaya. Of the same family there were some younger brothers, and one sister; and all of them lived in a Golden Cave.

Now hard by this cave was a Cave of Crystal on a silver hill, where a Jackal lived. By and by the Lions lost their parents by the stroke of death. Then they used to leave the Lioness, their sister, behind in the cave, while they ranged for food; which when they obtained, they would bring it back for her to eat.

Now the Jackal had caught sight of this Lioness, and fell in love with her; but while the old Lion and Lioness lived, he could win no access. Now, when the seven brothers went to seek food, out he came from his Crystal Cave, and made all haste to the Golden Cave; where, taking his stand before the young Lioness, he addressed her slily with these seductive and tempting words:

"O Lioness, I am a fourfoot creature, and so are you. Therefore do you be my mate, and I will be your husband! We will live together in friendship and amity, and you shall love me always!"

Now on hearing this the Lioness thought to herself, "This Jackal here is mean amongst beasts, vile, and like a man of low caste: but I am esteemed to be one of royal issue. That he to me should so speak is unseemly and evil. How can I live after hearing such things said? I will hold my breath until I shall die."--Then, bethinking her awhile, "Nay," quoth she, "to die so would not be comely. My brothers will soon be home again; I will [7] tell them first, and then I will put an end to myself."

The Jackal, finding that no answer came, felt sure she cared nothing for him; so back he went to his Crystal Cave, and lay down in much misery.

Now one of the young Lions, having killed a buffalo, or an elephant, or what not, himself ate some of it, and brought back a share for his sister, which he gave her, inviting her to eat. "No, brother," says she, "not a bite will I eat; for I must die!" "Why must that be?" he asked. And she told him what had happened. "Where is this Jackal now?" he asked. She saw him lying in the Crystal Cave, and thinking he was up in the sky [1], she said, "Why, brother, cannot you see him there on Silver Mountain, lying up in the sky?" The young Lion, unaware that the Jackal lay in a Crystal Cave, and deeming that he was truly in the sky, made a spring, as lions do, to kill him, and struck against the crystal: which burst his heart asunder, and falling to the foot of the mountain, he perished straightway.

Then came in another, to whom the Lioness told the same tale. This Lion did even as the first, and fell dead by the mountain foot.

When six of the brother Lions had perished in this way, last of all entered the Bodhisatta. When she had told her story, he enquired where was the Jackal now? "There he is," said she, "up in the sky, above Silver Mountain!" The Bodhisatta thought--"Jackals lying in the sky? nonsense. I know what it is: he is lying in a Crystal Cave." So he repaired to the mountain's foot, and there he saw his six brothers lying dead. "I see how it is," thought he; "these were all foolish, and lacked the fulness of wisdom; not knowing that this is the Crystal Cave, they beat their hearts out against it, and were killed. This is what comes of acting in rashness without due reflection;" and he repeated the first stanza:--

"Who rashly undertakes an enterprise,
Not counting all the issue may arise,
    Like one who burns his mouth in eating food
Falls victim to the plans he did devise."

[8] After repeating these lines, the Lion continued: "My brothers wanted to kill this Jackal, but knew not how to lay their plans cleverly; so they leapt up too quickly at him, and so came by their death. This I will not do; but I will make the Jackal burst his own heart as he lies there in the Crystal Cave." So he espied out the path whereby the Jackal used to go up and down, and turning that way he roared thrice the lions roar, that earth and heaven together were all one great roaring! The Jackal lying in the Crystal Cave was frightened and astounded, so that his heart burst; and he perished on the spot incontinently.

The Master continued, "Thus did this Jackal perish on hearing the Lion roar." And becoming perfectly enlightened, he repeated the second stanza:--

On Daddara the Lion gave a roar,
  And made Mount Daddara resound again.
Hard by a Jackal lived; he feared full sore
  To hear the sound, and burst his heart in twain.

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[9] Thus did our Lion do this Jackal to death. Then he laid his brothers together in one grave, and told the sister they were dead, and comforted her; and he lived the rest of his days in the Golden Cave, until he passed away to the place which his merits had earned for him.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he revealed the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, the layman was established in the Fruit of the First Path:--"The barber's son of to-day was then the Jackal; the Licchavi girl was the young Lioness; the six younger Lions are now six Elders; and I myself am the eldest Lion."

Footnotes

4:1 Buddha, the Law, and the Order of Brethren.

5:1 *i.e.* because of the transparency.

No. 153.

SŪKARA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*You are a fourfoot*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Elder well stricken in years.

Once, we are told, there happened to be a night service, and the Master had preached standing upon a slab of the jewelled staircase at the door of his scented cell. After delivering the discourse of the Blessed, he retired into his scented chamber; and the Captain of the Faith, saluting his Master, went back to his own cell again. Mahāmoggallāna too retired to his cell, and after a moment's rest returned to ask the Elder Sāriputta a question. As he asked and asked each question, the Captain of the Faith made it all clear, as though he were making the moon rise in the sky. There were present the four classes of disciples [2], who sat and heard it all. Then a thought came into the mind of one aged Elder. "Suppose," he thought, "I can puzzle Sāriputta before all this crowd, by asking him some question? They will all think, What a clever fellow! and I shall gain great credit and repute." So he rose up in the crowd, and stepping near to the Elder, stood on one side, and said, "Friend Sāriputta, I too have a question for you; will you let me speak? Give me a decision in discrimination or in undiscrimination, in refutation or in acceptation, in distinction or in counter-distinction [3]." The Elder looked at him. "This old man," thought he, "stands within the sphere of desire still; he is empty, and knows nothing." He said not a single word to him for very shame; laying his fan down, he rose from his seat, [10] and returned to his cell. And Elder Moggallāna likewise returned to his cell. The bystanders jumped up, crying, "Seize

this wicked old fellow, who wouldn't let us hear the sweet words of the sermon!" and they mobbed him. Off he ran, and fell through a hole in the corner of a cesspool just outside the monastery; when he got up he was all over filth. When the people saw him, they felt sorry for it, and want away to the Master. He asked, "Why have you come at this unseasonable hour, laymen?" They told him what had happened. "Laymen," said he, "this is not the only time this old man has been pulled up, and not knowing his own power, pitted himself against the strong, only to be covered all over with filth. Long, long ago he knew not his powers, pitted himself against the strong, and was covered with filth as he is covered now." Then, at their request, he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion who dwelt in a mountain cave in the Himalayas. Hard by were a multitude of Boars, living by a lakeside; and beside the same lake lived a company of anchorites in huts made of leaves and the branches of trees.

One day it so happened that the Lion had brought down a buffalo or elephant or some such game; and, after eating what he listed, he went down to drink at this lake. Just as he came out, a sturdy Boar happened to be feeding by the side of the water. "He'll make a meal for me some other day," thought the Lion. But fearing that if the Boar saw him, he might never come there again, the Lion as he came up out of the water slunk away to the side. This the Boar saw; and at once the thought came into his mind,--"This is because he has seen me, and is afraid! He dare

not come nigh me, and off he runs for fear! This day shall see a fight between me and a lion!" So he raised his head, and made challenge against the Lion in the first stanza:

"You are a fourfoot--so am I: thus, friend, we're both alike, you see;
Turn, Lion, turn; are you afraid? Why do you run away from me?"

[11] The Lion gave ear. "Friend Boar," he said, "to-day there will be no fight between you and me. But this day week let us fight it out in this very spot." And with these words, he departed.

The Boar was highly delighted in thinking how he was to fight a lion; and he told all his kith and kin about it. But the tale only terrified them. "You will be the bane of us all," they said, "and yourself to boot. You know not what you can do, or you would not be so eager to do battle with a lion. When the Lion comes, he'll be the death of you and all of us as well; do not be so violent! "These words made the Boar fear on his part. "What am I to do, then?" he asked. Then the other roars advised him to roll about in the anchorites' dunghill for the next seven days, and let the muck dry on his body; then on the seventh day he should moisten himself with dewdrops, and be first at the trysting place; the must find how the wind should lie, and get to the windward; and the Lion, being a cleanly creature, would spare his life when he had a whiff of him.

So accordingly he did; and on the day appointed, there he was. No sooner had the Lion scented him, and smelt the filth, says he, "Friend Boar, a pretty trick this! Were you not all besmeared with filth, I should have had your life this very day. But as it is, bite you I cannot, nor so much as touch you with my foot. Therefore I spare your life." And then he repeated the second stanza:--

"O dirty Boar, your hide is foul, the stench is horrible to me;

If you would fight I yield me quite, and own you have the victory."

p. 9

Then the Lion turned away, and procured his day's food; and anon, after a drink at the lake, he went back again to his cave on the mountain. And the Boar told his kindred how he had beaten the Lion! [12] But they were terrified for fear the Lion should come again another day and be the death of them all. So they ran away and betook them to some other place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The Boar of those days is now the ancient Elder, and I myself was the Lion."

Footnotes

7:1 Fausbøll, *Ten Jātakas*, pp. 12, 63, 94 (he compares Nos. 278 and 484); R. Morris in *Contemp. Rev.* 1881, vol. 39, p. 737.

7:2 Monks, nuns, laymen and lay sisters.

7:3 These words appear to be nonsense.

No. 154.

URAGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Concealed within a stone*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a soldiers' quarrel.

Tradition tells how two soldiers, in the service of the king of Kosala, of high rank, and great persons at court, no sooner caught sight of one another than they used to fall at ill words. Neither king, nor friends, nor kinsfolk could make them agree.

It happened one day that early in the morning the Master, looking around to see which of his friends were ripe for Release, perceived that these two were ready to enter upon the First Path. Next day he went all alone seeking alms in Sāvatthi, and stopt before the door of one of them, who came out and took the Master's bowl; then led him within, and offered him a seat. The Master sat, and then enlarged on the profit of cultivating Lovingkindness. When he saw the man's mind was ready, he declared the Truths. This done, the other was established in the Fruit of the First Path. Seeing this, the Master persuaded him to take the Bowl; then rising he proceeded to the house of the other. Out came the other, and after salutation given, begged the Master to enter, and gave him a seat. He also took the Master's bowl, and entered along with him. To him the Master lauded the Eleven Blessings of Lovingkindness; and perceiving that his heart was ready, declared the Truths. And this done, he too became established in the Fruit of the First Path.

Thus they were both converted; they confessed their faults one to the other, and asked forgiveness; peaceful and. harmonious,

they were at one together. That very same day they ate together in the presence of the Blessed One.

His meal over, the Master returned to the monastery. They both returned with him, bearing a rich present of flowers, scents and perfumes, of ghee, honey, and sugar. The Master, having preached of duty [13] before the Brotherhood, and uttered a Buddha's admonition, retired to his scented chamber.

Next morning, the Brethren talked the matter over in the Hall of Truth. "Friend," one would say to another, "our Master subdues the unsubdued.

Why, here are these two grand persons, who have been quarrelling all this time, and could not be reconciled by the king himself, or friends and kinsfolk: and the Master has humbled them in a single day!" The Master came in, "What are you talking about," asked he, "as you sit here together?" They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have reconciled these two; in bygone ages I reconciled the same two persons." And he told a story of the olden time.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a great multitude gathered together in Benares to keep festival. Crowds of men and of gods, of serpents, and garuḷas [1], came together to see the meeting.

It so happened that in one spot a Serpent and a Garuḷa were watching the goings-on together. The Serpent, not noticing that

this was a Garuḷa beside him, laid a hand on his shoulder. And when the Garuḷa turned and looked round to see whose hand had been laid upon his shoulder, he saw the Serpent. The Serpent looked too, and saw that this was a Garuḷa; and frightened to death, he flew off over the surface of a river. The Garuḷa gave chase, to catch him.

Now the Bodhisatta was a recluse, and lived in a leaf-hut on the river bank. At that time he was trying to keep off the sun's heat by putting on a wet cloth and doffing his garment of bark; and he was bathing in the river. "I will make this recluse," thought the Serpent, "the means of saving my life." Putting off his own proper shape, and assuming the form of a fine jewel, he fixed himself upon the bark garment. The Garuḷa in full pursuit saw where he had gone; but for very reverence he would not touch the garment; so he thus addressed the Bodhisatta:

"Sir, I am hungry. Look at your bark garment:--in it there is a serpent which I desire to eat." And to make the matter clear, he repeated the first stanza:

[14] "Concealed within a stone this wretched snake
Has taken harbourage for safety's sake.
    And yet, in reverence of your holiness,
Though I am hungry, yet I will not take."

Standing where he was in the water, the Bodhisatta said the second stanza in praise of the Garuḷa king:

"Live long, preserved by Brahma, though pursued,
And may you never lack for heavenly food.
Do not, in reverence of my holiness,
Do not devour him, though in hungry mood."

In these words the Bodhisatta expressed his approval, standing there in the water. Then he came out, and put on his bark garment, and took

both creatures with him to his hermitage; where he rehearsed the blessings of Lovingkindness until they were both at one. Thenceforward they lived together happily in peace and harmony.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth, saying, "In those days, the two great personages were the Serpent and the Garuḷa, and I myself was the recluse."

Footnotes

10:1 A mythical bird, which we see is able to assume human form. Morris (*J. P. T. S.*, 1893, p. 26) concludes that the *supaṇṇa*, here translated Garuḷa, was a "winged man."

No. 155.

GAGGA-JĀTAKA [1].

[15] "*Gagga, live an hundred years*," *etc*.--This story the Master told when he was staying in the monastery made by King Pasenadi in front of Jetavana; it was about a sneeze which he gave.

One day, we are told, as the Master sat discoursing with four persons round him, he sneezed. "Long life to the Blessed One, long life t' the Buddha!" the Brothers all cried aloud, and made a great to-do.

The noise interrupted the discourse. Then the Master said to the Brethren: "Why, Brothers, if one cry 'Long life!' on hearing a sneeze, does a man live or die any the more for that?" They answered, "No, no, Sir." He went on, "You should not cry 'Long life' for a sneeze, Brethren. Whosoever does so is guilty of sin."

It is said that at that time, when the Brethren sneezed, people used to call out, "Long life to you, Sir!" But the Brethren had their scruples, and made no answer. Everybody was annoyed, and asked, "Pray, why is it that the priests about Buddha the Sakya prince make no answer, when they sneeze, and somebody or other wishes them long life?"

All this was told to the Blessed One. He said: "Brethren, common folk are superstitious. When you sneeze, and they say, 'Long life to you, Sir!' I permit you to answer, 'The same to you'." Then the Brethren asked him--"Sir, when did people begin to answer 'Long

life' by 'The same to you'?" Said the Master, "That was long, long ago;" and he told them a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a brahmin's son of the kingdom of Kāsi; and his father was a lawyer by calling. When the lad was sixteen years old or so, his father gave a fine jewel into his charge, and they both

travelled through town after town, village after village, until they came to Benares. There the man had a meal cooked in the gatekeeper's house; and as he could find nowhere to put up, he asked where there was lodging to be had for wayfarers who came too late? The people told him that there was a building outside the city, but that it was haunted; but however he might lodge there if he liked. Says the lad to his father, "Have no fear of any goblin, father! I will subdue him, and bring him to your feet." [16] So he persuaded his father, and they went to the place together,

The father lay down upon a bench, and his son sat beside him, chafing his feet.

Now the Goblin that haunted the place had received it for twelve years' service of Vessavaṇa [1], on these terms: that if any man who entered it should sneeze, and when long life was wished him, should answer, "Long life to you!" or "The same to you!"--all except these the Goblin had a right to eat. The Goblin lived upon the central rafter of the hut [2].

He determined to make the father of the Bodhisatta sneeze. Accordingly, by his magic power he raised a cloud of fine dust, which entered the man's nostrils; and as he lay on the bench, he sneezed. The son did not cry "Long life!" and down came the Goblin from his perch, ready to devour his victim. But the Bodhisatta saw him descend, and then these thoughts passed through his mind. "Doubtless it is he who made my father sneeze. This must be a Goblin that eats all who do not say 'Long life to you'." And addressing his father, he repeated the first verse as follows:--

"Gagga, live an hundred years,--aye, and twenty more, I pray!
May no goblin eat you up; live an hundred years, I say!"

The Goblin thought, "This one I cannot eat, because he said 'Long life to you.' But I shall eat his father;" and he came close to the father. But the man divined the truth of the matter--"This must be a Goblin," thought he, "who eats all who do not reply, 'Long life to you, too!'" and so addressing his son, he repeated the second verse:--

"You too live an hundred years,--aye, and twenty more, I pray;
Poison be the goblins' food; live an hundred years, I say!"

[17] The Goblin hearing these words, turned away, thinking "Neither of these is for me to eat." But the Bodhisatta put a question to him: "Come, Goblin, how is .it you eat the people who enter this building?"

"I earned the right for twelve years' service of Vessavaṇa."

"What, are you allowed to eat everybody?"

"All except those who say 'The same to you' when another wishes them long life."

"Goblin," said the lad, "you have done some wickedness in former lives, which has caused you to be born now fierce, and cruel, and a bane to others. If you do the same kind of thing now, you will pass from darkness to darkness. Therefore from this time forth abstain from such things as taking life." With these words he humbled the Goblin, scared him with fear of hell, established him in the Five Precepts, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy.

Next day, when the people came and saw the Goblin, and learnt how that the Bodhisatta had subdued him, they went and told the king: "My lord, some man has subdued the Goblin, and made him as obedient as an errand-boy!" So the king sent for him, and raised him to be Commander-in-Chief; while he heaped honours upon the father. Having made the Goblin a tax-gatherer, and established him in the Bodhisatta's precepts, after giving alms and doing good he departed to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this story, which he told to explain when the custom first arose of answering 'Long life' by 'The same to you,' he identified the Birth: "In those days, Ānanda was the king, Kassapa the father, and I myself was the lad his son."

Footnotes

11:1 The introductory story is repeated in the Cullavagga, v. 33 (iii. 153 of Rhys Davids' translation of Vinaya Texts in the *S. B. E.*).

12:1 A monster with white skin, three legs, and eight teeth, guardian of jewels and the precious metals, and a kind of Indian Pluto.

12:2 See Eggeling, Çatap.-Brāhm. vol. 2, p. 3, *S. B. E.*, for the construction of the hut.

No. 156.

ALĪNACITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Prince Winheart once upon a time*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a fainthearted Brother. The circumstances will be set forth in the Saṁvara Birth in the eleventh Book [1]. When the Master asked this Brother if he really were fainthearted, as was said, he replied, [18] "Yes, Blessed One." To which the Master said, "What, Brother! in former days did you not gain supremacy over the kingdom of Benares, twelve leagues either way, and give it to a baby boy, like a lump of flesh and nothing more, and all this just by perseverance! And now that you have embraced this great salvation, are you to lose heart and faint?" And he told a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a village of carpenters not far from the city, in which five hundred carpenters lived. They would go up the river in a vessel, and enter the forest, where they would shape beams and planks for housebuilding, and put together the framework of one-storey or two-storey houses, numbering all the pieces from the mainpost onwards; these then they brought down to the river bank, and put them all aboard; then rowing down stream again, they would build houses to order as it was required of them; after which, when they received their wage, they went back again for more materials for the building, and in this way they made their livelihood.

Once it befel that in a place where they were at work in shaping timbers, a certain Elephant trod upon a splinter of acacia wood, which pierced his foot, and caused it to swell up and fester, and he was in great pain. In his agony, he caught the sound of these carpenters cutting wood. "There are some carpenters will cure me," thought he; and limping on three feet, he presented himself before them, and lay down close by. The carpenters, noticing his swollen foot, went up and looked; there was the splinter sticking in it. With a sharp tool they made incision about the splinter, and tying a string to it, pulled it right out. Then they lanced the gathering, and washed it with warm water, and doctored it properly; and in a very short time the wound was healed.

Grateful for this cure, the Elephant thought: "My life has been saved by the help of these carpenters; now I must make myself useful to them." So ever after that, [19] he used to pull up trees for them, or when they were chopping he would roll up the logs; or bring them their adzes and any tools they might want, holding everything in his trunk like grim death. And the carpenters, when it was time to feed him, used to bring him each a portion of food, so that he had five hundred portions in all.

Now this Elephant had a young one, white all over, a magnificent high-bred creature. The Elephant reflected that he was now old, and he had better bring his young one to serve the carpenters, and himself be left free to go. So without a word to the carpenters he went off into the wood, and brought his son to them, saying, "This young Elephant is a son of mine. You saved my life, and I give him to you as a fee for your leechcraft; from henceforward he shall work for you." So he explained to the young Elephant that it was his duty to do the work which he had

been used to do himself, and then went away into the forest, leaving him with the carpenters. So after that time the young Elephant did all their work, faithfully and obediently; and they fed him, as they had fed the other, with five hundred portions for a meal.

His work once done, the Elephant would go play about in the

river, and then return again. The carpenters' children used to pull him by the trunk, and play all sorts of pranks with him in water and out. Now noble creatures, be they elephants, horses, or men, never dung or stale in the water [1]. So this Elephant did nothing of the kind when he was in the water, but waited until he came out upon the bank.

One day, rain had fallen up river; and by the flood a half-dry cake of his dung was carried into the river. This floated down to the Benares landing place, where it stuck fast in a bush. Just then the king's elephant keepers had brought down five hundred elephants to give them a bath. But the creatures scented this soil of a noble animal, and not one would enter the water; up went their tails, and off they all ran. The keepers told this to the elephant trainers; who replied, "There must be something in the water, then." So orders were given to cleanse the water; [20] and there in the bushes this lump was seen. "That's what the matter is!" cried the men. So they brought a jar, and filled it with water; next powdering the stuff into it, they sprinkled the water over the elephants, whose bodies then became sweet. At once they went down into the river and bathed.

When the trainers made their report to the king, they advised him to secure the Elephant for his own use and profit

The king accordingly embarked upon a raft, and rowed up stream until he arrived at the place where the carpenters had settled. The young Elephant, hearing the sound of drums as he was playing in the water, came out and presented himself before the carpenters, who one and all came forth to do honour to the king's coming, and said to him, "Sire, if woodwork is wanted, what need to come here? Why not send and have it brought to you?"

"No, no, good friends," the king answered, "'tis not for wood that I come, but for this elephant here."

"He is yours, Sire!"--But the Elephant refused to budge.

"What do you want me to do, gossip Elephant?" asked the king.

"Order the carpenters to be paid for what they have spent on me, Sire."

"Willingly, friend." And the king ordered an hundred thousand pieces of money to be laid by his tail, and trunk, and by each of his four feet. But this was not enough for the Elephant; go he would not. So to each of the carpenters was given a pair of cloths, and to each of their wives robes to dress in, nor did he omit to give enough whereby his playmates the children should be brought up; then with a last look upon the carpenters, and the women, and the children, he departed in company with the king.

To his capital city the king brought him; and city and stable were decked out with all magnificence. He led the Elephant round the city in solemn procession, and thence into his stable, which was fitted up with splendour and pomp. There he solemnly sprinkled the Elephant, and appointed him for his own riding; like a comrade he treated him, and gave him the half of his kingdom, [21] taking as much care of him as he did of himself. After the coming of this Elephant, the king won supremacy over all India.

In course of time the Bodhisatta was conceived by the Queen Consort; and when her time was near come to be delivered, the king died. Now if the Elephant learnt news of the king's death, he was sure to break his heart; so he was waited upon as before, and not a word said. But the next neighbour, the king of Kosala, heard of the king's death. "Surely the land is at my mercy," thought he; and marched with a mighty host to the city, and beleaguered it. Straight the gates were closed, and a message was sent to the king of Kosala:--"Our Queen is near the time of her delivery; and the astrologers have declared that in seven days she shall bear a son. If she bears a son, we will not yield the kingdom, but on the seventh day we will give you battle. For so long we pray you wait!" And to this the king agreed.

In seven days the Queen bore a son. On his name-day they called him Prince Winheart, because, said they, he was born to win the hearts of the people.

On the very same day that he was born, the townsfolk began to do battle with the king of Kosala. But as they had no leader, little by little the army gave way, great though it was. The courtiers told this news to the Queen, adding, "Since our army loses ground in this way, we fear defeat. But the state Elephant, our

king's bosom friend, has never been told that the king is dead, and a son born to him, and that the king of Kosala is here to give us battle. Shall we tell him?"

"Yes, do so," said the Queen. So she dressed up her son, and laid him in a fine linen cloth; after which she with all the court came down from the palace and entered the Elephant's stable. There she laid the babe at the Elephant's feet, [22] saying, "Master, your comrade is dead, but we feared to tell it you lest you might break your heart. This is your comrade's son; the king of Kosala has run a leaguer about the city, and is making war upon your son; the army is losing ground; either kill your son yourself, or else win the kingdom back for him!"

At once the Elephant stroked the child with his trunk, and lifted him upon his own head; then making moan and lamentation he took hies down and laid him in his mother's arms, and with the words--"I will master the king of Kosala!" he went forth hastily.

Then the courtiers put his armour and caparison upon him, and

unlocked the city gate, and escorted him thither. The Elephant emerging trumpeted, and frightened all the host so that they ran away, and broke up the camp; then seizing the king of Kosala by his topknot, he carried him to the young prince, at whose feet he let him fall. Some rose to kill him, but them the Elephant stayed; and he let the captive king go with this advice: "Be careful for the future, and be not presumptuous by reason that our Prince is young."

After that, the power over all India fell into the Bodhisatta's own hand, and not a foe was able to rise up against him. The Bodhisatta was consecrated at the age of seven years, as King Winheart; just was his reign, and when he came to life's end he went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, having become perfectly enlightened, he repeated this couple of verses:--

"Prince Winheart took king Kosala ill pleased with all he had;
By capturing the greedy king, he made his people glad."

"So any brother, strong in will, who to the Refuge flies,
Who cherishes all good, and goes the way Nirvana lies,
By slow degrees will bring about destruction of all ties."

[23] And so the Master, bringing his teaching to a climax in the eternal Nirvana, went on to declare the Truths, and then identified the Birth: after the Truths, this backsliding Brother was established in sainthood:--"She who now is Mahāmāyā was then the mother; this backslider was the Elephant who took the kingdom and handed it over to the child; Sāriputta was the father Elephant, and I myself was the young Prince."

Footnotes

13:1 No. 462.

15:1 Compare Hesiod, Op. 753: μηδέ ποτ᾽ ἐν προχοῇ ποταμῶν ἄλαδε προρεόντων, μηδ᾽ ἐπὶ κρηνάων οὐρεῖν. Hdt. i. 138 (the Persians) ἐς ποταμὸν δὲ οὔτε ἐνουρέουσι.....

No. 157.

GUṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*The strong will always have their way*," *etc*.--This was told by the Master whilst at Jetavana how Elder Amanda received a present of a thousand robes. The Elder had been preaching to the ladies of the king of Kosala's palace as described above in the Mahāsāra Birth [1].

As he preached there in the manner described, [24] a thousand robes, worth each a thousand pieces of money, were brought to the king. Of these the king

gave five hundred to as many of his queens. The ladies put these aside and made them a present to our Elder, and then the next day in their old ones went to the palace where the king took breakfast. The king remarked, "I gave you dresses worth a thousand pieces each. Why are you not wearing them?" "My lord," said they, "we have given them to the Elder." "Has Elder Ānanda got them all?" he asked. They said, yes, he had. "The Supreme Buddha," said he, "allows only three robes. Ānanda is doing a little trade in cloth, I suppose!" He was angry with the Elder; and after breakfast, visited him in his cell, and after greeting, sat down, with these words:--

"Pray, Sir, do my ladies learn or listen to your preaching?"

"Yes, Sire; they learn what they ought, and what they ought to hear, they hear."

"Oh, indeed. Do they only listen, or do they make you presents of upper garments or under-garments?"

"To-day, Sire, they have given me five hundred robes worth a thousand pieces each."

"And you accepted them, Sir?"

"Yes, Sire, I did."

"Why, Sir, didn't the Master make some rule about three robes?"

"True, Sire, for every Brother three robes is the rule, speaking of what he uses for himself. But no one is forbidden to accept what is offered; and that is why I took them--to give them to Brothers whose robes are worn out."

"But when these Brothers get them from you, what do they do with their old ones?"

"Make them into a cloke."

"And what about the old cloke?"

"That they turn into a shirt."

"And the old shirt--?"

"That serves for a coverlet."

"The old coverlet?"--"Becomes a mat." [25] "The old mat?'--"A towel." "And what about the old towel?"

"Sire, it is not permitted to waste the gifts of the faithful; so they chop up the old towel into bits, and mix the bits with clay, which

they use for mortar in building their houses."

"A gift, Sir, ought not to be destroyed, not even a towel."

"Well, Sir king, we destroy no gifts, but all are used somehow."

This conversation pleased the king so much, that he sent for the other five hundred dresses which remained, and gave them to the Elder. Then, after receiving his thanks, he greeted the Elder in solemn state, and went his way.

The Elder gave the first five hundred robes to Brothers whose robes were worn out. But the number of his fellow priests was just five hundred. One of these, a young Brother, was very useful to the Elder; sweeping out his cell, serving him with food and drink, giving him toothbrush and water for cleansing his mouth, looking after the privies, living rooms, and sleeping rooms, and doing all that was needed for hand, foot, or back. To him, as his by right for all his great service, the Elder gave all the five hundred robes which he had received afterwards. The young Brother in his turn distributed them among his fellow-students. These all cut them up, dyed then yellow as a kaṇikāra [1] flower; then drest therein they waited upon the Master, greeted him, and sat down on one side. "Sir," they asked, "is it possible for a holy disciple who has entered on the First Path to be a respecter of persons in his gifts?" "No, Brothers, it is not possible for holy disciples to be respecters of persons in their gifts." "Sir, our spiritual Teacher, the Treasurer of the Faith, gave five hundred robes, each worth a thousand pieces, to a young Brother; and he has divided them amongst us." "Brothers, in giving these Ānanda was no respecter of persons. [26] That young fellow was a very useful servant; so he made the present to his own attendant for service' sake, for goodness'

sake, and by right, thinking that one good turn deserves another, and with a wish to do what gratitude demands. In former days, as now, wise men acted the told principle a story one good the olden deserves another." And then, at their request, he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion living in a cave on the hills. One day he came out from his lair and looked towards the mountain foot. Now all round the foot of that mountain stretched a great piece of water. Upon some ground that ease out of this was a quantity of soft green grass, growing on the thick mud, and over this mud ran rabbits and deer and such light creatures, eating of the grass. On that day, as usual, there was a deer eating grass upon it.

"I'll have that deer!" thought the Lion; and with a lion's leap he sprang from the hillside towards it. But the deer, frightened to death, scampered away belling. The Lion could not stop his onset; down on the mud he fell, and sank in, so that he could not get out; and there he remained seven days, his feet fixed like four posts, with not a morsel to eat.

Then a Jackal, hunting for food, chanced to see him; and set off running in high terror. But the Lion called out to him--"I say, Jackal, don't run--here am I, caught fast in the mud. Please save me!" Up came the Jackal. "I could pull you out," says he, "but I much fear that once out you might eat me." "Fear nothing, I

won't eat you," says the Lion. "On the contrary, I'll do you great service; only get me out somehow."

The Jackal, accepting this promise, worked away the mud around his four feet, and the holes wherein his four feet were fixed he dug further towards the water; [27] then the water ran in, and made the mud soft. Then he got underneath the Lion, saying--"Now, Sir, one great effort," making a loud noise and striking the Lion's belly with his head. The Lion strained every nerve, and scrambled out of the mud; he stood on dry land. After a moment's rest, he plunged in the lake, and washed and scoured the mud from him. Then he killed a buffalo, and with his fangs tore up its flesh, of which he proffered some to the Jackal, saying, "Eat, comrade!" and himself after the Jackal had done did eat too. After this, the Jackal took a piece in his mouth. "What's that for?" the Lion asked. "For your humble servant my mate, who awaits me at home." "All right," says the Lion, taking a bit for his own mate. "Come, comrade," says he again, "let us stay awhile on the mountain top, and then go to the lady's house." So there they went, and the Lion fed the she jackal; and after they were both satisfied, said he, "Now I am going

to take care of you." So he conducted them to the place where he dwelt, and settled them in a cave near to the entrance of his own.

Ever after that, he and the Jackal used to go a-hunting together, leaving their mates behind; all kinds of creatures they would kill, and eat to their hearts' content, and then bring back some for the two others.

And as time went on, the she-Jackal and the Lioness had each two cubs, and they all lived happily together.

One day, a sudden thought struck the Lioness. "My Lion seems very fond of the Jackal and his mate and young ones. What if there be something wrong between them! That must be the cause why he is so fond of them, I suppose. Well, I will plague her and frighten her, and get her away from this place."

So when the Lion and the Jackal were away on the hunt, she plagued and terrified the Jackal's mate, asking her why she stayed there, [28] why she did not run away? And her cubs frightened the young Jackals after the same fashion. The she-Jackal told her mate what had been said. "It is clear," said she, "that the Lion must have dropt a hint about us. We have been here a long time; and now he will be the death of us. Let us go back to the place where we lived before!

On hearing this, the Jackal approached the Lion, with these words. "Master, we have been here a long time. Those who stay too long outstay their welcome. While we are away, your Lioness scolds and terrifies nay mate, by asking why she stays, and telling her to begone; your young ones do the same to mine. If any one does not like a neighbour, he should just bid him go, and send him about his business; what is the use of all this plaguing?" So saying, he repeated the first stanza:--

"The strong will always have their way; it is their nature so to do;
Your mate roars loud; and now I say I fear what once I trusted to."

[29] The Lion listened; then turning to his Lioness, "Wife," said he, "you remember how once I was out hunting for a week, and then brought back this Jackal and his mate with me?" "Yes, I

remember." "Well, do you know why I stayed away all that week?" "No, Sir." "My wife, in trying to catch a deer, I made a mistake, and stuck fast in the mud; there I stayed--for I could not get out--a whole week without food. My life was saved by this Jackal. This my friend saved my life! A friend in need is a friend indeed, be he great or small. Never again must you put a slight upon my comrade, or his wife, or his family." And then the Lion repeated the second stanza:--

"A friend who plays a friendly part, however small and weak he be,
He is my kinsman and my flesh and blood, a friend and comrade he;
Despise him not, my sharp-fanged mate! this 'Jackal saved nay life for me,"

p. 21

The Lioness, when she heard this tale, made her peace with the Jackal's mate, and ever after lived at amity with her and her young ones. And the young of the two pairs played together in their early days, and when the parents died, [30] they did not break the bond of friendship, but lived happily together as the old ones had lived before them. Indeed, the friendship remained unbroken through seven generations.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--(at the end of the Truths some entered on the First path, some on the Second, some on the Third, and some the Fourth:)--"Ānanda was the Jackal in those days, and the Lion was I myself."

Footnotes

17:1 No. 92. Compare *Cullavagga*, xi. 1. 13 ff. (trans. in *S. B. E.*, iii. p. 382).

18:1 Pterospermum acerifolium.

No. 158.

SUHANU-JĀTAKA.

"*Birds of a feather*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about two hot-tempered Brothers.

It happened that there were two Brothers, passionate, cruel, and violent, one living at Jetavana and one in the country. Once the country Brother came to Jetavana on some errand or other. The novices and young Brothers knew the passionate nature of this man, so they led him to the cell of the other, all agog to see them quarrel. No sooner did they spy one another, those two hot-tempered men, than they ran into each other's arms, stroking and caressing hands, and feet, and back!

The Brothers talked about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, these passionate Brothers are cross, cruel, angry to every body else, but with each other they are the best of friends, cordial and sympathetic!" The Master came in, asking what they sat there talking about? They told him. Said he, "This, Brothers, is not the only time that these men, who are cross, cruel, and angry to all else, have shown themselves cordial, and friendly, and sympathetic to each other. It happened just so in olden days"; and so saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was his do-all, a courtier who advised him on things temporal and things spiritual. Now this king was of a somewhat

covetous nature; [31] and he had a brute of a horse, named Mahāsoṇa, or Big Chestnut.

p. 22

Some horse-dealers from the north country brought down five hundred horses; and word was sent to the king that these horses had arrived. Now heretofore the Bodhisatta had always asked the dealers to fix their own price, and then paid it in full. But now the king, being displeased with him, summoned another of his court, to whom he said,

"Friend, make the men name their price; then let loose Big Chestnut so that he goes amongst them; make him bite them, and when they are weak and wounded get the men to reduce their price."

"Certainly," said the man; and so he did.

The dealers in great dudgeon told the Bodhisatta what this horse had done.

"Have you not such another brute in your own city?" asked the Bodhisatta. Yes, they said, there was one named Suhanu, Strongjaw, and a fierce and savage brute he was. "Bring him with you the next time you come," the Bodhisatta said; and this they promised to do.

So the next time they came this brute came with them. The king, on hearing how the horse-dealers had arrived, opened his window to look at the horses, and caused Chestnut to be let loose. Then as the dealers saw Chestnut coming, they let

Strongjaw loose. No sooner had the two met, than they stood still licking each other all over!

The king asked the Bodhisatta how it was. "Friend," said he, "when these two rogue horses come across others, they are fierce, wild, and savage, they bite them, and make them ill. But with each other--there they stand, licking one another all over the body! What's the reason of this?" "The reason is," said the Bodhisatta, "that they are not dissimilar, but like in nature and character." And he repeated this couple of verses:

"Birds of a feather flock together: Chestnut and Strongjaw both agree:
In scope and aim both are the same--there is no difference I can see."

[32] "Both savage are, and vicious both; both always bite their tether;
So sin with sin, and vice with vice, must e'en agree together."

Then the Bodhisatta went on to warn the king against excessive covetise, and the spoiling of other men's goods; and fixing the value, he made him pay the proper price. The dealers received the due value, and went away well satisfied; and the king, abiding by the Bodhisatta's admonition, at last passed away to fare according to his deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The bad Brothers were then these two horses, Ānanda was the king, and I was the wise counsellor."

No. 159.

MORA-JĀTAKA.

[33] "*There he rises, king all-seeing*," *etc*. This story the Master told at Jetavana about a backsliding Brother. This Brother was led by some others before the Master, who asked, "Is it true, Brother, as I hear, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir." "What have you seen that should make you do so?" "A woman drest up in magnificent attire." Then said the Master, "What wonder that womankind should trouble the wits of a man like you! Even wise men, who for seven hundred years have done no sin, on hearing a woman's voice have transgressed in a moment; even the holy become impure; even they who have attained the highest honour have thus come to disgrace--how much more the unholy!" and he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as a Peacock. The egg which contained him had a shell as yellow as a kaṇikāra bud; and when he broke the shell, he became a Golden Peacock, fair and lovely, with beautiful red lines under his wings. To preserve his life, he traversed three ranges of hills, and in the fourth he settled, on a plateau of a golden hill in Daṇḍaka. When day dawned, as he sat upon the hill, watching the sun rise, he composed a Brahma spell to preserve himself safe in his own feeding-ground, the charm beginning "There he rises":--

"There he rises, king all-seeing,
Making all things bright with his golden light.
Thee I worship, glorious being,
Making all things bright with thy golden light,
Keep me safe, I pray,
Through the coming day."

[34] Worshipping the sun on this wise by the verse here recited, he repeats another in worship of the Buddhas who have passed away, and all their virtues:

"All saints, the righteous, wise in holy lore,
These do I honour, and their aid implore:
All honour to the wise, to wisdom honour be,
To freedom, and to all that freedom has made free."

Uttering this charm to keep himself from harm, the Peacock went a-feeding [1].

[35] So after flying about all day, he came back at even and sat or the he hilltop to see the sun go down; then as he meditated, he uttered another spell to preserve himself and keep off evil, the one beginning "There he sets":--

"There he sets, the king all-seeing,
He that makes all bright with his golden light.
Thee I worship, glorious being,
Making all things bright with thy golden light.
Through the night, as through the day,
Keep me safe, I pray.

"All saints, the righteous, wise in holy lore,
These do I honour and their aid implore:
All honour to the wise, to wisdom honour be,
To freedom, and to all that freedom has made free."

Uttering this charm to keep himself from harm, the Peacock fell a-sleeping [1].

[36] Now there was a savage who lived in a certain village of wild huntsmen, near Benares. Wandering about among the Himalaya hills he noticed the Bodhisatta perched upon the golden hill of Daṇḍaka, and told it to his son.

It so befel that on a day one of the wives of the king of Benares, Khemā by name, saw in a dream a golden peacock holding a religious discourse. This she told to the king, saying that she longed to hear the discourse of the golden peacock. The king asked his courtiers about it; and the courtiers said, "The Brahmins will be sure to know." The Brahmins said: "Yes, there are golden peacocks." When asked, where? they replied, "The hunters will be sure to know." The king called the hunters together and asked them. Then this hunter answered, "O lord king, there is a golden hill in Daṇḍaka; and there a golden peacock lives." "Then bring it here--kill it not, but just take it alive."

The hunter set snares in the peacock's feeding-ground. But even when the peacock stepped upon it, the snare would not close. This the hunter tried for seven years, but catch him he could not; and there he died. And Queen Khemā too died without obtaining her wish.

The king was wroth because his Queen had died for the sake of a peacock. He caused an inscription to be made upon a golden plate to this effect: "Among the Himalaya mountains is a golden hill in Daṇḍaka. There lives a golden peacock; and whoso eats of its flesh becomes ever young and immortal." This he enclosed in a casket.

After his death, the next king read this inscription: and thought he, "I will become ever young and immortal;" so he sent another

hunter. Like the first, this hunter failed to capture the peacock, and died in the quest. In the same way the kingdom was ruled by six successive kings.

Then a seventh arose, who also sent forth a hunter. The hunter observed that when the Golden Peacock came into the snare, it did not shut to, [37] and also that he recited a charm before setting out in search of food. Off he went to the marches, and caught a peahen, which he trained to dance when he clapped his hands, and at snap of finger to utter her cry. Then, taking her along with him, he set the snare, fixing its uprights in the ground, early in the morning, before the peacock had recited his charm. Then he made the peahen utter a cry. This unwonted sound--the female's note--woke desire in the peacock's breast; leaving his charm unsaid, he came towards her; and was caught in the net. Then the hunter took hold of him and conveyed him to the king of Benares.

The king was delighted at the peacock's beauty; and ordered a seat to be placed for him. Sitting on the proffered seat, the Bodhisatta asked, "Why did you have me caught, O king?"

"Because they say all that eat of you become immortal and have eternal youth. So I wish to gain youth eternal and immortality by eating of you," said the king.

"So be it--granted that all who eat of me become immortal and have eternal youth. But that means that I must die!"

"Of course it does," said the king.

"Well--and if I die, how can my flesh give immortality to those that eat of it?

"Your colour is golden; therefore (so it is said) those who eat your flesh become young and live so for ever [1]."

"Sir," replied the bird, "there is a very good reason for my golden colour. Long ago, I held imperial sway over the whole world, reigning in this very city; I kept the Five Commandments, and made all people of the world keep the same. For that I was born again after death in the World of the Thirty-Three Archangels; there I lived out my life, but in my next birth I became a peacock in consequence of some sin; however, golden I became because I had aforetime kept the Commandments."

"What? Incredible! You an imperial ruler, who kept the Commandments! born gold-coloured as the fruit of them! A proof, prithee!"

[38] "I have one, Sire."

"What is it?"

"Well, Sire, when I was monarch, I used to pass through mid-air seated in a jewelled car, which now lies buried in the earth beneath the waters of the royal lake. Dig it up from beneath the lake, and that shall be my proof."

The king approved the plan; he caused the lake to be drained, and dug out the chariot, and believed the Bodhisatta. Then the Bodhisatta addressed him thus:

"Sire, except Nirvana, which is everlasting, all things else, being composite in their nature, are unsubstantial, transient, and subject to living and death." Discoursing on this theme he established the king in keeping of the Commandments. Peace filled the king's heart; he bestowed his kingdom upon the Bodhisatta, and showed him the highest respect. The Bodhisatta returned the gift; and after a few days' sojourn, he rose up in the air, and flew back to the golden hill of Daṇḍaka, with a parting word of advice--"O king, be careful!" And the king on his part clave to the Bodhisatta's advice; and after giving alms and doing good, passed away to fare according to his deeds.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--now after the Truths the backsliding Brother became a Saint:--"Ānanda was the king of those days, and I myself was the Golden Peacock."

Footnotes

23:1 This line of the text is metrical in the Pāli.

24:1 This line of the text is metrical in the Pali.

25:1 Perhaps because they are supposed to live as long as gold lasts. On the same principle, pieces of jade are placed in the coffin of the Chinese, to preserve the soul of the dead. Groot, in a work on Chinese religions, quotes a Chinese writer of the 4th century, who says: "He who swallows gold will exist as long as gold; he who swallows jade will exist as long as jade;" and recommends it for the living (cp. Groot, *Religious Systems of China*, i. pp. 271, 273).

No. 160.

VINĪLAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*As yonder king goes galloping*," *etc*.--This story the Master told during a sojourn in Veḷuvana, how Devadatta imitated the Buddha.

The two chief Disciples [1] went to visit Gayāsīsa [2], where Devadatta imitated the Buddha, and fell; the Elders then both returned, after delivering a discourse, taking with them their own pupils. On arriving at Veḷuvana, the Master asked them what Devadatta had done when he saw them? [39] "Sir," they said, "he

imitated the Buddha, and was utterly destroyed." The Master answered, "It is not only now, Sāriputta, that Devadatta came to dire destruction by mimicking me; it was just the same before." Then at the Elder's request, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Videha was reigning at Mithilā in the realm of Videha, the Bodhisatta became a son of his Queen Consort. He grew up in due course, and was educated at Takkasilā; and on his father's decease he inherited his kingdom.

At that time a certain king of the Golden Geese paired with a Crow at the feeding-grounds, and to them was born a son. He was like neither mother nor father. All dingy blue-black he was, and accordingly they gave him Dingy to his name. The Goose-king often visited his offspring; and he had besides two other

sons, geese like himself. These remarked that he often used to go to the regions where mankind do frequent, and asked him what should be the reason. "My sons," said he, "I have a mate there, a Crow, and she has given me a son, whose name is Dingy. He it is I go to visit." "Where do they live?" they asked. "On a palm-top near Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha," describing the spot. "Father," said they, "where men are, there is fear and peril. You ought not to go there; let us go and fetch him to you."

So they took a stick, and perched Dingy upon it; then catching the ends in their beaks, they flew over the city of Mithilā.

At that moment King Videha chanced to be sitting in a magnificent carriage drawn by a team of four milk-white thoroughbreds, as he made a triumphal circuit of the city. Dingy saw him, and thought he--"What is the difference between King Videha and me? He is riding in state around his capital in a chariot drawn by four white horses; and I am carried in a vehicle drawn by a pair of Geese." So as he passed through the air he repeated the first stanza:

[40] "As yonder king goes galloping with his milk-white four-in-hand,
Dingy has these, his pair of Geese, to bear him over the land!"

These words made the Geese angry. Their first thought was "Let us drop him here, and leave him!" But then again they bethought them--"What will our father say!" So for fear of rebuke, they brought the creature to their father, and recounted all that he had done. The father grew angry when he heard it: "What!" said he, "are you my sons' superior, that you make yourself master over them, and treat them like horses in a carriage? You don't know your measure. This is no place for you;

get you back to your mother!" And with this censure he repeated the second stanza:

"Dingy, my dear, there's danger here; this is no place for you;
By village gates your mother waits--there you must hasten too."

With this censure, he bade his sons convey the bird to the dunghill outside the city of Mithilā; and so they did.

This lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Devadatta in those days was Dingy, the two Elders were the two young Geese, Ānanda was the father Goose, and I was king Videha myself."

Footnotes

26:1 Sāriputta and Moggallāna. See *Cullavagga*, vii. 4 (trans. in *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 256 ff.).

26:2 A mountain near Gayā in Behar. It is now called Brahmayoni (see Rājendralāla Mitra, *Buddha Gayā*, p. 23).

No. 161.

INDASAMĀNAGOTTA-JĀTAKA.

[41] "*Friendship with evil*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a headstrong person; and the circumstances will be found in the Vulture Birth [1], of the Ninth Book. The Master said to this Brother--"In olden days, as now, you were trampled to death by a mad elephant because you were so headstrong and careless of wise men's advice." And he told the old story.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a brahmin family. On growing up he left his worldly home and took to the religious life, and in time became the leader of a company of five hundred anchorites, who all lived together in the region of Himalaya.

Amongst these anchorites was a headstrong and unteachable person named Indasamānagotta. He had a pet elephant. The Bodhisatta sent for him when he found this out, and asked if he really did keep a young elephant? Yes, the man said, he had an elephant which had lost its dam. "Well," the Bodhisatta said, "when elephants grow up they kill even those who foster them; so you had better not keep it any longer." "But I can't live without him, my Teacher!" was the reply. "Oh, well," said the Bodhisatta, "you'll live to repent it."

Howbeit he still reared the creature, and by and bye it grew to an immense size.

It happened once that the anchorites had all gone far afield to gather roots and fruits in the forest, and they were absent for several days. At the first breath of the south wind this elephant fell in a frenzy.

"Destruction to this hut!" thought he, "I'll smash the water-jar! I'll overturn the stone bench! I'll tear up the pallet! I'll kill the hermit, and then off I'll go!" So he sped into the jungle, and waited watching for their return.

The master came first, [42] laden with food for his pet. As soon as he saw him, he hastened up, thinking all was well [1]. Out rushed the elephant from the thicket, and seizing him in his trunk, dashed him to the ground, then with a blow on the head crushed the life out of him; and madly trumpeting, he scampered into the forest.

The other anchorites brought this news to the Bodhisatta. Said he, "We should have no dealings with the bad;" and then he repeated these two verses:--

"Friendship with evil let the good eschew,
The good, who know what duty bids them do:
    They will work mischief, be it soon or late,
Even as the elephant his master slew."

"But if a kindred spirit thou shalt see,
In virtue, wisdom, learning like to thee,
    Choose such an one to be thy own true friend;
Good friends and blessing go in company."

[43] In this way the Bodhisatta showed his band of anchorites that it is well to be docile and not obstinate. Then he performed Indasamānagotta's obsequies, and cultivating the Excellences, came at last into Brahma's heaven.

After concluding this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "This unruly fellow was then Indasamānagotta, and I was myself the teacher of the anchorite band."

Footnotes

28:1 Gijjha-jātaka, No. 427.

29:1 Or, "with his usual greeting, or signal."

No. 162.

SANTHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Nothing is worse*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana,. about feeding the sacred fire. The circumstances are the same as those of the Naṅguṭṭha Birth related above [2]. The Brethren, on seeing those who kept up this fire, said to the Blessed One, "Sir, here are topknot ascetics practising all sorts of false asceticism. What's the good of it?" "There is no

good in it," said the Master. "It has happened before that even wise men have imagined some good in feeding the sacred fire, but after doing this for a long time, have found out that there is no good in it, and have quenched it with water, and beat it down, beat it down with sticks, never giving it so much as a look afterwards." Then he told them a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he was about sixteen years old, his father and mother took his birth-fire [1] and spoke to him thus: "Son, will you take your birth-fire into the woods, and worship the fire there; or will you learn the Three Vedas, settle down as a married man, and live in the world?" Said he, "No worldly life for me: I will worship my fire in the woodland, and go on the way to heaven." So taking his birth-fire, he bade farewell to his parents, and entered the forest, where he

lived in a hut made of branches and leaves and did worship to the fire.

One day he had been invited to some place where he received a present of rice and ghee. "This rice," thought he, "I will offer to Great Brahma." [44] So he took home the rice, and made the fire blaze. Then with the words, "With this rice I feed the sacred flame," he cast it upon the fire. Scarce had this rice dropt upon it, all full of fat as it was--when a fierce flame leapt up which set his hermitage alight. Then the brahmin hurried away in terror, and sat down some distance off "There should be no dealings with the wicked," said he; "and so this fire has burnt the hut which I made with so much trouble!" And he repeated the first stanza:--

"Nothing is worse than evil company;
I fed my fire with plenteous rice and ghee;
    And lo! the hut which gave me such ado
To build it up, my fire has burnt for me."

"I've done with you now, false friend!" he added; and he poured water upon the fire, and beat it out with sticks, and then buried himself in the mountains. There he came. upon a black hind licking the faces of a lion, a tiger, and a panther. This put it into his mind how there was nothing better than good friends; and therewith he repeated the second stanza:

"Nothing is better than good company;
Kind offices of friendship here I see;
    [45] Behold the lion, tiger, and the pard--
The black hind licks the faces of all three."

With these reflections the Bodhisatta plunged into the depths of the mountains, and there he embraced the true religious life, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments, until at his life's end he passed into Brahma's heaven.

After delivering this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "In those days I was the ascetic of the story."

Footnotes

29:2 No. 144.

30:1 Cp. vol. i. no. 61, and 144, *init*.; a sacred fire was also kindled at a wedding, to be used for sacrifice and constantly kept up (Manu, 3. 67). So too now, the Agni-hotṛi in Kumaon begins fire-worship from the date of his marriage. The sacred fire of the marriage altar is carried in a copper vessel to his fire-pit. It is always kept alight, and from it must be kindled his funeral pyre (*North Indian Notes and Queries*, iii. 284).

No. 163.

SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Five score black elephants*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about arbitrary giving of alms.

We hear that at Sāvatthi, a family used sometimes to give alms to the Buddha and his friends, sometimes they used to give to the heretics, or else the givers would form themselves into companies, or again the people of one street would club together, or the whole of the inhabitants would collect voluntary offerings, and present them.

On this occasion all the inhabitants had made such a collection of all necessaries; but counsels were divided, some demanding that this be given to the heretics, some speaking for those who followed the Buddha. Each party stuck to their point, the disciples of the heretics voting for the heretics, and the disciples of Buddha for Buddha's company. Then it was proposed to divide upon the question, and accordingly they divided; those who were for the Buddha were in the majority.

So their plan was followed, and the disciples of the heretics could not prevent the gifts being offered to the Buddha and his followers.

The citizens gave invitation to the Buddha's company; for seven days they set rich offerings before them, and on the seventh gave over all the articles they had collected. The Master returned thanks, [46] after which he instructed a host of people in the fruition of the Paths. Next he returned to Jetavana; and when his

followers had done their duties, he delivered a Buddha's discourse standing before his scented chamber, into which he then retired.

At evening time the Brethren talked the matter over together in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, how the heretics' disciples tried to prevent this from coming to the saints! Yet they couldn't do it; all the collection of articles was laid before the saints' own feet. Ah, how great is the Buddha's power!" "What is this you are talking about now together?" asked the Master, coming in. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that the disciples of the heretics have tried to thwart an offering which should have been made to me. They did the sane before; but always these articles have been finally laid at my feet." So saying, he told them a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time there lived in Benares a king Susīma; and the Bodhisatta was the son of his chaplain's lady. When he was sixteen years old, his father died. The father while he lived was Master of the Ceremonies in the king's elephant festivals. He alone had right to all the trappings and appointments of the elephants which came into the place of festival. By this means he gained as much as ten millions at each festival.

At the time of our story the season for an elephant festival came round. And the Brahmins all flocked to the king, with these words: "O great king! the season for an elephant festival has come, and a festival should be made. But this your chaplain's son is very young; he knows neither the three Vedas nor the lore

of elephants [1]. Shall we conduct the ceremony?" To this the king consented.

Off went the Brahmins delighted. "Aha," said they, "we have barred this lad from performing the festival. We shall do it ourselves, and keep the gains!"

But the Bodhisatta's mother heard that in four days there was to be an elephant festival. [47] "For seven generations," thought she, "we have managed the elephant festivals from father to son. The old custom will pass from us, and our wealth will all melt away!" She wept and wailed. "Why are you weeping?" asked her son. She told him. Said he--"Well, mother, shall I conduct the festival?" "What, you, sonny? You don't know the three Vedas or the elephant lore; how can you do it?" "When are they going to have the festival, mother?" "Four days from now, my son." "Where can I find teachers who know the three Vedas by heart, and all the elephant lore?" "Just such a famous teacher, my son, lives in Takkasilā, in the realm of Gandhāra, two thousand leagues away." "Mother," says he, "our hereditary right we shall not lose. One day will take me to Takkasilā; one night will be enough to teach me the three Vedas and the elephant lore; on the morrow I will journey home; and on the fourth day I will manage the elephant festival. Weep no more!" With these words he comforted his mother.

Early next morning he broke his fast, and set out all alone for Takkasilā, which he reached in a single day. Then seeking out the teacher, he greeted him and sat on one side.

"Where have you come from?" the teacher asked.

"From Benares, Teacher."

"To what end?"

"To learn from you the three Vedas and the elephant lore."

"Certainly, my son, you shall learn it."

"But, Sir," said our Bodhisatta, "my case is urgent." Then he recounted the whole matter, adding, "In a single day I have traversed a journey of two thousand leagues. Give me your time for this one night only. Three days from now there is to be an Elephant festival; I will learn the whole after one lesson."

The Teacher consented. Then the lad washed his master's feet, and laid before him a fee of a thousand pieces of money; [48] he sat down on one side, and learnt his lesson by heart; as day broke, even as the day broke, he finished the three Vedas and the Elephant Lore. "Is there any more, Sir?" asked he. "No, my son, you have it all." "Sir," he went on, "in this book such a verse comes in too late, such another has gone astray in the reading. This is the way to teach your pupils for the future," and then he corrected his teacher's knowledge for him.

After an early meal he took his leave, and in a single day he was back again in Benares, and greeting his mother. "Have you learnt your lesson, my boy?" said she. He answered, yes; and she was delighted to hear it.

Next day, the festival of the elephants was prepared. A hundred elephants were set in array, with golden trappings, golden flags, all covered with a network of fine gold; and all the palace courtyard was decked out. There stood the Brahmins, in all their

fine gala dress, thinking to themselves, "Now we shall do the ceremony, we shall do it!" Presently came the king, in all his splendour, and with him the ornaments and other things that were used.

The Bodhisatta, apparelled like a prince, at the head of his suite, approached the king with these words.

"Is it really true, O great king, that you are going to rob me of my right? Are you going to give other brahmins the managing of this ceremony? Have you said that you mean to give them the various ornaments and vessels that are used?" and he repeated the first stanza as follows:

"Five score black elephants, with tusks all white
Are thine, in gold caparison bedight.
    'To thee, and thee I give them'--dost thou say,
Remembering my old ancestral right?"

[49] King Susīma, thus addressed, then repeated the second stanza:--

"Five score black elephants, with tusks all white,
Are mine, in gold caparison bedight.
    'To thee, and thee I give them'--so I say,
My lad, remembering thine ancestral right."

Then a thought struck the Bodhisatta; and he said, "Sire, if you do remember my ancient right and your ancient custom, why do you neglect me and make others the masters of your festival?" "Why, I

was told that you did not know the three Vedas or the Elephant Lore, and that is why I have caused the festival to be managed by others." "Very well, Sire. If there is one amongst all these brahmins who can recite a portion of the Vedas or the Elephant Lore against me, let him stand forward! Not in all India is there one save me who knows the three Vedas and the Elephant Lore for the ordering of an Elephant festival!" [50] Proud as a lion's roar rang out the answer! Not a brahmin durst rise and contend with him. So the Bodhisatta kept his ancestral right, and conducted the ceremony; and laden with riches, he returned to his own home.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--some entered on the First Path, some on the Second, some the Third, and some the Fourth:--"Mahāmāyā was at that time my mother, king Suddhodana was my father, Ānanda was king Susīma, Sāriputta the famous Teacher and I myself was the young Brahmin."

Footnotes

32:1 An elephant trainer's manual, the *hastisūtram* or *hastiçikṣā*, cf. Mallinātha, Raghuv. vi. 27.

No. 164.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA.

"*A vulture sees a corpse*," *etc*.--This story the Master told about a Brother who had his mother to support. The circumstances will be related under the Sāma Birth [1]. The Master asked him whether he, a Brother, was really supporting persons who were still living in the world. This the Brother admitted, "How are they related to you?" the Master went on. "They are my parents, Sir." "Excellent, excellent," the Master said; and bade the Brethren not be angry with this Brother. "Wise men of old," said he, "have done service even to those who were not of kin to them; but this man's task has been to support his own parents." So saying, he told them this story of bygone days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young Vulture on the Vulture Hill, and had his mother and father to nourish.

Once there came a great wind and rain. The Vultures could not hold their own against it; half frozen, they flew to Benares, and there near the wall and near the ditch they sat, shivering with the cold.

A merchant of Benares was issuing from the city on his way to bathe, when he spied these miserable Vultures. He got them together in a dry place, made a fire, sent and brought them

some cowflesh from the cattle's burning-place, and put some one to look after them.

When the storm fell, [51] our Vultures were all right and flew off at once among the mountains. Without delay they met, and thus took counsel together. "A Benares merchant has done us a good turn; and one good turn deserves another, as the saying is [1]: so after this when any of us finds a garment or an ornament it must be dropt in that merchant's courtyard." So thenceforward if they ever noticed people drying their clothes or finery in the sun, watching for an unwary moment, they snatched them quickly, as hawks swoop on a bit of meat, and dropt them in the merchant's yard. But he, whenever he observed that they were bringing him anything, used to cause it to be laid aside.

They told the king how vultures were plundering the city. "Just catch me one vulture," says the king, "and I will make them bring it all back." So snares and gins were set everywhere; our dutiful Vulture was caught. They seized him with intent to bring him to the king. The Merchant aforesaid, on the way to wait upon his majesty, saw these people walking along with the Vulture. He went in their company, for fear they might hurt the Vulture.

They gave the Vulture to the king, who examined him.

"You rob our city, and carry off clothes and all sorts of things," he began.--"Yes, Sire."--"Whom have they been given to?"--"A merchant of Benares."--"Why?"--"Because he saved our lives, and they say one good turn deserves another; that is why we gave them to him."

"Vultures, they say," quoth the king, "can spy a corpse an hundred leagues away; and can't you see a trap set ready for

you?" And with these words he repeated the first stanza:--

"A vulture sees a corpse that lies one hundred leagues away:
When thou alightst upon a trap dost thou not see it, pray?"

[52] The Vulture listened, then replied by repeating the second stanza:--

"When life is coming to an end, and death's hour draws anigh,
Though you may come close up to it, nor trap nor snare you spy."

After this response of the Vulture, the king turned to our Merchant. "Have all these things really been brought to you, then, by the Vultures?"

"Yes, my lord." "Where are they?" "My lord, they are all put away; each shall receive his own again:--only let this Vulture go!" He had his way; the Vulture was set at liberty, and the Merchant returned all the property to its owners.

This lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the dutiful Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:--"Ānanda was the king of those days; Sāriputta was the Merchant; and I myself was the Vulture that supported his parents."

Footnotes

Ipparagrapha Concontin

34:1 No. 532 in Westergaard's Copenhagen Catalogue (*Cat. Or. MSS. Bibl. Haun.*); not yet printed.

35:1 This seems to be another form of the "Grateful Beasts" incident which so often occurs in folk-tales.

No. 165.

NAKULA-JĀTAKA.

"*Creature, your egg-born enemy*," *etc*.--This story the Master told during a sojourn at Jetavana, about two officers who had a quarrel. The circumstances have been given above in the Uraga Birth [1]. Here, as before, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, these two nobles have been reconciled by me; in former times I reconciled them too." Then he told an old story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village as one of a brahmin family. When he came of age, [53] he was educated at Takkasilā; then, renouncing the world he became a recluse, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and dwelt in the region of Himalaya, living upon wild roots and fruits which he picked up in his goings to and fro.

At the end of his cloistered walk lived a Mongoose in an ant-heap; and not far off, a Snake lived in a hollow tree. These two, Snake and Mongoose, were perpetually quarrelling. The Bodhisatta preached to them the misery of quarrels and the blessing of peace, and reconciled the two together, saying, "You ought to cease your quarrelling and live together at one."

When the Serpent was abroad, the Mongoose at the end of the walk lay with his head out of the hole in his ant-hill, and his mouth open, and

thus fell asleep, heavily drawing his breath in and out. The Bodhisatta saw him sleeping there, and asking him, "Why, what are you afraid of?" repeated the first stanza:

"Creature [1], your egg-born enemy a faithful friend is made:
Why sleep you there with teeth all bare? of what are you afraid?"

"Father," said the Mongoose, "never despise a former enemy, but always suspect him ": and he repeated the second stanza:

"Never despise an enemy nor ever trust a friend:
A fear that springs from unfeared things uproots and makes an end."

[54] "Fear not," replied the Bodhisatta. "I have persuaded the Snake to do you no harm; distrust him no more." With this advice, he proceeded to cultivate the Four Excellences, and set his face toward Brahma's heaven. And the others too passed away to fare hereafter according to their deeds.

Then this lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The two noblemen were at that time Snake and Mongoose, and I was myself the ascetic."

Footnotes

36:1 Above, No. 154.

37:1 Lit. 'O viviparous one.'

No. 166.

UPASĀḶHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Fourteen thousand Upasāḷhas*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about a brahmin named Upasāḷha, who was fastidious in the matter of cemeteries.

This man, we learn, was rich and wealthy; but, though he lived over against the monastery, he showed no kindness to the Buddhas, being given to heresy. But he had a son, wise and intelligent. When he was growing old, the man said to his son, "Don't let my body be burnt in a cemetery where any outcast can be burnt, but find some uncontaminated place to burn me in." "Father," said the young fellow, "I know no cemetery fit to burn your body in. Good my father, take the lead and yourself point out the place where I shall have you burnt." So the brahmin consenting led his son out of the city to the top of Vulture Peak, and then said he, "Here, my son, no outcast is ever burnt; here I would have you burn me." Then he began to descend the hill in his son's company.

On that day, in the evening, the Master was looking around to see which of his friends was ripe for Release, and perceived that this father and son were

ready to enter upon the First Path. So he took their road, and came to the hill-foot, like a hunter waiting for his quarry; there he sat till they should cone down from the top. Down they came, and noticed the Master. He gave them greeting, and asked,

"Where are you bound, brahmins?" The young man told him their errand. Come along, then," said the Master, "show me the place your father pointed out." So he and they two together climbed up the mountain. "Which place'?" he asked. "Sir," said the lad, "the space between these three hills is the one he showed me." [55] The Master said, "This is not the first time, my lad, that your father has been nice in the matter of cemeteries; he was the same before. Nor is it now only that he has pointed you out this place for his burning; long ago he pointed out the very same place." And at his request the Master told them a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time, in this very city of Rājagaha, lived this same brahmin Upasāḷhaka [1], and he had the very same son. At that period the Bodhisatta had been born in a brahmin family of Magadha land; and when his education was finished, he embraced a religious life, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived a long time in the region of Himalaya, plunged in mystic exaltation.

Once he left his hermitage on Vulture Peak to go buy salt and seasoning. While he was away, this brahmin spoke in just the same way to his son, as now. The lad begged him to point out a proper place, and he came and pointed out this very place. As he was descending, with his son, he observed the Bodhisatta, and approached him, and the Bodhisatta put the same question as I did just now, and received the son's answer. "Ah," said he, "we'll see whether this place which your father has shown you is contaminated or not," and made them go with him up the hill again. "The space between these three hills," said the lad, "is

pure." "My lad," the Bodhisatta replied, "there is no end to the people who have been burned in this very spot. Your own father, born a brahmin, as now, in Rājagaha, and bearing the very same name of Upasāḷhaka, has been burnt on this hill in fourteen thousand births. On the whole earth there's not a spot to be found where a corpse has not been burnt, which has not been a cemetery, which has not been covered with skulls."

This he discerned by the faculty of knowing all previous lives: and then he repeated these two stanzas:--[56]

"Fourteen thousand Upasāḷhas have been burnt upon this spot,
Nor is there the wide world over any place where death is not.

"Where is kindness, truth, and justice, temperance and self-control,
There no death can find an entrance; thither hies each saintly soul."

When the Bodhisatta had thus discoursed to father and son, he cultivated the Four Excellences and went his way to Brahma's heaven.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified and the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths father and son were established in the Fruit of the First Path:--"The father and son were the same then as they are now, and the ascetic was I myself."

Footnotes

38:1 This added suffix makes no practical difference in the word: it is often put on to adjectives and substantives without affecting their meaning. But sometimes it has a diminutive force.

No. 167.

SAMIDDHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Begging Brother, do you know*," *etc*.--This story was told by the Master whilst he was staying in Tapoda Park near Rājagaha, about Elder Samiddhi, or Goodluck.

Once Father Goodluck had been wrestling in the spirit all night long. At sunrise he bathed; then he stood with his under garment on, holding the other in his hand, as he dried his body, all yellow as gold. Like a golden statue of exquisite workmanship he was, the perfection of beauty; [57] and that is why he was called Goodluck.

A daughter of the gods, seeing the Elder's surpassing beauty, fell in love with him, and addressed him thus. "You are young, Brother, and fresh, a mere are with stripling, with black hair, bless you! you have youth, you are lovely and pleasant to the eyes. Why should a man like you turn religious without a little enjoyment? Take your pleasure first, and then you shall become religious and do what the hermits do!" He replied, "Nymph, at some time or other I must die, and the time of my death I know not; that time is hid from me. Therefore in the freshness of my youth I will follow the solitary life, and make an end of pain."

Finding she received no encouragement, the goddess at once vanished. The Elder went and told his Master about it. Then the Master said, "Not now alone, Goodluck, are you tempted by a nymph. In olden days, as now, nymphs tempted ascetics." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a brahmin's son in a village of Kāsi. Coming of years, he attained perfection in all his studies, and embraced the religious life; and he lived in Himalaya, hard by a natural lake, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments.

All night long he had wrestled in the spirit; and at sunrise he bathed him, and with one bark garment on and the other in his hand, he stood, letting the water dry off his body. At the moment a daughter of the gods observed his perfect beauty, and fell in love with him. Tempting him, she repeated this first stanza:--

"Begging brother, do you know
What of joy the world can show?
Now's the time--there is no other:
Pleasure first, then--begging brother!"

[58] The Bodhisatta listened to the nymph's address, and then replied, declaring his set purpose, by repeating the second stanza:--

"The time is hid--I cannot know
When is the time that I must go:
Now is the time: there is no other:
So I am now a begging brother [1]."

When the nymph heard the Bodhisatta's words, she vanished at once.

After this discourse the Master identified the Birth: "The nymph is the same in both stories, and the hermit at that time was I myself."

Footnotes

40:1 The commentator, in explaining this passage, adds another couplet:

"Life, sickness, death, the putting off the flesh,
Re-birth--these five are hidden in this world."

No. 168.

SAKUṆAGGHI-JĀTAKA.

"*A Quail was in his .feeding-ground*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about his meaning in the Bird Preaching [2].

One day the Master called the Brethren, saying, "When you seek alms, Brethren, keep each to your own district." And repeating that sutta from the Mahāvagga which suited the occasion, [39] he added, "But wait a moment: aforetime others even in the form of animals refused to keep to their own

districts, and by poaching on other people's preserves, they fell into the way of their enemies, and then by their own intelligence and resource got free from the hands of their enemies." With these words he related an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young Quail. He got his food in hopping about over the clods left after ploughing.

One day he thought he would leave his feeding ground and try another; so off he flew to the edge of a forest. As he picked up his food there, a Falcon spied him, and attacking him fiercely, he caught him fast.

Held prisoner by this Falcon, our Quail made his moan: "Ah! how very unlucky I am! how little sense I have! I'm poaching on some

one else's preserves! O that I had kept to my own place, where my fathers were before me! then this Falcon would have been no match for me, I mean if he had come to fight!"

"Why, Quailie, says the Falcon, "what's your own ground, where your fathers fed before you?"

"A ploughed field all covered with clods!"

At this the Falcon, relaxing his strength, let go. "Off with you, Quail! You won't escape me, even there!"

The Quail flew back and perched on an immense clod, and there he stood, calling--"Come along now, Falcon!"

Straining every nerve, poising both wings, down swooped the Falcon fiercely upon our Quail, "Here he comes with a vengeance!" thought the Quail; and as soon as he saw him in full career, just turned over and let him strike full against the clod of earth. The Falcon could not stop himself, and struck his breast against the earth; this broke his heart, and he fell dead with his eyes starting out of his head.

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[60] When this tale had been told, the Master added, "Thus you see, Brethren, how even animals fall into their enemies' hands by leaving their proper place; but when they keep to it, they conquer their enemies. Therefore do you take care not to leave your own place and intrude upon another's. O Brethren, when people leave their own station Māra [1] finds a door, Māra gets a foothold. What is foreign ground, Brethren, and what is the wrong place for a Brother? I mean the Five Pleasures of Sense.

What are these five? The Lust of the Eye... [and so on]. [2] This, Brethren, is the wrong place for a Brother." Then growing perfectly enlightened he repeated the first stanza:--

"A Quail was in his feeding ground, when, swooping from on high.
A Falcon came; but so it fell he came to death thereby."

When he had thus perished, out came the Quail, exclaiming, "I have seen the back of my enemy!" and perching upon his enemy's breast, he gave voice to his exultation in the words of the second stanza:--

"Now I rejoice at my success: a clever plan I found
To rid me of my enemy by keeping my own ground."

This discourse at an end, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--At the conclusion of the Truths many Brethren were established in the Paths or their Fruition:--- "Devadatta was the Falcon of those days, and the Quail was I myself."

Footnotes

40:2 I have not been able to trace this *Sakuṇovāda-sutta*. Perhaps it refers to a speech of the Buddha as a bird; cp. *Kukkurovādo* i. p. 178 (Pāli).

41:1 Māra is Death, and is used by Buddha for the Evil One.

41:2 The passage is corrupt. We must read 'cakkhu-*ādi-viññeyā*.'

No. 169.

ARAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The heart that boundless pity feels*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the Scripture on Lovingkindness.

On one occasion the Master thus addressed the Brotherhood: "Brethren, charity practised with all devotion of thought, [61] meditated upon, increased, made a vehicle of progress, made your one object, practised, well begun, may be expected to produce Eleven Blessings [1], What are these eleven? Happy he sleeps and happy he awakes; he sees no bad dreams; men love him; spirits guard him; fire, poison, and sword come not near him; quickly he becomes absorbed in mind; his look grows calm; he dies undismayed; without need of further wisdom he goes to Brahma's heaven. Charity, Brethren, practised with renunciation of one's wishes"--and so forth--"may be expected to produce these Eleven Blessings. Praising the Charity which holds these Eleven Blessings, Brethren, a Brother ought to show kindness to all creatures, whether expressly commanded or not, he should be a friend to the friendly, aye a friend to the unfriendly, and a friend to the indifferent: thus to all without distinction, whether expressly bidden or not, he should show Charity: he should show sympathy with joy and sorrow and practise equanimity; he should do his work by means of the Four Excellences. By so doing he will go to Brahma's heaven even without Path or Fruit. Wise men of old by cultivating charity for seven years, have dwelt in Brahma's heaven seven ages, each with its one period to wax and one to wane [2]." And he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in a former age, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin's family. When he grew up, he forsook his lusts and embraced the religious life, and attained the Four Excellences. His name was Araka, and he became a Teacher, and lived in Himalaya region, with a large body of followers. Admonishing his band of sages, he said, "A recluse must show Charity, sympathetic must he be both in joy and sorrow, and full of equanimity; for this thought of charity attained by resolve prepares him for Brahma's heaven." And explaining the blessing of charity, he repeated these verses:--

"The heart that boundless pity feels for all things that have birth,
In heaven above, in realms below, and on this middle earth,

"Filled full of pity infinite, infinite charity,
In such a heart nought narrow or confined can ever be."

[62] Thus did the Bodhisatta discourse to his pupils on the practice of charity and its blessings. And without a moment's interruption of his mystic trance, he was born in the heaven of Brahma, and for seven ages, each with his time to wax and wane, he came no more to this world.

After finishing this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "The band of sages of that time are now the Buddha's followers; and I myself am he that was the Teacher Araka."

Footnotes

42:1 The Eleven Blessings are discussed in the *Question of Milinda*, iv. 4. 16 (trans. in the *S. B. E.*, i. p. 279).

42:2 See Childers, *Dict*. p. 185 *b*. The belief still lives. Two gentlemen who visited the Chief of Chinese Lamaism and the High Priest of Buddhism in Pekin, in 1890, talked with them over the decline of Buddhism in this age. Both admitted it, the Buddhist attributing it to want of government support, while the Lama thought it was because this is a waning period in religion; but as the waxing follows the waning he looked forward to a revival. (*Baptist Missionary Herald*, 1890.)

No. 170.

KAKAṆṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

[63] This Kakaṇṭaka Birth will be given below in the Mahā-Ummagga Birth [1].

Footnotes

43:1 No. 538 in Westergaard's Catalogue.

No. 171.

KALYĀṆA-DHAMMA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*O king, when people hail us*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a deaf mother-in-law.

It is said that there was a squire in Sāvatthi, one of the faith, a true believer, who had fled to the Three Refuges, endowed with the Five Virtues. One day he set out to listen to the Master at Jetavana, bearing plenteous ghee and condiments of all sorts, flowers, perfumes, etc. At the same time, his wife's mother started to visit her daughter, and brought a present of solid food and gruel. She was a little hard of hearing.

After dinner--one feels a little drowsy after a meal--she said, by way of keeping herself awake--"Well, and does your husband live happily with you? do you agree together?" "Why, mother, what a thing to ask! you could hardly find a holy hermit who is so good and virtuous as he!" The good woman did not quite take in what her daughter said, but she caught the word--"Hermit" and cries she--"O dear, why has your husband turned hermit!" and a great to-do she made. Everybody who lived in that house heard it, and cried, "News--the squire has turned hermit!" People heard the noise, and a crowd gathered at the door to find out what it was. "The squire who lives here has turned hermit!" was all they heard.

Our Squire listened to the Buddha's sermon, then left the monastery to return to the city. Midway a man met him, who

cried--"Why, master, they do say you've turned hermit, and all your family and servants are crying at home!" [64] Then these thoughts passed through his mind. "People say I have turned hermit when I have done nothing of the kind. A lucky speech must not be neglected; this day a hermit I must be." Then and there he turned right round, and went back to the Master. "You paid your visit to the Buddha," the Master said, "and went away. What brings you back here again?" The man told him about it, adding, "A lucky speech, Sir, must not be neglected. So here I am, and I wish to become a hermit." Then he received the lesser and the greater orders, and lived a good life; and very soon he attained to sainthood.

The story got known amongst the community. One day they were discussing it all together in the Hall of Truth, on this fashion: "I say, friend, Squire So-and-so took orders because he said 'a lucky speech must never be neglected,' and now he has attained to sainthood!" The Master came in and wanted to know what it was they were talking about. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, wise men in days long past also entered the Brotherhood because they said that a lucky speech must never be neglected;" and then he told them a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a rich merchant's son; and when he grew up and his father died he took his father's place.

Once he had gone to pay his respects to the king: and his mother-in-law came on a visit to her daughter. She was a little hard of hearing, and all happened just as it has happened now. The husband was on

his way back from paying his respects to the king, when he was met by a man, who said, "They say you have turned hermit, and there's such a hullabaloo in your house!" The Bodhisatta, thinking that lucky words must never be neglected, turned right round and went back to the king. The king asked what brought him back again. "My lord," said he, "all my people are bewailing me, as I am told, because I have turned hermit, when I have done nothing of the kind. But lucky words must not be neglected, and a hermit I will be. I crave your permission to become a hermit!" And he explained the circumstances by the following verses: [65]

"O king, when people hail us by the name
Of holy, we must make our acts the same:
We must not waver nor fall short of it;
We must take up the yoke for very shame.

"O king, this name has been bestowed on me:
To-day they cry how holy I must be:
Therefore I would a hermit live and die;
I have no taste for joy and revelry."

Thus did the Bodhisatta ask the king's leave to embrace the religious life. Then he went away to the Himalayas, and becoming an ascetic he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments and at last came to Brahma's heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, identified the Birth: "Ānanda was king in those days, and I myself was the rich

Benares merchant."

Footnotes

44:1 No. 20 in Jātaka-Mālā: *Çreṣṭhi-jāntaka*.

No. 172.

DADDARA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Who is it with a mighty cry, etc*."--This is a story which the Master told at Jetavana about one Kokālika. At this time we hear that there were a number of very learned Brethren in the district of Manosilā, who spoke out like young lions, loud enough to bring down the heavenly Ganges [2], [66] while reciting passages of scripture before the Community. As they recited their texts, Kokālika (not knowing what an empty fool he showed himself) thought he would like to do the same. So he went about among the Brethren, not however taking the Name upon him, but saying, "They don't ask me to recite a piece of scripture. If

they were to ask me, I would do it." All the Community got to know of it and they thought they would try him. "Friend Kokālika," said they, "give the Community a recital of some scriptures to-day." To this he agreed, not knowing his folly; that day he would recite before the Community.

He first partook of gruel made to his liking, ate some food, and had some of his favourite soup. At sundown the gong sounded for sermon time; all the community gathered together. The 'yellow robe' which he put on was blue as a bluebell; his outer robe was pure white. Thus clad, he entered the meeting, greeted the Elders, stepped up to a Preaching Seat under a grand jewelled pavilion, holding an elegantly carved fan, and sat down, ready to begin his recitation. But just at that moment beads of sweat began to start out all over him, and he felt ashamed. The

first verse of the first stanza he repeated; but what came next he could not think. So rising from the seat in confusion, he passed out through the meeting, and sought his own cell. Some one else, a real scholar, recited the Scripture. After that all the Brethren knew how empty he was.

One day the Brethren fell a talking of it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, it was not easy to see formerly how empty Kokālika is; but now he has given tongue of his own accord, and shown it." The Master entered, and asked what they were discussing together. They told him. He said--"Brethren, this is not the first time Kokālika has betrayed himself by his voice; the very same thing happened before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young Lion, [67] and was the king of many lions. With a suite of lions he dwelt in Silver Cave. Near by was a Jackal, living in another cave.

One day, after a shower of rain, all the Lions were together at the entrance of their leader's cave, roaring loudly and gambolling about as lions use. As they were thus roaring and playing, the Jackal too lifted up his voice. "Here's this Jackal, giving tongue along with us!" said the Lions; they felt ashamed, and were silent. When they all fell silent, the Bodhisatta's cub asked him this question. "Father, all these Lions that were roaring and playing about have fallen silent for very shame on hearing yon creature. What creature is it that betrays itself thus by its voice?" and he repeated the first stanza:

"Who is it with a mighty cry makes Daddara resound?
Who is it, Lord of Beasts? and why has he no welcome found?"

At his son's words the old Lion repeated the second stanza:

"The Jackal, of all beasts most vile, 'tis he that makes that sound:
The Lions loathe his baseness, while they sit in silence round."

"Brethren," the Master added, "'tis not the first time Kokālika has betrayed himself by his voice; it was just the same before;" and bringing his discourse to an end, he identified the Birth: "At that time Kokālika was the Jackal, Rāhula was the young lion, and I was myself the Lion king."

Footnotes

45:1 Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 45 (not translated); below, Nos. 188 and 189.

45:2 The Milky Way. See the *Introd. Story* to No. 1, above.

No. 173.

MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[68] "*Father, see! a poor old fellow*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about a rogue.--The circumstances will be explained in the Uddāla Birth [1], Book xiv. Here too the Master said, "Brethren, not this once only has the fellow turned out a rogue; in days of yore, when he was a monkey, he played tricks for the sake of a fire." And he told a tale of days long gone by.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family in a village of Kāsi.. When he came of years, he received his education at Takkasilā, and settled down in life.

His lady in time bore him a son; and when the child could just run to and fro, she died. The husband performed her obsequies, and then, said he, "What is home to me now? I and my son will live the life of hermits." Leaving his friends and kindred in tears, he took the lad to the Himalaya, became a religious anchorite, and lived on the fruits and roots which the forest yielded.

On a day during the rainy season, when there had been a downpour, he kindled some sticks, and lay down on a pallet, warming himself at the fire. And his son sat beside him chafing his feet.

Now a wild Monkey, miserable with cold, spied the fire in the leaf-hut of our hermit. "Now," thought he, "suppose I go in: they'll cry out Monkey! Monkey! and beat me back: I shan't get a chance of warming myself.--I have it!" he cried. "I'll get an ascetic's dress, and get inside by a trick!" So he put on the bark dress of a dead ascetic, lifted his basket and crooked stick, and took his stand by the hut door, where he crouched down beside a palm tree. The lad saw him, and cried to his father (not knowing he was a monkey) "Here's an old hermit, sure enough, miserably cold, come to warm himself at the fire." [69] Then he addressed his father in the words of the first stanza, begging him to let the poor fellow in to warm himself:

"Father, see! a poor old fellow huddled by a palmtree there!
Here we have a hut to live in; let us give the man a share."

When the Bodhisatta heard this, up he got and went to the door But when he saw the creature was only a monkey, he said, "My son, men have no such face as that; ’tis a monkey, and he must not be asked in here." Then he repeated the second stanza:

"He would but defile our dwelling if he came inside the door;
Such a face--’tis easy telling--no good brahmin ever bore."

The Bodhisatta seized a brand, crying--"What do you want there?"--threw it at him, and drove him away. Mr Monkey dropt his bark garments, sprang up a tree, and buried himself in the forest.

Then the Bodhisatta cultivated the Four Excellences until he came unto Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "This tricky Brother was the Monkey of those days; Rāhula [1] was the hermit's son, and I myself was the hermit." '

Footnotes

47:1 No. 487.

No. 174.

DŪBHIYA-MAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[70] "Plenty of water," *etc*.--This story the Master told in his sojourn at Veḷuvana, about Devadatta. One day it happened that the Brethren were talking in the Hall of Truth about Devadatta's ingratitude and treachery to his friends, when the Master broke in, "Not this once only, Brethren, has Devadatta been ungrateful and treacherous to his own friends. He was just the same before." Then he told them an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family in a certain Kāsi village, and when he grew of age, married and settled down. Now in those clays there was a certain deep well by the highway in Kāsi-land, which had no way

down to it. The people who passed by that way, to win merit, used to draw water by a long rope and a bucket, and fill a trough for the animals; thus they gave the animals water to drink. All around lay a mighty forest, wherein troops of monkeys dwelt.

It happened by a chance that for two or three days the supply of water ceased which wayfarers used to draw; and the creatures could get nothing to drink. A Monkey, tormented with thirst, walked up and down by the well looking for water.

Now the Bodhisatta came that way on some errand, drew water for himself, drank it, and washed his hands; then he noticed our Monkey. Seeing how thirsty he was, the traveller drew water from the well and filled the trough for him. Then he sat down under a tree, to see what the creature would do.

The Monkey drank, sat down near, and pulled a monkey-grimace, to frighten the Bodhisatta. "Ah, you bad monkey!" said he, at this--"when you were thirsty and miserable, [71] I gave you plenty of water; and now you make monkey-faces at me. Well, well, help a rascal and you waste your pains." And he repeated the first stanza:

"Plenty of water did I give to you
When you were chafing hot and thirsty too:
    Now full of mischief you sit chattering,--
With wicked people best have nought to do."

Then this spite-friend monkey replied, "I suppose you think that's all I can do. Now I'll drop something on your head before I go." Then, repeating the second stanza, he went on--

"A well-conducted monkey who did ever hear or see
I leave my droppings on your head; for such our manners he."

As soon as he heard this the Bodhisatta got up to go. But at the very instant this Monkey from the branch where he sat dropt it like a festoon upon his head; and then made off into the forest shrieking. The Bodhisatta washed, and went his way.

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[72] When the Master had ended this discourse, after ṣaying "It is not only now that Devadatta is so, but in former days also he would not acknowledge a kindness which I showed him," he identified the Birth: "Devadatta was the Monkey then, and the brahmin was I myself."

Footnotes

48:1 Gotama Buddha's son.

No. 175.

ĀDICCUPAṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*There is no tribe*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master in Jetavana, about a rogue.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of Kāsi. Coming of years, he went to Takkasilā, and there completed his education. Then he embraced the religious life, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and becoming the preceptor of a large band of pupils he spent his life in Himalaya.

There for a long time he abode; until once having to buy salt and seasoning, he came down from the highlands to a border village, where he stayed in a leaf-hut. When they were absent seeking alms, a mischievous monkey used to enter the hermitage, and turn everything upside down, spill the water out of the jars, smash the jugs, and finish by making a mess in the cell where the fire was.

The rains over, the anchorites thought of returning, and took leave of the villagers; "for now," they thought, "the flowers and fruit are ripening on the mountains." "To-morrow," was the answer, "we will come to your dwelling with our alms; you shall eat before you go." So next day they brought thither plenty of food, solid and liquid. The monkey thought to himself, "I'll trick

these people and cajole them into giving me some food too." So he put on the air of a holy man seeking alms, [73] and close by the anchorites he stood, worshipping the sun. When the people saw him, they thought, "Holy are they who live with the holy," and repeated the first stanza:

"There is no tribe of animals but bath its virtuous one:
See how this wretched monkey here stands worshipping the sun!"

After this fashion the people praised our monkey's virtues. But the Bodhisatta, observing it, replied, "You don't know the ways of a mischievous monkey, or you would not praise one who little deserves praise;" adding the second stanza:

"You praise this creature's character because you know him not;
He has defiled the sacred fire, and broke each waterpot."

When the people heard what a rascally monkey it was, seizing sticks and clods they pelted him, and gave their alms to the Brethren. The sages returned to Himalaya; and without once interrupting their mystic ecstasy they came at last to Brahma's heaven.

At the end of this discourse, the Master identified the Birth: "This hypocrite was in those days the Monkey; the Buddha's followers were the company of sages; and their leader was I myself."

No. 176.

KALĀYA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

[74] "*A foolish monkey*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a king of Kosala.

One rainy season, disaffection broke out on his borders. The troops stationed there, after two or three battles in which they failed to conquer their adversaries, sent a message to the king. Spite of the season, spite of the rains he took the field, and encamped before Jetavana Park. Then he began to ponder. "'Tis a bad season for an expedition; every crevice and hollow is full of water; the road is heavy: I'll go visit the Master. He will be sure to ask 'whither away'; then I'll tell him. It is not only in things of the future life that our Master protects me, but he protects in the things which we now see. So if my going is not to prosper, he will say 'It is a bad time to go, Sire'; but if I am to prosper, he will say nothing." So into the Park he came, and after greeting the Master sat down on one side.

"Whence come you, O King," asked the Master, "at this unseasonable hour?" "Sir," he replied, "I am on my way to quell a border rising; and I come first to bid you farewell." To this the Master said, "So it happened before, that mighty monarchs, before setting out for war, have listened to the word of the wise, and turned back from an unseasonable expedition." Then, at the king's request, he told an old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, he had a Councillor who was his right-hand man and gave him advice in things spiritual and temporal. There was a rising on the frontier, and the

troops there stationed sent the king a letter. The king started, rainy season though it was, and formed a camp in his park. The Bodhisatta stood before the king. At that moment the people had steamed some peas for the horses, and poured them out into a trough. One of the monkeys that lived in the park jumped down from a tree, filled his mouth and hands with the peas, then up again, and sitting down in the tree he began to eat. As he ate, one pea fell from his hand upon the ground. Down dropped at once all the peas from his hands and mouth, [75] and down from the tree he cause, to hunt for the lost pea. But that pea he could not find; so he climbed up his tree again, and sat still, very glum, looking like some one who had lost a thousand in some lawsuit.

The king observed how the monkey had done, and pointed it out to the Bodhisatta. "Friend, what do you think of that?" he asked. To which the Bodhisatta made answer: "King, this is what fools of little wit are wont to do; they spend a pound to win a penny;" and he went on to repeat the first stanza:

"A foolish monkey, living in the trees,
O king, when both his hands were full of peas,
    Has thrown them all away to look for one:
There is no wisdom, Sire, in such as these."

Then the Bodhisatta approached the king, and addressing him again, repeated the second stanza:

"Such are we, O mighty monarch, such all those that greedy be;
Losing much to gain a little, like the monkey and the pea."

[76] On hearing this address the king turned and went straight back to Benares. And the outlaws hearing that the king had set forth from his capital to make mincemeat of his enemies, hurried away from the borders.

At the time when this story was told, the outlaws ran away in just the sane fashion. The king, after listening to the Master's utterances, rose and took his leave, and went back to Sāvatthi.

The Master, after this discourse was at an end, identified the Birth: "In those days Ānanda was the king, and the wise councillor was I myself."

No. 177.

TIṆḌUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*All around us see them stand*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master whilst at Jetavana, about perfect knowledge. As in the Mahābodhi Birth [1], and the Ummagga Birth [2], on hearing his own knowledge praised, he remarked, "Not this once only is the Buddha wise, but wise he was before and fertile in all resource;" and told the following old story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a Monkey, and with a troop of eighty thousand monkeys he lived in Himalaya. Not far off was a village, sometimes inhabited and sometimes empty. And in the midst of this village was a tiṇḍuka [3] tree, with sweet fruit, covered with twigs and branches. When the place was empty, all the monkeys used to go thither and eat the fruit.

Once, in the fruit time, the village was full of people, a bamboo palisade set about it, and the gates guarded. And this tree [77] stood with all its boughs bending beneath the weight of the fruit. The monkeys began to wonder: "There's such and such a village, where we used to get fruit to eat. I wonder has that tree fruit upon it or no; are the people there or no?" At last they sent a scout monkey to spy. He found that there was fruit on the tree, and the village was crammed with people. When the monkeys heard that there was fruit on the tree, they determined to get

that sweet fruit to eat; and waxing bold, a crowd of them went and told their chief. The chief asked was the village full or empty; full, they said. "Then you must not go," said he, "because men are very deceitful." "But, Sire, we'll go at midnight, when everybody is fast asleep, and then eat!" So this great company obtained leave o great their chief, and came down from the mountains, and waited on a hard by until the people retired to rest; in the middle watch, when people were asleep, they climbed the tree and began eating of the fruit.

A man had to get up in the night for some necessary purpose; he went out into the village, and there he saw the monkeys. At once he gave the alarm; out the people came, armed with bow and quiver, or holding any

sort of weapon that came to hand, sticks, or lumps of earth, and surrounded the tree; "when dawn comes," thought they, "we have them!"

The eighty thousand monkeys saw these people, and were scared to death. Thought they, "No help have we but our Chief only;" so to him they came, and recited the first stanza:

"All around us see them stand, warriors armed with bow and quiver,
All around us, sword in hand: who is there who can deliver?"

[78] At this the monkey Chief answered: "Fear not; human beings have plenty to do. It is the middle watch now; there they stand, thinking--'We'll kill them!' but we will find some other business to hinder this business of theirs." And to console the Monkeys he repeated the second stanza:

"Men have many things to do; something will disperse the meeting;
See what still remains for you; eat, while fruit is left for eating."

The Great Being comforted the monkey troop. If they had not had this crumb of comfort they would have broken their hearts and perished. When the Great Being had consoled the monkeys, he cried, "Assemble all the monkeys together!" But in assembling them, there was one they could not find, his nephew, a monkey named Senaka. So they told him that Senaka was not among the troop. "If Senaka is not here," said he, "have no fear; he will find a way to help you."

Now at the time when the troop sallied forth, Senaka had been asleep. Later he awoke, and could not see any body about. So he followed their tracks, and by and bye he saw all the people hastening up. "Some danger for our troop," thought he. Just then he spied, in a hut on the outskirts of the village, an old woman, fast asleep, before a lighted fire. And making as though he were a village child going out to the fields, Senaka seized a firebrand, [79] and standing well to windward, set light to the village. Then did every man leave the monkeys, and hurried up to quench the fire. So the monkeys scampered away, and each brought one fruit for Senaka.

When this discourse came to an end, the Master identified the Birth: "Mahānāma Sakka was the nephew Senaka of those days; Buddha's followers were the monkey troop; and I myself was their Chief."

Footnotes

53:1 No. 528.

53:2 No. 538 (*Westergaard*).

53:3 Diospyros Embryopteris (Childers).

No. 178.

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*Here was I born*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, how a man got rid of malaria [1].

It is said that malarial fever once broke out in a family of Sāvatthi. The parents said to their son: "Don't stay in this house, son; make a hole in the wall and escape somewhere, and save your life [2]. Then come back again--in this place a great hoard is buried; dig it up, and restore the family fortunes, and a happy life to you!" The young fellow did as he was bid; he broke through the wall, and made his escape. When his complaint was cured, he returned and dug the treasure up, with which he set up his household.

One day, laden with oil and ghee, clothes and raiment, and other offerings, he repaired to Jetavana, and greeted the Master, and took his seat. The Master entered into converse with him. "We hear," said he, "that you had cholera in your house. How did you escape it?" He told the Master all about it. Said he, "In days of yore, as now, friend layman, when danger arose, there were people who were too fond of home to leave it, and they perished thereby; while those who were not too fond of it, but departed elsewhere, saved themselves alive." And then at his request the Master told an old-world story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a village as a potter's son. He plied the potter's trade, and had a wife and family to support.

At that time there lay a great natural lake close by the great river of Benares. When there was much water, river and lake were one; but when the water was low, [80] they were apart. Now fish and tortoises know by instinct when the year will be rainy and when there will be a drought. So at the time of our story the fish and tortoises which lived in that lake knew there would be a drought; and when the two were one water, they swam out of the lake into the river. But there was one Tortoise that would not go into the river, because, said he, "here I was born, and here I have grown up, and here is my parents' home: leave it I cannot!"

Then in the hot season the water all dried up. He dug a hole and buried himself, just in the place where the Bodhisatta was used to come for clay. There the Bodhisatta came to get some clay; with a big spade he dug down, till he cracked the tortoise' shell, turning him out on the ground as though he were a large piece of clay. In his agony the creature thought, "Here I am, dying, all because I was too fond of my home to leave it!" and in the words of these verses following he made his moan:

"Here was I born, and here I lived; my refuge was the clay;
And now the clay has played me false in a most grievous way;
Thee, thee I call, O Bhaggava [1]; hear what I have to say!

"Go where thou canst find happiness, where’er the place may be;
Forest or village, there the wise both home and birthplace see;
Go where there's life; nor stay at home for death to master thee."

[81] So he went on and on, talking to the Bodhisatta, till he died. The Bodhisatta picked him up, and collecting all the villagers addressed them thus: "Look at this tortoise. When the other fish and tortoises went into the great river, he was too fond of home to go with them, and buried himself in the place where I get my clay. Then as I was digging for clay, I broke his shell with my big spade, and turned him out on the ground in the belief that he was a large lump of clay. Then he called to mind what he had done, lamented his fate in two verses of poetry, and expired. So you see he came to his end because he was too fond of his home. Take care not to be like this tortoise. Don't say to yourselves, 'I have sight, I have hearing, I have smell, I have taste, I have touch, I have a son, I have a daughter, I have numbers of men and maids for my service, I have precious gold'; do not cleave to these things with craving and desire. Each being passes through three stages of existence [2]." Thus did he exhort the crowd with all a Buddha's skill. The discourse was bruited abroad all over India, and for full seven thousand years it was remembered. All the crowd abode by his exhortation; and gave alms and did good until at last they went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had made an end, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the young man was established in the Fruit of the First Path:--saying, "Ānanda was then the Tortoise, and the Potter was I thyself."

Footnotes

55:1 *ahivātarogo* occurs in the Comm. on *Therīgāthā* (*P. T. S.* 1893), p. 120, line 20, but no hint as to its meaning is given. The word should mean, "snake-wind-disease," perhaps malarial fever, which e.g. in the Terai is believed to be due to snake's breath. Or is it possible that *ahi*, which may mean the navel, could here be the bowels, and some such disease as cholera be meant?

55:2 It is noteworthy that here the same means is used to outwit the spirit of disease as is often taken to outwit the ghosts of the dead; who might be supposed to guard the door, but not the parts of the house where there was no outlet.

56:1 "Addressing the potter." Schol.

56:2 World of Sense, World of Form, World of formless Existence.

No. 179.

SATADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

[82] "*What a trifle*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while sojourning in Jetavana, about the twenty-one unlawful ways of earning a livelihood.

At one time there were a great many Brethren who used to get a living by being physicians, or runners, doing errands on foot, exchanging alms for alms [1], and the like, the twenty-one unlawful callings. All this will be set forth in the Sāketa Birth [2]. When the Master found out that they got their living thus, the said, "Now there are a great many Brethren who get their living in unlawful ways. Those who get their living thus will not escape birth as goblins or disembodied spirits; they will become beasts of burden; they will be born in hell; for their benefit and blessing it is necessary to hold a discourse which bears its own moral clear and plain." So he summoned the Community together, and said, "Brethren, you must not win your necessaries by the one-and-twenty unlawful methods. Food won unlawfully is like a piece of redhot iron, like a deadly poison. These unlawful methods are blamed and rebuked by disciples of all Buddhas and Pacceka-Buddhas. For those who eat food gained by unlawful means there is no laughter and no joy. Food got in this way, in my religion, is like the leavings of one of the lowest caste. To partake of it, for a disciple of the Religion of the Good, is like partaking of the leavings of the vilest of mankind." And with these words, he told all old-world story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a man of the lowest caste. When he grew up, he took the road for some purpose, taking for his provision some rice grains in a basket.

At that time there was a young fellow in Benares, named Satadhamma. He was the son of a magnifico, a Northern brahmin. He also took the road for some purpose, but neither rice grains nor basket had he. The two met upon the highway. Said the young brahmin to the other, "What caste are you of?" He replied, "Of the lowest. And what are you?" [83] "Oh, I am a Northern brahmin." "All right, let us journey together;" and so together they fared along. Breakfast time came: The Bodhisatta sat down where there was some nice water, and washed his hands, and opened his basket. "Will you have some?" said he. "Tut, tut," says the other, "I want none, you low fellow." "All right,"

says the Bodhisatta. Careful to waste none, he put as much as he wanted in a leaf apart from the rest, fastened up his basket, and ate. Then he took a drink of water, washed his hands and feet, and picked up the rest of his rice and food. "Come along, young Sir," says he, and they started off again on their journey.

All day they tramped along; and at evening they both had a bath in some nice water. When they came out, the Bodhisatta sat down in a nice place, undid his parcel, and began to eat. This time he did not offer the other a share. The young gentleman was tired with walking all day, and hungry to the bottom of his soul; there he stood, looking on, and thinking, "If he offers me

any, I'll take it." But the other ate away without a word. "This low fellow," thought the young man, "eats every scrap without a word. Well, I'll beg a piece; I can throw away the outside, which is defiled, and eat the rest." And so he did; he ate what was left. As soon as he had eaten, he thought--"How I have disgraced my birth, my clan, my family! Why, I have eaten the leavings of a low born churl!" Keen indeed was his remorse; he threw up the food, and blood came with it. "Oh, what a wicked deed I have done," he wept, "all for the sake of a trifle!" and he went on in the words of the first stanza: [84]

"What a trifle! and his leavings! given too against his will!
And I am a highborn brahmin! and the stuff has made me ill!"

Thus did the young gentleman make his lamentation; adding, "Why did I do such a wicked thing just for life's sake?" He plunged into the jungle, and never let any eye see him again, but there he died forlorn.

When this story was ended, the Master repeated, "Just as the young brahmin, Brethren, after eating the leavings of a low-caste man, found that neither laughter nor joy was for him, because he had taken improper food; so whosoever has embraced this salvation, and gains a livelihood by unlawful means, when he eats the food and supports his life in any way that is blamed and disapproved by the Buddha, will find that there is no laughter and no joy for him." Then, becoming perfectly enlightened, he repeated the second stanza:

"He that lives by being wicked, he that cares not if he sins,
Like the brahmin in the story, has no joy of what he wins."

[85] When this discourse was concluded, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths many Brethren entered upon the Paths and the Fruit thereof:--saying, "At the time of the story I was the low-caste man."

Footnotes

57:1 The offence meant is giving a share of alms on one day, and receiving the like the next day, to save the trouble of seeking alms daily.

57:2 No. 237, which however only refers to no. 68.

No. 180.

DUDDADA-JĀTAKA.

"*Tis hard to do as good men do*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst in Jetavana, about alms given in common. Two friends at Sāvatthi, young men of good position, made a collection, providing all the necessaries to give the Buddha and his followers. They invited them all, provided bounty for seven days, and on the seventh presented them with all their requisites. The eldest of these saluted the Master, and said, sitting beside him, "Sir, amongst the givers some gave much and some gave little; but let it bear much fruit for all alike." Then he offered the gift. The Master's reply was: "In giving these things to the Buddha and his followers, you, my lay friends, have done a great deed. In days of old wise men gave their bounty thus, and thus offered their gifts." Then at his request he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family of Kāsi. When he grew up, he was thoroughly educated at Takkasilā; after which he renounced the world, and took up the religious life, and with a band of disciples went to live in Himalaya. There he lived a long time.

Once having need to procure salt and seasoning, he went on pilgrimage through the country-side, and in course of it he arrived at Benares. There he settled in the king's park; and on

the following morning he and his company went a-begging to some village outside the gates. The people gave him alms. Next day he sought alms in the city. The people were all glad to give him their alms. They clubbed together and made a collection; and provided plenty for the band of anchorites. After the presentation their spokesman offered his gift with the same words as above. The Bodhisatta replied, "Friend, where faith [1] is, no gift is small." And he returned his thanks in these verses following: [86]

"'Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,
Bad men can hardly imitate the life which good men live.

"And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth."

This was his thanksgiving. He remained in the place for the four months of the rains, and then returned to Himalaya; where he practised all the modes of holy meditation, and without a single interruption continued in them until he joined the hosts of heaven.

When this discourse came to an end the Master identified the Birth: "At that time," said he, "the Buddha's company was the body of ascetics, and I myself was their leader."

Footnotes

59:1 *Citta-pasādo*.

No. 181.

ASADISA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Prince Peerless, skilled in archers' craft*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation. The Master said, "Not now alone, Brethren, has the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation: in other days he also renounced the white parasol of royalty, and did the same." And he told a story of the past.

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[87] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived as the son of the Queen Consort. She was safely delivered; and on his nameday they gave him the name of Asadisa-Kumāra, Prince Peerless. About the time he was able to walk, the Queen conceived one who was also to be a wise being. She was safely delivered, and on the nameday they called the babe Brahmadatta-Kumāra, or Prince Heaven-sent.

When Prince Peerless was sixteen, he went to Takkasilā for his education. There at the feet of a world-famed teacher he learnt the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Accomplishments; in the science of archery he was peerless; then he returned to Benares.

When the king was on his deathbed he commanded that Prince Peerless should he king in his stead, and Prince Brahmadatta heir apparent. Then he died; after which the kingship was offered to Peerless, who refused, saying that he cared not for it.

So they consecrated Brahmadatta to be king by sprinkling him. Peerless cared nothing for glory, and wanted nothing.

While the younger brother ruled, Peerless lived in all royal state. The slaves came and slandered him to his brother; "Prince Peerless wants to be king!" said they. Brahmadatta believed them, and allowed himself to be deceived; he sent some men to take Peerless prisoner.

One of Prince Peerless' attendants told him what was afoot. He waxed angry with his brother, and went away into another country. When he was arrived there, he sent in word to the king that an archer was come, and awaited him. "What wages does he ask?" the king enquired. "A hundred thousand a year." "Good," said the king; "let him enter."

Peerless came into the presence, and stood waiting. "Are you the archer?" asked the king. "Yes, Sire." "Very well, I take you into my service." After that Peerless remained in the service of this king. [88] But the old archers were annoyed at the wage which was given him; "Too much," they grumbled.

One day it so happened that the king went out into his park. There, at foot of a mango tree, where a screen had been put up before a certain stone seat of ceremony, he reclined upon a magnificent couch. He happened to look up, and there right at the treetop he saw a cluster of mango fruit. "It is too high to climb for," thought he; so summoning his archers, he asked them whether they could cut off yon cluster with an arrow, and bring it down for him. "Oh," said they, "that is not much for us to do. But your majesty has seen our skill often enough. The

newcomer is so much better paid than we, that perhaps you might make him bring down the fruit."

Then the king sent for Peerless, and asked him if he could do it. "Oh yes, your Majesty, if I may choose my position." "What position do you want?" "The place where your couch stands." The king had the couch removed, and gave place.

Peerless had no bow in his hand; he used to carry it underneath his body-cloth; so he must needs have a screen. The king ordered a screen to be brought and spread for him, and our archer went in. He doffed the white cloth which he wore over all, and put on a red cloth next his skin; then he fastened his girdle, and donned a red waistcloth. From a bag he took out a sword in pieces, which he put together and girt on his left side. Next he put on a mailcoat of gold, fastened his bow-case over his back, and took out his great ramshorn bow, made in several pieces, which he fitted together, fixed the bowstring, red as coral; put a turban upon his head; twirling the arrow with his nails, he threw open the screen and came out, looking like a serpent prince just emerging from the riven ground. He went to the place of shooting, arrow set to bow, and then put this question to the king. "Your Majesty," said he, "am I to bring this fruit down with an upward shot, [89] or by dropping the arrow upon it?"

"My son," said the king, "I have often seen a mark brought down by the upward shot, but never one taken in the fall. You had better make the shaft fall on it."

"Your Majesty," said the archer, "this arrow will fly high. Up to the heaven of the Four Great Kings it will fly, and then return of itself. You must please be patient till it returns." The king promised. Then the archer said again, "Your Majesty, this arrow

in its upshot will pierce the stalk exactly in the middle; and when it comes down, it will not swerve a hair's-breadth either way, but hit the same spot to a nicety, and

bring down the cluster with it." Then he sped the arrow forth swiftly. As the arrow went up it pierced the exact centre of the mango stalk. By the time the archer knew his arrow had reached the place of the Four Great Kings, he let fly another arrow with greater speed than the first. This struck the feather of the first arrow, and turned it back; then itself went up as far as the heaven of the Thirty-three Archangels. There the deities caught and kept it.

The sound of the falling arrow as it cleft the air was as the sound of a thunderbolt. "What is that noise?" asked every man. "That is the arrow falling," our archer replied. The bystanders were all frightened to death, for fear the arrow should fall on them; but Peerless comforted them. "Fear nothing," said he, "and I will see that it does not fall on the earth." Down came the arrow, not a hairbreadth out either way, but neatly cut through the stalk of the mango cluster. The archer caught the arrow in one hand and the fruit in the other, so that they should not fall upon the ground. "We never saw such a thing before!" cried the onlookers, at this marvel. [90] How they praised the great man! how they cheered and clapped and snapped their fingers, thousands of kerchiefs waving in the air! In their joy and delight the courtiers gave presents to Peerless amounting to ten millions of money. And the king too showered gifts and honours upon him like rain.

While the Bodhisatta was receiving such glory and honour at the hands of this king, seven kings, who knew that there was no

Prince Peerless in Benares, drew a leaguer around the city, and summoned its king to fight or yield. The king was frightened out of his life. "Where is my brother?" he asked. "He is in the service of a neighbouring king," was the reply. "If my dear brother does not come," said he, "I am a dead man. Go, fall at his feet in my name, appease him, bring him hither!" His messengers came and did their errand. Peerless took leave of his master, and returned to Benares. He comforted his brother and bade him fear nothing; then scratched [1] a message upon an arrow to this effect: "I, Prince Peerless, am returned. I mean to kill you all with one arrow which I will shoot at you. Let those who care for life make their escape." This he shot so that it fell upon the very middle of a golden dish, from which the seven kings were eating together. When they read the writing they all fled, half-dead with fright.

Thus did our Prince put to flight seven kings, without shedding even so much blood as a little fly might drink; then, looking upon his younger brother, he renounced his lusts, and forsook the world, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and at his life's end came to Brahma's heaven.

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[91] "And this is the way," said the Master, "that Prince Peerless routed seven kings and won the battle; after which he took up the religious life." Then becoming perfectly enlightened he uttered these two verses:

"Prince Peerless, skilled in archers' craft, a doughty chief was he;
Swift as the lightning sped his shaft great warriors' bane to be.

"Among his foes what havoc done! yet hurt he not a soul;
He saved his brother; and he won the grace of self-control."

[92] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "Ānanda was then the younger brother, and I was myself the elder."

Footnotes

60:1 Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, 114. The latter part of the story is given very briefly in *Mahāvastu*, 2. 82-3, *Çarakṣepana Jātaka*. It is figured on the Bharhut Stupa, see Cunningham, p. 70, and plate xxvii. 13; and on the Sauchi Tope, see Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, pl. xxxvi. p. 181.

62:1 In the *Mahāvastu* it is wrapt round it (2. p. 82. 14, *pariveṭhitvā*); so in Hardy.

No. 182.

SAṀGĀMĀVACARA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Elephant, a hero thou*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about Elder Nanda.

The Master, on his first return to Kapila city, had received into the Community Prince Nanda, his younger brother, and after returned to Sāvatthi and stayed there. Now Father Nanda, remembering how as he was leaving his home, after taking the Bowl, in the Master's company, Janapadakalyāṇī was looking out of a window, with her hair half combed, and she said--"Why, Prince Nanda is off with the Master!--Come back soon, dear lord!"--remembering this, I say, grew downcast and despondent, yellower and yellower, and the veins stood knotted over his skin.

When the Master learnt, of this, he thought, "What if I could establish Nanda in sainthood!" To Nanda's cell he went, and sat on the seat which was offered him. "Well, Nanda," he asked, "are you content with our teaching "Sir," replied Nanda, "I am in love with Janapadakalyāṇī, and I am not content." "Have you been on pilgrimage in the Himalaya, Nanda?" "No, Sir, not yet." "Then we will go." "But, Sir, I have no miraculous power; how can I go?" "I will take you, Nanda." So saying, the Master took him h, the hand, and thus passed through the air.

On the way they passed over a burnt field. There, upon the charred stump of a tree, with nose and tail half gone, hair scorched off, and hide a cinder, nothing but skin, all covered with blood, sat a she-monkey. "Do you see that monkey, Nanda?" the Master asked. "Yes, Sir." "Take a good look at her," said he. Then

he pointed out, stretching over sixty leagues, the uplands of Manosilā, the seven great lakes, Anotatta and the rest, the five great rivers, the whole Himalaya highlands, with the magnificent hills named of Gold, of Silver, and of Gems, and hundreds of other lovely spots. Next he asked, "Nanda, have you ever seen the abode of the Thirty-three Archangels?" [93] "No, Sir, never," was the reply. "Come along, Nanda," said he, "and I will show you the abode of the Thirty-three." Therewith he brought him to the Yellowstone Throne [1], and made him sit on it. Sakka, king of the gods in two heavens, came with his host

of gods, gave greeting and sat down on one side. His handmaids to the number of twenty-five million, and five hundred nymphs with doves' feet, came and made greeting, then sat down on one side. The Master made Nanda look at these five hundred nymphs again and again, with desire after them. "Nanda" said he, "do you see these dove's-foot nymphs? "Yes, Sir." "Well, which is prettiest--they or Janapadakalyāṇī?" "Oh, Sir! as that wretched ape was in comparison with Janapadakalyāṇī, so is she compared with these!" "Well, Nanda, what are you going to do?" "How is it possible, Sir, to win these nymphs?" "By living as an ascetic, Sir," said the Master, "one may win these nymphs." The lad said, "If the Blessed One pledges his word that an ascetic life will win these nymphs, an ascetic life I will lead." "Agreed, Nanda, I pledge my word. Well, Sir," said he, "don't let us make a long business of it. Let us be off, and I will become an ascetic."

The Master brought him to Jetavana back again. The Elder began to follow the ascetic life.

The Master recounted to Sāriputta, the Captain of the Faith, how his younger brother had made him pledge himself in the midst of the gods in the heaven of the Thirty-three about the nymphs. In the same manner, he told the story to Elder Mahāmoggallāna, to Elder Mahākassapa, to Elder Anuruddha, to Elder Ānanda, the Treasurer of the Faith, eighty great disciples in all; and then, one after the other, he told it to the other Brethren. The Captain of the Faith, Elder Sāriputta, asked Elder Nanda, "Is it true, as I hear, friend, that you have the Buddha's pledged word that you shall win the nymphs of the gods in the heaven of the Thirty-three, by passing your life as an ascetic? Then," he went on, "is not your holy life all bound up with womankind and lust? If you live chaste just for the sake of women, what is the difference between you and a labourer who works for hire?" [94] This saying quenched all the fire in him and made him ashamed of himself. In the same way all the eighty chief disciples, and all the rest of the Brethren, made this worthy father ashamed. "I have been wrong," thought he; in all shame and remorse, he screwed up his courage, and set to work to develope his spiritual insight. Soon he attained to sainthood. He came to the Master, and said, "Sir, I release the Blessed One from his promise." The Master said, "If you have attained sainthood, Nanda, I am thereby released from my promise."

When the Brethren heard of this, they began to talk it over in their Hall of Truth. "How docile yon Elder Nanda is, to be sure! Why, friend, one word of advice awakened his sense of shame; at once he began to live as an ascetic and now he is a Saint!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about together. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "Nanda was just as docile in former days as he is now;" and then he told them a story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as an elephant-trainer's son. When he grew up, he was carefully taught all that pertains to the training of elephants. He was in the service of a king who was an enemy to the king of Benares. He trained this king's elephant of state to perfection.

The king determined to capture Benares. Mounting upon his state elephant, he led a mighty host against Benares, and laid siege to it. Then he sent a letter to the king of the city: "Fight, or yield:" The king chose to fight. Walls and gates, towers and battlements he manned with a great host, and defied the foe.

The hostile king armed his state elephant, and clad himself in armour, took a sharp goad in his hand, and drove his beast city-wards; "Now,"

said he, "I'll storm this city, and kill my enemy, and get his realms into my hands:" But at sight of the defenders, who cast boiling mud, and stones from their catapults, and all kinds of missiles, the elephant was scared out of his wits and would not come near the place. Thereupon up came the trainer, crying, "Son, a hero like you is quite at home in the battle-field! [95] in such a place it is disgraceful to turn tail!" And to encourage his elephant, he uttered these two verses:

"O Elephant, a hero thou, whose home is in the field:

There stands the gate before thee now: why dost thou turn and yield?

"Make haste! break through the iron bar, and beat the pillars down!
Crash through the gates, made fast for war, and enter in the town!"

The Elephant listened; one word of advice was enough to turn him. Winding his trunk about the shafts of the pillars, he tore them up like so many toadstools: he beat against the gateway, broke down the bars, and forcing his way through entered the city and won it for his king.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"In those days Nanda was the Elephant, Ānanda was the king, and the trainer was I myself."

Footnotes

63:1 The throne of Sakka (Indra).

No. 183.

VĀLODAKA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*This sorry draught*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst at Jetavana, about five hundred persons who ate broken meat.

At Sāvatthi, we learn, were five hundred persons who had left the stumbling-block of a worldly life to their sons and daughters, [96] and lived all together sitting under the Master's preaching. Of these, some were in the First Path, some in the Second, some in the Third: not a single one but had embraced salvation. They that invited the Master invited these also. But they had five hundred pages waiting upon them, to bring them toothbrushes, mouth-water, and garlands of flowers; these lads used to eat their broken meat. After their meal, and a nap, they used to run down to the Aciravatī, and on the river bank they would wrestle like very Mallians [2], shouting all the time. But the five hundred lay brethren were quiet, made very little noise, courted solitude.

The Master happened to hear the pages shouting. "What is that noise, Ānanda?" he asked. "The pages, who eat the broken meat," was the reply. The Master said: "Ānanda, this is not the only time these pages have fed on broken meat, and made a great noise after it; they used to do the same in the olden days; and then too these lay brethren were just as quiet as they are now." So saying, at his request, the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of one of his courtiers, and became the king's adviser in all things both temporal and spiritual. Word came to the king of a revolt on the frontier. He ordered five hundred chargers to he got ready, and an army complete in its four parts [1]. With this he set out, and quelled the rising, after which he returned to Benares.

When he came home, he gave order, "As the horses are tired, let them have some juicy food, some grape juice to drink." The steeds took this delicious drink, then retired to their stables and stood quietly each in his stall.

But there was a mass of leavings, with nearly all the goodness squeezed out of it. The keepers asked the king what to do with that. "Knead it up with water," was his command, "strain through a towel, and give it to the donkeys who carry the horses' provender." This wretched stuff the donkeys drank up. It maddened them, and they galloped about the palace yard braying loudly.

From an open window the king saw the Bodhisatta, and called out to him. [97] "Look there! how mad these donkeys are from that sorry drink! how they bray, how they caper! But those fine thorobreds that drank the strong liquor, they make no noise; they are perfectly quiet, and jump not at all. What is the meaning of this?" and he repeated the first stanza:

"This sorry draught, the goodness all strained out [2],
Drives all these asses in a drunken rout:
    The thorobreds, that drank the potent juice,
Stand silent, nor skip capering about."

And the Bodhisatta explained the matter in the second stanza:--

"The low-born churl, though he but taste and try,
Is frolicsome and drunken by and by:
  He that is gentle keeps a steady brain
Even if he drain most potent liquor dry."

When the king had listened to the Bodhisatta's answer, he had the donkeys driven out of his courtyard. Then, abiding by the Bodhisatta's

advice, he alms and did good until he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth as follows:--"At that time these pages were the five hundred asses, these lay brethren were the five hundred thorobreds, Ānanda was the king, and the wise courtier was I myself."

Footnotes

65:1 The introductory story is varied in *Dhammapada*, Comm. p. 274.

65:2 The Mallians were a tribe of professional wrestlers.

66:1 Elephants, horse, chariots, infantry.

66:2 *Dhammapada*, p. 275.

No. 184.

GIRIDANTA-JĀTAKA.

[98] "*Thanks to the groom*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying in Veḷuvana Park, about keeping bad company. The circumstances have been already recounted under the Mahilāmukha Jātaka [1]. Again, as before, the Master said: "In former days this Brother kept bad company just as he does now." Then he told an old story.

Once upon a time, there was a king named Sāma, the Black, reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta was one of a courtier's family, and grew up to be the king's temporal and spiritual adviser. Now the king had a state horse named Paṇḍava, and one Giridanta was his trainer, a lame man. The horse used to watch him as he tramped on and on in front, holding the halter; and knowing him to be his trainer, imitated him and limped too.

Somebody told the king how the horse was limping. The king sent surgeons. They examined the horse, but found him perfectly sound; and so accordingly made report. Then the king sent the Bodhisatta. "Go, friend," said he, "and find out all about it." He soon found out that the horse was lame because he went about with a lame trainer. So he told the king what it was. "It's a case of bad company," said he, and went on to repeat the first stanza:--

"Thanks to the groom, poor Paṇḍava is in a parlous state:
No more displays his former ways, but needs must imitate."

"Well, now, my friend," said the king, "what's to be done?" "Get a good groom," replied the Bodhisatta, "and the horse will be as good as ever." Then he repeated the second stanza:--[99]

"Find but a fit and proper groom, on whom you can depend,
To bridle him and exercise, the horse will quickly mend;
His sorry plight will be set right; he imitates his friend."

The king did so. The horse became as good as before. The king showed great honour to the Bodhisatta, being pleased that he knew even the ways of animals.

The Master, when this discourse was ended, identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was Giridanta in those days; the Brother who keeps bad company was the horse; and the wise counsellor was I myself."

Footnotes

67:1 No. 26.

No. 185.

ANABHIRATI-JĀTAKA.

"*Thick, muddy water*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, and it was about a young brahmin.

A young brahmin, as they say, belonging to Sāvatthi, had mastered the Three Vedas, and used to teach sacred verses to a number of young brahmins and kshatriyas. In time he settled down as a married man. His thoughts being now busy with wealth and ornaments, serving men and serving women, lands and substance, kine and buffaloes, sons and daughters, he became subject to passion, error, folly. This obscured his wits, so that he forgot how to repeat his formulæ in due order, and every now and then the charms did not come clear in his mind. This man one day procured a quantity of flowers and sweet scents, and these he took to the Master in Jetavana Park. After his greeting, he sat down on one side. [100] The Master talked pleasantly to him. "Well, young Sir, you are a teacher of the sacred verses. Do you know them all by heart?" "Well, Sir, I used to know them all right, but since I married my mind has been darkened, and I don't know them any longer." "Ah, young Sir," the Master said, "just the same happened before; at first your mind was clear, and you knew all your verses perfectly, but when your mind was obscured by passions and lusts, you could no longer clearly see them." Then at his request the Master told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a brahmin magnifico. When he grew up, it studied under a far-famed teacher of Takkasilā, where he learnt all

magic charms. After returning to Benares he taught these charms to a large number of Brahmin and kshatriya youths.

Amongst these youths was one young brahmin who had learnt the Three Vedas by heart; he became a master of ritual [1], and could repeat the whole of the sacred texts without stumbling in a single line. By and bye he married and settled down. Then household cares clouded his mind, and no longer could he repeat the sacred verses.

One day his teacher paid him a visit. "Well, young Sir," he enquired, "do you know all your verses off by heart?" "Since, I have been the head of a household," was the reply, "my mind has been clouded, and I cannot repeat them." "My son," said his teacher, "when the mind is clouded, no matter how perfectly the scriptures have been learnt, they will not stand out clear. But when the mind is serene there is no forgetting them." And thereupon he repeated the two verses following:

"Thick, muddy water will not show
Fish or shell or sand or gravel that may lie below [2]:
So with a clouded wit:
Nor your nor other's good is seen in it.

"Clear, quiet waters ever show
All, be it fish or shell, that lies below; [101]

So with unclouded wit:

Both your and other's good shows clear in it."

When the Master had finished this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the young Brahmin entered upon the Fruit of the First Path:--"In those days, this youth was the young brahmin, and I was his teacher."

Footnotes

69:1 Or it may mean 'a pupil-teacher.'

69:2 There is an irregularity in this stanza, the Pali having an extra line. I have reproduced this by making line 2 of an irregular length.

No. 186.

DADHI-VĀHANA-JĀTAKA [3].

"*Sweet was once the mango's savour*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, on the subject of keeping bad company. The circumstances were the same as above. Again the Master said: "Brethren, bad

company is evil and injurious; why should one talk of the evil effects of had company on human beings? In days long gone by, even a vegetable, a mango tree, whose sweet fruit was a dish fit for the gods, turned sour and bitter through the influence of a noisome and bitter nimb tree." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, four brahmins, brothers, of the land of Kāsi, left the world and became hermits; they built themselves four huts in a row in the highlands of the Himalaya, and there they lived.

The eldest brother died, and was born as Sakka. Knowing who he had been, he used to visit the others every seven or eight days, and lend them a helping hand.

One day, he visited the eldest of the anchorites, and after the usual greeting, took his seat to one side. [102] "Well, Sir, how can I serve you?" he enquired. The hermit, who was suffering from jaundice, replied, "Fire is what I want." Sakka gave him a razor-axe. (A razor-axe is so called because it serves as razor or as axe

according as you fit it into the handle.) "Why," said the hermit, "who is there to get me firewood with this?" "If you want a fire, Sir," replied Sakka, "all you have to do is to strike your hand upon the axe, and say--'Fetch wood and make a fire!' The axe will fetch the wood and make you the fire."

After giving him this razor-axe he next visited the second brother, and asked him the same question--"How can I serve you, Sir?" Now there was an elephant track by his hut, and the creatures annoyed him. So he told Sakka that he was annoyed by elephants, and wanted them to be driven away. Sakka gave him a drum. "If you beat upon this side, Sir," he explained, "your enemies will run away; but if you strike the other, they will become your firm friends, and will encompass you with an army in fourfold array." Then he handed him the drum.

Lastly he made a visit to the youngest, and asked as before how he could serve him. He too had jaundice, and what he said was--"Please give me some curds." Sakka gave him a milk-bowl, with these words: "Turn this over if you want anything, and a great river will pour out of it, and will flood the whole place, and it will be able even to win a kingdom for you." With these words he departed.

After this the axe used to make fire for the eldest brother, the second used to beat upon one side of his drum and drive the elephants away, and the youngest had his curds to eat.

About this time a wild boar, that lived in a ruined village, lit upon a gem possessed of magic power. Picking up the gem in his mouth, he rose in the air by its magic. From afar he could see an isle in mid-ocean, and there he resolved to live. So descending

he chose a pleasant spot beneath a mango tree, [103] and there he made his abode.

p. 71

One day he fell asleep under the tree, with the jewel lying in front of him. Now a certain man from the Kāsi country, who had been turned out of doors by his parents as a ne'er-do-well, had made his way to a seaport, where he embarked on shipboard as a sailors' drudge. In mid-sea the ship was wrecked, and he floated upon a plank to this island. As he wandered in search of fruit, he espied our boar fast asleep. Quietly he crept up, seized the gem, and found himself by magic rising through the air! He alighted on the mango tree, and pondered. "The magic of this gem," thought he, "has taught yon boar to be a sky-walker; that's how he got here, I suppose. Well! I must kill him and make a meal of him first; and then I'll be off." So he snapt off a twig, dropping it upon the boar's head. The boar woke up, and seeing no gem, ran trembling up and down. The man up in the tree laughed. The boar looked up, and seeing him ran his head against the tree, and killed himself.

The man came down, lit a fire, cooked the boar and made a meal. Then he rose up in the sky, and set out on his journey.

As he passed over the Himalaya, he saw the hermits' settlement. So he descended, and spent two or three days in the eldest brother's hut, entertaining and entertained, and he found out the virtue of the axe. He made up his mind to get it for himself. So he showed our hermit the virtue of his gem, and offered to exchange it for the axe. The hermit longed to be able to pass through mid-air [1], and struck the bargain. The man took the axe, and departed; but before he had gone very far, he struck upon it,

and said--"Axe! smash that hermit's skull and bring the gem to me!" Off flew the axe, clove the hermit's skull, and brought the gem back.

Then the man hid the axe away, and paid a visit to the second brother. [104] With him the visitor stayed a few days, and soon discovered the power of his drum. Then he exchanged his gem for the drum, as before, and as before made the axe cleave the owner's skull. After this he went on to the youngest of the three hermits, found out the power of the milk-bowl, gave his jewel in exchange for it, and as before sent his axe to cleave the man's skull. Thus he was now owner of jewel, axe, drum, and milk-bowl, all four.

He now rose up and past through the air. Stopping hard by Benares, he wrote a letter which he sent by a messenger's hands, that the king must either fight him or yield. On receipt of this message the king sallied forth to "seize the scoundrel." But he beat on one side of his drum, and was promptly surrounded by an army in fourfold array. When he saw that the king had deployed his forces, he then overturned the milk-bowl, and a great river poured forth; multitudes were drowned

in the river of curds. Next he struck upon his axe. "Fetch me the king's head!" cried he; away went the axe, and came back and dropt the head at his feet. Not a man could raise hand against him.

So encompassed by a mighty host, he entered the city, and caused himself to be anointed king under the title of king Dadhi-vāhana, or Carried-on-the-Curds, and ruled righteously.

One day, as the king was amusing himself by casting a net into the river, he caught a mango fruit, fit for the gods, which had floated down from Lake Kaṇṇamuṇḍa. When the net was hauled out, the mango was found, and shown to the king. It was a huge fruit, as big as a basin, round, and golden in colour. The king asked what the fruit was: Mango, said the foresters. He ate it, and had the stone planted in his park, and watered with milk-water.

The tree sprouted up, and in three years it bore fruit. Great was the worship paid to this tree; milk-water was poured about it; perfumed garlands with five sprays [1] were hung upon it; wreaths were festooned about it; a lamp was kept burning, and fed with scented oil; and all round it was a screen of cloth. The fruit was sweet, and had the colour of fine gold. King Dadhi-vāhana, before sending presents of these mangoes to other kings, [105] used to prick with a thorn that place in the stone where the sprout would come from, for fear of their growing the like by planting it. When they ate the fruit, they used to plant the stone; but they could not get it to take root. They enquired the reason, and learnt how the matter was.

One king asked his gardener whether he could spoil the flavour of this fruit, and turn it bitter on the tree. Yes, the man said he could; so his king gave him a thousand pieces and sent him on his errand.

So soon as he had arrived in Benares, the man ṣent a message to the king that a gardener was come. The king admitted him to the presence. After the man had saluted him, the king asked, "You are a gardener?" "Yes, Sire," said the man, and began to sound his own praises. "Very well," said the king, "you may go

and assist my park-keeper." So after that these used both to look after the royal grounds.

The new comer managed to make the park look more beautiful by forcing flowers and fruit out of their season. This pleased the king,

so that he dismissed the former keeper and gave the park into sole charge of the new one. No sooner had this man got the park into his own hands than he planted nimbs and creepers about the choice mango tree. By and by the nimbs sprouted up. Above and below, root with root, and branch with branch, these were all entangled with the mango tree. Thus this tree, with its sweet fruit, grew bitter as the bitter-leaved nimb by the company of this noxious and sour plant. As soon as the gardener knew that the fruit had gone bitter, he took to his heels.

King Dadhi-vāhana went a-walking in his pleasaunce, and took a bite of the mango fruit. The juice in his mouth tasted like a nasty nimb; swallow it he could not, so he coughed and spat it out. Now at that time the Bodhisatta was his temporal and spiritual counsellor. The king turned to him. "Wise Sir, this tree is as carefully cared for as ever, and yet its fruit has gone bitter. What's the meaning of it?" and asking this question, he repeated the first stanza:--[106]

"Sweet was once the mango's savour, sweet its scent, its colour gold:
What has caused this bitter flavour? for we tend it as of old."

The Bodhisatta explained the reason in the second stanza:--

"Round about the trunk entwining, branch with branch, and root with root,
See the bitter creeper climbing; that is what has spoilt your fruit;
And so you see bad company will make the better follow suit."

On hearing this the Bodhisatta caused all the nimbs and creepers to be removed, and their roots pulled up; the noxious soil was all taken away, and sweet earth put in its place; and the tree was carefully fed with sweet water, milk-water, scented water. Then by absorbing all this sweetness its fruit grew sweet again. The king put his former gardener in charge of the park, and after his life was done passed away to fare according to his deserts.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"In those days I was the wise counsellor."

Footnotes

69:3 Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, pp. 1 and 20; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. xvi. This tale belongs to the same group as Grimm no. 36, *The Wishing Table*, *the Gold-Ass*, and *the Cudgel in the Sack*: no. 54, *The Knapsack, the Hat and the Horn* to which see the bibliographical note in Hunt's edition.

71:1 This was one of the supernatural powers much coveted by Buddhists.

72:1 The meaning of *gandhapañcaṅgulikaṁ* is uncertain. Perhaps a garland in which sprouts or twigs were arranged radiating like the fingers of a hand. See Morris in *J. P. T. S.*, 1884, ṣ. v. See vol. i.

p. 71 for a different rendering; but there *gandhena pañcaṅgulikaṁ datvā* seems rather to mean "making five-finger wreaths with scent." The spread hand is in many places a symbol used to avert the evil eye. In some villages of India it is marked on the house walls (*North Ind. N. and Q.*, i. 42); it is carved on Phoenician tombstones (see those in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris); and I have seen it in all parts of Syria, on the houses of Jews, Christians, and Moslems.

No. 187.

CATUMAṬṬA-JĀTAKA.

"*Sit and sing*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about an old Brother. Once, we are told, two of the chief disciples were sitting together, questioning and answering; when up came au old Brother, and

made a third. [107] Taking a seat, he said, "I have a question too, Sirs, which I should like to ask you: and if you have any difficulty, you may put it to me." The Elders were disgusted; they rose up and left him. The congregation who listened to the discourse of the Elders, after the meeting broke up, came to the Master; he asked what brought them there untimely and they told him what had happened. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta and Moggallāna have been disgusted with this man, and left him without a word; it was just the same in olden days." And he proceeded to tell a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree-sprite that lived in a forest. Two young Geese flew down from Mount Cittakūṭa and perched upon this tree. They flew about in search of food, returned thither again, and after resting flew back to their mountain home. As time went on and on, the sprite struck up a friendship with them. Coming and going, they were great friends, and used to talk of religion to one another before they parted.

It happened one day as the birds sat on the treetop, talking with the Bodhisatta, that a Jackal, halting at the foot of the tree, addressed the young Geese in the words of the following stanza:

"Sit and sing upon the tree
If in private you would be.
Sit upon the ground, and sing
Verses to the beasts' own king!"

Filled with disgust, the young Geese took wing and flew back to Cittakūṭa. When they were gone, the Bodhisatta repeated the second stanza for the Jackal's benefit:--

"Fairwing here to fairwing sings,
God to god sweet converse brings;
Perfect beauty [1], you must then
Back into your hole again!"

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[108] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"In those times the old man was the Jackal, Sāriputta and Moggallāna the two young Geese, and I myself was the tree-sprite."

Footnotes

74:1 Lit. 'lovely in four points,' *i.e.* as the schol. explains 'in form, in birth, in voice, in quality': said sarcastically.

No. 188.

SĪHAKOṬṬHUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lion's claws and lion's paws*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master whilst at Jetavana, about Kokālika. They say that Kokālika one day hearing a number of wise Brethren preaching, desired to preach himself; all the rest is like the circumstances given in a previous tale [1]. This time again the Master on hearing of it said, "Not this once only has Kokālika been shown up for what he was worth by means of his own voice; the very same thing happened before." And he told a story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Lion in the Himalaya mountains, and he had a cub by a she jackal who mated with him. The cub was just like his sire in toes, claws, mane, colour, figure--all these; but in voice he was like his dam.

One day, after a shower of rain, all the Lions were gambolling together and roaring; the cub thought he would like to roar too, and yelped like a jackal. On hearing which all the Lions fell silent at once! Another cub of the same sire, own brother of this one, heard the sound, and said, "Father, yon lion is like us in colour and everything except in voice. Who's he?" in asking which question he repeated the first stanza:

"Lion's claws and lion's paws,
Lion's feet to stand upon;
But the bellow of this fellow
Sounds not like a lion's son!"

[109] In answer the Bodhisatta said, "It's your brother, the Jackal's cub; like me in form, but in voice like his dam." Then he gave a word of advice to the other cub--"My dear son, as long as you live here keep a quiet tongue in your head. If you give tongue again, they'll all find out that you are a Jackal." To drive the advice home he repeated the second stanza:--

"All will see what kind you be
If you yelp as once before;
So don't try it, but keep quiet:
Yours is not a lion's roar."

After this advice the creature never again so much as tried to roar.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"In those days Kokālika was the Jackal, Rahula was the brother cub, and the king of beasts was I myself."

Footnotes

75:1 No. 172; compare no. 189. Kokālika is often alluded to in this way; cp. nos. 117, 481. There is a story in the *Cullavagga* i. 18. 3, turning on a similar point; a hen has a chick by a crow, and

when it would city cock-a-doodle-doo it caws, and *vice versa* (*Vinaya Texts*, *S. B. E.*, ii. p. 362).

No. 189.

SĪHACAMMA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Nor lion, nor tiger I see*," *etc*.--This story, like the last, was about Kokālika, told by the Master in Jetavana. This time he wanted to intone. The Master. on hearing of it told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a farmer's family, and when he grew up ḥe got a livelihood by tillage.

At the same time there was a Merchant who used to go about hawking goods, which a donkey carried for him. Wherever he went, he used to take his bundle off the ass, and throw a lionskin over him, [110] and then turn him loose in the rice and barley fields. When the watchmen saw this creature, they imagined him to be a lion, and so durst not come near him.

One day this hawker stopped at a certain village, and while he was getting his own breakfast cooked, he turned the ass loose in a barley field with the lionskin on. The watchmen thought it was a lion, and durst not come near, but fled home and gave the alarm. All the villagers armed themselves, and hurried to the field, shouting and blowing on conchs and beating drums. The ass was frightened out of his wits, and gave a hee-haw! Then the Bodhisatta, seeing that it was a donkey, repeated the first stanza:

"Nor lion nor tiger I see,
Not even a leopard is he:
But a donkey--the wretched old hack!
With a lionskin over his back!"

As soon as the villagers learnt that it was only an ass, they cudgelled him till they broke his bones, and then went off with the lionskin. When the Merchant appeared, and found that his ass had come to grief, he repeated the second stanza:--

"The donkey, if he had been wise,
Might long the green barley have eaten;
A lionskin was his disguise:
But he gave a hee-haw, and got beaten!"

As he was in the act of uttering these words, the ass expired. The Merchant left him, and went his way.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"At that time Kokālika was the ass, and the wise farmer was I myself."

Footnotes

76:1 Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, pp. 14 and 39; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. v. This is Aesop's *Ass in the Lion's Skin*.

No. 190.

SĪLĀNISAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

[111] "*Behold the fruit of sacrifice*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about a believing layman. This was a faithful, pious soul, an elect disciple. One evening, on his way to Jetavana, he came to the hank of the river Aciravatī, when the ferrymen had pulled up their boat on the shore in order to attend service; as no boat could be seen at the landing-stage, and our friend's mind being full of delightful thoughts of the Buddha, he walked into the river [1]. His feet did not sink below the water. He got as far as mid-river walking as though he were on dry land; but there he noticed the waves. Then his ecstasy subsided, and his feet began to sink. Again he strung himself up to high tension, and walked on over the water. So he arrived at Jetavana, greeted the Master, and took a seat on one side. The Master entered into conversation with him pleasantly. "I hope, good layman," said he, "you had no mishap on your way." "Oh, Sir," he replied, "on my way I was so absorbed in thoughts of the Buddha that I set foot upon the river; but I walked over it as though it had been dry ground!" "Ah, friend layman," said the Master, "you are not the only one who has kept safe by remembering the virtues of the Buddha. In olden days pious laymen have been shipwrecked in mid-ocean, and saved themselves by remembering the Buddha's virtues." Then, at the man's request, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the days when Kassapa was Supreme Buddha, a disciple, who had entered on the Paths, took passage

on board ship in company with a barber of some considerable property. The barber's wife had given him in charge of our friend, to look after him in better and in worse.

A week later, the ship was wrecked in mid-ocean. These two persons

clinging to one plank were cast up on an island. There the barber killed some birds, and cooked them, offering a share of his meal to the lay brother. "No, thank you," said he, "I have had enough." He was thinking to himself, "In this place there is no help for us except the Three Jewels [1]," and so he pondered upon the blessings of the Three Jewels. As he pondered and pondered, a Serpent-king who had been born in that isle changed his own body to the shape of a great ship. The ship was filled with the seven kinds of precious things. [112] A Spirit of the Sea was the helmsman. The three masts were made of sapphire, the anchor [2] of gold, the ropes of silver, and the planks were golden.

The Sea-spirit stood on board, crying--"Any passengers for India?" The lay brother said, "Yes, that's where we are bound for." "In with you then--on board with you! "He went aboard, and wanted to call his friend the barber. "You may come," says the helmsman, "but not he." "Why not?" "He is not a man of holy life, that's why," said the other; "I brought this ship for you, not for him." "Very well:--the gifts I have given, the virtues I have practised, the powers I have developed--I give him the fruit of all of them!" "I thank you, master!" said the barber. "Now," said the Sea-spirit, "I can take you aboard." So he conveyed them both oversea, and sailed upstream to Benares. There, by his power, he

created a store of wealth for both of them, and bespoke them thus.

"Keep company with the wise and good. If this barber had not been in company with this pious layman, he would have perished in the midst of the deep." Then he uttered these verses in praise of good company:

"Behold the fruit of sacrifice, virtue, and piety:
A serpent in ship-shape conveys the good man o'er the sea.

"Make friendship only with the good, and keep good company;
Friends with the good, this Barber could his home in safety see."

[113] Thus did the Spirit of the Sea hold forth, poised in mid-air. Finally he went to his own abode, taking the Serpent-king along with him.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the pious layman entered on the Fruit of the Second Path:--"On that occasion the converted lay brother attained Nirvana; Sāriputta was the Serpent-king, and the Sea-spirit was I myself."

Footnotes

77:1 The resemblance to St Peter on the Sea of Galilee is striking.

78:1 The Three Jewels are Buddha, the Law, the Order. For the seven precious things (or jewels), see Childers, p. 402 b.

78:2 *lakāro* or *laṅkūro*. I do not know what the word means. Prof. Cowell suggests "anchor," the Mod. Persian for which is *langar*.

No. 191.

RUHAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Even a broken bowstring*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about temptation arising from a former wife. The circumstances will be explained in the Eighth Book, in the Indriya-Jātaka [1]. Then the Master said to this brother, "That is a woman who does you harm. In former times, too, she put you to the blush before the king and his whole court, and gave you good reason to leave your home." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of his chief queen. He came of age, and his father passed away; and then he became king and ruled in righteousness.

The Bodhisatta had a chaplain named Ruhaka, and this Ruhaka had an old brahmin woman to wife.

The king gave the brahmin a horse accoutred with all its trappings, and he mounted the horse and went to wait upon the king. As he rode along on the back of his richly caparisoned steed, the people on this side and that were loud in its praise: "See that fine horse!" they cried; "what a beauty!"

When he came home again, he went into his mansion and told his wife.

[114] "Goodwife," said he, "our horse is passing fine! Right and left the people are all speaking in praise of it."

Now his wife was no better than she should be, and full of deceit; so she made reply to him thus.

"Ah, husband, you do not know wherein lies the beauty of this horse. It is all in his fine trappings. Now if you would make yourself fine like the horse, put his trappings on yourself and go down into the street, prancing along horse-fashion [2]. You will see the king, and he will praise you, and all the people will praise you."

This fool of a brahmin listened to it all, but did not know what she purposed. So he believed her, and did as she had said. All that saw him laughed aloud: "There goes a fine professor!" said they all. And the king cried shame on him. "Why, my Teacher," said he, "has your bile gone wrong? Are you crazy?" At this the brahmin thought that he must have behaved amiss, and he was ashamed. So he was wroth with his wife, and made haste home, saying to himself, "The woman has shamed me

before the king and all his army: I will chastise her and turn her out of doors!"

But the crafty woman found out that he had come home in anger; she stole a march on him, and departed by a side door, and made her way to the palace, where she stayed four or five days. When the king heard of it, he sent for his chaplain, and said to him,

"My Teacher, all womankind are full of faults; you ought to forgive this lady;" and with intent to make him forgive he uttered the first stanza:--

"Even a broken bowstring can be mended and made whole:
Forgive your wife, and cherish not this anger in your soul."

[115] Hearing this, Ruhaka uttered the second:--

"While there is bark [1] and workmen too
'Tis easy to buy bowstrings new.
Another wife I will procure;
I've had enough of this one, sure."

So saying, he sent her away, and took him another brahmin woman to wife.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the tempted Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:--"On that occasion the former wife was the same, Ruhaka was the tempted brother, and I was the king of Benares."

Footnotes

79:1 No. 423.

79:2 Compare *Pañcatantra* iv. 6 (Benfey, ii. p. 307).

80:1 Reading *mudūsu*, 'fresh (bark),' from the fibre of which bowstrings were sometimes made.

No. 192. SIRI-KĀḶAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA [2].

"*Even though women may be fair*," *etc*.--This story will be given in the Mahā-ummagga-Jātaka [3].

Footnotes

80:2 Cf. *Thibetan Tales*, xxi. pp. 291-5, "How a Woman Requites Love."

80:3 No. 538 in Westergaard.

No. 193 [1].

CULLA-PADUMA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Tis I--no other*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about a backsliding brother. The circumstances will be explained in the Ummadantī Birth [2]. When this brother was asked by the Master whether he were really a backslider, he replied that he was. "Who," said the Master, "has caused you to backslide?" He replied that he had seen a woman dressed up in finery, and overcome by passion he had backslidden. Then the Master said, "Brother, womankind are all ungrateful and treacherous; wise men of old were even so stupid as to give the blood from their own right knee for them to drink, and made them presents all their life long, and yet did not win their hearts." And he told an old-world tale.

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[116] Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned over, Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his chief queen's son. On his name-day, they called him Prince Paduma, the Lotus Prince. After him came six younger brothers. One after another these seven came of age and married and settled down, living as the king's companions.

One day the king looked out into the palace courts, and as he looked he saw these men with a great following on their way to wait upon himself. He conceived the suspicion that they meant

to slay him, and seize his kingdom. So he sent for then, and after this fashion bespake them.

"My sons, you may not dwell in this town. So go elsewhere, and when I die you shall return and take the kingdom which belongs to our family."

They agreed to their father's words; and went home weeping and wailing. "It matters not where we go!" they cried; and taking their wives with them, they left the city, and journeyed along the road. By and bye they came to a wood, where they could get no food or drink. And being unable to bear the pangs of hunger, they determined to save their lives at the women's cost. They seized the youngest brother's wife, and slew her; they cut up her body into thirteen parts, and ate it. But the Bodhisatta and his wife set aside one portion, and ate the other between them.

Thus they did six days, and slew and ate six of the women; and each day the Bodhisatta set one portion aside, so that he had six portions saved.

On the seventh day the others would have taken the Bodhisatta's wife to kill her; but instead he gave them the six portions which he had kept. "Eat these," said he; "to-morrow I will manage." They all did eat the flesh; and when the time came that they fell asleep, the Bodhisatta and his wife made off together.

When they had gone a little space, the woman said, "Husband, I can go no further." So the Bodhisatta took her upon his

shoulders, and at sunrise he came out of the wood. When the sun was risen, said she--"Husband, I am thirsty!"

"There is no water, dear wife!" said he.

But she begged him again and again, until he struck his right knee with his sword, [117] and said,

"Water there is none; but sit you down and drink the blood here from my knee." And so she did.

By and bye they came to the mighty Ganges. They drank, they bathed, they ate all manner of fruits, and rested in a pleasant spot. And there by a bend of the river they made a hermit's hut and took up their abode in it.

Now it happened that a robber in the regions of Upper Ganges had been guilty of high treason. His hands and feet, and his nose and ears had been cut off, and he was laid in a canoe, and left to drift down the great river. To this place he floated, groaning aloud with pain. The Bodhisatta heard his piteous wailing.

"While I live," said he, "no poor creature shall perish for me!" and to the river bank he went, and saved the man. He brought him to the hut, and with astringent lotions and ointments he tended his wounds.

But his wife said to herself, "Here is a nice lazy fellow he has fetched out of the Ganges, to look after!" and she went about spitting for disgust at the fellow.

Now when the man's wounds were growing together, the Bodhisatta had him to dwell there in the hut along with his wife, and he brought fruits of all kinds from the forest to feed both

him and the woman. And as they thus dwelt together, the woman fell in love with the fellow, and committed sin. Then she desired to kill the Bodhisatta, and said to him, "Husband, as I sat on your shoulder when I came out from the forest, I saw yon hill, and I vowed that if ever you and I should be saved, and come to no harm, I would make offering to the holy spirit of the hill. Now this spirit haunts me: and I desire to pay my offering!"

"Very good," said the Bodhisatta, not knowing her guile. He prepared an offering, and delivering to her the vessel of offering, he climbed the hill-top. [118] Then his wife said to him,

"Husband, not the hill-spirit, but you are my chief of gods! Then in your honour first of all I will offer wild flowers, and walk reverently

round you, keeping you on the right, and salute you: and after that I will make my offering to the mountain spirit." So saying, she placed him facing a precipice, and pretended that she was fain to salute him in reverent fashion. Thus getting behind him, she smote him on the hack, and hurled him down the precipice. Then she cried in her joy, "I have seen the back of my enemy!" and she came down from the mountain, and went into the presence of her paramour.

Now the Bodhisatta tumbled down the cliff; but he stuck fast in a clump of leaves on the top of a fig tree where there were no thorns. Yet he could not get down the hill, so there he sat among the branches, eating the figs. It happened that a huge Iguana used to climb the hill from the foot of it, and would eat the fruit of this fig tree. That day he saw the Bodhisatta and took to flight.

On the next day, he came and ate some fruit on one side of it. Again and again he came, till at last he struck up a friendship with the Bodhisatta.

"How did you get to this place?" he asked; and the Bodhisatta told him how.

"Well, don't be afraid," said the Iguana; and taking him on his own back, he descended the hill and brought him out of the forest. There he set him upon the high road, and showed him what way he should go, and himself returned to the forest.

The other proceeded to a certain village, and dwelt there till he heard of his father's death. Upon this he made his way to Benares. There he inherited the kingdom which belonged to his family, and took the name of King Lotus; the ten rules of righteousness for kings he did not transgress, and he ruled uprightly. He built six Halls of Bounty, one at each of the four gates, one in the midst of the city, and one before the palace; and every day he distributed in gifts six hundred thousand pieces of money.

Now the wicked wife took her paramour upon her shoulders, and came forth out of the forest; and she went a-begging among the people, and collected rice and gruel to support him withal. [119] If she was asked what the man was to her, she would reply, "His mother was sister to my father, he is my cousin [1]; to him they gave me. Even if he were doomed to death I would take my own husband upon my shoulders, and care for him, and beg food for his living!"

"What a devoted wife!" said all the people. And thenceforward they gave her more food than ever. Some of them also offered

advice, saying, "Do not live in this way. King Lotus is lord of Benares; he has set all India in a stir by his bounty. It will delight him to see you; so delighted will he be, that he will give you rich gifts. Put your husband

in this basket, and make your way to him." So saying, they persuaded her, and gave her a basket of osiers.

The wicked woman placed her paramour in the basket, and taking it up she repaired to Benares, and lived on what she got at the Halls of Bounty. Now the Bodhisatta used to ride to an alms-hall upon the back of a splendid elephant richly dight; and after giving alms to eight or ten people, he would set out again for home. Then the wicked woman placed her paramour in the basket, and taking it up, she stood where the king was used to pass. The king saw her. "Who is this?" he asked. "A devoted wife," was the answer. He sent for her, and recognised who she was. He caused the man to be put down from the basket, and asked her, "What is this man to you?"--"He is the son of my father's sister, given me by my family, my own husband," she answered.

"Ah, what a devoted wife!" cried they all: for they knew not the ins and outs of it; and they praised the wicked woman.

"What--is the scoundrel your cousin? did your family give him to you?" asked the king; "your husband, is he?"

She did not recognise the king; and "Yes, my lord!" said she, as bole as you like.

"And is this the king of Benares' son? Are you not the wife of prince Lotus, the daughter of such and such a king, your name so and so? Did not you drink the blood from my knee? Did you not fall in love with this rascal, and throw me down a precipice? Ah, you thought that I was dead, and here you are with death written upon your own forehead--and here am I, alive!" [120] Then he turned to his courtiers. "Do you remember what I told you, when you questioned me? My six younger brothers slew their six wives and ate them; but I kept my wife unhurt, and brought her to Ganges' bank, where I dwelt in a hermit's hut: I hauled a condemned criminal out of the river, and supported him; this woman fell in love with him, and threw me down a precipice, but I saved my life by showing kindness. This is no other than the wicked woman who threw me off the crag: this, and no other, is the condemned wretch!" And then he uttered the following verses:

"'Tis I--no other, and this quean is she;
The handless knave, no other, there you see;
Quoth she--'This is the husband of my youth.'
Women deserve to die; they have no truth.

"With a great club beat out the scoundrel's life
Who lies in wait to steal his neighbour's wife.
Then take the faithful harlot by and bye,
And shear off nose and ears before she die."

[121] But although the Bodhisatta could not swallow his anger, and ordained this punishment for them, he did not do accordingly; but he

smothered his wrath, and had the basket fixed upon her head so fast that she could not take it off; the villain he had placed in the same, and they were driven out of his kingdom.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother entered on the Fruit of the First Path:--"In those days certain elders were the six brothers, the young lady Ciñcā was the wife, Devadatta was the criminal, Ānanda was the Iguana, and King Lotus was I myself."

Footnotes

81:1 See *Pañcatantra* iv. 5 (Benfey, ii. p. 305); *Thibetan Tales*, no. xxi. "How a Woman requites Love."

81:2 No. 527.

83:1 The Sanskrit version says "his kinsfolk persecuted him," which gives a reason for the state he was seen in.

No. 194.

MAṆICORA-JĀTAKA.

"*Ye gods are here*," *etc*.--This story the Master told during a stay in Veḷuvana, how Devadatta tried to kill hips. Hearing that Devadatta went about to kill him, he said, "Brethren, this is not the only time that Devadatta has been trying to kill me; he tried to do so before, and failed." Then he told them this story.

Once upon a time Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, when the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of a householder who lived in a village not far from the city.

When he came to years, they fetched a young lady of family from Benares to marry him. She was a fair and lovely maiden, beautiful as a nymph divine, graceful like a twining creeper, ravishing as a sylph. Her name was Sujātā; she was faithful, virtuous, and dutiful. She always did duly her devoir to her lord and his parents. This girl was very dear and precious to the Bodhisatta. [122] So they two dwelt together in joy, and unity, and oneness of mind.

On a day Sujātā said to her husband, "I have a wish to see my mother and father."

"Very good, my wife," replied he; "make ready food sufficient for the journey." He caused food of all sorts to be cooked, and placed the provisions in a waggon; since he drove the vehicle, he sat in front, and his wife behind. To Benares they went; and there

they unyoked the waggon, and washed, and ate. Then the Bodhisatta yoked the oxen

again, and sat in front; and Sujātā, who had changed her dress and adorned herself, sat behind.

As the waggon entered the city, the king of Benares happened to he making a solemn circuit round the place mounted upon the back of a splendid elephant; and he passed by that place. Sujātā had come down out of the cart, and was walking behind on foot. The king saw her: her beauty so attracted his eye, that he became enamoured of her. He called one of his suite. "Go," said he, "and find out whether yon woman has a husband or no." The man did as he was bid, and came back to tell the king. "She has a husband, I am told," said he; "do you see that man sitting in the cart yonder? He is her husband."

The king could not smother his passion, and sin entered into his mind. "I will find some way of getting rid of this fellow," thought he, "and then I will take the wife myself." Calling to a man, he said, "Here, my good fellow, take this jewelled crest, and make as though you were passing down the street. As you go, drop it in the waggon of yonder man." So saying, he gave him a jewelled crest, and dismissed him. The man took it, and went; as he passed the waggon, he dropped it in; then he returned, and reported to the king that it was done.

"I have lost a jewelled crest!" cried the king: the whole place was in an uproar.

"Shut all the gates!" the king gave order: "cut off the outlets! hunt the thief!" The king's followers obeyed. The city was all confusion! The other man, taking some others with him, went up to the Bodhisatta, crying--"Hullo! stop your cart! [123] the king has lost a jewelled crest; we must search your cart! "And search it he did, till he found the jewel which he had put there himself. "Thief!" cried he, seizing the Bodhisatta; they beat him and kicked him; then binding his arms behind him they dragged him before the king, crying out--"See the thief who stole your jewel!" "Off with his head!" was the king's command. They scourged him with whips, and tormented him at every street corner, and cast him out of the city by the south gates.

Now Sujātā left the waggon, and stretching out her arms she ran after him, wailing as she went--"O my husband, it is I who brought you into this woful plight!" The king's servants threw the Bodhisatta upon his back, with the intent to cut off his head. When she saw this, Sujātā thought upon her own goodness and virtue, reflecting thus within herself; "I suppose there can be no spirit here strong enough to stay the hand of cruel and wicked men, who work mischief to the virtuous"; and weeping and wailing she repeated the first stanza:--

"No gods are here: they must be far away;--
No gods, who over all the world hold sway:
  Now wild and violent men may work their will,
For here is no one who could say them nay."

As this virtuous woman thus lamented, the throne of Sakka [1], king of the Gods, grew hot as he sat upon it. [124] "Who is it that would make me fall from my godhead?" thought Sakka. Then he

was ware of what was befalling. "The king of Benares," he thought, "is doing a very cruel deed. He is making the virtuous Sujātā miserable; now I must go thither!" So descending from the godworld, by his own power he dismounted the wicked king from the elephant on whose back he was riding, and laid him upon his back in the place of execution, but the Bodhisatta he caught up, and decked him with all kinds of ornaments, and made the king's dress come upon him, and set him on the back of the king's elephant. The servants lifted the axe and smote off a head--but it was the king's head; and when it was off, they knew that it was the head of the king.

Sakka took upon him a visible body, and came before the Bodhisatta, and consecrated him to be king; and caused the place of chief queen to be given to Sujātā. And as the courtiers, the brahmins and householders, and the rest, saw Sakka, king of the gods, they rejoiced, saying, "The unrighteous king is slain! now have we received from the hands of Sakka a king who is righteous!" And Sakka stood poised in the air, and declared, "This your righteous king from this time forth shall rule in righteousness. If a king be unrighteous, God sends rain out of season, and in season he sends no rain: and fear of famine, fear of pestilence, fear of the sword--these three fears come upon men for him." Thus did he instruct them, and spake this second verse:--

"For him no rain falls in the time of rain,
But out of season pours and pours amain.
    A king comes down from heaven upon the earth.
Behold the reason why this man is slain."

[125] Thus did Sakka admonish a great concourse of folk, and then he went straight to his divine abode. And the Bodhisatta reigned in righteousness, and then went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, thus identified the Birth:--"At that time Devadatta was the wicked king; Anuruddha was Sakka; Sujātā was Rāhula's mother; but the king by Sakka's gift was I myself."

Footnotes

87:1 India.

No. 195.

PABBATŪPATTHARA-JĀTAKA.

"*A happy lake*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala.

We are told that a certain courtier intrigued in the royal harem. The king inquired into the matter, and when he found it all out exactly he determined to tell the Master. So he came to Jetavana, and saluted the Master; told him how a courtier had intrigued, and asked what he was to do. The Master asked him whether he found the courtier useful to him, and whether he loved his wife. "Yes," was the reply, "the man is very useful; he is the mainstay of my court; and I do love the woman." "Sire," replied the Master, "when servants are useful, and women are dear, there is no harming them. In olden days too kings listened to the words of the wise, and were indifferent to such things." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a courtier's family. When he came of age, he became the king's counsellor in things temporal and spiritual.

Now one of the king's court intrigued m the harem, and the king learnt all about it. "He is a most useful servant," thought he, "and the woman is dear to me. I cannot destroy these two. [126] I will

put a question to some wise man of my court; and if I must put up with it, put up with it I will; if not, then I will not."

He sent for the Bodhisatta, and bade him be seated. "Wise sir," said he, "I have a question to ask you."

"Ask it, O king! I will make answer," replied the other. Then the king asked his question in the words of the first couplet:--

"A happy lake lay sheltered at the foot of a lovely hill,
But a jackal used it, knowing that a lion watched it still."

"Surely," thought the Bodhisatta, "one of his courtiers must have intrigued in the harem "; and he recited the second couplet:--

"Out of the mighty river all creatures drink at will:
If she is dear, have patience--the river's a river still."

[127] Thus did the Great Being advise the king.

And the king abode by this advice, and he forgave them both, bidding them go and sin no more. And from that time they ceased. And the king gave alms, and did good, till at his life's end he went to fill the hosts of heaven.

And the king of Kosala also, after hearing this discourse, forgave both these people and remained indifferent.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the

wise councillor."

No. 196.

VALĀHASSA-JĀTAKA.

"*They who will neglect*," etc.--This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a Brother who had become a backslider.

When the Master asked him if it was really true that he was a backslider, the Brother replied that it was true. Being questioned for the reason, he replied that his passion had been aroused by seeing a finely dressed woman. Then the Master thus addressed him:

"Brother, these women tempt men by their figure and voice, scents, perfumes, and touch, and by their wiles and dalliance; thus they get men into their power; and as soon as they perceive that this is done, they ruin them, character, wealth and all, by their evil ways. This gives them the name of she-goblins. In former days also a troop of she-goblins tempted a caravan of traders, and got power over them; and afterwards, when they got sight of other men, they killed every one of the first, and then devoured them, crunching them in their teeth while the blood ran down over both cheeks." And then he told an old story.

Once upon a time, there was in the island of Ceylon a goblin town called Sirīsavatthu, peopled by she-goblins. When a ship is wrecked, these adorn and deck themselves, and taking rice and gruel, with trains of slaves, and their children on their hip, they come up to the merchants. [128] In order to make them imagine

that theirs is a city of human beings, they make them see here and there men ploughing and tending kine, herds of cattle, dogs, and the like. Then approaching the merchants they invite them to partake of the gruel, rice, and other food which they bring. The merchants, all unaware, eat of what is offered. When they have eaten and drunken, and are taking their rest, the goblins address them thus: "Where do you live? where do you come from? whither are you going, and what errand brought you here?" "We were shipwrecked here," they reply. "Very good, noble sirs," the others make answer; "'tis three years ago since our own husbands went on board ship; they

must have perished. You are merchants too; we will be your wives." Thus they lead them astray by their women's wiles, and tricks, and dalliance, until they get them into the goblin city; then, if they have any others already caught, they bind these with magic chains, and cast them into the house of torment. And if they find no shipwrecked men in the place where they dwell, they scour the coast as far as the river Kalyāṇi [1] on one side and the island of Nāgadīpa on the other. This is their way.

Now it happened once that five hundred shipwrecked traders were cast ashore near the city of these she-goblins. The goblins came up to them and enticed them, till they brought them to their city; those whom they had caught before, they bound with magic chains and cast them into the house of torment. Then the chief goblin took the chief man, and the others took the rest, till five hundred had the five hundred traders; and they made the men their husbands. Then in the night time, when her man was asleep, the chief she-goblin rose up, and made her way to the

house of death, slew some of the men and ate them. The others did the same. When the eldest goblin returned from eating men's flesh, her body was cold. The eldest merchant embraced her, and perceived that she was a goblin. [129] "All the five hundred of them must be goblins!" he thought to himself: "we must make our escape!"

So in the early morning, when he went to wash his face, he bespake the other merchants in these words. "These are goblins, and not human beings! As soon as other shipwrecked men can be found, they will make them their husbands, and will eat us; come--let us escape!"

Two hundred and fifty of them replied, "We cannot leave them: go ye, if ye will, but we will not flee away."

Then the chief trader with two hundred and fifty, who were ready to obey him, fled away in fear of the goblins.

Now at that time, the Bodhisatta had come into the world as a flying horse [2], white all over, and beaked like a crow, with hair like muñja grass [3], possessed of supernatural power, able to fly through the air. From Himalaya he flew through the air until he came to Ceylon. There he passed over the ponds and tanks of Ceylon, and ate the paddy that grew wild there. As he passed on thus, he thrice uttered human speech filled with mercy, saying--"Who wants to go home? who wants to go home? "The traders heard his saying, and cried--"We are going home, master!" joining their hands, and raising them respectfully to their foreheads. "Then climb up on my back," said the Bodhisatta. Thereat some of

them climbed up, some laid hold of his tail, and some remained standing, with a respectful salute. Then the Bodhisatta took up even those who stood still saluting him, and conveyed all of them, even two hundred and fifty, to their own country, and set down each in his own place; then he went back to his place of dwelling.

And the she-goblins, when other men came to that place, slew those two hundred and fifty who were left, and devoured them.

The Master now said, addressing the Brethren: "Brethren, even as these traders perished by falling into the hands of she-goblins, but the others by obeying the behest of the wonderful horse each returned safe home again; so, even so, they who neglect the advice of the Buddhas, both Brethren and Sisters, lay Brethren and lay Sisters, [130] come to great misery in the four hells, places where they are punished under the five fetters, and so forth. But those who abide by such advice come to the three kinds of fortunate birth, the six heavens of sense, the twenty worlds of Brahma, and reaching the state of imperishable Nirvana they attain great blessedness." Then, becoming perfectly enlightened, he recited the following verses:

"They who will neglect the Buddha when he tells them what to do, As the goblins ate the merchants, likewise they shall perish too.

"They who hearken to the Buddha when he tells them what to do, As the bird-horse saved the merchants, they shall win salvation too."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother entered on the Fruit of the First Path, and many others entered on the Fruit of the First, Second, Third or Fourth:--"The Buddha's followers were the two hundred and fifty who followed the advice of the horse, and I was the horse myself."

Footnotes

90:1 The modern Kaelani-gaṅgā (*Journ. of the Pāli Text Soc.*, 1888, p. 20).

90:2 On one side of a pillar in a Buddhist railing at Mathura, is a flying horse with people clinging to it, perhaps intended for this scene (Anderson, *Catalogue of the Indian Museum*, i. p. 189).

90:3 Saccharum Muñja.

No. 197.

MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*He smiles not*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst dwelling at Sāvatthi, about a certain Brother.

This Brother took a piece of cloth, deposited by his teacher, feeling confident that if he took it his teacher would not be angry. Then he made a shoe-bag of it, and took his leave. When this teacher asked why he took it, he replied he had felt confident, if he did, that his teacher would not be angry. The teacher flew into a passion, [131] got up and struck him a blow. "What confidence is there between you and me?" he asked.

This fact became known among the Brotherhood. One day the brothers were all together talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, young Brother

p. 92

So-and-so felt so confident of his teacher's friendship, that he took a piece of cloth, and made it into a shoe-bag. Then the teacher asked him what confidence there was between them, flew into a passion, jumped up, and gave him a blow." The Master came in, and asked them what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brothers, that this man has disappointed the confidence of his fellow. He did the same before." And then he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son in the realm of Kāsi. When he came of age, he renounced the world; he caused to grow in him the Supernatural Faculties and the Attainments, and took up his abode in the region of Himalaya with a band of disciples. One of this band of ascetics disobeyed the voice of the Bodhisatta, and kept a young elephant which had lost its dam. This creature by and by grew big, then killed its master and made off into the forest. The ascetics did his obsequies; and then, coming about the Bodhisatta, they put this question to him.

"Sir, how may we know whether one is a friend or an enemy?"

This the Bodhisatta declared to them in the following stanzas:--

"He smiles not when he sees him, no welcome will he show,
He will not turn his eyes that way, and answers him with No.

"These are the marks and tokens by which your foe you see:
These if a wise man sees and hears he knows his enemy."

[132] In these words the Bodhisatta declared the marks of friend and foe. Thereafter he cultivated the Excellences, and entered the heaven of Brahma.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"The Brother in question was he who kept the pet elephant, his teacher was the elephant, the Buddha's followers were then the band of hermits, and I myself was their chief."

No. 198 [1].

"*I come, my son*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about a brother who was a backslider.

We hear that the Master asked him if he really were a backslider; and he replied, yes, he was. Being asked the reason, he replied, "Because my passions

were aroused on seeing a woman in her finery." Then the Master said, "Brother, there is no watching women. In days of yore, watchers were placed to guard the doors, and yet they could not keep them safe; even when you have got them, you cannot keep them." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young parrot. His name was Rādha, and his youngest brother was named Poṭṭhapāda. While they were yet quite young, both of them were caught by a fowler and handed over to a brahmin in Benares. The brahmin cared for them as if they were his children. [133] But the brahmin's wife was a wicked woman; there was no watching her.

The husband had to go away on business, and addressed his young parrots thus. "Little dears, I am going away on business. Keep watch on your mother in season and out of season; observe whether or not any man visits her." So off he went, leaving his wife in charge of the young parrots.

As soon as he was gone, the woman began to do wrong; night and day the visitors came and went--there was no end to them. Poṭṭhapāda, observing this, said to Rādha--"Our master gave this woman into our charge, and here she is doing wickedness. I will speak to her."

"Don't," said Rādha. But the other would not listen. "Mother," said he, "why do you commit sin?"

How she longed to kill him! But making as though she would fondle him, she called him to her.

"Little one, you are my son! I will never do it again! Here, then, the dear!" So he came out; then she seized him crying,

"What! you preach to *me*! you don't know your measure!" and she wrung his neck, and threw him into the oven.

The brahmin returned. When he had rested, he asked the Bodhisatta:

"Well, my dear, what about your mother--does she do wrong, or no?" and as he asked the question, he repeated the first couplet:--

"I come, my son, the journey done, and now I am at home again:
Come tell me; is your mother true? does she make love to other men?"

Rādha answered, "Father dear, the wise speak not of things which do not conduce to blessing, whether they have happened or not"; and he explained this by repeating the second couplet: [134]

"For what he said he now lies dead, burnt up beneath the ashes there:
It is not well the truth to tell, lest Poṭṭhapāda's fate I share."

Thus did the Bodhisatta hold forth to the Brahmin; and he went on--"This is no place for me to live in either"; then bidding the brahmin farewell, he flew away to the woods.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"Ānanda was Poṭṭhapāda, and I myself was Rādha."

Footnotes

92:1 There are many variants of this story. Compare *Gesta Romanorum*, (Early Eng. Text Soc.), no. 45, pp. 174 ff.; *Boke of the Knight de la Tour Landry* (same series), p. 22. Compare no. 145.

No. 199.

GAHAPATI-JĀTAKA.

"*I like not this*," *etc*.--This story the Master told, also about a backsliding Brother, during a sojourn in Jetavana, and in the course of his address he said, "Womankind can never be kept right; somehow or other they will sin and trick their husbands." And then he told the following story.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the realm of Kāsi as a householder's son: and coming of age he married and settled down. Now his wife was a wicked woman, and she intrigued with the village headman. The Bodhisatta got wind of it, and bethought him how he might put her to the test. [135]

At that time all the grain had been carried away during the rainy season, and there was a famine. But it was the time when the corn had just sprouted; and all the villagers came together, and besought help of their headman, saying, "Two months from now, when we have harvested the grain, we will pay you in kind"; so they got an old ox from him, and ate it.

One day, the headman watched his chance, and when the Bodhisatta was gone abroad he visited the house. Just as the two were happy together, the Bodhisatta came in by the village gate, and set his face towards home. The woman was looking towards the village gate, and saw him. "Why, who's this?" she wondered,

looking at him as he stood on the threshold. "It is he!" She knew him, and she told the headman. He trembled in terror.

"Don't be afraid," said the woman, "I have a plan. You know we have had meat from you to eat: make as though you were seeking the price of the meat; I will climb up into the granary; and stand at the door of it, crying. 'No rice here!' while you must stand in the middle of the room, and call out insisting, again and again, 'I have children at home; give me the price of the meat! '

So saying, she climbed up to the granary, and sat in the door of it. The other stood in the midst of the house, and cried, "Give me the price of the meat':" while she replied, sitting at the granary door, "There is no rice in the granary; I will give it when the harvest is home: leave me now!"

The goodman entered the house, and saw what they were about.

"This must be that wicked woman's plan," he thought, and he called to the headman.

"Sir Headman, when we had some of your old ox to eat, we promised to give you rice for it in two months' time. Not half a month has passed; then why do you try to make us pay now? That's not the reason you are here: you must have come for something else. I don't like your ways. That wicked and sinful woman yonder knows that there is no rice in the garner, but she has climbed up, and there she sits, crying [136] 'No rice here!' and you cry 'Give!' I don't like your doings, either of you!" and to make his meaning clear, he uttered these lines:--

"I like not this, I like not that; I like not her, I say,
Who stands beside the granary, and cries 'I cannot pay!'

"Nor you, nor you, Sir! listen now:--my means and store are small;
You gave me once a skinny cow, and two months' grace withal;
Now, ere the day, you bid me pay! I like it not at all."

So saying, he seized the headman by the lock of hair on the top of his head, dragged him out into the courtyard, threw him down, and as he cried, "I'm the Headman!" mocked him thus--"Damages, please, for injury done to the chattels under another man's watch and ward!" while he thrashed him till the man was faint. Then he took him by the neck and cast him out of the house. The wicked woman he seized by the hair of her head, pulled her away from the garner, knocked her down, and threatened her--"If you ever do this kind of thing again, I'll make you remember it!"

From that day forward the headman durst not even look at that house, and the woman did not dare to transgress even in thought.

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[137] When this discourse was ended, the Master declared- the Truths, at the conclusion of which the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"The goodman who punished that headman was I myself."

No. 200.

SĀDHUSĪLA-JĀTAKA.

"*One is good*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a brahmin.

This man, we are told, had four daughters. Four suitors wooed them; one was fine and handsome, one was old and well advanced in years, the third a man of family, and the fourth was good. He thought to himself, "When a man is settling his daughters and disposing of them, whom should he give them to? the handsome man or the oldish man, or one of the other two, the highly born or the very virtuous man?" Ponder as he would, he could not decide. So he thought he would tell the matter to the Supreme Buddha, who would be sure to know; and then he would give the girls to the most suitable wooer. So he had a quantity of perfumes and garlands prepared, and visited the monastery. Saluting the Master, he sat on one side, and told him everything from beginning to end; then he asked, "To which of these four should I give my daughters?" To this the Master replied, "In olden days, as now, wise men asked this question; but now that rebirth has confused your memory, you cannot remember the case." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son. He came of age, and

received his education at Takkasilā; then on returning he became a famous teacher.

Now there was a brahmin who had four daughters. These four were wooed by four persons as told above. The brahmin could not decide to whom to give them. "I will enquire of the teacher," he thought, "and then he shall have them to whom they should be given." So he came into the teacher's presence, and repeated the first couplet:

"One is good, and one is noble; one has beauty, one has years. Answer me this question, brahmin; of the four, which best appears?"

[138] Hearing this, the teacher replied, "Even though there be beauty and the like qualities, a man is to be despised if he fail in virtue. Therefore the former is not the measure of a man; those that I like are the virtuous." And in explanation of this matter, he repeated the second couplet:

"Good is beauty: to the aged show respect, for this is right:
Good is noble birth; but virtue--virtue, that is my delight."

When the brahmin heard this, he gave all his daughters to the virtuous wooer.

The Master, when this discourse was ended, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the brahmin attained the Fruit of the First Path:--"This brahmin was the brahmin then, and the famous teacher was I myself."

No. 201.

BANDHANĀGĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[139] "*Not iron fetters*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about the prison-house.

At the time of this story we hear that a gang of burglars, highwaymen, and murderers had been caught and haled before the king of Kosala. The king ordered them to be made fast with chains, and ropes, and fetters. Thirty country Brothers, desirous of seeing the Master, had paid him a visit and offered their salutations. Next day, as they were seeking alms, they passed the prison and noticed these rascals. In the evening, after their return from the day's rounds, they approached the Buddha: "Sir," they said, "to-day, as we were seeking alms, we saw in the prison-house a number of criminals bound fast in chains and fetters, being in great misery. They could not break these fetters, and run away. Is there any fetter stronger than these?"

The Master replied, "Brethren, those are fetters, it is true; but the fetters which consist of a craving for wealth, corn, sons, wives and children are stronger than they are an hundred-fold, nay a thousand-fold. Yet even those fetters, hard to break as they are, have been broken by wise men of the olden time, who went to Himalaya and became anchorites." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta ruled over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a poor man's family. When he grew up,

his father died. He earned wages, and supported his mother. His mother, much against his will, brought a wife home for him, and soon after died. Now his wife conceived. Not knowing that she had conceived, he said to her, "Wife, you must earn your living; I will renounce the world." Then said she, "Nay, for I am with child. [140] Wait and see the child that is born of me, and then go and become a hermit." To this he agreed. So when she was delivered, he said, "Now, wife, you are safely delivered, and I must turn hermit." "Wait," said she, "till the time when the child is weaned." And after that she conceived again.

"If I agree to her request," thought the Bodhisatta, "I shall never get away at all. I will flee without saying a word to her, and become a hermit." So he told her nothing, but rose up in the night, and fled away.

The city guards seized him. "I have a mother to support," said he--"let me go!" thus he made them let him go free, and after staying in a certain place, he passed out by the chief gate and made his way to the Himalayas, where he lived as a recluse; and caused the Supernatural Faculties and the Attainments to spring up within him, as he dwelt in the rapture of meditation. As he dwelt there, he exulted, saying--"The bond of wife and child, the bond of passion, so hard to break, is broken!" and he uttered these lines:--

"Not iron fetters--so the wise have told--
Not ropes, or bars of wood, so fast can hold
    As passion, and the love of child or wife,
Of precious gems and earrings of fine gold.

"These heavy fetters--who is there can find
Release from such?--these are the ties that bind:
    These if the wise can burst, then they are free,
Leaving all love and all desire behind!"

[141] And the Bodhisatta, after uttering this aspiration, without breaking the charm of his ecstasy attained to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths:--at the conclusion of the Truths, some entered the First Path, some the Second, some the Third, and some the Fourth:--"In the story, Mahāmāyā was the mother, King Suddhodana was the father, Rāhula s mother was the wife, Rāhula himself the son, and I was the man who left his family and became an anchorite."

No. 202.

KEḶI-SĪLA-JĀTAKA.

[142] "*Geese, herons, elephants*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Lakuṇṭaka the venerable and good.

Now this venerable Lakuṇṭaka, we learn, was well known in the faith of the Buddha, a famous man, speaking sweet words, a honeyed preacher, of keen discernment, with his passions perfectly subdued, but in stature the smallest of all the eighty Elders, no bigger than a novice, like a dwarf kept for amusement.

One day, he had been to the gate of Jetavana to salute the Buddha, when thirty brothers from the country arrived at the gate on their way to salute him too. When they saw the Elder, they imagined him to be some novice; they pulled the corner of his robe, they caught his hands, held his head, tweaked his nose, got him by the ears and shook him, and handled him very rudely; then

after putting aside their bowl and robe, they visited the Master and saluted him. Next they asked him, "Sir, we understand that you have an Elder who goes by the name of Lakuṇṭaka the Good, a honeyed preacher. Where is he?" "Do you want to see him?" the Master asked. "Yes, Sir." "He is the man you saw by the gate, and twitched his robe and pulled him about with great rudeness before you came here." "Why, Sir," asked they, "how is it that a

man devoted to prayer, full of high aspirations, a true disciple--how is it he is so insignificant?" "Because of his own sins," answered the Master; and at their request he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta became Sakka, king of the gods. Brahmadatta could not endure to look upon anything old or decrepit, whether elephant, horse, ox, or what not. He was full of pranks, and whenever he saw any such, he would chase them away; old carts he had broken up; any old women that he saw he sent for, and beat upon the belly, then stood them up again and gave them a scare; he made old men roll about and play on the ground like tumblers. If he saw none, but only heard that there was a greybeard in such and such a town, [143] he sent for him thence and took his sport with him.

At this the people for very shame sent their parents outside the boundaries of the kingdom. No more did men tend or care for their mother and father. The king's friends were as wanton as he. As men died, they filled up the four [1] worlds of unhappiness; the company of the gods grew less and less.

Sakka saw that there were no newcomers among the gods; and he cast about him what was to be done. At last he hit upon a plan. "I will humble him!" thought Sakka; and he took upon him the form of an old man, and placing two jars of buttermilk in a crazy old waggon, he yoked to it a pair of old oxen, and set out upon a feast day. Brahmadatta, mounted upon a richly caparisoned elephant, was making a solemn procession about the city, which was all decorated; and Sakka, clad in rags, and

driving this cart, came to meet the king. When the king saw the old cart, he shouted, "Away with that cart, you!" But his people answered, "Where is it, my lord? we cannot see any cart!" (for Sakka by his power let it be seen by no one but the king). And, coming up to the king repeatedly, at last Sakka, still driving his cart, smashed one of the jars upon the king's head, and made him turn round; then he smashed the other in like manner. And the buttermilk trickled down on either side of his head. Thus was the king plagued and tormented, and made miserable by Sakka's doings.

When Sakka saw his distress, he made the cart disappear, and took his proper shape again. Poised in mid-air, thunderbolt in hand, he upbraided him--"O wicked and unrighteous king! Will you never become old yourself? will not age assail you? Yet you sport and mock, and do despite to those who are old! It is through you alone, and these doings of yours, that men die on every hand, and fill up the four worlds of unhappiness, and that men cannot care for their parents' welfare! If you do not cease from this, I will cleave your head with my thunderbolt. Go, and do so no more."

With this rebuke, he declared the worth of parents, and made known the advantage of reverencing old age; after which discourse he departed to his own place. From that time forward the king never so much as thought of doing anything like what he had done before.

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[144] This story ended, the Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, recited these two couplets:--

"Geese, herons, elephants, and spotted deer
Though all unlike, alike the lion fear.
"Even so, a child is great if he be clever;
Fools may be big, but great they can be never [1]."

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths some of those Brethren entered on the First Path, some on the Second, and some upon the Fourth:--"The excellent Lakuṇṭaka was the king in the story, who made people the butt for his jests and then became a butt himself, whilst I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

99:1 The four *apāye* = Hell, birth as an animal, birth as a *peta* (ghost), birth among the *asuras* (Titans or fallen spirits).

100:1 These lines occur in Samyutta-Nikāya, pt. II. xxi. 6 (ii. p. 279, ed. *P. T. S.*).

No. 203 [2].

KHANDHA-VATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Virūpakkha snakes I love*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about a certain brother.

As he sat, we are told, at the door of his living room, chopping sticks, a snake crept out of a rotten log, and bit his toe; he died on the spot. All the monastery learnt how he had come by his sudden death. In the Hall of Truth

they began talking about it; saying how Brother So-and-so was sitting at his door, chopping wood, when a snake bit him, and he died immediately of the bite.

[145] The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were discussing as they sat there together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, if our brother had practised kindness towards the four royal races of serpents, that snake would not have bitten him: wise anchorites in by-gone days, before the Buddha was born, by using kindness to these four royal races, were released from the fear that sprang from these serpents." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, during the reign of Brahmadatta king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a young brahmin of Kāsi. When he came of age, he quelled his passions and took upon him the life of an ascetic; he developed the Supernatural

Faculties and the Attainments; he built an hermitage by the bend of the Ganges near the foot of Himalaya, and there he dwelt, surrounded by a band of ascetics, lost in the rapture of meditation.

At that time there were many kinds of snakes upon the Ganges bank, which did mischief to the hermits, and many of them perished by snake-bite. The ascetics told the matter to the Bodhisatta. He summoned all the ascetics to meet him, and thus addressed them: "If you showed goodwill to the four royal races of snakes, no serpents would bite you. Therefore from this time forward do you show goodwill to the four royal races." Then he added this verse:--

"Virūpakkha snakes I love,
Erāpatha snakes I love,
Chabbyāputta snakes I love,
Kaṇhāgotamas I love."

After thus naming the four royal families of the snakes, he added: "If you can cultivate goodwill towards these, no snake creature will bite you or do you harm." Then he repeated the second verse:--[146]

"Creatures all beneath the sun,
Two feet, four feet, more, or none--
How I love you, every one!"

Having declared the nature of the love within him, he uttered another verse by way of prayer:

"Creatures all, two feet or four,
You with none, and you with more,

Do not hurt me, I implore!"

p. 102

Then again, in general terms, he repeated one verse more:--

"All ye creatures that have birth,
Breathe, and move upon the earth,
Happy be ye, one and all,
Never into mischief fall [1]."

[147] Thus did he set forth how one must show love and goodwill to all creatures without distinction; he reminded his hearers of the virtues of the Three Treasures, saying--"Infinite is the Buddha, infinite the Law, and the Order infinite." He said, "Remember the quality of the Three Treasures;" and thus having shown them the infinity of the Three Treasures, and wishing to show them that all beings are finite, he added, "Finite and measurable are creeping things, snakes, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, lizards, mice." Then again, "As the passions and lusts in these creatures are the qualities which make them finite and limited, let us be protected night and day against these finite things by the power of the Three Treasures, which are infinite: wherefore remember the worth of the Three Treasures." Then he recited this stanza:--

"Now I am guarded safe, and fenced around;
Now let all creatures leave nee to my ground.
All honour to the Blessed One I pay,
And the seven Buddhas who have passed away."

[148] And bidding them also remember the seven Buddhas [2] whilst they did honour, the Bodhisatta composed this guardian

charm and delivered it to his band of sages. Thenceforward the sages bore in mind the Bodhisatta's admonition, and cherished love and goodwill, and remembered the Buddha's virtues. As they did this, all the snake kind departed from them. And the Bodhisatta cultivated the Excellencies, and attained to Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"The Buddha's followers were then the followers of the sage; and their Teacher was I myself."

Footnotes

100:2 See *Cullavagga* v. 6 (iii. 75 in Vinaya Texts, *S. B. E.*), where the verses occur again. The verses partly recur in the 'Bower MS,' a Sanskrit MS lately found in the p. 101 ruins of an ancient city in Kashgaria (see *J. P. T. S.*, 1893, p. 64). The kinds of snakes mentioned cannot be identified. Snake charms are extremely common in Sanskrit; there are many in the Atharva Veda.

102:1 All the verses hitherto given match, and are to be taken together as the "First gāthā." The other is in a different metre, and is the "Second gāthā."

102:2 For the seven Buddhas, see Wilson, *Select Works*, ii. 5.

No. 204.

VĪRAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*O have you seen*," *etc*.--This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about imitating the Buddha.

When the Elders had gone with their followers to visit Devadatta [1], the Master asked Sāriputta what Devadatta had done when he saw them. The reply was that he had imitated the Buddha. The Master rejoined, "Not now only has Devadatta imitated me and thereby come to ruin; he did just the same before." Then, at the Elder's request, he told an old-world tale.

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[149] Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta reigned as king in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a marsh crow, and dwelt by a certain pool. His name was Vīraka, the Strong.

There arose a famine in Kāsi. Men could not spare food for the crows, nor make offering to goblins and snakes. One by one the crows left the famine-stricken land, and betook them to the woods.

A certain crow named Saviṭṭhaka, who lived at Benares, took with him his lady crow and went to the place where Vīraka lived, making his abode beside the same pool.

One day, this crow was seeking food about the pool. He saw how Vīraka went down into it, and made a meal off some fish; and

afterwards came up out of the water again, and stood drying his feathers. "Under the wing of that crow," thought he, "plenty of fish are to be got. I will become his servant." So he drew near.

"What is it, Sir?" asked Vīraka.

"I want to be your servant, my lord!" was the reply.

Vīraka agreed, and from that time the other served him. And from that time, Vīraka used to eat enough fish to keep him alive, and the rest he gave to Saviṭṭhaka as soon as he had caught them; and when Saviṭṭhaka had eaten enough to keep him alive, he gave what was over to his wife.

After a while pride came into his heart. "This crow," said he, "is black, and so am I: in eyes and beak and feet, too, there is no difference between us. I don't want his fish; I will catch my own!" So he told Vīraka that for the future he intended to go down to the water and catch fish himself. Then Vīraka said, "Good friend, you do not belong to a

tribe of such crows as are born to go into water and catch fish. Don't destroy yourself!

But in spite of this attempt to dissuade him, Saviṭṭhaka did not take the warning to heart. Down he went to the pool, down into the water; but he could not make his way through the weeds and come out again--there he was, entangled in the weeds, with only the tip of his beak appearing above the water. So not being able to breathe he perished there beneath the water.

[150] His mate noticed that he did not return, and went to Vīraka to ask news of him. "My lord," she asked, "Saviṭṭhaka is not to be seen: where is he?" And as she asked him this, she repeated the first stanza:

"O have you seen Saviṭṭhaka, O Vīraka, have you seen
My sweet-voiced mate whose neck is like the peacock in its sheen?"

When Vīraka heard it, he replied, "Yes, I know where he is gone," and recited the second stanza:--

"He was not born to dive beneath the wave,
But what he could not do he needs must try;
So the poor bird has found a watery grave,
Entangled in the weeds, and left to die."

When the Lady-crow heard it, weeping, she returned to Benares.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Devadatta was then incarnate as Saviṭṭhaka, and I myself was Vīraka."

Footnotes

103:1 Sāriputta and Moggallāna visited the arch-heretic to try if they could win back his followers to the Master. The story of their visit, and how it succeeded, is told in the Vinaya, *Cullavagga*, vii. 4 foll. (translated in *S. B. E.*, Vinaya Texts, iii. 256). See also vol. i. no. 11.

No. 205.

GAṄGEYYA-JĀTAKA.

[151] "*Fine are the fis*h," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about two young Brethren.

These two young fellows, we are told, belonged to a good family of Sāvatthi, and had embraced the faith. But they, not realising the impurity of the body [1], sang the praises of their beauty, and went about bragging of it.

One day they fell Into a dispute on this point: "You're handsome, but so am I," said each of them; then, spying an aged Elder sitting not far away, they agreed that he was likely to know whether they were beautiful or not. Then they approached him with the question, "Sir, which of us is beautiful?" The Elder replied, "Friends, I am more beautiful than either of you." At this the young men reviled him, and went off, grumbling that he told them something they did not ask, but would not tell them what they did.

The Brotherhood became aware of this event; and one day, when they were all together in the Hall of Truth, they began talking about it. "Friend, how the old Elder shamed those two young fellows whose heads were full of their own beauty!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat together. They told him. He rejoined, "This, is not the only time, Brethren, that our friends were full of the praises of their

own beauty. In olden times they used to go about boasting of it as they do now." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, during the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree sprite on the bank of the Ganges. At the point where Ganges and Jumna meet, two fish met together, one from the Ganges and one from the Jumna. "I am beautiful!" said one, "and so are you!" and then they fell to quarrelling about their beauty. Not far from the Ganges they saw a Tortoise lying on the bank. "Yon fellow shall decide whether or no we are beautiful!" said they; and they went up to him. "Which of us is beautiful, friend Tortoise," they asked, "the Ganges fish or the Jumna fish? "The Tortoise answered, "The Ganges fish is beautiful, and the Jumna fish is beautiful: but I am more beautiful than you both." And to explain it, he uttered the first verse:--[152]

"Fine are the fish of Jumna stream, the Ganges fish are fine,
But a four-footed creature, with a tapering neck like mine,
Round like a spreading banyan tree, must all of them outshine."

When the fish heard this, they cried, "Ah, you rascally Tortoise! you won't answer our question, but you answer another one!" and they repeated the second verse:

"We ask him this, he answers that: indeed a strange reply!
By his own tongue his praise is sung:--1 like it not, not I!"

When this discourse was concluded, the Master identified the Birth:--"In those days the young Brothers were the two fish, the old man was the tortoise, and I was the tree-sprite who saw the whole thing from the Ganges bank."

Footnotes

104:1 Reading *an*-anuyuñjitvā.

No. 206 [1].

KURUṄGA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Come, Tortoise*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Veḷuvana, about Devadatta. News came to the Master that Devadatta was plotting his death. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "it was just the same long ago; Devadatta tried then to kill me, as he is trying now." And he told them this story.

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[153] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became an Antelope, and lived within a forest, in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake, sat a Woodpecker perched at the top of a tree; and in the lake dwelt a Tortoise. And the three became friends, and lived together in amity.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the Bodhisatta's footprint at the going down into the water; and he set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the Bodhisatta went down to drink, and got caught in the noose: whereat he cried loud and long. Thereupon the Woodpecker flew down from her tree-top, and the Tortoise came out of the water, and consulted what was to be done.

Said the Woodpecker to the Tortoise, "Friend, you have teeth--bite this snare through; I will go and see to it that the hunter

keeps away; and if we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life." To make this clear he uttered the first stanza:

"Come, Tortoise, tear the leathern snare, and bite it through and through,
And of the hunter I'll take care, and keep him off from you."

The Tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong: the Woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door. "Some bird of ill omen has struck me!" thought the hunter; he turned back, and lay down for a little while. Then he rose up again, and took his knife. The bird reasoned within himself, "The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back:" and he sat him down behind the house. [154] The hunter, too, reasoned in the same way: "When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad omen, now will I

go out by the back!" and so he did. But the bird cried out again, and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, "This creature will not let me go!" and turning back he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen, he took his knife and started.

The Woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. "Here comes the hunter!" he cried. By this time the Tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one tough thong: his teeth seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The Bodhisatta saw the young hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand: he burst the thong, and fled into the

woods. The Woodpecker perched upon his tree-top. But the Tortoise was so weak, that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag, and tied it to a tree.

The Bodhisatta observed that the Tortoise was taken, and determined to save his friend's life. So he let the hunter see him, and made as though he were weak. The hunter saw him, and thinking him to be weak, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The Bodhisatta, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far away, gave him the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open and let the Tortoise out. And the Woodpecker came down from the tree.

Then the Bodhisatta thus addressed them both: "My life has been saved by you, and you have done a friend's part to me. Now the hunter will come and take you; so do you, friend Woodpecker, migrate elsewhere with your brood, and you, friend Tortoise, dive into the water." They did so.

The Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, uttered the second stanza:--[155]

"The Tortoise went into the pond, the Deer into the wood,
And from the tree the Woodpecker carried away his brood."

The hunter returned, and saw none of them. He found his bag torn; picked it up, and went home sorrowful. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken amity, and then passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was the huntsman, Sāriputta the Woodpecker, Moggallāna the Tortoise, and I was the Antelope."

Footnotes

106:1 Figured on the Bharhut Stupa (Cunningham, p. 67, and pl. xxvii. 9).

No. 207.

ASSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Once with the great king Assaka*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst staying in Jetavana, about some one who was distracted by the recollection of a former wife. He asked the Brother whether he were really lovesick. The man said, Yes. "Whom are you in love with?" the Master continued. "My late wife," was the reply. Then the Master said, "Not this once only, Brother, have you been full of desire for this woman; in olden days her love brought you to great misery." And he told a story.

Once upon a time, there was a king Assaka reigning in Potali, which is a city of the kingdom of Kāsi. His queen consort, named Ubbarī, was very dear to him; she was charming, and graceful, and beautiful passing the beauty of women, though not so fair as a goddess. She died: and at her death the king was plunged in grief, and became sad and miserable. He had the body laid in a coffin, and embalmed with oil and ointment, and laid beneath the bed; and there he lay without food, weeping and wailing. [156] In vain did his parents and kinsfolk, friends and courtiers, priests and laymen, bid him not to grieve, since all things pass away; they could not move him. As he lay in sorrow, seven days passed by.

Now the Bodhisatta was at that time an ascetic, who had gained the Five Supernatural Faculties and the Eight Attainments; he

dwelt at the foot of Himalaya. He was possessed of perfect supernatural insight, and as he looked round India with his heavenly vision, he saw this king lamenting, and straightway resolved to help him. By his miraculous power he rose in the air, and alighted in the king's park, and sat down on the ceremonial stone, like a golden image.

A young brahmin of the city of Potali entered the park, and seeing the Bodhisatta, he greeted him and sat down. The Bodhisatta began to talk pleasantly with him. "Is the king a just ruler?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir, the king is just." replied the youth; "but his queen is just dead; he has laid her body in a coffin, and lies down lamenting her; and to-day is the seventh day since he began.--Why do you not free the king from this great grief? Virtuous beings like you ought to overcome the king's sorrow."

"I do not know the king, young man," said the Bodhisatta; "but if he were to come and ask me, I would tell him the place where she has now come into the flesh again, and make her speak herself."

"Then, holy Sir, stay here until I bring the king to you," said the

youth. The Bodhisatta agreed, and he hastened into the king's presence, and told him about it. "You should visit this being with the divine insight!" he told the king.

The king was overjoyed, at the thought of seeing Ubbarī; and he entered his chariot and drove to the place. Greeting the

Bodhisatta, he sat down on one side, and asked, "Is it true, as I am told, that you know where my queen has come into being again?"

"Yes, I do, my lord king," replied he.

Then the king asked where it was.

The Bodhisatta replied, "O king, she was intoxicated with her beauty, and so fell into negligence and did not do fair and virtuous acts; so now she has become a little dung-worm in this very park." [157]

"I don't believe it!" said the king.

"Then I will show her to you, and make her speak," answered the Bodhisatta.

"Please make her speak!" said the king.

The Bodhisatta commanded--"Let the two that are busy rolling a lump of cow-dung, come forth before the king:" and by his power he made them do it, and they came. The Bodhisatta pointed one out to the king: "There is your queen Ubbarī, O king! she has just come out of this lump, following her husband the dung-worm. Look and see."

"What! my queen Ubbarī a dung-worm? I don't believe it!" cried the king.

I will make her speak, O king!"

"Pray make her speak, holy Sir!" said he.

The Bodhisatta by his power gave her speech. "Ubbarī!" said he.

"What is it, holy Sir?" she asked, in a human voice.

"What was your name in your former character?" the Bodhisatta asked her.

"My name was Ubbarī, Sir," she replied, "the consort of king Assaka."

"Tell me," the Bodhisatta went on, "which do you love best now--king Assaka, or this dung-worm?"

"O Sir, that was my former birth," said she. "Then I lived with him in this park, enjoying shape and sound, scent, savour and touch; but now that my memory is confused by rebirth, what is he? Why, now I would kill king Assaka, and would smear the feet of my husband the dung-worm with the blood flowing from his throat!" and in the midst of the king's company, she uttered these verses in a human voice:

"Once with the great king Assaka, who was my husband dear,
Beloving and beloved, I walked about this garden here.

"But now new sorrows and new joys have made the old ones flee,
And dearer far than Assaka my Worm is now to me."

[158] When king Assaka heard this, he repented on the spot; and at once he caused the queen's body to be removed and washed his head. He saluted the Bodhisatta, and went back into the city; where he married another queen, and ruled in righteousness.

And the Bodhisatta, having instructed the king, and set him free from sorrow, returned again to the Himalayas.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"Your late wife was Ubbarī; you, the lovesick Brother, were king Assaka; Sāriputta was the young brahmin; and the anchorite was I myself."

No. 208.

SUṀSUMĀRA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Rose-apple, jack fruit*," etc.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Devadatta's attempts to murder him [2]. When he heard of these attempts, the Master said, This is not the first time that Devadatta has tried to murder me;

he did the same before, and yet could not so much as make me afraid." Then he told this story.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life at the foot of Himalaya as a Monkey. He grew strong and sturdy, big of frame, well-to-do, and lived by a curve of the river Ganges in a forest haunt.

Now at that time there was a Crocodile dwelling in the Ganges. The Crocodile's mate saw the great frame of the monkey, [159] and she conceived a longing for his heart to eat. So she said to her lord: "Sir, I desire to eat the heart of that great king of the monkeys!"

"Good wife," said the Crocodile, "I live in the water and he lives on dry land: how can we catch him?"

"By hook or by crook," she replied, "caught he must be. If I don't get him, I shall die."

"All right," answered the Crocodile, consoling her, "don't trouble yourself. I have a plan; I will give you his heart to eat."

So when the Bodhisatta was sitting on the bank of the Ganges, after taking a drink of water, the Crocodile drew near, and said:

"Sir Monkey, why do you live on had fruits in this old familiar place? On the other side of the Ganges there is no end to the mango trees, and labuja trees [1], with fruit sweet as honey! Is it not better to cross over and have all kinds of wild fruit to eat?"

"Lord Crocodile," the Monkey made answer, "deep and wide is the Ganges: how shall I get across?"

"If you will go, I will mount you on my back, and carry you over."

The Monkey trusted him, and agreed. "Come here, then," said the other, "up on my back with you!" and up the monkey climbed. But when the Crocodile had swum a little way, he plunged the Monkey under the water.

"Good friend, you are letting me sink!" cried the Monkey. "What is that for?"

Said the Crocodile, "You think I'm carrying you out of pure good nature? Not a bit of it! My wife has a longing for your heart, and I want to give it her to eat"

"Friend," said the Monkey, "it is nice of you to tell me. Why, if our heart were inside us when we go jumping among the tree-tops, it would be all knocked to pieces'"

"Well, where do you keep it?" asked the other.

The Bodhisatta pointed out a fig-tree, with clusters of ripe fruit,

standing not far off. "See," said he, "there are our hearts hanging on yon fig-tree." [160]

"If you will show me your heart," said the Crocodile, "then I won't kill you."

"Take me to the tree, then, and I will point it out to you hanging upon it."

The Crocodile brought him to the place. The Monkey leapt off his back, and climbing up the fig-tree sat upon it. "O silly Crocodile!" said he, "you thought that there were creatures that kept their hearts in a tree-top! You are a fool, and I have outwitted you! You may keep your fruit to yourself. Your body is great, but you have no sense." And then to explain this idea he uttered the following stanzas:--

"Rose-apple, jack-fruit, mangoes too across the water there I see;
Enough of them, I want them not; my fig is good enough for me!

"Great is your body, verily, but how much smaller is your wit!
Now go your ways, Sir Crocodile, for I have had the best of it."

The Crocodile, feeling as sad and miserable as if he had lost a thousand pieces of money, went back sorrowing to the place where he lived.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"In those days Devadatta was the Crocodile, the lady Ciñcā was his mate, and I was the Monkey."

Footnotes

110:1 Cf. *Markaṭa-jātaka*, Mahāvastu ii. 208; *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, iii. 7; Morris, *Contemp. Rev.* vol. 39, quoting Griffis, *Japanese Fairy World*, p. 153. A monkey outwits a crocodile in No. 57, above.

The following variant, from Russia (Moscow district) may be of interest. It was given me by Mr I. Nestor Schnurmann, who heard it from his nurse (about 1860).--Once upon a time, the King of the Fishes was wanting in wisdom. His advisers told him that once he could get the heart of the fox, he would become wise. So he sent a deputation, consisting of the great magnates of the sea, whales and others. "Our king wants your advice on some state affairs." The fox, flattered, consented. A whale took him on his back. On the way the waves beat upon him; at last he asked what they really wanted. They said, what their king really wanted was to eat his heart, by which he hoped to become clever. He said, "Why didn't you tell me that before? I would gladly sacrifice my life for such a worthy object. But we foxes always leave our hearts at home. Take me back and I'll fetch it. Otherwise I'm sure your king will be angry." So they took him back. As soon as he got near the shore, he leaped on land, and cried "Ah you fools! Have you ever heard of an animal not carrying his heart with him?" and ran off. The fish had to return empty.

110:2 These attempts of Devadatta, and how they were foiled, are set forth in *Cullavagga*, VII. iii. 6 foll., trans. in *S. B. E.*, Vinaya Texts, iii. 243 f.

111:1 Artocarpus Lacucha (*Childers*).

No. 209 [1].

KAKKARA-JĀTAKA.

"*Trees a many have I seen*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who was one of the fellow-students of Elder Sāriputta, Captain of the Faith.

This fellow, as we learn, [161] was clever at taking care of his person. Food very hot or very cold he would not eat, for fear it should do him harm. He never went out for fear of being hurt by cold or heat; and he would not have rice which was either over-boiled or too hard.

The Brotherhood learnt how much care he took of himself. In the Hall of Truth, they all discussed it. "Friend, what a clever fellow Brother So-and-so is in knowing what is good for him!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. Then he rejoined,

"Not only now is our young friend careful for his personal comfort. He was just the same in olden days." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Tree-spirit in a forest glade. A certain fowler, with a decoy bird, hair noose, and stick, went into the forest in search of birds. He began to follow one old bird which flew off into the woods, trying to escape. The bird would not give

him a chance of catching it in his snare, but kept rising and alighting, rising and alighting. So the fowler covered himself with twigs and branches, and set his noose and stick again and again. But the bird, wishing to make him ashamed of himself, sent forth a human voice and repeated the first stanza:

"Trees a many have I seen
Growing in the woodland green:
But, O Tree, they could not do
Any such strange things as you!"

So saying, the bird flew off and went elsewhere. When it had gone, the fowler repeated the second verse:--[162]

"This old bird, that knows the snare,
Off has flown into the air;
Forth from out his cage has broken,
And with human voice has spoken!"

So said the fowler; and having hunted through the woods, took what he could catch and went home again.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was the fowler then, the young dandy was the bird, and the tree-sprite that saw the whole thing was I myself."

Footnotes

112:1 Compare latter part of the Second *Çakuntaka Jātaka*, Mahāvastu ii. 250; the first line of the first verse and the whole of the second are nearly the same.

No. 210.

KANDAGALAKA-JĀTAKA.

"O friend," etc.--This was told by the Master, during a stay in Veḷuvana, about Devadatta's attempts to imitate him [1]. When he heard of these attempts to imitate him, the Master said, "This is not the first time Devadatta has destroyed himself by imitating me; the same thing happened before." Then he told this story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta entered into life as a Woodpecker. In a wood of acacia trees he lived, and his name was Khadiravaniya, the Bird of the Acacia Wood. He had a comrade named Kandagalaka, or Eatbulb, who got his food in a wood full of good fruit.

One day the friend went to visit Khadiravaniya. "My friend is come!" thought Khadiravaniya; and he led him into the acacia wood, and pecked at the tree-trunks until the insects came out, which he gave to his friend. As each was given him, the friend pecked it up, and ate it, as if it were a honey cake. As he ate, pride arose in his heart. [163] "This bird is a woodpecker," thought he, "and so am I. What need for me to be fed by him? I will get nay own food in this acacia wood!" So he said to Khadiravaniya,

"Friend, don't trouble yourself,--I will get my own food in the acacia wood."

Then said the other, "You belong to a tribe of birds which finds its food in a forest of pithless silk-cotton trees, and trees that bear abundant fruit; but the acacia is full of pith, and hard. Please do not do so!"

"What!" said Kandagalaka--"am I not a woodpecker?" And he would not listen, but pecked at an acacia trunk. In a moment his beak snapped off, and his eyes bade fair to fall out of his head, and his head split. So not being able to hold fast to the tree, he fell to the ground, repeating the first verse:

"O friend, what is this thorny, cool-leaved tree
Which at one blow has broke my beak for me?"

Having heard this, Khadiravaniya recited the second stanza:

"This bird was good for rotten wood
And soft; but once he tried,
By some ill hap, hard trees to tap;
And broke his skull, and died."

[164] So said Khadiravaniya; and added, "O Kandagalaka, the tree where you broke your head is hard and strong!" But the other perished then and there.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was Kandagalaka, but Khadiravaniya was I myself."

Footnotes

113:1 See above, note to no. 208.

No. 211 [1].

SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*All the year long never ceasing*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Elder Lāḷudāyī, or Udāyī the Simpleton.

This man, we learn, was unable to get out a single sound in the presence of two or three people. He was so very nervous, that he said one thing when he meant another. It happened that the Brethren were speaking of this as they sat together in the Hall of Truth. [165] The Master came in, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there together. They told him. He answered, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Lāḷudāyī has been a very nervous man. It was just the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a certain brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi. When he came of age, he went to study at Takkasilā. On returning he found his family poor; and he bade his parents farewell and set out to Benares, saying to himself, "I will set up my fallen family again!"

At Benares he became the king's attendant; and he grew very dear to the king and became a favourite.

Now his father lived by ploughing the land, hut he had only one pair of oxen; and one of them died. He came before the Bodhisatta, and said to him, "Son, one of my oxen is dead, and the ploughing does not go on. Ask the king to give you one ox!"

"No, Father," answered he, "I have but just now seen the king; I ought not to ask him for oxen now:--you ask him."

"My son," said his father, "you do not know how bashful I am. If there are two or three people present I cannot get a word out. If I go to ask the king for an ox, I shall end by giving him this one!"

"Father," said the Bodhisatta, "what must be, must be. I cannot ask the king; but I will train you to do it." So he led his father to a cemetery where there were clumps of sweet grass; and tying up tufts of it, he scattered them here and there, and named them one by one, pointing them out to his father: "That is the King, that is the Viceroy, this is the Chief Captain. Now, Father, when you come before the king, you must first say--'Long live the king!' and then repeat this verse, to ask for an ox;" and this is the verse he taught him:

"I had two oxen to my plough, with which my work was done,
But one is dead! O mighty prince, please give me another one!"

p. 116

[166] For the space of a whole year the man learnt this couplet; and then he said to his son--"Dear Somadatta, I have learnt the lines! Now I can say it before any man! Take me to the king."

So the Bodhisatta, taking a suitable present, led his father into the king's presence. "Long live the king!" cried the brahmin,

offering his present.

"Who is this brahmin, Somadatta?" the king asked.

"Great king, it is my father," he answered.

"Why has he come here?" asked the king. Then the brahmin repeated his couplet, to ask for the ox:--

"I had two oxen to my plough, with which my work was done,
But one is dead! O mighty prince, please take the other one!"

The king saw that there was some mistake. "Somadatta," said he, smiling, "you have plenty of oxen at home, I suppose?"

"If so, great king, they are your gift!"

At this answer the king was pleased. He gave the man, for a brahmin's offering, sixteen oxen, with fine caparison, and a village to live in, and sent him away with great honour. The brahmin ascended a car drawn by Sindh horses, pure white, and went to his dwelling in great pomp.

As the Bodhisatta sat beside his father in the chariot, said he, "Father, I taught you the whole year long, and yet when the moment came you gave your ox to the king!" and he uttered the first stanza:--

"All the year long never ceasing with unwearied diligence
Where the sweet grass grows in clusters day by day he practised it:
When he came amid the courtiers all at once he changed the sense;
Practice truly nought availeth if a man has little wit."

[167] When he heard this, the brahmin uttered the second stanza:

"He that asks, dear Somadatta, takes his chance between the two--
May get more, or may get nothing: when you ask, ’tis ever so."

When the Master by this story had shown how Simpleton Udāyī had been just as bashful before as he was then, he identified the Birth:--" Lāḷudāyī was the father of Somadatta, and I was Somadatta myself."

Footnotes

115:1 Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 31; Comm. on *Dhammapada* verse 152 (p. 317 of F.'s edition).

No. 212.

UCCHIṬṬHA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Hot at top*," *etc*. This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, about one who hankered after a lost wife. The Brother in question was asked by the Master if he really was lovesick. Yes, he said, so he was. "For whom?" was the next question. "For my late wife." "Brother," the Master said, "this same woman in former days was wicked, and made you eat the leavings of her paramour." Then he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as one of a family of poor acrobats, that lived by begging. So when he grew up, he was needy and squalid, and by begging he lived.

There was at the time, in a certain village of Kāsi, a brahmin whose wife was bad and wicked, and did wrong. [168] And it befel that the husband went abroad one day upon some matter, and her lover watching his time went to visit the house. After she had received him, he said, "I will eat a bit before I go." So she made ready the food, and served up rice hot with sauce and curry, and gave it him, bidding him eat: she herself stood at the door, watching for the brahmin's coming. And while the lover was eating, the Bodhisatta stood waiting for a morsel.

At that moment the brahmin set his face for home. And his wife saw him drawing nigh, and ran in quickly--"Up, my man is coming!" and she made her lover go down into the store-room. The husband came in; she gave him a seat, and water for washing the hands; and upon the cold rice that was left by the other she turned out some hot rice, and set it before him. He put his hand into the rice, and felt that it was hot above and cold below. "This must be some one else's leavings," thought he; and so he asked the woman about it in the words of the first stanza:

"Hot at top, and cold at bottom, not alike it seems to be:
I would ask you for the reason: come, my lady, answer me!"

Again and again he asked, but she, fearing lest her deed should be discovered, held her peace, Then a thought came into our tumbler's mind. "The man down in the store-room must be a lover, and this is the master of the house: the wife says nothing, for fear that her deed be made manifest. Soho! I will declare the whole matter, and show the brahmin that a man is hidden in his larder!" [169] And he told him the whole

matter: how that when he had gone out from his house, another had come in, and had done evil; how he had eaten the first rice, and the wife had stood by the door to watch the road; and how the other man had been hidden in the store-room. And in so saying, he repeated the second stanza:

"I am a tumbler, Sir: I came on begging here intent;
He that you seek is hiding in the store-room, where he went!"

By his top-knot he haled the man out of the store-room, and bade him take care not to do the like again; and then he went away. The brahmin rebuked and beat them both, and gave them such a lesson that they were not likely to do the same again. Afterwards he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"Your late wife was then the brahmin's lady; you, the lovesick Brother, were the brahmin himself; and I was the tumbler."

No. 213.

BHARU-JĀTAKA.

"*The king of Bharu*," *etc*. This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala.

Now we read that magnificent presents were made to the Blessed One and his company, and they were held in great respect, as it is written: 'At that time the Blessed One was honoured and revered, respected, reverenced, highly esteemed, and received rich presents--robes, food, lodgement, drugs and medicines, and provisions; and the Brotherhood was honoured, etc. (as before); but the pilgrims of heterodox schools were not honoured, etc. (as before) [1]." Well, the sectaries, finding that honour and gifts diminished, convened a secret meeting for deliberation. "Since the appearance of the Priest Gotama," they said, [170] "honour and gifts come no more to us, but he has got the best of both. What can be the reason of his good fortune?" Then one of them spoke as follows. "Priest Gotama has the best and chiefest place in all India to live in, and that is the reason of his success." Then the others said, "If this is the reason, we will make a rival settlement above Jetavana, and then we shall receive presents." This was the conclusion they came to.

"But," thought they, "if we make our settlement unknown to the king, the Brethren will prevent us. If he accepts a present, he will not be disinclined to break up their settlement. So we had best bribe him to give us a place for ours."

So by the intervention of his courtiers, they offered an hundred thousand pieces to the king, with this message; "Great King, we want to make a rival settlement in Jetavana. If the Brethren tell you they won't permit it, please do not give them any answer." To this the king agreed, because he wanted the bribe.

After thus conciliating the king, the schismatics got an architect and put the work in hand. There was a good deal of noise about it.

"What is all this great noise and tumult, Ānanda?" the Master asked. "The noise," said he, "is some sectaries who are having a new settlement built." "That is not a fit place," he rejoined, "for them to settle. These sectaries are fond of noise; there's no living with them." Then he called the Brotherhood together, and bade them go inform the king, and have the building put a stop to.

The Brethren went and stood by the palace door. The king, as soon as he heard of their coming, knew they must be come about stopping the new settlement. But he had been bribed, and so he ordered his attendants to say the king was not at home. The Brethren went back and told the Master. The Master guessed that a bribe had been given, and sent his two chief disciples [1]. But the king, as soon as he heard of their coming, gave the same order as before; and they too returned and told the Master. The Master said, "Doubtless the king is not able to stay at home to-day; he must be out."

Next forenoon, he dressed himself, took his bowl and robe, and with five hundred brethren walked to the door of the palace. The king heard them come; he descended from the upper story, and took from the Buddha his alms-bowl. Then he gave rice and

gruel to him and his followers, and with a salutation sat down on one side.

The Master began an exposition for the king's behoof, in these words. "Great King, other kings in by-gone days have taken bribes, and then by making virtuous people quarrel together have been dispossessed of their kingdom, and been utterly destroyed." And then, at his request, the Master told an old-world tale.

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[171] Once upon a time, king Bharu was reigning over the kingdom of Bharu. At the same time the Bodhisatta was Teacher of a troop of monks. He was an ascetic who had acquired the Five Supernatural Faculties and the Eight Attainments; and he dwelt a long time in the region of Himalaya.

He came down from Himalaya to buy salt and seasoning, followed by five hundred ascetics; and they came by stages to the city of Bharu. He went a-begging through the city; and then coming forth from it, he sat down by the northern gate, at the root of a banyan tree all covered with twigs and branches. There he made a meal, and there he took up his abode.

Now when that band of hermits had dwelt there by the space of half a moon, there came another Teacher with another five hundred, who went seeking alms about the city, and then came out and sat beneath just such

another banyan tree by the south gate, and ate, and dwelt there. And the two bands abode there so long as they would, and then returned again to Himalaya.

When they had gone, the tree by the south gate withered away. Next time, they who had dwelt under it came first, and perceiving that their tree was withered, they first went on their rounds throughout the city, seeking alms, and then passing out by the northern gate, they ate and abode under the banyan tree that was by that gate. And the other band, coming afterwards, went their rounds in the city, and then made ready their meal and would have dwelt by their own tree. "This is not your tree, ’tis ours!" they cried; and they began to quarrel about the tree. The quarrel waxed great: these said--"Take not the place where we dwelt aforetime!" and those--"This time are we first come; do not you take it!" So crying aloud each that they were the owners of it, they all went to the king's palace.

The king ordained that they who had first dwelt there should hold it. [172] Then the others thought--"We will not allow ourselves to say that we have been beaten by these!" They looked about then with divine vision [1], and observing the body of a chariot fit for an emperor to use, they took it and offered it as a gift to the king, begging him to give them too possession of the tree. He took their gift, and ordained that both should dwell under the tree; and so they were there all masters together. Then the other hermits fetched the jewelled wheels of the same chariot, and offered them to the king, praying him, "O mighty king, make its to possess the tree alone!" And the king did so. Then the ascetics repented, and said: "To think that we, who have overcome the love of riches and the lust of the flesh, and have renounced the world, should fall to quarrelling by reason of

a tree, and offer bribes for it! This is no seemly thing." And they went away in all haste till they came to Himalaya. And all the spirits that dwelt in the realm of Bharu with one miner were angry with the king, and they brought up the sea, and for the space of three hundred leagues they made the kingdom of Bharu as though it were not. And so for the sake of the king of Bharu alone, all the inhabitants of the kingdom perished thus.

When the Teacher had ended this tale, in his perfect wisdom, he uttered the following stanzas:--

"The king of Bharu, as old stories say,
Made holy hermits quarrel on a day:
For the which sin it fell that he fell dead,
And with him all his kingdom perished.

p. 121

"Wherefore the wise do not approve at all
When that desire into the heart doth fall.
He that is free from guile, whose heart is pure,
All that he says is ever true and sure [1]."

[173] When the Master had ended this story, he added, "Great King, one should not be under the power of desire. Two religious persons ought not to quarrel together." Then he identified the Birth:--"In those days, I was the leader of the sages."

When the king had entertained the Buddha, and he had departed, the king sent some men and had the rival settlement destroyed, and the sectaries became homeless.

Footnotes

118:1 This appears to be a regular formula; the Sanskrit equivalent occurs in *Divyāvadāna*, p. 91.

119:1 Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

120:1 One of the *Abhiññās* or Supernatural Faculties; see above.

No. 214.

PUṆṆA-NADĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*That which can drink*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about perfect wisdom.

On one occasion, the Brethren were gathered in the Hall of Truth, talking of the Buddha's wisdom. "Friend, the Supreme Buddha's wisdom is great, and wide, cutting, and quick, sharp, penetrating, and full of resource." The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there together. They told him. "Not now only," said he, "is the Buddha wise and resourceful; he was so in days of yore." And then he told them a story.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as the son of the court chaplain. When he grew up, he studied at Takkasilā; and at his father's death he received the office of chaplain, and he was the king's counsellor in things human and divine.

Afterwards the king opened his ear to breedbates, and in anger bade the Bodhisatta dwell before his face no more, and sent him away from Benares. So he took his wife and family with him, and abode in a certain village of Kāsi. Afterward the king remembered his goodness, and said to himself:

"It is not meet that I should send a messenger to fetch my teacher. I will compose a verse of poetry, [174] and write it upon a leaf; I will cause crow's flesh to be cooked; and after I have tied up letter and meat in a white cloth, I will seal it with the king's seal, and send it to him. If he is wise, when he has read the letter and seen that it is crow's-meat, he will come; if not, then he will not come." And so he wrote on the leaf this stanza:

"That which can drink when rivers are in flood;
  That which the corn will cover out of sight;
That which forebodes a traveller on the road--
  O wise one, eat! my riddle read aright [1]."

This verse did the king write upon a leaf, and sent it to the Bodhisatta. He read the letter, and thinking--"The king wishes to see me"--he repeated the second verse:--[175]

"The king does not forget to send me crow:
  Geese, herons, peacocks,--other birds there are:
If he gives one, he'll give the rest, I know;
  If he sent none at all 'twere worser far [2]."

Then he caused his vehicle to be made ready, and went, and looked upon the king. And the king, being pleased, set him again in the place of the king's chaplain.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Ānanda was the king in those days, and I was his chaplain."

Footnotes

121:1 In commenting upon this line, the Scholiast says: "And those who at that time spoke the truth, blaming king Bharu for taking a bribe, found standing room upon a thousand islands which are yet to he seen to-day about the island of Nāḷikera."

122:1 *Kākapeyya*, both in Skr. and in Pali, is proverbial for rivers at the flood. For Skr. see Pāṇini, 2. 1. 33, where some comm. say 'deep,' some 'shallow.' The scholiast here says: "They call rivers *K.* when a crow standing on the bank can stretch out its neck and drink." Buddhaghosha, quoted by Rh. D. in note to *Buddhist Suttas*, *S. B. E.*, p. 178, says the same.--*Kākaguyha* is corn tall enough to hide a crow; see Pāṇ. 3. 2. 5 and the Kāçikā's comment, with the scholiast's note here.--In the dictionary of Vacaspati, vol. 2, p. 1846, col. 1, it is said "When the crow cries *Khare Khare*, a traveller is coming." The schol. here says: "If people wish to know whether an absent friend is coming back, they say--Caw, crow, if so-and-so is coming! and if the crows caw, they know that he will come."--This verse riddles on these three proverbs and beliefs. [For part of this note I am indebted to Prof. Cowell.]

122:2 I am not sure of the meaning of these obscure lines, but this is the best I can make of it. The schol. says "When he gets crow's flesh he remembers to send me some; surely he will remember when he gets geese, etc." The phrase--"Geese, herons, peacocks," is a reminiscence of the verse quoted in No. 202, above.

No. 215 [1].

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*The Tortoise needs must speak*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master while staying in Jetavana, about Kokālika. The circumstances which gave rise to it will be set forth under the Mahātakkāri Birth [2]. Here again the Master said: "This is not the only time, Brethren, that Kokālika has been ruined by talking; it was the same before." And then he told the story as follows.

Once on a time Brahmadatta was king of Benares, and the Bodhisatta, being born to one of the king's court, grew up, and became the king's adviser in all things human and divine. But this king was very talkative; and when he talked there was no chance for any other to get in a word. [176] And the Bodhisatta, wishing to put a stop to his much talking, kept watching for an opportunity.

Now there dwelt a Tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya.

Two young wild Geese, searching for food, struck up an acquaintance with him; and by and bye they grew close friends together. One day these two said to him: "Friend Tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya, on a plateau of Mount Cittakūta, in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to any body."

"Yes, I can do that," says he; "take me along!"

So they made the Tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and themselves taking hold so of the two ends, they sprang up into the air.

The village children saw this, and exclaimed--"There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

(By this time the geese flying swiftly had arrived at the space above the palace of the king, at Benares.) The Tortoise wanted to cry out--

"Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you, you caitiffs?"--and he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open courtyard he split in two. What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen in the courtyard, and broken in two!" they cried. The king, with the Bodhisatta, and all his court, came up to the place, and seeing the tortoise asked the Bodhisatta a question. "Wise Sir, what made this creature fall?'

"Now's my time!" thought he. "For a long while I have been wishing to admonish the king, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly; the geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air; then he must have heard some remark, and wanted to reply; and not being able to keep his

month shut he must have let himself go; [177] and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death." So thought he; and addressed the king: "O king, they that have too much tongue, that set no limit to their speaking, ever come to such misfortune as this;" and he uttered the following verses:--

"The Tortoise needs must speak aloud,
  Although between his teeth
A stick he bit: yet, spite of it,
  He spoke--and fell beneath.

"And now, O mighty master, mark it well.
  See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.
To death the Tortoise fell:
  He talked too much: that was the reason."

"He is speaking of me!" the king thought to himself; and asked the Bodhisatta if it was so.

"Be it you, O great king, or be it another," replied he, "whosoever talks beyond measure comes by some misery of this kind;" and so he made the thing manifest. And thenceforward the king abstained from talking, and became a man of few words.

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[178] This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Kokālika was the tortoise then, the two famous Elders were the two wild geese, Ānanda was the king, and I was his wise adviser."

Footnotes

123:1 Fausbøll, *Five Jātakas*, p. 41; *Dhammapada*, p. 418; cp. Benfey's *Pantschatantra*, i. p. 239; Babrius, ed. Lewis, i. 122; Phaedrus, ed. Orelli, 55, 128; Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, viii.; Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 100 and 245.

123:2 *Takkāriya-jātaka*, No. 481.

No. 216.

MACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Tis not the fire*," *etc*.---This story the Master told during a stay in Jetavana, about one who hankered after a former wife. The Master asked this Brother, "Is it true, Brother, what I hear, that you are lovesick?" "Yes, Sir." "For whom?" "For my late wife." Then the Master said to him: "This wife, Brother, has been the mischief to you. Long ago by her means you came near being spitted and roasted for food, but wise men saved your life." Then he told a tale of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was his chaplain. Some fishermen drew out a Fish which had got caught in their net, and cast it upon hot sand, saying, "We will cook it in the embers, and eat." So they sharpened a spit. And the Fish fell a-weeping over his mate, and said these two verses:

"'Tis not the fire that burns me, nor the spit that hurts me sore;
But the thought my mate may call me a faithless paramour.

"'Tis the flame of love that burns me, and fills my heart with pain;
Not death is the due of loving; O fishers, free me again!"

[179] At that moment the Bodhisatta approached the river bank; and hearing the Fish's lament, he went up to the fishermen and made them set the Fish at liberty.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the lovesick Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"The wife was in those days the fish's mate, the lovesick Brother was the fish, and I myself was the chaplain."

No. 217.

SEGGU-JĀTAKA.

"*All the world's on pleasure bent*," *etc*.--This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about a greengrocer who was a lay-brother.

The circumstances have been already given in the First Book [1]. Here again the Master asked him where he had been so long; and he replied, "My daughter, Sir, is always smiling. After testing her, I gave her in marriage to a young gentleman. As this had to be done, I had no opportunity of paying you a visit." To this the Master answered, "Not now only is your daughter virtuous, but virtuous she was in days of yore; and as you have tested her now, so you tested her in those days." And at the man's request he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit.

This same pious greengrocer took it into his head to test his daughter. He led her into the woods, [180] and seized her by the hand, making as though he had conceived a passion for her. And as she cried out in woe, he addressed her in the words of the first stanza:--

"All the world's on pleasure bent;

Ah, my baby innocent!

Now I've caught you, pray don't cry;
As the town does, so do I."

When she heard it, she answered, "Dear Father, I ant a maid, and I know not the ways of sin:" and weeping she uttered the second stanza:--

"He that should keep me safe from all distress,
The same betrays me in my loneliness;
My father, who should be my sure defence,
Here in the forest offers violence."

And the greengrocer, after testing his daughter thus, took her home, and gave her in marriage to a young man. Afterwards he passed away according to his deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the end of the Truths the greengrocer entered on the Fruit of the First Path:--"In those days, father and daughter were the snore as now, and the tree-spirit that saw it all was I myself."

Footnotes

126:1 No. 102, *Paṇṇika-Jātaka*, where recurs the second stanza.

No. 218.

KŪṬA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"*Well planned indeed!*" *etc*.--[181] This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a dishonest trader.

There were two traders of Sāvatthi, one pious and the other a cheat. These two joined partnership, and loaded five hundred waggons full of wares, journeying from east to west for trade; and returned to Sāvatthi with large profits.

The pious trader suggested to his partner that they should divide their stock. The rogue thought to himself, "This fellow has been roughing it for ever so long with bad food and lodging. Now he's at home again, he'll eat all sorts of dainties and die of a surfeit. Then I shall have all the stock for myself." What he said was, "Neither the stars nor the day are favourable; to-morrow or the next day we'll see about it;" so he kept putting it oft: However, the pious trader pressed him, and the division was made. Then he went with scents and garlands to visit the Master; and after a respectful obeisance, he sat on one side. The Master asked when he had returned. "Just a fortnight ago, Sir," said he. "Then why have you delayed to visit the Buddha?" The trader explained. Then the Master said, "It is not only now that your partner is a rogue; he was just the same before;" and at his request told him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as the son of one in the king's court. When he grew up he was made a Lord Justice.

At that time, two traders, one from a village and one of the town, were friends together. The villager deposited with the townsman five hundred ploughshares. The other sold these, and kept the price, and in the place where they were he scattered mouse clung. By and by came the villager, and asked for his ploughshare [1]. "The mice have eaten them up [2]!" said the cheat, and pointed out the mouse clung to him.

"Well, well, so be it," replied the other: "what can be done with things which the mice have eaten?

Now at the time of bathing he took the other trader's son, and set him in a friend's house, in an inner chamber, bidding them not suffer him to go out any whither. [182] And having washed himself he went to his friend's house.

"Where is my son?" asked the cheat.

"Dear friend," he replied, "I took him with me and left him on the river side; and when I was gone down into the water, there came a hawk, and seized your son in his extended claws, and flew up into the air. I beat the water, shouted, struggled--but could not make him let go."

"Lies!" cried the rogue. "No hawk could carry off a boy"

"Let be, dear friend: if things happen that should not, how can I help it? Your son has been carried off by a hawk, as I say."

The other reviled him. "Ah, you scoundrel! you murderer! Now I will go to the judge, and have you dragged before him!" And he departed. The villager said, "As you please," and went to the court of justice. The rogue addressed the Bodhisatta thus

"My lord, this fellow took my son with him to bathe, and when I asked where he was, he answered, that a hawk had carried him off. Judge my cause!"

"Tell the truth," said the Bodhisatta, asking the other.

"Indeed, my lord," he answered, "I took him with me, and a falcon has carried him off."

"But where in the world are there hawks which carry off boys?"

"My lord," he answered, "I have a question to ask you. If hawks cannot carry off boys into the air, can mice eat iron ploughshares?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"My lord, I deposited in this man's house five hundred ploughshares. The man told me that the mice had devoured them, and showed me the droppings of the mice that had done it. My lord, if mice eat ploughshares, then hawks carry off boys: but if mice cannot do this, neither will hawks carry the boy off. This man says the mice ate my ploughshares. Give sentence whether they are eaten or no. [183] Judge my cause!"

"He must have meant," thought the Bodhisatta, "to fight the trickster with his own weapons.--Well devised!" said he, and then he uttered these two verses:--

"Well planned indeed! The biter bit,
The trickster tricked--a pretty hit!
If mice eat ploughshares, hawks can fly
With boys away into the sky! p. 129

"A rogue out-rogued with tit for tat!
Give back the plough, and after that
Perhaps the man who lost the plough
May give your son back to you now!" 1

[184] Thus he that had lost his son received him again, and he received his ploughshare that had lost it; and afterwards both passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"The cheat in both cases was the same, and so was the clever man; I myself was the Lord Chief Justice."

Footnotes

127:1 Here, in the last sentence but one, and in the verses the singular *phālaṁ* is used. It is possible this may be a collective, but more likely that it harks back to a simpler and older version, where only one is spoken of. Readers cannot fail to have marked the fondness of the Jātaka editor for round numbers, especially five hundred.

127:2 Things gnawed by mice or rats were unlucky; cp. vol. 1. p. 372 (Pāli), Tevijja-Sutta *Mahāsīlaṁ* i (trans. in *S. B. E.*, *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 196). The man here goes further than he need; if the

mice had but nibbled the ploughshares perhaps he might throw them away.--We may also have a reference to an old proverb, found both in Greek and Latin: "where mice eat iron" meant "nowhere." Herondas 3. 76 οὐδ᾽ ὅκου χώρης οἱ μῦς ὁμοίως τὸν σίδηρον τρώγουσιν. Seneca, *Apocolocyntosis* chap. 7 (to Claudius in heaven) venisti huc ubi mures ferrum rodunt.

129:1 A like repartee is found in *North Ind. N. and O.* iii. 214 (*The Judgement of the Jackal*); Swynnerton, Ind. *Nights Entertainments*, p. 142 (*The Traveller and the Oilman*); and a story of an oilman in Stumme's *Tunische Märchen*, vol. ii.

No. 219 [2].

GARAHITA-JĀTAKA.

"*The gold is mine*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a brother who was downcast and discontent.

This man could not concentrate his mind on any single object, but his life was all full of discontent; and this was told to the Master. When asked by the Master if he really were discontented, he said yes; asked why, he replied t! at it was through his passions. "O Brother!" said the Master, "this passion has been despised even by the lower animals; and can you, a priest of such a doctrine, yield to discontent arising from the passion that even brutes despise?" Then he told him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as a Monkey, in the region of Himalaya. A. woodranger caught him, brought him home and gave him to the king. For a long time he dwelt with the king, serving him faithfully, and he learnt a great deal about the manners of the world of men. The king was

pleased at his faithfulness. He sent for the woodranger, and bade him set the monkey free in the very place where he had been caught; and so he did.

All the monkey tribe gathered together upon the face of a huge rock, to see the Bodhisatta now that he had come back to them;

and they spoke pleasantly to him.

"Sir, where have you been living this long time?"

"In the king's palace at Benares."

"Then how did you get free?"

"The king made me his pet monkey, and being pleased with my tricks, he let me go."

The monkeys went on--"You must know the manner of living in the world of men: [185] tell us about it too--we want to hear!"

"Don't ask me the manner of men's living," quoth the Bodhisatta. "Do tell--we want to hear!" they said again.

"Mankind," said he, "both princes and Brahmans, cry out--'Mine! mine!' They know not of the impermanence, by which the things that be are not. Hear now the way of these blind fools;" and he spoke these verses:

"'The gold is mine, the precious gold!' so cry they, night and day:
These foolish folk cast never a look upon the holy way.

"There are two masters in the house; one has no beard to wear,
But has long breasts, ears pierced with holes, and goes with plaited hair;
His price is told in countless gold; he plagues all people there."

[186] On hearing this, all the monkeys cried out--"Stop, stop! we have heard what it is not meet to hear!" and with both hands they stopped their ears tight. And they liked not the place, because they said, "In this place we heard a thing not seemly;"

so they went elsewhere. And this rock went by the name of Garahitapiṭṭhi Rock, or the Rock of Blaming.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths this Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"The Buddha's present followers were that troop of monkeys, and their chief was I myself."

Footnotes

129:2 *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 253.

No. 220 [1].

DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*You look as though*," *etc*.--This was told by the Master while staying at the Bamboo Grove, about attempts to murder him. On this occasion, as before, the Master said, "This is not the first time Devadatta has tried to murder me and has not even frightened me. He did the same before." And he told this story.

Once upon a time reigned at Benares a king named Yasapāṇi, the Glorious. His chief captain was named Kāḷaka, or Blackie. At that time the Bodhisatta was his chaplain, and had the name of Dhammaddhaja, the Banner of the Faith. There was also a man Chattapāṇi, maker of ornaments to the king. The king was a good king. But his chief captain swallowed bribes in the judging of causes; he was a backbiter; he took bribes, and defrauded the rightful owners.

On a day, one who had lost his suit was departing from the court, weeping and stretching out his arms, [187] when he fell in with the Bodhisatta as he was going to pay his service to the king. Falling at his feet, the man cried out, telling how he had been worsted in his cause: "Although such as you, my lord, instruct the king in the things of this world and the next, the Commander-in-Chief takes bribes, and defrauds rightful owners!"

The Bodhisatta pitied him. "Come, my good fellow," says he, "I will judge your cause for you!" and he proceeded to the court-house. A great company gathered together. The Bodhisatta reversed the sentence, and gave judgement for him that had the right. The spectators applauded. The sound was great. The king heard it, and asked--"What sound is this I hear?"

"My lord king," they answered, "it is a cause wrongly judged that has been judged aright by the wise Dhammaddhaja; that is why there is this shout of applause."

The king was pleased and sent for the Bodhisatta. "They tell me," he began, "that you have judged a cause?"

"Yes, great king, I have judged that which Kāḷaka did not judge aright."

"Be you judge from this day," said the king; "it will be a joy for my ears, and prosperity for the world!" He was unwilling, but the king begged him--"In mercy to all creatures, sit you in judgement!" and so the king won his consent.

From that time Kāḷaka received no presents; and losing his gains he spoke calumny of the Bodhisatta before the king, saying, "O mighty King, the wise Dhammaddhaja covets your kingdom!" But the king would not believe; and bade him say not so.

"If you do not believe me," said Kāḷaka, "look out of the window at the time of his coming. Then you will see that he has got the whole city into his own hands."

The king saw the crowd of those that were about him in his judgement hall. "There is his retinue," thought he. He gave way. "What are we to do, Captain?" he asked.

"My lord, he must be put to death." [188]

"How can we put him to death without having found him out in some great wickedness?"

"There is a way," said the other.

"What way?"

"Tell him to do what is impossible, and if he cannot, put him to death for that."

"But what is impossible to him?"

"My lord king," replied he, "it takes two years or twice two for a garden with good soil to bear fruit, being planted and tended. Send you for him, and say--'We want a garden to disport ourselves in to-morrow. Make us a garden!' This he will not be able to do; and we will slay him for that fault."

The king addressed himself to the Bodhisatta. "Wise Sir, we have sported long enough in our old garden; now we crave to sport in a new. Make us a garden! If you cannot make it, you must die."

The Bodhisatta reasoned, "It must be that Kāḷaka has set the king against me, because he gets no presents.--If I can," he said to the king, "O mighty king, I will see to it." And he went home. After a good meal he lay upon his bed, thinking. Sakka's palace grew hot [1]. Sakka reflecting perceived the Bodhisatta's difficulty.

He made haste to him, entered his chamber, and asked him--"Wise Sir, what think you on'?"--poised the while in mid-air.

"Who are you?" asked the Bodhisatta.

"I am Sakka."

"The king bids me make a garden: that is what I am thinking upon."

"Wise Sir, do not trouble: I will make you a garden like the groves of Nandana and Cittalatā! In what place shall I make it?"

"In such and such a place," he told him. Sakka made it, and returned to the city of the gods.

Next day, the Bodhisatta beheld the garden there in very truth, and sought the king's presence. "O king, the garden is ready: go to your sport!"

The king came to the place, and beheld a garden girt with a fence of eighteen cubits, vermilion tinted, having gates and ponds, [189] beautiful with all manner of trees laden heavy with flowers and fruit! "The sage has done my bidding," said he to Kāḷaka: "now what are we to do?"

"O mighty King!" replied he, "if he can make a garden in one night, can he not seize upon your kingdom?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"We will make him perform another impossible thing."

"What is that?" asked the king.

"We will bid him make a lake possessed of the seven precious jewels!"

The king agreed, and thus addressed the Bodhisatta:

"Teacher, you have made a park. Make now a lake to match it, with the seven precious jewels. If, you cannot make it, you shall not live!"

"Very good, great King," answered the Bodhisatta, "I will make it if I can."

Then Sakka made a lake of great splendour, having an hundred landing-places, a thousand inlets, covered over with lotus plants of five different colours, like the lake in Nandana.

Next clay, the Bodhisatta beheld this also, and told the king: "See, the lake is made!" And the king saw it, and asked of Kāḷaka what was to be done.

"Bid him, my lord, make a house to suit it," said he.

"Make a house, Teacher," said the king to the Bodhisatta, "all of ivory, to suit with the park and the lake: if you do not make it, you must die!"

Then Sakka made him a house likewise. The Bodhisatta beheld it next day, and told the king. When the king had seen it, he asked Kāḷaka again, what was to do. Kāḷaka told him to bid the Bodhisatta make a jewel to suit the house. The king said to him, "Wise Sir, make a jewel to suit with this ivory house; I will go

about looking at it by the light of the jewel: if you cannot make one, you must die! "Then Sakka

made him a jewel too. Next day the Bodhisatta beheld it, and told the king. [190] When the king had seen it, he again asked Kāḷaka what was to be done.

"Mighty king!" answered he, "I think there is some sprite who does each thing that the Brahmin Dhammaddhaja wishes. Now bid him make something which even a divinity cannot make. Not even a deity can make a man with all four virtues [1]; therefore bid him make a keeper with these four." So the king said, "Teacher, you have made a park, a lake, and a palace, and a jewel to give light. Now make me a keeper with four virtues, to watch the park; if you cannot, you must die."

"So be it," answered he, "if it is possible, I will see to it." He went home, had a good meal, and lay down. When he awoke in the morning, he sat upon his bed, and thought thus. "What the great king Sakka can make by his power, that he has made. He cannot make a park-keeper with four virtues'. This being so, it is better to die forlorn in the woods, than to die at the hand of other men." So saying no word to any man, he went down from his dwelling and passed out of the city by the chief gate, and entered the woods, where he sat him down beneath a tree and reflected upon the religion of the good. Sakka perceived it; and in the fashion of a forester he approached the Bodhisatta, saying,

"Brahmin, you are young and tender: why sit you here in this wood, as though you had never seen pain before?" As he asked

it, he repeated the first stanza:--

"You look as though your life must happy be;
Yet to the wild woods you would homeless go,
Like some poor wretch whose life was misery,
And pine beneath this tree in lonely woe."

[191] To this the Bodhisatta made answer in the second stanza:--

"I look as though my life must happy be;
Yet to the wild woods I would homeless go,
Like some poor wretch whose life was misery,
And pine beneath this tree in lonely woe,
Pondering the truth that all the saints do know."

Then Sakka said, "If so, then why, Brahmin, are you sitting here?"

"The king," he made answer, "requires a park-keeper with four good qualities; such an one cannot be found; so I thought--Why perish by the hand of man? I will off to the woods, and die a lonely death. So here I came, and here I. sit."

Then the other replied, "Brahmin, I am Sakka, king of the gods. By

me was your park made, and those other things. A park-keeper possessed of four virtues cannot be made; but in your country there is one Chattapāṇi, who makes ornaments for the head, and he is such a man. If a park-keeper is wanted, go and make this workman the keeper." With these words Sakka departed to his city divine, after consoling him and bidding him fear no more.

[192] The Bodhisatta went home, and having broken his fast, he

repaired to the palace gates, and there in that spot he saw Chattapāṇi. He took him by the hand, and asked him--"Is it true, as I hear, Chattapāṇi, that you are endowed with the four virtues?"

"Who told you so?" asked the other.

"Sakka, king of the gods."

"Why did he tell you?" He recounted all, and told the reason. The other said,

"Yes, I am endowed with the four virtues." The Bodhisatta taking him by the hand led him into the king's presence. "Here, mighty monarch, is Chattapāṇi, endowed with four virtues. If there is need of a keeper for the park, make him keeper."

"Is it true, as I hear," the king asked him, "that you have four virtues?"

"Yes, mighty king."

"What are they? "he asked.

"I envy not, and drink no wine;
No strong desire, no wrath is mine,"

said he.

"Why, Chattapāṇi," cried the king, "did you say you have no envy?"

"Yes, O king, I have no envy."

"What are the things you do not envy?"

"Listen, my lord!" said he; and then he told how he felt no envy in the following lines [1]:--

"A chaplain once in bonds I threw--
Which thing a woman made me do:
He built me up in holy lore;
Since when I never envied more."

[193] Then the king said, "Dear Chattapāṇi, why do you abstain from strong drink?" And the other answered in the following verse [1]--

"Once I was drunken, and I ate
My own son's flesh upon my plate;
Then, touched with sorrow and with pain,
Swore never to touch drink again."

[194] Then the king said, "But what, dear sir, makes you indifferent, without love?" The man explained it in these words [1]:--

"King Kitavāsa was my name;
A mighty king was I;
My boy the Buddha's basin broke
And so he had to die."

[195] Said the king then, "What was it, good friend, that made you to be without anger?" And the other made the matter clear

in these lines:

"As Araka, for seven years
I practised charity;
And then for seven ages dwelt
In Brahma's heaven on high."

When Chattapāṇi had thus explained his four attributes, the king made a sign to his attendants. And in an instant all the court, [196] priests and laymen and all, rose up, and cried out upon Kāḷaka--"Fie, bribe-swallowing thief and scoundrel! You couldn't get your bribes, and so you would murder the wise man by speaking ill of him!" They seized him by hand and foot, and bundled him out of the palace; and catching up whatever

they could get hold of, this a stone, and this a staff, they broke his head and did him to death: and dragging him by the feet they cast him upon a dunghill.

Thenceforward the king ruled in righteousness, until he passed away according to his deserts.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was the Commander Kāḷaka, Sāriputta was the artisan Chattapāṇi, and I was Dhammaddhaja."

Footnotes

131:1 Here we have the "Hero's Tasks" in a new form.

132:1 This was supposed to happen when a good man was in straits. Some modern superstitions, turning upon the pity of a god for creatures in pain, may be seen in *North Ind. N. and Q.* iii. 285. As this: "Hot oil is poured into a dog's ear and the pain makes him yell. It is believed that his yells are heard by Raja Indra, who in pity stops the rain."

134:1 *Caturcaṅga-samannāgataṁ*; it is an odd coincidence that the Pythagoreans called the perfect man τετράγωνος, 'four-square' (see the poem of Simonides, in Plat. *Prot*. 339 B).

135:1 The following is the commentary on these lines. The story is that of No. 120, where the first stanza of those which follow, is given. "This is the meaning. In former days, I was a king of Benares like this, and for a woman's sake I imprisoned a chaplain.

The free are bound, when folly has her say;
When wisdom speaks, the bond go free away.

Just as in the Birth now spoken of, this Chattapāṇi became king. The queen intrigued with sixty-four of the slaves. She tempted the Bodhisatta, and when he would not consent she tried to ruin him by speaking calumny of him; then the king threw him into prison. The Bodhisatta was brought before him bound, and explained the real state of the case. Then he was set free himself; and then he got the king to release all those slaves who had been imprisoned, and advised him to forgive both p. 136 the queen and them. All the rest is to be understood exactly as explained above. It was in reference to this he said

"A chaplain once in bonds I threw--
Which thing a woman made me do:

He built me up in holy lore;

Since when I never envied more."

But then I thought, 'I have avoided sixteen thousand women, and I cannot satisfy this one in the way of passion. Such is the anger of women, hard to satisfy. It is like being angry, saying, 'Why is it dirty?' when a worn garment is dirty; it is like being angry, saying, 'Why does it become like this?' when after s meal some passes into the draught. I made a resolve that henceforth no envy should arise in me by way of passion, lest I should fail to become a saint. From that time I have been free from envy. This is the point of saying, '*Since when I never envied more*.'"

136:1 The scholiast tells the following story to illustrate this verse.--"I was once," says the speaker, "a king of Benares; I could not live without strong drink and meat. Now in that city animals might not be slaughtered on the Sabbath (*uposathadivasesu*); so the cook had prepared some meat for my Sabbath meal the day before (the 13th of the lunar fortnight). This, being badly kept, the dogs ate. The cook durst not come before the king on the Sabbath to serve his rich and varied repast in the upper chamber without meat, so he asked the queen's advice. "My lady, to-day I have no meat; and without it I dare not offer a meal to him, what am I to do?" Said she, "The king is very fond of my son. As he fondles him, he hardly knows whether he exists or not. [194] I will dress my son up, and give him into the king's hands, and while he plays with him you shall serve his dinner; he will not notice." So she dressed up her darling son, and put him into the king's hands. As he was playing with the lad, the cook served the dinner. The king, mad with drink, and seeing no meat upon the dish, asked where the meat was. The answer was that no meat was to be had that day because there was no killing on the

Sabbath. "Meat is hard to get for me, is it?" he said; and then he wrung his dear son's neck as he sat in his arms, and killed him; threw him down before the cook, and told him to look sharp and cook it. The cook obeyed, and the king ate his own son's flesh. For dread of the king not a soul durst weep or wail or say a word. The king ate, and went to sleep. Next morning, having slept off his intoxication, he asked for his son. Then the queen fell weeping at his feet, and said, "Oh, sir, yesterday you killed your son and ate his flesh!" The king wept and wailed for grief, and thought, "This is because of drinking strong drink!" Then, seeing the mischief of drinking, I made a resolution that lest I should never become a saint, I would never touch this deadly liquor; taking dust, and rubbing it upon my mouth. From that time I have drunk no strong drink. This is the point of the lines, "*Once I was drunken*."

137:1 The scholiast tells this story: "The meaning is, Once upon a time I was a king named Kitavāsa, and a son was born to me. The fortune-tellers said that the boy would perish of lack of water. So he was named Duṭṭhakumāra. When he grew up, he was viceroy. The king kept his son close to him, before or behind; and to break the prophecy had tanks made at the four city gates and here and there inside the city; he made halls in the squares and crossways, and set water jars in them. One day the young man, dressed finely, went to the park by himself. On his way he saw a Pacceka-Buddha in the road, and many people spoke to him, praised him, did obeisance before him. [195] 'What!' thought the prince, 'when such as I am passing by, do people show all this respect to yonder shavepate?' Angry, he dismounted from the elephant, and asked the Buddha if he had received his food. 'Yes,' was the reply. The prince took it from him, cast it on the ground, rice and bowl together, and crushed it

to dust under his feet. 'The man is lost, verily!' said the Buddha, and looked into his face. 'I am Prince Duṭṭha, son of king Kitavāsa!' said the prince--'what harm will you do me, by looking angrily at me and opening your eyes?' The Buddha, having lost his food, rose up in the air and went off to a cave at the foot of Nanda, in Northern Himalaya. At that very moment the prince's evil-doing began to bear fruit, and he cried--'I burn! I burn!' His body burst into flame, and he fell down in the road where he was; all the water that there was near disappeared, the conduits dried up, then and there he perished, and passed into hell. The king heard it, and was overcome with grief. Then he thought--'This grief is come upon me because my son was dear to me. If I had had no affection, I had had no pain. From this time forward I resolve that I will fix my affection on nothing, animate or inanimate.'"

No. 221.

KĀSĀVA-JĀTAKA.

"*If any man*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about Devadatta.

It was occasioned by something that happened at Rājagaha. At one period the Captain of the Faith was living with five hundred brethren at the Bamboo Grove. And Devadatta, with a body of men wicked like himself, lived at Gayāsīsa.

At that time the citizens of Rājagaha used to club together for the purpose of almsgiving. A trader, who had come there on business, brought a magnificent perfumed yellow robe, asking that he might become one of them, and give this garment as his contribution. The townspeople brought plenty of gifts. All that was contributed by those who had clubbed together consisted of ready money. There was this garment left. The crowd which had come together said, "Here is this beautiful perfumed robe left over. Who shall have it--Elder Sāriputta, or Devadatta?" Some were in favour of Sāriputta; others said, "Elder Sāriputta will stay here a few days, [197] and then go travelling at his own sweet will; but Devadatta always lives near our city; he is our refuge in good fortune or ill. Devadatta shall have it!" They made a division, and those who voted for Devadatta were in the majority. So to Devadatta they gave it. He had it cut in strips, and sewn together, and coloured like gold, and so he wore it upon him.

At the same time, thirty Brethren went from Sāvatthi to salute the Master. After greetings had been exchanged, they told him

all this affair, adding, "And so, sir, Devadatta wears this mark of the saint, which suits him ill enough." "Brethren," said the Master, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has put on the garb of a saint, a most unsuitable dress. He slid the same before." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as an Elephant in the Himalaya region.

Lord of a herd that numbered eighty thousand wild elephants, he dwelt in the forest land.

A poor man that lived in Benares, seeing the workers of ivory in the ivory bazaar making bangles and all manner of ivory trinkets, he asked them would they buy an elephant's tusks, if he should get them. To which they answered, Yes.

So he took a weapon, and clothing himself in a yellow robe, he put on the guise of a Pacceka-Buddha [1], with a covering band about his head. Taking his stand in the path of the elephants, he slew one of them with his weapon, and sold the tusks of it in Benares; and in this manner he made a living. After this he began always to slay the very last elephant in the Bodhisatta's troop. Day by day the elephants grew fewer and fewer. Then they went and asked the Bodhisatta how it was that their numbers dwindled. He perceived the reason. "Some man," thought he, "stands in the place where the elephants go, having made himself like a Pacceka-Buddha in appearance. Now can it be he

that slays the elephants? I will find him out." So one day he sent the others on before him [198] and he followed after. The man saw the Bodhisatta, and made a rush at him with his weapon. The Bodhisatta turned and stood. "I will beat him to the earth, and kill him!" thought he: and stretched out his trunk,--when he saw the yellow robes which the man wore. "I ought to pay respect to those sacred robes!" said he. So drawing back his trunk, he cried--"O man! Is not that dress, the flag of sainthood, unsuitable to you? Why do you wear it?" and he repeated these lines:

"If any man, yet full of sin, should dare
To don the yellow robe, in whom no care
  For temperance is found, or love of truth,
He is not worthy such a robe to wear.

He who has speed out sin, who everywhere
Is firm in virtue, and whose chiefest care
  Is to control his passions, and be true,
He well deserves the yellow robe to wear."

[199] With these words, the Bodhisatta rebuked the man, and bade him never come there again, else he should die for it. Thus he drove him away.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was the man who killed the elephants, and the head of the herd was I."

Footnotes

139:1 One who has attained the knowledge needful for attaining Nirvana, but does not preach it to men.

No. 222.

CŪLA-NANDIYA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*I call to mind*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta.

One day the brethren fell a-talking in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, that man Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and tyrannical, full of baneful devices against the Supreme Buddha. He flung a stone [2], he even used the aid of Nāḷāgiri [3]; pity and compassion there is none in him for the Tathāgata."

The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has been harsh, cruel, merciless. He was so before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Monkey named Nandiya, or Jolly; and dwelt in the Himalaya region; and his youngest brother bore the name of Jollikin. They two headed a band of eighty thousand monkeys, and they had a blind mother in their home to care for.

They left their mother in her lair in the bushes, and went amongst the trees to find sweet wild fruit of all kinds, which they sent back home to her. The messengers did not deliver it; and, tormented with hunger, she became nothing but skin and bone. Said the Bodhisatta to her,

"Mother, we send you plenty of sweet fruits: then what makes you so thin?"

"My son, I never get it!" [200]

The Bodhisatta pondered. "While I look after my herd, my mother will perish! I will leave the herd, and look after my mother alone." So calling his brother, "Brother," said he, "do you tend the herd, and I will care for our mother."

"Nay, brother," replied he, "what care I for ruling a herd? I too will care for only our mother!" So the two of them were of one mind, and leaving the herd, they brought their mother down out of Himalaya, and took up their abode in a banyan tree of the border-land, where they took care of her.

Now a certain Brahmin, who lived at Takkasilā, had received his education from a famous teacher, and afterward he took leave of him, saying that he would depart. This teacher had the power of divining from the signs on a man's body; and thus he perceived that his pupil was harsh, cruel, and violent. "My son," said he, "you are harsh, and cruel, and violent. Such persons do not prosper at all seasons alike; they come to dire woe and dire destruction. Be not harsh, nor do what you will afterwards repent." With this counsel, he let him go.

The youth took leave of his teacher, and went his way to Benares. There he married and settled down; and not being able to earn a livelihood by any other of his arts, he determined to live by his bow. So he set to work as a huntsman; and left Benares to earn his living. Dwelling in a border village, he would range the woods

girt with bow and quiver, and lived by sale of the flesh of all manner of beasts which he slew.

One day, as he was returning homewards after having caught nothing at all in the forest, he observed a banyan tree standing on the verge of an open glade. "Perhaps," thought he, "there may be something here." And he turned his face towards the banyan tree. Now the two brothers had just fed their mother with fruits, and were sitting behind her in the tree, when they saw the man coming. "Even if he sees our mother," said they, "what will he do?" and they hid amongst the branches. Then this cruel man, as he came up to the tree and saw the mother monkey weak with age, and blind, thought to himself, "Why should I return empty-handed? I will shoot this she-monkey first!" [201] and lifted up his bow to shoot her. This the Bodhisatta saw, and said to his brother, "Jollikin, my dear, this man wants to shoot our mother! I will save her life. When I am dead, do you take care of her." So saying, down he came out of the tree, and called out,

"O man, don't shoot my mother! she is blind, and weak for age. I will save her life; don't kill her, but kill me instead!" and when the other had promised, he sat down in a place within bowshot. The hunter pitilessly shot the Bodhisatta; when he dropped, the man prepared his bow to shoot the mother monkey. Jollikin saw this, and thought to himself, "Yon hunter wants to shoot my mother. Even if she only lives a day, she will have received the gift of life; I will give my life for hers." Accordingly, down he came from the tree, and said,

"O man, don't shoot my mother! I give my life for hers. Shoot me--take both us brothers, and spare our mother's life!" The

hunter consented, and Jollikin squatted down within bowshot. The hunter shot this one too, and killed him--"It will do for my children at home," thought he--and he shot the mother too; hung them all three on his carrying pole, and set his face homewards. At that moment a thunderbolt fell upon the

house of this wicked man, and burnt up his wife and two children with the house: nothing was left but the roof and the bamboo uprights.

A man met him at the entering in of the village, and told him of it. Sorrow for his wife and children overcame him: down on the spot he dropped his pole with the game, and his bow, threw off his garments, and naked he went homewards, wailing with hands outstretched. Then the bamboo uprights broke, and fell upon his head, and crushed it. The earth yawned, flame rose from hell. As he was being swallowed up in the earth, he thought upon his master's warning: [202] "Then this was the teaching that the Brahmin Pārāsariya gave me!" and lamenting he uttered these stanzas:

"I call to mind my teacher's words: so this was what he meant!
Be careful you should nothing do of which you might repent.

"Whatever a man does, the same he in himself will find;
The good man, good; and evil he that evil has designed;
And so our deeds are all like seeds, and bring forth fruit in kind."

Lamenting thus, he went down into the earth, and came to life in the depths of hell.

When the Master had ended this discourse, by which he showed how in other days, as then, Devadatta had been harsh, cruel, and merciless, he identified the Birth in these words: "In those days Devadatta was the hunter, Sāriputta was the famous teacher, Ānanda was Jollikin, the noble Lady Gotamī was the mother, and I was the monkey Jolly."

Footnotes

140:1 *Questions of Milinda*, iv. 4. 24 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, xxxv. 287).

140:2 For the stone-throwing see *Cullavagga* vii. 3. 9; Hardy, *Manual*, p. 320.

140:3 A fierce elephant, let loose at Devadatta's request to kill the Buddha. See *Cullavagga* vii. 3. 11 f. (*Vinaya Texts*, *S. B. E.*, iii. 247 f.); *Milinda*, iv. 4. 44 (where he is called *Dhanapālaka*, as *supra* vol. i. 57); Hardy, *Manual*, p. 320.

No. 223.

PUṬA-BHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Honour for honour*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a landed proprietor.

Tradition has it that once a landowner who was a citizen of Sāvatthi did business with a landowner from the country. [203] Taking his wife with him, he visited this man, his debtor; but the debtor averred that he could not pay. The other, in anger, set out for home without having broken his fast. On the road, some people met him; and seeing how famished the roan was, gave him food, bidding him share it with his wife.

When he got this, he grudged his wife a share. So addressing her he said, "Wife, this is a well-known haunt of thieves, so you had better go in front." Having thus got rid of her, he ate all the food, and then showed her the pot empty, saying--"Look here, wife! they gave me an empty pot!" She guessed that he had eaten it all up himself, and was much annoyed.

As they both passed by the monastery in Jetavana, they thought they would go into the park and get a drink of water. There sat the Master, waiting on purpose to see them, like a hunter on the trail, seated under the shade of his perfumed cell. He greeted then kindly, and said, "Lay Sister, is your husband kind and loving?" "I love him, sir," she replied, "but he does not love me; let alone other days, this very day he was given a pot of food on the way, and gave not a bit to me, but ate it all himself." "Lay

Sister, so it has always been--you loving and kind, and he loveless; but when by the help of the wise he learns your worth, he will do you all honour." Then, at her request, he told an old-world tale.

On a time, while Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the son of one of the king's court. On coming of age he became the king's adviser in things temporal and spiritual. It happened that the king was afraid of his son, lest he might injure him; and sent him away. Taking his wife, the son departed from that city, and came to a village of Kāsi, where he dwelt. By and by when the father died, his son hearing of it set out to go back to Benares; "that I may receive the kingdom which is my birthright," said he. On his way one gave him a mess of pottage, saying, "Eat, and give to your wife also." But he gave her none, and did eat it all himself. [204] Thought she--"A cruel man this, indeed!" and she was full of sorrow.

When he had come to Benares, and received his kingdom, he made her the queen consort; but thinking--"A little is enough for her," he showed her no other consideration or honour, not so much as to ask her how she did.

"This queen," thought the Bodhisatta, "serves the king well, and loves him; but the king spends not a thought upon her. I will make him show her respect and honour."

So he came to the queen, and made salutation, and stood aside. "What is it, dear sir?" she asked.

"Lady," he asked, "how can we serve you? ought you not to give the old Fathers a piece of cloth or a dish of rice?"

"Dear sir, I never receive anything myself; what shall I give to you? When I received, did I not give? But now the king gives me nothing at all: let alone giving anything else, as he was going along the road he received a bowl of rice, and never gave me a bit--he ate it all himself."

"Well, madam, will you be able to say this in the king's presence?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Very well then. To-day, when I stand before the king, when I ask my question do you give the same answer: this very day will I make your goodness known." So the Bodhisatta went on before, and stood in the king's presence. And she too went and stood near the king.

Then said the Bodhisatta, "Madam, you are very cruel. Ought you not to give the Fathers a piece of cloth or a dish of food?" And she made answer, "Good sir, I myself receive nothing from the king: what can I give to you?"

"Are you not the queen consort?" quoth he.

"Good sir," said she, "what boots the place of a queen consort, when no respect is paid? What will the king give me now? When he received a dish of rice on the road, [205] he gave me none, but ate it all himself." And the Bodhisatta asked him, "Is it so, O king?" And the king assented. When the Bodhisatta saw that the

king assented, "Then lady," quoth he, "why dwell here with the king after he has become unkindly? In the world, union without love is painful. While you dwell here, loveless union with the king will bring you sorrow. These folk honour him that honours, and when one honours not--as soon as you see it, you should go elsewhither; they that dwell in the world are many." And he repeated the stanzas following:

Honour for honour, love for love is due:
Do good to him who does the same to you:
Observance breeds observance; but ’tis plain
None need help him who will not help again.

"Return neglect for negligence, nor stay
To comfort him whose love is past away.
The world is wide; and when the birds descry
That trees have lost their fruit--away they fly."

Hearing this, the king gave his queen all honour; and from that time forward they dwelt together in friendship and harmony.

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[206] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the husband and wife entered on the Fruit of the First Path:--"The husband and wife are the same in both cases, and the wise counsellor was I myself."

No. 224.

KUMBHĪLA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Ape*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta.

"O Ape, these virtues four bring victory:
Truth, Wisdom, Self-control, and Piety.

"Without these blessings is no victory--
Truth, Wisdom, Self-control, and Piety."

No. 225.

KHANTI-VAṆṆANA-JĀTAKA.

"*There is a man*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala. A very useful subordinate intrigued in the harem. Even though he knew the culprit, the king pocketed the affront, because the fellow was useful, and told the Master of it. The Master said, "Other kings in days long gone by have done the same;" and at his request, told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a man of his court fell into an intrigue in the king's harem, and an attendant of this courtier did the same thing in the courtier's house. The man could not endure to be thus affronted. So he led the other before the king, saying, "My lord, [207] I have a servant who does all manner of work, and he has made me a cuckold: what must I do with him?" and with the question he uttered this first verse following

"There is a man within my house, a zealous servant too;
He has betrayed my trust, O king! Say--what am I to do?"

On hearing this, the king uttered the second verse:--

"I too a zealous servant have; and here he stands, indeed!
Good men, I trow, are rare enow: so patience is my rede."

The courtier saw that these words of the king were aimed at him; and for the future durst do no wrong in the king's house. And the servant likewise, having come to know that the matter had been told to the king, durst for the future do that thing no more.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"I was the king of Benares." And the courtier on this occasion found out that the king had told of him to the Master, and never did such a thing again.

No. 226.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

[208] "There is a time," etc.--A story told by the Master at Jetavana, about the king of Kosala. This king started to quell a border rising at a bad season of the year. The circumstances have been described already [1]. The Master as before told the king a story.

Once on a time, the king of Benares having started for the field of war at an unseasonable time, set up a camp in his park. At that time an Owl entered a thicket of bamboos, and hid in it. There came a flock of Crows: "We will catch him," said they, "so soon as he shall come out." And they compassed it around. Out he came before his time, nor did he wait until the sun should set; and tried to make his escape. The crows surrounded him, and pecked him with their beaks till he fell to the ground. The king asked the Bodhisatta: "Tell me, wise sir, why are the crows attacking this owl?" And the Bodhisatta made answer, "They that leave their dwelling before the right time, great king, fall into just such misery as this. Therefore before the time one should not leave one's

dwelling place." And to make the matter clear, he uttered this pair of verses:

"There is a time for every thing: who forth from home will go
One man or many, out of time, will surely meet some woe;
As did the Owl, unlucky fowl! pecked dead by many a crow.

"Who masters quite each rule and rite; who others' weakness knows;
Like wise owls, he will happy be, and conquer all his foes."

[209] When the king heard this, he turned back home again.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Ānanda was then the king, and the wise courtier was I myself."

Footnotes

146:1 See no. 176, p. 51 above.

No. 227.

GŪTHA-PĀṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Well matched*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about one of the Brethren.

There stood at that time, about three-quarters [1] of a league from Jetavana, a market town, where a great deal of rice was distributed by ticket, and special meals were given. Here lived an inquisitive lout, who pestered the young men and novices who came to share in the distribution--[210] "Who are for solid food? who for drink? who for moist food?" And he made those who could not answer feel ashamed, and they dreaded him so much that to that village they would not go.

One day, a brother came to the ticket-hall, with the question, "Any food for distribution in such-and-such a village, sir?" "Yes, friend," was the answer, "but there's a lubber here asking questions; if you can't answer them, he abuses and reviles you. He is such a pest that nobody will go near the place." "Sir," said the other, "give me an order on the place, and I'll humble him, and make him modest, and so influence him that whenever he sees you after this, he'll feel inclined to run away."

The brothers agreed, and gave the necessary order. The man walked to our village, and at the gate of it he put on his robe. The loafer spied him--was at him like a mad ram, with "Answer me a question, priest!" "Layman, let me go first about the village for my broth, and then come back with it to the waiting hall."

When he returned with his meal, the man repeated his question. The brother answered, "Leave me to finish my broth, to sweep the room, and to fetch my ticket's worth of rice." So he fetched the rice; then placing his bowl in this very man's hands, he said, "Come, now I'll answer your question."

Then he led him outside the village, folded his outer robe, put it on his shoulder, and taking the bowl from the other, stood waiting for him to begin. The man said, "Priest, answer me one question." "Very well, so I will," said the brother; and with one blow he felled him to the ground, bruised his eyes, beat him, dropped filth in his face, and went off, with these parting words to frighten him, "If ever again you ask a question of any Brother who comes to this village, I'll see about it!"

After this, he took to his heels at the mere sight of a Brother.

By and bye all this became known among the Brotherhood. One day they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, I hear that Brother So-and-so dropped filth in the face of that loafer, and left him!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were all talking about as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time this brother attacked the man with dirt, but he did just the same before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

[211] Once on a time, those citizens of the kingdoms of Aṅga and Magadha who were travelling from one land to the other, used to stay in a house on the marches of the two kingdoms, and there they drank liquor and ate the flesh of fishes, and early in the morning they yoked their carts and went away. At the time

when they came, a certain dung-beetle, led by the odour of dung, came to the place where they had drunken, and saw some liquor shed upon the ground, and for thirst he drank it, and returned to his lump of dung intoxicated. When he climbed upon it the moist dung gave way a little. "The world cannot hear my weight!" he bawled out. At that very instant a maddened Elephant came to the spot, and smelling the dung went back in disgust. The Beetle saw it. "Yon creature," he thought, "is afraid of me, and see how he runs away!--I must fight with him!" and so he challenged him in the first stanza:--

"Well matched! for we are heroes both: here let us issue try:
Turn back, turn back, friend Elephant! Why would you fear and fly?
Let Magadha and Aṅga see how great our bravery!"

The Elephant listened, and heard the voice; he turned back towards the Beetle, and said the second stanza, by way of rebuke:--

"Non pede, longinquave manu, non dentibus utar:
Stercore, cui stercus cura, perisse decet."

[212] And so, dropping a great piece of dung upon him, and making water, he killed him then and there; and scampered into the forest, trumpeting.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"In those days, this lout was the dung-beetle, the Brother in question was the elephant, and I was the tree-sprite who saw it all from that clump of trees."

Footnotes

147:1 Gāvutaddhayojanamatte. It may possibly mean 'an eighth.'

No. 228.

KĀMANĪTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Three forts*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana about a brahmin named Kāmanīta. The circumstances will be explained in the Twelfth Book, and the Kāma-Jātaka [1].

[The king of Benares had two sons.] And of these two sons the elder went to Benares, and became king: the youngest was the viceroy. He that was king was given over to the desire of riches, and the lust of the flesh, and greedy of gain.

At the time, the Bodhisatta was Sakka, king of the gods. And as he looked out upon India, and observed that the king of it was given over to these lusts, he said to himself, "I will chastise that king, and make him ashamed." So taking the semblance of a young brahmin, he went to the king and looked at him.

"Whit wants this young fellow?" the king asked.

Said he, "Great king, I see three towns, prosperous, fertile, having elephants, horses, chariots and infantry in plenty, full of ornaments of gold and fine gold. These may be taken with a very small army. I have come hither to offer to get them for you!"

"When shall we go, young man?" asked the king.

"To-morrow, Sire."

"Then leave me now; to-morrow early shall you go."

"Good, my king: hasten to prepare the army!" And so saying [213] Sakka went back again to his own place.

Next day the king caused the drum to beat, and an army to be made ready; and having summoned his courtiers, he thus bespoke them:--

"Yesterday a young brahmin came and said that he would conquer for me three cities--Uttarapañcāla, Indapatta, and Kekaka. Wherefore now we will go along with that man and conquer those cities. Summon him in all haste!"

"What place did you assign him, my lord, to dwell in?"

"I gave him no place to dwell in," said the king.

"But you gave him wherewith to pay for a lodging!"

"Nay, not even that."

"Then how shall we find him?"

"Seek him in the streets of the city," said the king.

They sought, but found him not. So they came before the king, and told him, "O king, we cannot see him."

Great sorrow fell upon the king. "What glory has been snatched from me!" he groaned; his heart became hot, his blood became disordered, dysentery attacked him, the physicians could not cure him.

After the space of three or four days, Sakka meditated, and was ware of his illness. Said he, "I will cure him: "and in the semblance of a brahmin he went and stood at his door. He caused it to he told the king, "A brahmin physician is come to cure you."

On hearing it, the king answered, "All the great physicians of the court have not been able to cure me. Give him a fee, and let him go." Sakka listened, and made reply: "I want not even money for my lodging, nor will I take fee for my leechcraft. I will cure him: let the king see me!"

"Then let him come in," said the king, on receiving this message. Then Sakka went in, and wishing victory to the king, sat on one side. "Are you going to cure me?" the king asked.

He replied, "Even so, my lord."

"Cure me, then!" said the king.

"Very good, Sire. Tell me the symptoms of your disease, and how it came about,--what you have eaten or drunken, to bring it on, or what you have heard or seen."

"Dear friend, my disease was brought upon me by something that I heard."

Then the other asked, "What was it?" [214]

"Dear Sir, there came a young brahmin who offered to win and give me power over three cities: and I gave him neither lodging, nor wherewithal to pay for one. He must have grown angry with me, and gone away to some other king. So when I bethought me how great glory had been snatched away from me, this disease

came upon me; cure, if you can, this which has come upon me foci my covetousness." And to make the matter clear he uttered the first stanza:--

"Three forts, each builded high upon a mount,
I want to take, whose names I here recount [1]:
And there is one thing further that I need--
Cure me, O brahmin, me the slave of greed!"

Then Sakka said, "O king, by simples made with roots you cannot

be cured, but you must be cured with the simple of knowledge:" and he uttered the second verse as follows: [215]

"There are, who cure the bite of a black snake;
The wise can heal the wounds that goblins make.
The slave of greed no doctor can make whole;
What cure is there for the backsliding soul?"

So spake the great Being to explain his meaning, and he added this yet beyond: "O king, what if you were to get those three cities, then while you reigned over these four cities, could you wear four pairs of robes at once, eat out of four golden dishes, lie on four state beds? O king, one ought not to be mastered by desire. Desire is the root of all evil; when desire is increased, he that cherishes her is cast into the eight great hells, and the sixteen lowest hells, and into all kinds and manner of misery." So the great Being terrified the king with fear of hell and misery, and discoursed to him. And the king, by heating his discourse, got rid of his heartbreak, and in a moment he became whole of his disease. [216] And Sakka after giving him instruction, and

establishing him in virtue, went away to the world of gods. And the king thenceforward gave alms and did good, and he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"The Brother who is a slave to his desires was at that time the king; and I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

149:1 No. 467.

150:1 The names of Pañcāla, Kuru, and Kekaka are given.

No. 229.

PALĀYI-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo, my elephants*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a mendicant, with vagrant tastes.

He traversed the whole of India for the purpose of arguing, and found no one to contradict him. At last he got as far as Sāvatthi, and asked was there any one there who could argue with him. The people said, "There is One who could argue with a thousand such--all-wise, chief of men, the mighty Gotama, lord of the faith, who bears down all opposition, there is no adversary in all India who can dispute with Him. As the billows break upon the shore, so all arguments break against his feet, and are dashed to spray." Thus they described the qualities of the Buddha.

"Where is he now?" asked the mendicant. He was at Jetavana, they replied. Now I'll get up a disputation with him!" said the mendicant. So attended by a large crowd he made his way to Jetavana. On seeing the gate towers of Jetavana [1], which Prince Jeta had built at a cost of ninety millions of money, he asked whether that was the palace where the Priest Gotama lived. The gateway of it, they said. "If this be the gateway, what will the dwelling be like!" he cried. "There's no end to the perfumed chambers!" the people said. "Who could argue with such a priest as this?" he asked; and hurried off at once.

The crowd shouted for joy, and thronged into the park. "What brings you here before your time?" asked the Master. They told

him what had happened. Said he, "This is not the first time, laymen, that he hurried away at the mere sight of the gateway of my dwelling. He did the same before." And at their request, he told an old-world tale.

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[217] Once upon a time, it befel that the Bodhisatta reigned king in Takkasilā, of the realm of Gandhāra, and Brahmadatta in Benares. Brahmadatta resolved to capture Takkasilā; wherefore with a great host he set forth, and took up a position not far from the city, and set his army in array: "Here be the elephants, here the horses, the chariots here, and here the footmen: thus do ye charge and hurl with your weapons; as the clouds pour forth rain, so pour ye forth a rain of arrows!" and he uttered this pair of stanzas:--

"Lo, my elephants and horses, like the storm-cloud in the sky!
Lo, my surging sea of chariots shooting arrow-spray on high!
Lo, my host of warriors, striking sword in hand, with blow and thrust,
Closing in upon the city, till their foes shall bite the dust!

"Rush against them--fall upon them! shout the war-cry--loudly sing!
While the elephants in concert raise a clamorous trumpeting!
As the thunder and the lightning flash and rumble in the sky,
So be now your voice uplifted in the loud long battle-cry!"

[218] So cried the king. And he made his army march, and came before the gate of the city; and when he saw the towers on the city gate, he asked whether was that the king's dwelling. "That," said they, "is the gate tower." "If the gate tower be such as this, of what sort will the king's palace be?" he asked. And they replied, "Like to Vejayanta, the palace of Sakka!" On hearing it,

the king said, "With so glorious a king we shall never be able to fight!" And having seen no more than the tower set upon the city gate, he turned and fled away, and came again to Benares.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"Our mendicant gadabout was then the king of Benares, and I was the king of Takkasilā myself."

Footnotes

152:1 The Jetavana monastery is represented on the Bhārhut Stupa (Cunningham, pl. LVII); for the *gandhakuṭī*, see pl. XXVIII, fig. 3.

No. 230.

DUTIYA-PALĀYI-JĀTAKA.

"*Countless are my banners*," *etc*.--[219] This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about this same gadabout mendicant.

At that time, the Master, with a large company round him, sitting on the beautifully adorned throne of the truth, upon a vermilion dais, was discoursing like a young lion roaring with a lion's roar. The mendicant, seeing the Buddha's form like the form of Brahma, his face like the glory of the full moon, and his forehead like a plate of gold, turned round where he had come, in the midst of the crowd, and ran off, saying, "Who could overcome a man like this?"

The crowd went in chase, then came back and told the Master. He said, "Not only now has this mendicant fled at the mere sight of my golden face; he did the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, the Bodhisatta was king in Benares, and in Takkasilā reigned a certain king of Gandhāra. This king, desiring to capture Benares, went and compassed the city about with a complete army of four divisions. And taking his stand at the city gate, he looked upon his army, and said he, "Who shall be able to conquer so great an army as this?" and describing his army, he uttered the first stanza:--

"Countless are my banners: rival none they own:
Flocks of crows can never stem the rolling sea--
Never can the storm-blast beat a mountain down:--
So, of all the living none can conquer me!"

[220] Then the Bodhisatta disclosed his own glorious countenance, in fashion as the full moon; and threatening him, thus spoke: "Fool, babble not vainly! Now will I destroy your host, as a maddened elephant crushes a thicket of reeds!" and he repeated the second stanza:

"Fool! and hast thou never yet a rival found?
Thou art hot with fever, if thou seekst to wound
Solitary savage elephants like me!
As they crush a reed-stalk so will I crush thee!"

When the king of Gandhāra heard him threaten thus, [221] he looked up, and beholding his wide forehead like a plate of gold, for fear of being captured himself he turned and ran away, and came again even unto his own city.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"The vagrant gadabout was at that time the king of Gandhāra, and the king of Benares was I myself."

No. 231.

UPĀHANA-JĀTAKA.

"*As when a pair of shoes*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. The Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and began to discuss the matter. "Friend, Devadatta having repudiated his teacher, and become the foe and adversary of the Tathāgata, has come to utter destruction." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. The Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has repudiated his teacher, and become my enemy, and come to utter destruction. The same thing happened before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of an elephant trainer. When he grew up, he was taught all the art of managing the elephant. And there came a young villager from Kāsi, and was taught of him. Now when the future Buddhas teach any, they do not give a niggardly dole of learning; but according to their own knowledge so teach they, keeping nothing back. So this youth learnt all the branches of knowledge from the Bodhisatta, without omission; and when he had learnt, said he to his master: [222]

"Master, I will go and serve the king."

"Good, my son," said he: and he went before the king, and told him how that a pupil of his would serve the king. Said the king, "Good, let him serve me." "Then do you know what fee to give?" says the Bodhisatta.

"A pupil of yours will not receive so much as you; if you receive an hundred, he shall have fifty; if you receive two, to him shall one be given." So the Bodhisatta went home, and told all this to his pupil.

"Master," said the youth, "all your knowledge do I know, piece for piece. If I shall have the like payment, I will serve the king; but if not, then I will not serve him." And this the Bodhisatta told to the king. Said the king,

"If the young man could do even as you--if he is able to show skill for skill with you, he shall receive the like." And the Bodhisatta told this to the pupil, and the pupil made answer, "Very good, I will." "To-morrow," said the king, "do you make exhibition of your skill." "Good, I will; let proclamation be made by heat of drum." And the king caused it to be proclaimed, "To-morrow the master and the pupil will

make show together of their skill in managing the elephant. To-morrow let all that wish to see gather together in the courtyard of the palace, and see it."

"My pupil," thought the teacher to himself, "does not know all my resources." So he chose an elephant, and in one night he taught him to do all things awry. He taught him to back when bidden go forward, and to go on when told to back; to lie down when

bidden rise, and to rise when bidden lie down; to drop when told to pick up, and to pick up when told to drop.

Next day mounting his elephant he came to the palace yard. And his pupil also was there, mounted upon a beautiful elephant. There was a great concourse of people. They both showed all their skill. But the Bodhisatta made his elephant reverse orders; [223] "Go on!" said he, and it backed; "Back!" and it ran forward; "Stand up!" and it lay down; "Lie!" and it stood up; "Pick it up!" and the creature dropped it; "Drop it!" and he picked it up. And the crowd cried, "Go to, you rascal! do not raise your voice against your master! You do not know your own measure, and you think you can match yourself against him!" and they assailed him with clods and staves, so that he gave up the ghost then and there. And the Bodhisatta came down from his elephant, and approaching the king, addressed him thus--

"O mighty king! for their own good men get them taught; but there was one to whom his learning brought misery with it, like an ill-made shoe;" and he uttered these two stanzas:--

"As when a pair of shoes which one has bought
For help and comfort cause but misery,
Chafing the feet till they grow burning hot
And making them to fester by and bye:

"Even so an underbred ignoble man,
Having learnt all that he can learn from you,
By your own teaching proves your very bane [1]:
The lowbred churl is like the ill-made shoe."

[224] The king was delighted, and heaped honours upon the Bodhisatta.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified this Birth as follows:--"Devadatta was the pupil, and I myself was the teacher."

Footnotes

155:1 The schol. would take *tam* as for *attānam*, "he hurts himself," not "thee," but this is hardly possible. The verses do not seem to fit the story very exactly.

No. 232.

VĪṆĀ-THŪṆA-JĀTAKA.

"*Your own idea*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a young lady.

She was the only daughter of a rich merchant of Sāvatthi. She noticed that in her father's house a great fuss was made over a fine bull, and asked her nurse what it meant. "Who is this, nurse, that is honoured so?" The nurse replied that it was a right royal bull.

Another day she was looking from an upper storey down the street, when lo, she spied a hunchback. [225] Thought she, "In the cow tribe, the leader has a hump. I suppose it's the same with men. That must be a right, royal man, and I must go and be his humble follower." So she sent her maid to say that the merchant's daughter wished to join herself to him, and he was to wait for her in a certain spot. She collected her treasures together, and disguising herself; left the mansion and went off with the hunchback.

By and bye all this became known in the town and among the Brotherhood. In the Hall of Truth, brothers discussed its bearings: "Friend, there is a merchant's daughter who has eloped with a hunchback!" The Master came in, and asked what they were all talking about together. They told him. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that she has fallen in love

with a hunchback. She did the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a rich man's family in a certain market town. When he came of age, he lived as a householder, and was blessed with sons and daughters, and for his son's wife he chose the daughter of a rich citizen of Benares, and fixed the day.

Now the girl saw in her home honour and reverence offered to a bull. She asked of her nurse, "What is that?"--"A right royal bull," said she. And afterward the girl saw a hunchback going through the street. "That must be a right royal man!" thought she; and taking with her the best of her belongings in a bundle, she went off with him.

The Bodhisatta also, having a mind to fetch the girl home, set out for Benares with a great company; and he travelled by the same road.

The pair went along the road all night long. All night long the hunch-back was overcome with thirst; and at the sunrise, he was attacked by colic, and great pain came upon him. So he went off the road, dizzy with pain, and fell down, like a broken lute-stick, huddled together; the girl too sat down at his feet. The Bodhisatta observed her sitting at the hunch-back's feet, and recognised her. Approaching, he talked with her, repeating the first stanza: [226]

"Your own idea! this foolish man can't move without a guide,
This foolish hunchback! 'tis not meet you should be by his side."

And hearing his voice, the girl answered by the second stanza:--

"I thought the crookback king of men, and loved him for his worth,--
Who, like a lute with broken strings, lies huddled on the earth."

And when the Bodhisatta perceived that she had only followed him in disguise, he caused her to bathe, and adorned her, and took her into his carriage and went to his home.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"The girl is the same in both cases; and the merchant of Benares was I myself."

No. 233.

VIKAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

[227] "*The barb is in your back*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding brother.

He was brought into the Hall of Truth, and asked if he were really backsliding; to which he replied yes. When asked why, he replied "Because of the quality of desire." The Master said, "Desire is like two-barbed arrows for getting lodgement in the heart; once there, they kill, as the barbed arrows killed the crocodile." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, the Bodhisatta was king of Benares, and a good king he was. One day he entered his park, and came to the side of a lake. And those who were clever with dance and song began to dance and to sing. The fish and tortoises, eager to hear the sound of song, flocked together and went along beside the king. And the king, seeing a mass of fish as long as a palm trunk, asked his courtiers,

"Now why do these fish follow me?"

Said the courtiers, "They are coming to offer their services to their lord."

The king was pleased at this saying, that they were come to serve him, and ordered rice to be given to them regularly. At the time of feeding some of the fish came, and some did not; and

rice was wasted. They told the king of it. "Henceforward," said the king, "at the time for

the giving of rice let a drum be sounded; and at the sound of the drum, when the fish flock together, give the food to them." From thenceforth the feeder caused a drum to sound, and when they flocked together gave rice to the fish. As they were gathered thus, eating the food, came a crocodile and ate some of the fish. The feeder told the king. The king listened. "When the crocodile is eating the fish," said he, "pierce him with a harpoon, and capture him." [228]

"Good," the man said. And he went aboard a boat, and so soon as the crocodile was come to eat the fish, he pierced him with a harpoon. It went into his back. Mad with pain, the crocodile went off with the harpoon. Perceiving that he was wounded, the feeder spake to him by this stanza:

"The barb is in your back, go where you may.
The beat of drum, calling my fish to feed,
Brought you, pursuing, greedy, on the way
Which brought you also to your direst need."

When the crocodile got to his own place, he died.

To explain this matter, the Master having become perfectly enlightened spake the second verse as follows:

"So, when the world tempts any man to sin
Who knows no law but his own will and wish,

He perishes amid his friends and kin,
Even as the Crocodile that ate the fish."

[229] When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"In those days I was the king of Benares."

No. 234.

ASITĀBHŪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Now desire has gone*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a young girl.

Tradition tells us that a certain man at Sāvatthi, a servant of the Master's two chief disciples, had one beautiful and happy daughter. When she grew

up, she married into a family as good as her own. The husband, without consulting anybody, used to enjoy himself elsewhere at his own sweet will, She took no notice of his disrespect; but invited' the two chief disciples, made them presents, and listened to their preaching, until she reached the Fruit of the First Path. After this she spent all her time in the enjoyment of the Path and the Fruit; at last, thinking that as her husband did not want her, there was no need for her to remain in the household, she determined to embrace the religious life. She informed her parents of her plan, carried it out, and became a saint.

Her story became known amongst the Brotherhood; and one day they were discussing it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, the daughter of such and such a family strives to attain the highest good. Finding that her husband did not care for her, she made rich presents to the chief disciples, listened to their preaching, and gained the Fruit of the First Path; she took leave of her

parents, became a religious, and then a saint. So, friend, the girl sought the highest good."

While they were talking, the Master came in and asked what it was all about. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that she seeks the highest; she did so in olden days as well." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was living as an ascetic, in the Himalaya region; and he had cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments. Then the king of Benares, observing how magnifical was the pomp of his son Prince Brahmadatta, was filled with suspicion, and banished his son from the realm.

[230] The youth with his wife Asitābhū made his way to Himalaya, and took up his abode in a hut of leaves, with fish to eat, and all manner of wild fruits. He saw a woodland sprite, and became enamoured of her. "Her will I make my wife!" said he, and nought reeking of Asitābhū, he followed after her steps. His wife seeing that he followed after the sprite, was wroth. "The man cares nought for me," she thought; "what have I to do with him?" So she came to the Bodhisatta, and did him reverence: she learnt what she must needs do to be initiated, and gazing at the mystic object, she developed the Faculties and the Attainments, bade the Bodhisatta farewell, and returning stood at the door of her hut of leaves.

Now Brahmadatta followed the sprite, but saw not by what way she went; and baulked of his desire he set his face again for the hut. Asitābhū saw him coming, and rose up in the air; and poised

upon a plane in the air of the colour of a precious stone, she said to him--"My young lord! ’tis through you that I have attained this ecstatic bliss!" and she uttered the first stanza:--

"Now desire has gone,
  Thanks to you, and found its ending:
Like a tusk, once sawn,
  None can make it one by mending."

So saying, as he looked, she rose up and departed to another place. And when she had gone, he uttered the second stanza, lamenting:--[231]

"Greed that knows no stay,
Lust, the senses all confusing,
Steals our good away,
Even as now my wife I'm losing."

And having made his moan in this stanza, he dwelt alone in the forest, and at his father's death he received the sovereignty.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"These two people were then the prince and princess, and I was the hermit."

No. 235.

VACCHA-NAKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Houses in the world are sweet*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Roja the Mallian.

We learn that this man, who was a lay friend of Ānanda's, sent the Elder a message that he should come to him. The Elder took leave of the Master, and went. He served the Elder with all sorts of food, and sat down on one side, engaging him in a pleasant conversation. Then he offered the Elder a share of his house, tempting him by the five channels of desire. "Ānanda, Sir, I have at home great store of live and dead stock. I will divide it and give you half; let us live in one house together!" The Elder declared to him the suffering which is involved in desire; then rose from his seat, and returned to the monastery.

When the Master asked whether he had seen Roja, he replied that he had. "What did he say to you?" "Sir, Roja invited me to return to the world; then I explained to him the suffering involved in desires and the worldly life." The Master said, "Ānanda, this is not the first time that Roja the Mallian has invited anchorites to return to the world; he did the same before;" and then, at his request, he told a story of the olden time.

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[232] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of a family of brahmins who lived in a

certain market town. Coming to years, he took up the religious life, and dwelt for a long time amid the Himalayas.

He went to Benares to purchase salt and seasoning, and abode in the king's grounds; next day he entered Benares.

Now a certain rich man of the place, pleased at his behaviour, took him home, gave him to eat, and receiving his promise to abide with him, caused him to dwell in the garden and attended to his wants. And they conceived a friendship each for the other.

One day, the rich man, by reason of his love and friendship for the Bodhisatta, thought this within himself: "The life of an ascetic is unhappy. I will persuade my friend Vacchanakha to unfrock himself; I will part my wealth in two, and give half to him, and we both will dwell together." So one day, when the meal was done, he spake sweetly to his friend and said--

"Good Vacchanakha, unhappy is the hermit's life; ’tis pleasant to live in a house. Come now, let us both together take our pleasure as we will." So saying, he uttered the first stanza:--

"Houses in the world are sweet,
  Full of food, and full of treasure;
There you have your fill of meat
  Eating, drinking at your pleasure."

The Bodhisatta on hearing him, thus replied: "Good Sir, from ignorance you have become greedy in desire, and call the householder's life good, and the life of the ascetic bad; listen

now, and I will tell you how bad is the householder's life;" and he uttered the second stanza: [233]

"He that hath houses peace can never know,
He lies and cheats, he must deal many a blow
    On others' shoulders: nought this fault can cure:
Then who into a house would willing go?"

With these words the great Buddha told the defects of a householder's life, and went into the garden again.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Roja the Mallian was the Benares merchant, and I was Vacchanakha the mendicant."

No. 236.

BAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*See that twice-born bird*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while staying in Jetavana, about a hypocrite. When he was brought before the Master, the Master said, "Brethren, he was a hypocrite of old just as he is now," and told the following story.

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[234] Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Fish in a certain pond in the Himalaya region, and a great shoal went with him. Now a Crane desired to eat the fish. So in a place near the pond he drooped his head, and spread out his wings, and looked vacantly, vacantly at the fish, waiting till they were off their guard [1]. At the same moment the Bodhisatta with his shoal came to that place in search of food. And the shoal of fish on seeing the crane uttered the first stanza:--

"See that twice-born [2] bird, how white--
  Like a water-lily seeming;
Wings outspread to left and right--
  Oh, how pious! dreaming, dreaming!"

Then the Bodhisatta looked, and uttered the second stanza:

"What he is ye do not know,
  Or you would not sing his praises.

He is our most treacherous foe;
That is why no wing he raises."

Thereupon the fish splashed in the water and drove the crane away.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"This hypocrite was the Crane, and I was the chief of the shoal of fish."

Footnotes

162:1 A crane's sleep" is an Indian proverb for trickery.

162:2 *dijo* is used of a bird as born in the egg and from the egg. It is also applied to Brahmins, and so conveys an additional notion of piety.

No. 237.

SĀKETA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why are hearts cold*," *etc*.--This story the Master told during a stay near Sāketa, about a brahmin named Sāketa. Both the circumstances that suggested the story and the story itself have already been given in the First Book [3].

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[235]...And when the Tathāgata had gone to the monastery, the Brother asked, "How, Sir, did the love begin? "and repeated the first stanza:--

Why are hearts cold to one--O Buddha, tell!--
And love another so exceeding well?"

The Master explained the nature of love by the second stanza:

"Those love they who in other lives were dear,
As sure as grows the lotus in the mere."

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"These two people were the brahmin and his wife in the story; and I was their son."

Footnotes

162:3 No. 68.

No. 238.

EKAPADA-JĀTAKA.

[236] "*Tell me one word*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a certain landowner.

We are told that there was a landowner who lived at Sāvatthi. One day, his son sitting on his hip asked him what is called the "Door [1]" question. He replied, "That question requires a Buddha; nobody else can answer it." So he took his son to Jetavana, and saluted the Master. "Sir," said he, "as my son sat on my hip, he asked me the question called the 'Door.' I didn't know the answer, so here I am to ask you to give it." Said the Master, "This is not the first time, layman, that the lad has been a seeker after the way to accomplish his ends, and asked wise men this question; he did so before, and wise men in olden days gave him the answer; but by reason of the dimness caused by rebirth, he has forgotten it." And at his request the Master told a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came into this world as a rich merchant's son. He grew up, and when in course of time the father died, he took his father's place as a merchant.

p. 164

And his son, a young boy, sitting on his hip, asked him a question, "Father," said he, "tell me a thing in one word which

embraces a wide range of meaning;" and he repeated the first stanza:--

"Tell me one word that all things comprehends:
By what, in short, can we attain our ends?"

His father replied with the second:--

"One thing for all things precious--that is skill:
Add virtue and add patience, and you will
Do good to friends and to your foes do ill."

[237] Thus did the Bodhisatta answer his son's question. The son used the way which his father pointed out to accomplish his purposes, and by and bye he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths father and son reached the Fruit of the First Path:--"This man was then the son, and I was the merchant of Benares myself."

Footnotes

163:1 This question referred to the means of entering on the Paths.

No. 239.

HARITA-MĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*When I was in their cage*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, about Ajātasattu.

Mahā-Kosala, the king of Kosala's father, when he married his daughter to king Bimbisāra, had given her a village in Kāsi for bath-money. After Ajātasattu murdered Bimbisāra, his father, the queen very soon died of love for him. Even after his mother's death, Ajātasattu still enjoyed the revenues of this village. But the king of Kosala determined that no parricide should have a village which was his by right of inheritance, and made war upon him. Some-times the uncle got the best of it, and sometimes the nephew. And when Ajātasattu was victor, he raised his banner and marched through the country back to his capital in triumph; but when he lost, all downcast he returned without letting any one know.

It happened on a day that the Brethren sat talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend"--so one would say--"Ajātasattu is delighted when he beats his uncle, and when he loses he is cast down." The Master, entering the Hall, asked what they were discussing this time; [238] and they told him. He said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that the man has been happy when he conquered, and miserable when he did not." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Green Frog. At the time people set wicker cages in all pits and holes of the rivers, to catch fish withal. In one cage were a large number of fish. And a Water-snake, eating fish, went into the trap himself. A number of the fish thronging together fell to biting him, until he was covered with blood. Seeing no help for it, in fear of his life he slipped out of the mouth of the cage, and lay down full of pain on the edge of the water. At the same moment, the Green Frog took a leap and fell into the mouth of the trap. The Snake, not knowing to whom he could appeal, asked the Frog that he saw there in the trap--"Friend Frog, are you pleased with the behaviour of yonder Fish?" and he uttered the first stanza:--

"When I was in their cage, the fish did bite
Me, though a snake. Green Frog, does that seem right?"

Then the Frog answered him, "Yes, friend Snake, it does: why not? if you eat fish which get into your demesne, [239] the fish eat you when you get into theirs. In his own place, and district, and feeding ground no one is weak." So saying, he uttered the second stanza:

"Men rob as long as they can compass it;
And when they cannot--why, the biter's bit!"

The Bodhisatta having pronounced his opinion, all the fish observing the Snake's weakness, cried, "Let us seize our foe!" and came out of the cage, and did him to death then and there, and then departed.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Ajātasattu was the Water-snake, and the Green Frog was I."

No. 240.

MAHĀPIṄGALA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*The Yellow King*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at the Jetavana Park, about Devadatta the heretic.

Devadatta for nine months had tried to compass the destruction of the future Buddha, and had sunk down into the earth by the gateway of Jetavana.

p. 166

Then they that dwelt at Jetavana and in all the country round about were delighted, saying, "Devadatta the enemy of Buddha has been swallowed up in the earth: the adversary is slain, and the Master has become perfectly enlightened!" [240] And hearing these words spoken many a time and oft, the people of all the continent of India, and all the goblins, and living creatures, and gods were delighted likewise. One day, all the brethren were talking together in the Hall of Truth, and thus would they say: "Brother, since Devadatta sank into the earth, what a number of people are glad, saying, Devadatta is swallowed up by the earth!" The Teacher entered, and asked, "What are ye all talking about here, brethren?" They told him. Then said he, "This is not the first time, O brethren, that multitudes have rejoiced and laughed aloud at the death of Devadatta. Long ago they rejoiced and laughed as they do now." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time reigned at Benares a wicked and unjust king named Mahā-piṅgala, the Great Yellow King, who did sinfully after his own will and pleasure. With taxes and fines, and many mutilations [1] and robberies, he crushed the folk as it were sugar-cane in a mill; be was cruel, fierce, ferocious. For other people he had not a grain of pity; at home he was harsh and implacable towards his wives, his sons and daughters, to his brahmin courtiers and the householders of the country. He was like a speck of dust that falls in the eye, like gravel in the broth, like a thorn sticking in the heel.

Now the Bodhisatta was a son of king Mahā-piṅgala. After this king had reigned for a long time, he died. When he died all the citizens of Benares were overjoyed and laughed a great laugh; they burnt his body with a thousand cartloads of logs, and quenched the place of burning with thousands of jars of water, and consecrated the Bodhisatta to be king: they caused a drum of rejoicing to beat about the streets, for joy that they had got them a righteous king. They raised flags and banners, and decked out the city; at every door was set a pavilion, and scattering parched corn and flowers, they sat them down upon the decorated platforms under fine canopies, and did eat and drink. The Bodhisatta himself sat upon a fine divan [241] on a great raised dais, in great magnificence, with a white parasol stretched above him. The courtiers and householders, the citizens and the doorkeepers stood around their king.

But one doorkeeper, standing not far from the king, was sighing and sobbing. "Good Porter," said the Bodhisatta, observing him, "all the people are making merry for joy that my father is dead, but you stand weeping. Come, was my father good and kind to you?" And with the question he uttered the first stanza:--

"The Yellow King was cruel to all men;
Now he is dead, all freely breathe again.
Was he, the yellow-eyed, so very dear?
Or, Porter, why do you stand weeping here?"

The man heard, and answered: "I am not weeping for sorrow that Piṅgala is dead. My head would be glad enough. For King Piṅgala, every time he came down from the palace, or went up into it, would give me eight blows over the head with his fist, like the blows of a blacksmith's hammer. So when he goes down to the other world, he will deal eight blows on the head of Yama, the gatekeeper of hell, as though he were striking me. Then the people there will cry--He is too cruel for us! and will send him up again. And I fear he will come and deal fisticuffs on my head again, and that is why I weep." To explain the matter he uttered the second stanza:--[242]

"The Yellow King was anything but dear:
It is his coming back again I fear.
What if he beat the king of Death, and then
The king 'of Death should send him back again?"

Then said the Bodhisatta: "That king has been burnt with a thousand cartloads of wood; the place of his burning has been soaked with water from thousands of pitchers, and the ground has been dug up all round; beings that have gone to the other world, except by force of fate [1], do not return to the same bodily shape as they had before; do not be afraid!" and to comfort him, he repeated the following stanza

"Thousands of loads of wood have burnt him quite,
Thousands of pitchers quenched what still did burn;
The earth is dug about to left and right
Fear not--the king will never more return.

After that, the porter took comfort. And the Bodhisatta ruled in righteousness; and after giving gifts and doing other good acts, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Devadatta was Piṅgala; and his son was I myself."

Footnotes

165:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 126.

166:1 *-jaṁghakahāpaṇādigahanena* I take to mean 'the taking away of legs, money, etc.' Possibly *jaṁghā* (taking it independently) may mean something like 'boot' or 'stocks,' but I can find no authority for this.

167:1 Reading *aññatra gativasā*, 'except by the power of rebirth.'

No. 241 [1].

SABBADĀṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Even as the Jackal*," *etc*. This story the Master told while staying in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta.

Devadatta, having won favour in the eyes of Ajātasattu, yet could not make the repute and support which he received last any time. Ever since they saw the miracle [2] done when Nāḷāgiri was sent against him, the reputation and receipts of Devadatta began to fall off. [243]

So one day, the Brethren were all talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, Devadatta managed to get reputation and support, yet could not keep it up. This happened in olden days in just the same way." And then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta was king of Benares, and the Bodhisatta was his chaplain; and he had mastered the three Vedas and the eighteen branches of knowledge. He knew the spell entitled 'Of subduing the World.' (Now this spell is one which involves religious meditation.)

One day, the Bodhisatta thought that he would recite this spell; so he sat down in a place apart upon a flat stone, and there went through his reciting of it. It is said that this spell could be taught to no one without use of a special rite; for which reason he recited it in the place just described. It so happened that a Jackal

lying in a hole heard the spell at the time that he was reciting it, and got it by heart. We are told that this jackal in a previous existence had been some brahmin who had learnt the charm 'Of subduing the World.'

The Bodhisatta ended his recitation, and rose up, saying--"Surely I have that spell by heart now." Then the Jackal arose out of his hole, and cried--"Ho, brahmin! I have learnt the spell better than you know it yourself!" and off he ran. The Bodhisatta set off in chase, and followed some way, crying--"Yon jackal will do a great mischief--catch him, catch him!" But the jackal got clear off into the forest.

The Jackal found a she-jackal, and gave her a little nip upon the body. "What is it, master?" she asked. "Do you know me," he asked, "or do you not?" " [3]I do not know you." He repeated the spell, and thus had

under his orders several hundreds of jackals, and gathered round him all the elephants and horses, lions and tigers, swine and deer, and all other fourfooted creatures; [244] and their king he became, under the title of Sabbadāṭha, or Alltusk, and a she jackal he made his consort. On the back of two elephants stood a lion, and on the lion's back sat Sabbadāṭha, the jackal king, along with his consort the she jackal; and great honour was paid to them.

Now the Jackal was tempted by his great honour, and became puffed up with pride, and he resolved to capture the kingdom of Benares. So with all the fourfooted creatures in his train, he came to a place near to Benares. His host covered twelve

leagues of ground. From his position there he sent a message to the king, "Give up your kingdom, or fight for it." The citizens of Benares, smitten with terror, shut close their gates and stayed within.

Then the Bodhisatta drew near the king, and said to him, "Fear not, mighty king! leave me the task of fighting with the jackal king, Sabbadāṭha. Except only me, no one is able to fight with him at all." Thus he gave heart to the king and the citizens. "I will ask him at once," he went on, "what he will do in order to take the city." So he mounted the tower over one of the gates, and cried out--"Sabbadāṭha, what will you do to get possession of this realm?"

"I will cause the lions to roar, and with the roaring I will frighten the multitude: thus will I take it!"

"Oh, that's it," thought the Bodhisatta, and down he came from the tower. He made proclamation by beat of drum that all the dwellers in the great city of Benares, over all its twelve leagues, must stop up their ears with flour. The multitude heard the command; they stopped up their own ears with flour, so that they could not hear each other speak:--nay, they even did the same to their cats and other animals.

Then the Bodhisatta went up a second time into the tower, and cried out "Sabbadāṭha!"

"What is it, Brahmin?" quoth he.

"How will you take this realm?" he asked.

"I will cause the lions to roar, and I will frighten the people, and destroy them; thus will I take it!" he said.

"You will not be able to make the lions roar; these noble lions, with their tawny paws and shaggy manes, will never do the bidding of an old jackal like you! The jackal, stubborn with pride, [245] answered, "Not only will the other lions obey me, but I'll even make this one, upon whose back I sit, roar alone!"

"Very well," said the Bodhisatta, "do it if you can."

So he tapped with his foot on the lion which he sat upon, to roar.

And the lion resting his mouth upon the Elephant's temple, roared thrice, without any manner of doubt. The elephants were terrified and dropped the Jackal down at their feet; they trampled upon his head and crushed it to atoms. Then and there Sabbadāṭha perished. And the elephants, hearing the roar of the lion, were frightened to death, and wounding one another, they all perished there. The rest of the creatures, deer and swine, down to the hares and cats, perished then and there, all except the lions; and these ran off and took to the woods. There was a heap of carcases covering the ground for twelve leagues.

The Bodhisatta came down from the tower, and had the gates of the city thrown open. By beat of drum he caused proclamation to be made throughout the city: "Let all the people take the flour from out of their ears, and they that desire meat, meat let them take!" The people all ate what meat they could fresh, and the rest they dried and preserved.

It was at this time, according to tradition, that people first began to dry meat.

The Master having finished this discourse, identified the Birth by the following verses, full of divine wisdom:

"Even as the Jackal, stiff with pride,
Craved for a mighty host on every side,
And all toothed creatures came
Flocking around, until he won great fame:

"Even so the man who is supplied
With a great host of men on every side,
As great renown has he
As had the Jackal in his sovranty."

[246] "In those days Devadatta was the Jackal, Ānanda was the king, and I was the chaplain."

Footnotes

168:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, iv. 60.

168:2 A great elephant was let loose for the purpose of destroying the Buddha, but only did him reverence: *Cullavagga*, vii. 3. 11 (*S. B. E.*, *Vinaya Texts*, iii. 247); Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 320; *Milinda-pañha* iv. 4. 30 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, i. 288).

168:3 Perhaps *ājānāmi* "I do know you."

No. 242.

SUNAKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Foolish Dog*," *etc*. This story the Master told whilst living in Jetavana, about a dog that used to be fed in the resting hall by the Ambala tower.

It is said that from a puppy this dog had been kept there and fed by some water-carriers. In course of time it grew up there to be a big dog. Once a

villager happened to see him; and he bought him from the water-carriers for an upper garment and a rupee; then, fastening him to a chain, led the dog away. The dog was led away, unresisting, making no sound, and followed and followed the new master, eating whatever was offered. "He's fond of me, no doubt," thought the man; and let him free from the chain. No sooner did the dog find himself free, than off he went, and never stopped until he came back to the place he started from.

Seeing him, the Brethren guessed what had happened; and in the evening, when they were gathered in the Hall of Truth, they began talking about it. "Friend--here's the dog back again in our resting hall! how clever he must have been, to get rid of his chain! No sooner free, than back he ran!" The Master, entering, asked what they were all talking about as they sat together. They told him. He rejoined, "Brethren, this is not the first time our dog was clever at getting rid of his chain; he was just the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a rich family of the kingdom of Kāsi; and when he grew up, he set up a house of his own. There was a man in Benares who had a dog which had been fed on rice till it grew fat. [247] And a certain villager who had come to Benares saw the dog; and to the owner he gave a fine garment and a piece of money for the dog, which he led off bound by a strap. Arrived at the outskirts of a forest, he entered a hut, tied up the dog, and lay down to sleep. At that moment the Bodhisatta entered the forest on some errand, and beheld the dog made fast by a thong; whereat he uttered the first stanza:--

"Foolish Dog! why don't you bite
Through that strap that holds you tight?
In a trice you would be free,
Scampering off merrily!"

On hearing this stanza, the Dog uttered the second:--

"Resolute--determined, I
Wait my opportunity:
Careful watch and ward I keep
Till the people are asleep."

So spake he; and when the company were asleep, he gnawed through the strap, and returned to his master's house in great glee.

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[248] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:--"The dogs are the same, and I was the wise man."

No. 243.

GUTTILA-JĀTAKA.

"*I had a pupil once*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta.

On this occasion the Brethren said to Devadatta: "Friend Devadatta, the Supreme Buddha is your teacher; of him you learnt the Three Piṭakas and how to produce the Four kinds of Ecstasy; you really should not act the enemy to your own teacher!" Devadatta replied: "Why, friends,--Gotama the Ascetic my teacher? Not a bit: was it not by my own power that I learnt the Three Piṭakas, and produced the Four Ecstasies?" He refused to acknowledge his teacher.

The Brethren fell a-talking of this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend! Devadatta repudiates his teacher! he has become an enemy of the Supreme Buddha! and what a miserable fate has befallen him!" In came the Master, and enquired what they were all talking of together. They told him. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Devadatta has repudiated his teacher, and shown himself my enemy, and come to a miserable end. It was just the same before." And then he told the following story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a musician's family. His name was Master Guttila. When he grew up, he mastered all the branches

of music, and under the name of Guttila the Musician he became the chief of his kind in all India. He married no wife, but maintained his blind parents [1].

At that time certain traders of Benares made a journey to Ujjeni for trade. A holiday was proclaimed; they all clubbed together; they procured scents and perfumes and ointments, and all manner of foods and meats. "Pay the hire," they cried, "and fetch a musician!"

It happened that at the time a certain Mūsila [249] was the chief musician in Ujjeni. Him they sent for, and made him their musician. Mūsila was a player on the lute; and he tuned his lute up to the highest key, to play upon. But they knew the playing of Guttila the Musician, and his music seemed to them like scratching on a mat. So not one of them showed pleasure. When Mūsila saw that they expressed no pleasure, he said to himself--"Too sharp, I suppose," and tuning his lute down to the middle tone, he played it so. Still they sat indifferent. Then thought he, "I suppose they know nothing about it;" and making as though he

too were ignorant, he played with the strings all loose. As before, they made no sign. Then Mūsila asked them, "Good merchants, why do you not like my playing?"

"What! are you playing?" cried they. "We imagined that you must be tuning up."

"Why, do you know any better musician," he asked, "or are you too ignorant to like my playing?"

Said the merchants, "We have heard the music of Guttila the Musician, at Benares; and yours sounds like women crooning to soothe their babies."

"Here, take your money back," said he, "I don't want it. Only when you go to Benares, please take me with you."

They agreed, and took him back to Benares with them; they pointed out the dwelling of Guttila, and departed every man to his own house.

Mūsila entered the Bodhisatta's dwelling; he saw his beautiful lute where it stood, tied up: he took it down, and played upon it. At this the old parents, who could not see him because they were blind, [250] cried out

"The mice are gnawing at the lute! Shoo! shoo! the rats are biting the lute to pieces!"

At once Mūsila put down the lute, and greeted the old folks. "Where do you come from?" asked they.

He replied, "I come from Ujjeni to learn at the feet of the teacher."

"Oh, all right," said they. He asked where the teacher was.

"He is out, father; but he will be back to-day," came the answer. Mūsila sat down and waited until he came; then after some friendly words, he told his errand. Now the Bodhisatta was skilled in divining from the lineaments of the body. He perceived that this was not a good man; so he refused. "Go, my son, this art is not for you." Mūsila clasped the feet of the Bodhisatta's parents, to help his suit, and prayed them--"Make him teach

me!" Again and again his parents besought the Bodhisatta to do so; until he could not stand it any longer, and did as he was asked. And Mūsila went along with the Bodhisatta into the king's palace.

"Who is this, master?" asked the king, on seeing him.

"A pupil of mine, great king!" was the reply.

By and bye he got the ear of the king.

Now the Bodhisatta did not stint his knowledge, but taught his pupil everything which he knew himself. This done, he said, "Your knowledge is now perfect."

Thought Mūsila, "I have now mastered my art. This city of Benares is the chief city in all India. My teacher is old; here therefore must I

stay." So he said to his teacher, "Sir, I would serve the king." "Good, my son," replied he, "I will tell the king of it."

He came before the king, and said, "My pupil is wishful to serve your Highness. Fix what his fee shall be."

The king answered, "His fee shall be the half of yours." And he came and told it to Mūsila. Mūsila said, "If I receive the same as you, I will serve; but if not, then I will not serve him." [251]

"Why?" "Say: do I not know all that you know?" "Yes, you do." "Then why does he offer me the half?"

The Bodhisatta informed the king what had passed. The king said,

"If he is as perfect in his art as you, he shall receive the same as you do." This saying of the king the Bodhisatta told to his pupil. The pupil consented to the bargain; and the king, being informed of this, replied--"Very good. What day will you compete together?" "Be it the seventh day from this, O king."

The king sent for Mūsila. "I understand that you are ready to try issue with your master?"

"Yes, your Majesty," was the reply.

The king would have dissuaded him. "Don't do it," said he, "there should be never rivalry between master and pupil."

"Hold, O king!" cried he--"yes, let there be a meeting between me and my teacher on the seventh day; we shall know which of us is master of his art."

So the king agreed; and he sent the drum beating round the city with this notice:--"Oyez! on the seventh day Guttila the Teacher, and Mūsila the Pupil, will meet at the door of the royal palace, to show their skill. Let the people assemble from the city, and see their skill!"

The Bodhisatta thought within himself, "This Mūsila is young and fresh, I am old and my strength is gone. What an old man does will not prosper. If my pupil is beaten [1], there is no great credit in that. If he beats me, death in the woods is better than the shame which will be my portion." So to the woods he went, but he kept returning through fear of death and going back to the wood

through fear of shame. And in this way six days passed by. The grass died as he walked, and his feet wore away a path.

At that time, Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka meditated, and perceived what had happened. "Guttila the Musician is suffering much sorrow in the forest by reason of his pupil. [252] I must help him!" So he went in haste and stood before the Bodhisatta. "Master," said he, "why have you taken to the woods?"

"Who are you?" asked the other.

"I am Sakka."

Then said the Bodhisatta, "I was in fear of being worsted by my pupil, O king of the gods; and therefore did I flee to the woods." And he repeated the first stanza [1]:--

"I had a pupil once, who learnt of me
The seven-stringed lute's melodious minstrelsy;
  He now would fain his teacher's skill outdo.
O Kosiya [2]! do thou my helper be!"

"Fear not," said Sakka, "I am your defence and refuge: "and he repeated the second stanza:--

"Fear not, for I will help thee at thy need;
For honour is the teacher's rightful meed.
Fear not! thy pupil shall not rival thee,
But thou shalt prove the better man indeed."

"As you play, you shall break one of the strings of your lute, and play upon six; and the music shall be as good as before. Mūsila

too shall break a string, and he shall not be able to make music with his lute; then shall he be defeated. And when you see that he is defeated, you shall break the second string of your lute, and the third, even unto the seventh, and you shall go on playing with nothing but the body; and from the ends of the broken strings the sound shall go forth, and fill all the land of Benares for a space of twelve leagues." [253] With these words he gave the Bodhisatta three playing-dice, and went on: "When the sound of the lute has filled all the city, you must throw one of these dice into the air; and three hundred nymphs shall descend and dance before you. While they dance throw up the second, and three hundred shall dance in front of your lute; then the third, and then three hundred more shall come down and dance within the arena. I too will come with them; go on, and fear not!"

In the morning the Bodhisatta returned home. At the palace door a pavilion was set up, and a throne was set apart for the king. He came down from the palace, and took his seat upon the divan in the gay pavilion. All around him were thousands of slaves, women beauteously apparelled, courtiers, brahmins, citizens. All the people of the town had come together. In the courtyard they were fixing the seats circle on circle, tier above tier. The Bodhisatta, washed and anointed, had eaten of all manner of finest meats; and lute in hand he sat waiting in his appointed place. Sakka was there, invisible, poised in the air, surrounded

by a great company. However, the Bodhisatta saw him. Mūsila too was there, and sat in his own seat. All around was a great concourse of people.

First the two played each the same piece. When they played, both the same, the multitude was delighted, and gave abundant applause. Sakka spoke to the Bodhisatta, from his place in the air: "Break one of the strings!" said he. Then the Bodhisatta brake the bee-string; and the string, though broken, gave out a sound from its broken end; it seemed like music divine. Mūsila too broke a string; but after that no sound came out of it. His teacher broke the second, and so on to the seventh string: he played upon the body alone, and the sound continued, and filled the town:--the multitude in thousands waved and waved their kerchiefs in the air, in thousands they shouted applause. [254] The Bodhisatta threw up one of the dice into the air, and three hundred nymphs descended and began to dance. And when he had thrown the second and third in the same manner, there were nine hundred nymphs a-dancing as Sakka had said. Then the king made a sign to the multitude; up rose the multitude, and cried--"You made a great mistake in matching yourself against your teacher! You know not your measure!' Thus they cried out against Mūsila; and with stories and staves, and anything that came to hand, they beat and bruised him to death, and seizing him by the feet, they cast him upon a dustheap.

The king in his delight showered gifts upon the Bodhisatta, and so did they of the city. Sakka likewise spake pleasantly to him, and said, "Wise Sir, I will send anon my charioteer Mātali with a car drawn by a thousand thoroughbreds; and you shall mount upon my divine car, drawn by a thousand steeds, and travel to heaven"; and he departed.

When Sakka was returned, and sat upon his throne, made all of a precious stone, the daughters of the gods asked him, "Where have you been, O king?" Sakka told them in full all that had

happened, and praised the virtues and good parts of the Bodhisatta. Then said the daughters of the gods,

"O king, we long to look upon this teacher; fetch him hither!"

Sakka summoned Mātali. "The nymphs of heaven," said he, "desire to look upon Guttila the Musician. Go, seat him in my divine car, and bring him hither." The charioteer went and brought the Bodhisatta. Sakka gave him a friendly greeting. "The maidens of the gods," said he, "wish to hear your music, Master."

"We musicians, O great king," said he, "live by practice of our art. For a recompense I will play."

"Play on, and I will recompense you."

"I care for no other recompense but this. Let these daughters of the gods tell me what acts of virtue brought them here; then will I play." [255]

Then said the daughters of the gods, "Gladly will we tell you after of the virtues that we have practised; but first do you play to us, Master."

For the space of a week the Bodhisatta played to them, and his music surpassed the music of heaven. On the seventh day he asked the daughters of the gods of their virtuous lives, beginning from the first. One of them, in the time of the Buddha Kassapa, had given an upper garment to a certain Brother; and having renewed existence as an attendant of Sakka, had become chief among the daughters of the gods, with a retinue of a thousand nymphs: of her the Bodhisatta asked--"What did you

do in a previous existence, that has brought you here?" The manner of his question and the gift she had given have been told in the Vimāna story: they spoke as follows:--

"O brilliant goddess, like the morning star,
Shedding thy light of beauty near and far [1],
Whence springs this beauty? whence this happiness?
Whence all the blessings that the heart can bless?
I ask thee, goddess excellent in might,
Whence comes this all-pervading wondrous light?
When thou wert mortal woman, what didst thou
To gain the glory that surrounds thee now?"

"Chief among men and chief of women she
Who gives an upper robe in charity.
She that gives pleasant things is sure to win
A home divine and fair to enter in.
Behold this habitation, how divine!
As fruit of my good deeds this home is mine
A thousand nymphs stand ready at my call;
Fair nymphs--and I the fairest of them all.
And therefore am I excellent in might;
Hence comes this all-pervading wondrous light!"

[256] Another had given flowers for worship to a Brother who craved an alms. Another had been asked for a scented wreath of five sprays for the shrine, and gave it. Another had given sweet fruits. Another had given fine essences. Another had given a scented five-spray to the shrine of the Buddha Kassapa. Another had heard the discourse of Brethren or Sisters in wayfaring, or such as had taken up their abode in the house of some family. Another had stood in the water, and given water to a Brother

who had eaten his meal on a boat. Another living in the world had done her duty by mother-in-law and father-in-law, never losing her temper. Another had divided even the share that she received, and so did eat, and was virtuous. Another, who had been a slave in some household, without anger and without pride had given away a share of her own portion, and had been born again as an attendant upon the king of

the gods. So also all those who are written in the story of Guttila-vimāna, thirty and seven daughters of the gods, were asked by the Bodhisatta what each had done to come there, and they too told what they had done in the same way by verses.

On hearing all this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed: "'Tis good for me, in sooth, truly 'tis very good for me, that I came here, and heard by how very small a merit great glory has been attained. Henceforward, when I return to the world of men, I will give all manner of gifts, and perform good deeds." And he uttered this aspiration

"O happy dawn! O happy must I be! [1]
O happy pilgrimage, whereby I see
These daughters of the gods, divinely fair, [257]
And hear their sweet discourse! Henceforth I swear
Full of sweet peace, and generosity,
Of temperance, and truth my life shall be,
Till I come there where no more sorrows are."

Then after seven days had passed, the king of heaven laid his commands upon Mātali the charioteer, and he seated Guttila in the chariot and sent him to Benares. And when he came to

Benares, he told the people what he had seen with his own eyes in heaven. From that time the people resolved to do good deeds with all their might.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "In those days Devadatta was Mūsila, Anuruddha was Sakka, Amanda was the king, and I was Guttila the Musician."

Footnotes

172:1 Guttila is one of the four men who "even in their earthly bodies attained to glory in the city of the gods." *Milinda*, iv. 8. 25 (trans. in *S. B. E.*, ii. 145).

174:1 Reading *antevāsike*.

175:1 These stanzas, together with those which follow on page 255, and others, occur in the Vimāna-vatthu, no. 33 (p. 28 in the *P. T. S.* ed.), *Guttila-vimāna*.

175:2 A title of Indra; the word means an Owl (Skr. *Kauçika*): it is one of the many Indian clan names that are also names of animals.

177:1 These two lines occur in the Comm. to the *Dhammapada*, p. 99. See also note on the First Stanza, above.

178:1 *Vimāna-vatthu* p. 31.

No. 244.

VĪTICCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*What he sees*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a turntail vagrant who wandered about the country.

It is said that this man could not find any one to argue with him in all India; till he came to Sāvatthi, and asked whether any one could dispute with him. Yes--ho was told--the Supreme Buddha; hearing which, he and a multitude with him repaired to Jetavana, and put a question to the Master,

whilst he was discoursing in the midst of the four kinds of disciples. The Master answered his question, and then put one to him in return. This the man failed to answer, got up, and turned tail. The crowd sitting round exclaimed, "One word, Sir, vanquished the itinerant!" Said the Master, "Yes, Brethren, and just as I have vanquished him now with one word, so I did before." Then he told a story of olden days.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the kingdom of Kāsi. He grew up, and mastered his passions; and embracing the religious life, [258] he dwelt a long time in the Himalayas.

He came down from the highlands, and took up his abode near a considerable town, in a hut of leaves built beside a bend of the river Ganges. A certain pilgrim, who found no one that could

answer him throughout all India, came to that town. "Is there anyone," asked he, "who can argue with me?"

Yes, they said, and told him the power of the Bodhisatta. So, followed by a great multitude, he made his way to the place where the Bodhisatta dwelt, and after greeting him, took a seat.

"Will you drink," he asked, "of the Ganges water, infused with wild wood odours?"

The pilgrim tried to catch him in his words. "What is Ganges? Ganges may be sand, Ganges may be water, Ganges may be the near bank, Ganges may be the far bank!"

Said the Bodhisatta to the pilgrim, "Besides the sand, the water, the hither and the further bank, what other Ganges can you have?" The pilgrim had no answer for this; he rose up, and went away. When he had gone the Bodhisatta spake these verses by way of discourse to the assembled multitude:--

"What he sees, he will not have;
What he sees not he will crave.
He may go a long way yet--
What he wants he will not get.

"He contemns what he has got;
Once ’tis gained, he wants it not.
He craves everything always:
Who craves nothing earns our praise."

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[259] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The vagrant is the same in both cases, and I myself was

then the ascetic."

No. 245.

MŪLA-PARIYĀYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Time all consumes*," *etc*.--This is a story told by the Master while he stayed near Ukkaṭṭhā, in the Subhagavana Park, in connexion with the Chapter on the Succession of Causes.

At that time, it is said, five hundred brahmins who had mastered the three Vedas, having embraced salvation, studied the Three Piṭakas. These learnt, they became intoxicated with pride, thinking to themselves--"The Supreme Buddha knows just the Three Piṭakas, and we know them too. So what is the difference between us?" They discontinued their waiting upon the Buddha, and went about with an equal following of their own.

One day the Master, when these men were seated before him, repeated the Chapter on the Succession of Causes, and adorned it with the Eight Stages of Knowledge. They did not understand a word. The thought came into their mind--"Here we have been believing that there were none so wise as we, and of this we understand nothing. There is none so wise as the Buddhas: O the excellence of the Buddhas!" After this they were humbled, as quiet as serpents with their fangs extracted.

When the Master had stayed as long as he wished in Ukkaṭṭhā, he departed to Vesāli; and at Gotama's shrine he repeated the Chapter on Gotama. There was a quaking of a thousand worlds! Hearing this, these Brothers became saints.

But however, after the Master had finished repeating the Chapter on the Succession of Causes, during his visit to Ukkaṭṭhā [260] the Brethren discussed the whole affair in the Hall of Truth. "How great is the power of the Buddhas, friend! Why, these brahmin mendicants, who used to be so drunk with pride, have been humbled by the lesson on the Succession of Causes!" The Master entered and asked what their talk was about. They told him. He said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have humbled these men, who used to carry their heads so high with pride; I did the same before." And then he told them a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin; who when he grew up, and mastered the Three Vedas, became a far-famed teacher, and instructed five hundred pupils in sacred verses. These five hundred, having given their best energy to their work, and perfected their learning, said within themselves,

"We know as much as our teacher: there is no difference."

Proud and stubborn, they would not come before their teacher's face, nor do their round of duty.

One day, they saw their master seated beneath a jujube tree; and desiring to mock him, they tapped upon the tree with their fingers. "A worthless tree!" said they.

The Bodhisatta observed that they were mocking him. "My pupils," he said, "I will ask you a question."

They were delighted. "Speak on," said they, "we will answer."

Their teacher asked the question by repeating the first stanza:--

"Time all consumes, even time itself as well.
Who is't consumes the all-consumer?--tell [1]!"

[261] The youths listened to the problem; but not one amongst them could answer it. Then said the Bodhisatta,

"Do not imagine that this question is in the Three Vedas. You imagine that you know all that I know, and so you act like the jujube tree [2]. You don't know that I know a great deal which is unknown to you. Leave me now: I give you seven days--think over this question for so long."

So they made salutation, and departed each to his own house. There for a week they pondered, yet they could make neither head nor tail of the problem. On the seventh day, they came to their teacher, and greeted him, sitting down.

"Well, ye of auspicious speech, have you solved the question?"

"No, we have not," said they.

Again the Bodhisatta spoke in reproof, uttering the second stanza:--

"Heads grow on necks, and hair on heads will grow:
How many heads have ears, I wish to know?"

"Fools are ye," he went on, rebuking the youths: "ye have ears with holes in them, but not wisdom;" and he solved the problem. [262] They listened. "Ah," said they, "great are our Teachers!" and they craved his pardon, and quenching their pride they waited upon the Bodhisatta.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time these Brothers were the five hundred pupils; and I myself was their teacher."

Footnotes

181:1 *Kālaghaso*, the 'consumer of time,' is he who, by destroying the thirst for existence, so lives as not to be born again (Scholiast's explanation).

181:2 The jujube fruit is often contrasted with the cocoa nut, as being only externally pleasing, see *Hitop*. i. 95.

No. 246.

TELOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

"*The wicked kills*," *etc*.--This is a story which the Master told while staying in his gabled chamber near Vesāli, about Sīhasenāpati.

It is said that this man, after he had fled to the Refuge, offered hospitality and then gave food with meat in it. The naked ascetics on hearing this were angry and displeased; they wanted to do the Buddha a mischief; "The priest Gotama," sneered they, "with his eyes open, eats meat prepared on purpose for him."

The Brethren discussed this matter in their Hall of Truth: "Friend, Nāthaputta the Ascetic [1] goes about sneering, because, he says, 'Priest Gotama eats meat prepared on purpose for him, with his eyes open'." Hearing this, the Master rejoined:--"This is not the first time, Brethren, that Nāthaputta has been sneering at me for eating meat which was got ready for me on purpose; he did just so in former times. And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin. When he came of age he embraced the religious life.

He came down from Himalaya to get salt and seasoning, and next day walked the city, begging alms. A certain wealthy man designed to annoy the ascetic. So he brought him to his

dwelling, and pointed out a seat, and then served him with fish. After the meal, the man sat on one side, and said,

"This food was prepared on purpose for you, by killing living creatures. Not upon my head is this wrong, but upon yours!" And he repeated the first stanza:--

"The wicked kills, and cooks, and gives to eat:
He is defiled with sin that takes such meat."

[263] On hearing this, the Bodhisatta recited the second stanza:--

"The wicked may for gift slay wife or son,
Yet, if the holy eat, no sin is done [2]."

And the Bodhisatta with these words of instruction rose from his seat and departed.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Nāthaputta, the Naked Ascetic was this wealthy man, and I was the ascetic."

Footnotes

182:1 He is one of the six *titthiyas* (Heretics), and generally called *Nātaputta* (which is probably the right spelling here). The 'naked ascetics' were probably the Jains.

182:2 "..Ṭhose who take life are in fault, but not the persons who eat the flesh; my priests have permission to eat whatever food it is customary to eat in any place or country, so that it be done without the indulgence of the appetite, or evil desire." Hardy, *Manual*, p. 327.

No. 247.

PĀDAÑJALI-JĀTAKA.

"*Surely this lad*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Elder Lāḷudāyi.

One day, it is said, the two chief disciples were discussing a question. The Brethren who heard the discussion praised the Elders. Elder Lāḷudāyi, who sat amongst the company, curled his lip with the thought--"What is their knowledge compared with mine?" When the Brethren noticed this, they left him. The company broke up.

The Brethren were talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, did you see how Lāḷudāyi curled his lip in scorn of the two chief disciples?" On hearing which the Master said, "Brethren, in olden days, as now, Lāḷudāyi had no other answer but a curl of the lip." Then he told them an old-world tale.

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[264] Once upon a time, when king Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his adviser in things spiritual and temporal. Now the king had a sun, Pādañjali by name, an idle lazy loafer. By and bye the king died. His obsequies over, the courtiers talked of consecrating his son Pādañjali to be king. But the Bodhisatta said,

"'Tis a lazy fellow, an idle loafer,--shall we take and consecrate him king?"

The courtiers held a trial. They sat the youth down before them, and made a wrong decision. They adjudged something to the wrong owner, and asked him, "Young sir, do we decide rightly?"

The lad curled his lip.

"He is a wise lad, I think," thought the Bodhisatta; "he must know that we have decided wrongly:" and he recited the first verse:--

"Surely the lad is wise beyond all men.
He curls his lip--he must see through us, then!"

p. 184

Next day, as before, they arranged a trial, but this time judged it aright. Again they asked him what he thought of it.

Again he curled his lip. Then the Bodhisatta perceived that he was blind fool, and repeated the second verse:--

"Not right from wrong, nor bad from good he knows:
He curls his lip--but no more sense he shows."

The courtiers became aware that the young man Pādañjali was a fool, and they made the Bodhisatta king.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "Lāḷudāyi was Pādañjali, and I was the wise courtier."

No. 248.

KIṀSUKOPAMA-JĀTAKA.

[265] "*All have seen*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst staying at Jetavana, on the Chapter about the Judas tree [1].

Four Brothers, approaching the Tathāgata, asked him to explain the means by which ecstasy may be induced. This he explained. This done, they dispersed to the several places where they spent their nights and days. One of them, having learnt the Six Spheres of Touch, became a saint; another did so after learning the Five Elements of Being, the third after learning the Four Principal Elements, the fourth after learning the Eighteen Constituents of Being. Each of them recounted to the Master the particular excellence which he had attained. A thought came into the mind of one of them; and he asked the Master, "There is only one Nirvana for all these modes of meditation; how is it that all of them lead to sainthood?" Then the Master asked, "Is not this like the people who saw the Judas tree?" As they requested him to tell them about it, he repeated a tale of bygone days.

Once on a time Brahmadatta the king of Benares had four sons. One day they sent for the charioteer, and said to him,

"We want to see a Judas tree; show us one!"

p. 185

"Very well, I will," the charioteer replied. But he did not show it to them all together. He took the eldest at once to the forest in the

chariot, and showed him the tree at the time when the buds were just sprouting from the stem. To the second he showed it when the leaves were green, to the third at the time of blossoming, and to the fourth when it was bearing fruit.

After this it happened that the four brothers were sitting together, and some one asked, "What sort of a tree is the Judas tree?" Then the first brother answered,

"Like a burnt stump!"

And the second cried, "Like a banyan tree!"

And the third--"Like a piece of meat [1]!"

And the fourth said, "Like the acacia!"

They were vexed at each other's answers, and ran to find their father. "My lord," they asked, "what sort of a tree is the Judas tree?"

"What did you say to that?" he asked. They told him the manner of their answers. Said the king,

"All four of you have seen the tree. Only when the charioteer showed you the tree, you did not ask him 'What is the tree like at such a time?' [266] or 'at such another time?' You made no distinctions, and that is the reason of your mistake." And he repeated the first stanza

"All have seen the Judas tree--
What is your perplexity?
No one asked the charioteer
What its form the livelong year!"

The Master, having explained the matter, then addressed the Brethren: "Now as the four brothers, because they did not make a distinction and ask, fell in doubt about the tree, so you have fallen in doubt about the right": and in his perfect wisdom he uttered the second verse:

"Who know the right with some deficiency
Feel doubt, like those four brothers with the tree."

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time I was the king of Benares."

Footnotes

184:1 *Kiṁsuka* = *Butea Frondosa*.

185:1 It has pink flowers.

No. 249.

SĀLAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Like my own son*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst living in Jetavana, about a distinguished Elder.

It is said that he had ordained a youth, whom he treated unkindly. The novice at last could stand it no longer, and returned to the world. Then the Elder tried to coax him. [267] "Look here, lad," said he, "your robe shall be your own, and your bowl too; I have another bowl and robe which I'll give you. Join us again!" At first he refused, but at last after much asking he did so. From the day he joined the brotherhood the Elder maltreated him as before. Again the lad found it too much, and left the order. As the Elder begged him again several times to join, the lad replied, "You can neither do with me nor without me; let me alone--I will not join!"

The Brethren got talking about this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend," said they, "a sensitive lad that! He knew the Elder too well to join us." The Master came in and asked what they were talking about. They told him. He rejoined, "Not only is the lad sensitive now, Brethren, but he was just the same of old; when once he saw the faults of that man, he would not accept him again." And he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time, in the reign of Brahmadatta king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a landowner's family, and gained a living by selling corn. Another man, a snake-charmer, had trained a monkey, made him swallow an antidote, and making a snake play with the monkey he gained his livelihood in this way.

A merrymaking had been proclaimed; this man wished to make merry at the feast, and he entrusted the monkey to this merchant, bidding him not neglect it. Seven days after he cane to the merchant, and asked for his monkey. The monkey heard his master's voice, and came out quickly from the grain shop. At once the man beat him over the back with a piece of bamboo; then he took him off to the woods, tied him up and fell asleep. So soon as the monkey saw that he was asleep, he loosed his bonds, scampered off and climbed a mango tree. He ate a mango, and dropped the stone upon the snake-charmer's head. The man awoke, and looked up: there was the monkey. "I'll wheedle him!" he thought, "and when he comes down from the tree, I'll catch him! "So to wheedle him, he repeated the first verse:--

"Like my own son you shall be,
Master in our family:
[268] Come down, Nuncle [1] from the tree--
Come and hurry home with me?"

The monkey listened, and repeated the second verse:--

"You are laughing in your sleeve!
Have you quite forgot that beating?

Here I am content to live

(So good-bye) ripe mangoes eating."

Up he arose, and was soon lost in the wood; while the snake-charmer returned to his house in high dudgeon.

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "Our novice was the Monkey. The Elder was the snake-charmer, and I myself was the corn-merchant."

Footnotes

186:1 *sālaka*, lit. 'brother-in-law,' often used as a term of abuse.

No. 250.

KAPI-JĀTAKA.

"*A holy sage*," *etc*.--This story was told by the Master whilst living at Jetavana, about a hypocritical Brother.

The Brotherhood found out his hypocrisy. In the Hall of Truth they were talking it over: "Friend, Brother So-and-so, after embracing the Buddha's religion, which leads to salvation, still practises hypocrisy." The Master on coming in [269] asked what they were discussing together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, it is not the only time this Brother has been a hypocrite; for a hypocrite he was before, when he shammed simply for the sake of warming himself at the fire." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born one of a brahmin family. When he grew up, and his own son was of an age to run about, his wife died; he took the child on his hip, and departed into the Himalayas, where he became an ascetic, and brought up his son to the same life, dwelling in a hut of leaves.

It was the rainy season, and the heaven poured down its floods incessantly: a Monkey wandered about, tormented with the cold, chattering and rattling his teeth. The Bodhisatta fetched a great log, lit a fire, and lay down upon his pallet. His son sat by him, and chafed his feet.

Now the Monkey had found a dress belonging to some dead anchorite. He clad himself in the upper and lower garment, throwing the skin over one shoulder; he took the pole and waterpot, and in this sage's dress he came to the leaf-hut for the fire: and there he stood, in his borrowed plumes.

The lad caught sight of him, and cried out to his father, "See, father--there is an ascetic, trembling with cold! Call him hither; he shall warm himself." Thus addressing his father, he uttered the first stanza:

"A holy sage stands shivering at our gate,
A sage, to peace and goodness consecrate.
  O father! bid the holy man come in,
That all his cold and misery may abate."

The Bodhisatta listened to his son; he rose up, and looked; then he knew it was a monkey, and repeated the second stanza: [270]

"No holy sage is he: it is a vile
And loathsome Monkey, greedy all to spoil
  That he call touch, who dwells among the trees;
Once let him in, our home he will defile."

With these words, the Bodhisatta seized a firebrand, and scared away the monkey; and he leaped up, and whether he liked the wood or whether he didn't, he never returned to that place any more. The Bodhisatta cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and to the young ascetic he explained the process of the mystic trance; and he too let the Faculties and the

Attainments spring up within him. And both of them, without a break in their ecstasy, became destined to Brahma's world.

Thus did the Master discourse by way of shewing how this man was not then only, but always, a hypocrite. This ended, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths some reached the First Path, some the Second, and yet some the Third:--"The hypocritical Brother was the Monkey, Rāhula was the son, and I was the hermit myself."

BOOK III.--TIKA-NIPĀTA.

No. 251.

SAṀKAPPA-JĀTAKA.

[271] "*No archer*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother.

A young nobleman, living in Sāvatthi, gave his heart to the doctrine of the Treasures [1], and embraced the religious life. But one day, as he went his rounds in Sāvatthi, he happened to see a woman dressed in gay apparel. Passion sprang up in his heart; he became disconsolate. When his teachers, counsellors and friends saw him thus, they at once asked him the cause. Seeing that he longed to return to the world, they said to one another, "My friend, the Master can remove the sins of those who are tormented by the sin of lust and the like, and by declaring the Truths, he brings them to enjoy the fruition of sanctity. Come, let us lead him to the Master." So to the Master they brought him. Said he, "Why do you bring me this youth against his will, Brothers? They told him the reason. "Is this true," he asked, "that you are a backslider, as they say?" He assented. The Master asked the reason, and he recounted what had happened. Said he, "O Brother, it has happened before that these women have caused impurity to spring up even in pure beings whose sins have been stayed by the power of ecstasy. Why should not vain men like you be defiled, when defilement comes even to the pure? Even men of the highest repute have fallen into dishonour; how much more the unpurified! Shall not the wind that shakes

Mount Sineru also stir a heap of old leaves? [272] This sin has troubled the enlightened Buddha himself, sitting on his throne, and shall it not trouble such an one as you?" and at their request he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a great brahmin family, which had wealth to the amount of eight hundred millions of money. He grew up, and received his education at Takkasilā, and returned to Benares. There he married a wife; and on his parents' death, he performed their obsequies.

Then, as he inspected his treasure, he reflected--"The treasure is still here, but they who gathered it are here no more!" He was overcome with grief, and the sweat poured from his body.

He lived a long time at home, and gave much in alms; he mastered his passions; then he left his weeping friends, and went into the Himalayas, where he built a hut in a delightful spot, and lived upon the wild fruits and roots of the forest, which he found in his goings to and fro. Ere long he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived awhile in the bliss of joyous meditation.

Then a thought came to him. He would go amongst mankind, to buy salt and seasoning; thus his body would grow strong, and he would wander about on foot. "All that shall give alms to a virtuous man like me," thought he, "and greet me with respect, shall fill the heavenly regions." So down he came from Himalaya,

and by and bye, as he tramped onwards, he came to Benares at the time of the sun setting. He looked about for a place to bide in, and spied the royal park. "Here," said he, "is a place fit for retirement; here will I dwell." So he entered the park, and sat at the foot of a tree, and spent the night in the joy of meditation.

Next day in the forenoon, having seen to his bodily needs, and adjusted his matted hair, his skin and robes of bark, he took up his alms-bowl; all his senses were quiet, his pride was calmed, he bore himself nobly, looking no more than a plough's length before him; by the glory of his appearance, which was perfect in every way, [273] he drew upon him the eyes of the world. In this fashion he entered the city, and begged from door to door, till he came to the king's palace.

Now the king was upon his terrace, walking to and fro. He spied the Bodhisatta through a window. He was pleased with his bearing; "If," thought he, "there is such a thing as perfect quietude, it must be found in this man." So he sent one of his courtiers, bidding him fetch the ascetic. The man came up with a greeting, and took his alms-bowl, saying, "The king sends for you, Sir."

"Noble friend," replied the Bodhisatta, "the king does not know me!"

"'Then, Sir, please remain here until I return." So he told the king what the beggar had said. Then said the king,

"We have no confidential priest: go, fetch him;" and at the same time he beckoned out of the window, calling to him--"Here, come in, Sir!"

The Bodhisatta gave up his alms-bowl to the courtier, and mounted upon the terrace. Then the king greeted him, and set him upon the king's couch, and offered him all the foods and meats prepared for himself. When he had eaten, he put a few questions to him; and the answers which

were given pleased him ever more and more, so that with a word of respect, he asked,

"Good Sir, where do you live? whence did you come hither?"

"I dwell in Himalaya, mighty king, and from Himalaya have I come."

The king asked, "Why?"

"In the rainy season, O king, we must seek a fixed abode."

"Then," the king said, "abide here in my royal park, you shall not lack for the four things needful; I shall acquire the merit which leads to heaven."

The promise was given; and having broken his fast he went with the Bodhisatta into the grounds, and caused a hut of leaves to be built there. A covered walk he had made, and prepared all the places for his living by night and by day. All the furniture and requisites for an anchorite's life he had brought, and bidding him be comfortable he gave him in charge to the park-keeper.

For twelve years after this, [274] the Bodhisatta had his dwelling in that place.

Once it so happened that a frontier district rose in rebellion. The king desired to go himself to quell it. Calling his queen, he said--"Lady, either you or I must stay behind."

"Why do you say that, my lord?" she asked.

"For the sake of the good ascetic."

"I will not neglect him," said she. "Mine be it to attend upon the holy father; do you go away without anxiety."

So the king departed; and then the queen waited attentively upon the Bodhisatta.

Now the king was gone; at the fixed season the Bodhisatta came.

When it pleased him, he would come to the palace, and take his meal there. One day, he tarried a long time. The queen had made ready all his food; she bathed and adorned herself, and prepared a low seat; with a clean robe thrown loosely over her, she reclined, waiting for the Bodhisatta to come. Now the Bodhisatta noted the time of day; he took up his alms-bowl, and passing through the air, came up to the great window. She heard his bark robes rustle, and as she rose hastily, her yellow dress slipped. The. Bodhisatta let this unusual sight penetrate his senses, and looked upon her with desire. Then the evil passion that had been calmed by the power of his ecstasy, rose as a cobra rises spreading his hood, from the basket in which he is kept: he was like a milky tree struck by the axe. As his passion gained force, his ecstatic calm gave way, his senses lost their purity; he was as it were a crow with a broken wing. He could not sit down as before, and take his meal; not though she begged

him to be seated, could he take his seat. So the queen placed all the food together in his alms-bowl; [275] but that day he could not do as he used

to do after his meal, and go out of the window through the air; taking the food, he went down by the great staircase, and so into the grove.

When he came there, he could eat nothing. He set down the food at the foot of his bench, murmuring, "What a woman! lovely hands, lovely feet! what a waist, what thighs!" and so forth. Thus he lay for seven days. The food all went bad, and was covered with a cloud of black flies.

Then the king returned, having reduced his frontier to order. The city was all decorated; he went round it in solemn procession, keeping it always on the right, and then proceeded to the palace. Next he entered the grove, wishing to see the Ḅodhisatta. He noticed the dirt and rubbish about the hermitage, and thinking he must be gone, he pushed back the hut door, and stepped in. There lay the anchorite. "He must he ill," thought the king. So he had the putrid food thrown away, and the hut set in order, and then asked,

"What is the matter, Sir?"

"Sire, I am wounded!"

Then the king thought, "I suppose my enemies must have done this. They could not get a chance at me, so they determined to do a mischief to what I love." So he turned him over, looking for

the wound; but no wound could he see. Then he asked, "Where's the place, Sir?"

"No one has hurt me," replied the Bodhisatta, "only I have wounded my own heart." And he rose, and sat upon a seat, and repeated the following verses:

"No archer drew an arrow to his ear
To deal this wound; no feathered shaft is here
Plucked from a peacock's wing, and decked out fine
By skilful fletchers:--'tis this heart of mine,

"Once cleansed from passion by my own firm will,
  And keen intelligence, which through desire
Hath dealt the wound that bids me fair to kill,
  And burns through all the limbs of me like fire.

[276] "I see no wound from which the blood might flow:
My own heart's folly 'tis that pierces so."

Thus did the Bodhisatta explain matters to the king by these three stanzas. Then he made the king retire from the hut, and induced the mystic trance; and so he recovered his interrupted ecstasy. Then he left the hut, and sitting in the air, exhorted the king. After this the declared that he would go up to Himalaya. The king would have dissuaded him, but he said,

"O king, see what humiliation has come upon me while I dwelt here! I cannot live here." And although the king entreated him, he uprose in

the air, and departed to Himalaya, where he abode his life long, and then went to Brahma's world.

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[277] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother became a Saint, and some entered the First Path, some the Second, and some the

Third:--"Amanda was the king, and I was the hermit."

Footnotes

189:1 Buddha, the Law, the Order.

No. 252.

TILA-MUṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Now I bethink me*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a passionate man. We learn that there was a Brother who was full of bitterness. No matter how little was said to him, he fell in a rage and spoke roughly; showing wrath, hatred, and mistrust. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren discussed the matter. "Friend, how angry and bitter is Brother So-and-so! He goes snapping about for all the world like salt in the fire. Though he has adopted this peaceful religion, yet he cannot even restrain his anger." The Master heard this and sent a brother to fetch the man in question. "Are you really as passionate as they say?" he asked. The man said he was. Then the Master added, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has been passionate. He was just the sane before;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, Brahmadatta the king of Benares had a son named Prince Brahmadatta. Now kings of former times, though there might be a famous teacher living in their own city, often used to send their sons to foreign countries afar off to complete their education, that by this means they might learn to quell their pride and highmindedness, and endure heat or cold, and be made acquainted with the ways of the world. So did this king. Calling his boy to him--now the lad was sixteen years old--he gave him one-soled sandals, a sunshade of leaves, and a thousand pieces of money, with these words:

"My son, get you to Takkasilā, and study there."

[278] The boy obeyed. He bade his parents farewell, and in due course arrived at Takkasilā. There he enquired for the teacher's dwelling, and reached it at the time when the teacher had finished his lecture, and

was walking up and down at the door of the house. When the lad set eyes upon the teacher, he loosed his shoes, closed his sunshade, and with a respectful greeting stood still where he was. The teacher saw that he was weary, and welcomed the new-corner. The lad ate, and rested a little. Then he returned to the teacher, and stood respectfully by him.

"Where have you come from?" he asked.

"From Benares."

"Whose son are you?"

"I am the son of the king of Benares."

"What brings you here?"

"I come to learn," replied the lad.

"Well, have you brought a teacher's fee? or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you?"

"I have brought a fee with me:" and with this he laid at the teacher's feet his purse of a thousand pieces.

The resident pupils attend on their teacher by day, and at night they learn of him: but they who bring a fee are treated like the

eldest sons in his house, and thus they learn. And this teacher, like the rest, gave schooling to the prince on every light and lucky day [1]. Thus the young prince was taught.

Now one day, he went to bathe along with his teacher. There was an old woman, who had prepared some white seeds, and strewed them out before her: there she sat, watching them. The youth looked upon these white seeds, and desired to eat; he picked up a handful, and ate them.

"Yon fellow must be hungry," thought she; but she said nothing, and sat silent.

Next day the same thing happened at the same time. Again the woman said nothing to him. On the third day, he did it again; then the old dame cried out, saying,

"The great Teacher is letting his pupils rob me!" and uplifting her arms she raised a lamentation.

The Teacher turned back. [279] "What is it, mother?" he asked.

"Master, I have been parching some seeds, and your pupil took a handful and ate them! This he has done to-day, he did it yesterday, and he did it the day before! Surely he will eat me out of house and home!"

"Don't cry, mother: I will see that you are paid."

"Oh, I want no payment, master: only teach your pupil not to do it again."

"See here, then, mother," said he; and he caused two lads to take the

young fellow by his two hands, and smote him thrice upon the back with a bamboo stick, bidding him take care not to do it again.

The prince was very angry with his teacher. With a bloodshot glare, he eyed him from his head to foot. The teacher observed how angry he was, and how he eyed him.

The youth applied himself to his work, and finished his courses. But the offence he hid away in his heart, and determined to murder his teacher. When the time came for him to go away, he said to him,

"O my Teacher, when I receive the kingdom of Benares, I will send for you. Then come to me, I pray." And so he exacted a promise most affectionately.

He returned to Benares, and visited his parents, and showed proof of what he had learnt. Said the king, "I have lived to see my son again, and while I yet live, I will see the magnificence of his rule." So he made his son king in his stead.

When the prince enjoyed the splendour of royalty, he remembered his grudge, and anger rose within him. "I will be the death of that fellow!" he thought, and sent off a messenger to fetch his teacher.

"I shall never be able to appease him while he is young," thought the teacher; so he came not. But when the prince's time of rule was half over, he thought he could appease him then; and he came, and stood at the king's door, and sent to say that the

teacher from Takkasilā had arrived. The king was glad, and caused the brahmin to be led in. Then his anger rose, and his eyes grew bloodshot. He beckoned to those about him. "Ha, the place which my teacher struck still hurts me to-day! He has come here with death written upon his forehead, [280] to die! To-day his life must end!" and he repeated the first two verses:--

"Now I bethink me, for a few poor seeds, in days of yore,
You seized me by the arm, and beat me with a stick full sore.
Brahmin, are you in love with death, and do you nothing fear
For seizing me and beating me, that now you venture here?"

Thus he threatened him with death. As he heard, the teacher uttered the third verse:

"The gently born [1] who uses blows ungentleness to quell--
This is right discipline, not wrath: the wise all know it well."

"And so, great king, understand this yourself. Know that this is no just cause for anger. Indeed, if you had not been taught this lesson by me, you would have gone on taking cakes and sweets, fruit, and the like, until you became covetous through these acts of theft; then by degrees you would have been lured on to house-breaking, highway robbery, and murder about the villages; the end would have been, that you would have been taken red-handed and haled before the king for a public enemy and a robber; and you would have come in fear of public punishment, when the king should say, 'Take this man, and punish him according to his crimes.' Whence could have come all this prosperity which you now enjoy? Is it not through me that you have attained to such magnificence?"

Thus did his teacher talk over the king. [282] And the courtiers, who stood round, said when they heard his speech, "Of a truth, my lord, all your magnificence really belongs to your teacher!"

At once the king recognised the goodness of his teacher, and said to him,

"All my power I give to you, my teacher! receive the kingdom!" But the other refused, saying, "No, my lord king; I have no wish for the kingdom."

And the king sent to Takkasilā for the teacher's wife and family; he gave them great power, and made him the royal priest; he treated him like a father, and obeyed his admonitions; and after bestowing gifts and doing good deeds he became destined for paradise.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths:--at the conclusion of the Truths the passionate brother attained the Fruit of the Third Path, and many others entered on the First, or Second, or Third:--"At that time the passionate Brother was the king; but the Teacher was I myself."

Footnotes

194:1 There are four *nakkhattas* called *laku*, 'light'; there is another reading *subhanakkhattena*, 'every fair day'. The meaning is by no means clear.

195:1 The Scholiast explains what 'gentle breeding' means. It may be used of conduct, both in men and animals; as--

"'Tis gentle to respect old age, red Goose:
Go where you will: I set your husband loose:"

p. 196 or of form, 'noble,' 'thoroughbred': as--[281]

"Your mien shows breeding, and your clear calm eye:
You must have left some noble family.
What made you wish to leave your home and wealth
To be an anchorite for your soul's health?"

and adds yet this other:

"Clad in a semblance of fair piety
But all deceitful, boldly forth leapt he,
A babbler of vain sayings, mean and base,
Intemperate, the ruin of his race."

(The last four line; occur in Sutta Nipāta, verse 89.)

No. 253.

MAṆI-KAṆṬHA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Rich food and drink*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while he was dwelling at the shrine of Aggālava, near Ālavī, about the rules for building cells.

Some Brethren who lived in Ālavī [2] were begging [3] from all quarters the materials for houses which they were getting made for themselves. They were for ever dinning and dunning; "Give us a man, give us somebody to do servant's work," and so forth. Everybody was annoyed at this begging and solicitation. So much annoyed were they, that at sight of these Brethren they were startled and scared away.

It happened that the reverend father Mahākassapa entered Ālavī, and traversed the place in quest of alms. The people, as soon as they saw the Elder, ran away as before [4]. After mealtime, having returned from his rounds, he summoned the brethren, and thus addressed them: "Once Ālavī was a capital place for alms; why is it so poor now?" They told him the reason.

Now the Blessed One was at the time dwelling at the Aggālava shrine. To the Blessed One came the Elder, and told him all about it. The Master convened the Brethren touching this matter. [283] "I hear," said he, "that you are building houses and worrying everybody for help. Is this true?" They said it was. Then the Master rebuked them, adding these words: "Even in the serpent world, Brethren, full as it is of the seven precious stones, this

kind of begging is distasteful to the serpents. How much more to men, from whom it is as hard to get a rupee as it is to skin a flint!" and he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a rich brahmin's son. When he was old enough to run about, his mother gave birth to another wise being. Both the brothers, when they grew up, were so deeply pained at their parents' death, that they became anchorites, and dwelt in leaf-huts which they made them at a bend of the Ganges river. The elder had his lodge by the upper Ganges, and the younger by the lower river.

One day, a Serpent-King (his name was Maṇikaṇṭha, or Jewel-throat) left his dwelling-place, and taking the shape of a man, walked along the river bank until he came to the younger brother's hermitage. He greeted

the owner, and sat down at one side. They conversed pleasantly together; and such friends did they become, that there was no living apart for them. Often and often came Jewel-throat to visit the younger recluse, and sat talking and chatting; and when he left, so much did he love the man, he put off his shape, and encircled the ascetic with snake's folds, and embraced him, with his great hood upon his head; there he lay a little, till his affection was satisfied; then he let go his friend's body, and bidding him farewell, returned to his own place. For fear of him, the hermit grew thin; he became squalid, lost his colour, grew yellower and yellower, and the veins stood out upon his skin.

It happened one day that he paid a visit to his brother. "Why, brother," said he, "what makes you thin? how did you lose your colour? why are you so yellow, and why do your veins stand out like this upon your skin?"

The other told him all about it.

"Come tell me," said the first, "do you like him to come or not?" [284]. "No, I don't."

"Well, what ornament does the Serpent-King wear when he visits you?"

"A precious jewel!"

"Very well. When he comes again, before he has time to sit down, ask him to give you the jewel. Then he will depart without embracing you in his snaky folds. Next day stand at your door, and ask him for it there; and on the third ask him just as he emerges from the river. He will never visit you again."

The younger promised so to do, and returned to his hut. On the morrow, when the Serpent had come, as he stood there the hermit cried, "Give me your beautiful jewel!" The Serpent hurried away without sitting down. On the day following, the hermit stolid at his door, and called out as the Serpent came--"You would not give me your jewel yesterday! now to-day you must!" And the Serpent slipt off without entering the hut. On the third day, the man called out just as the Serpent was emerging from the water--"This is the third day that I have asked you for it: come, give this jewel to me!" And the Serpent, speaking from his place in the water, refused, in the words of these two stanzas:

"Rich food and drink in plenty I can have
By means of this fine jewel which you crave:
You ask too much; the gem I will not give;
Nor visit you again while I shall live.

"Like lads who wait with tempered sword in hand,
You scare me as my jewel you demand,
You ask too much--the gem I will not give,
Nor ever visit you while I shall live!"

[285] With these words, the King of the Serpents plunged beneath the water, and went to his own place, never to return.

Then the ascetic, not seeing his beautiful Serpent-King again, became thinner and thinner still; he grew more squalid, lost his colour worse than before, and grew more yellow, and the veins rose thicker on his skin!

The elder brother thought he would go and see how his brother was getting on. He paid him a visit, and found him yellower than he had been before.

"Why, how is this? worse than ever!" said he.

His brother replied, "It is because I never see the lovely King of Serpents!"

"This hermit," said the elder, on hearing his answer, "cannot live without his Serpent-King; "and he repeated the third verse:--

"Importune not a man whose love you prize,
For begging makes you hateful in his eyes.

The brahmin begged the Serpent's gem so sore
He disappeared and never cane back more."

Then he counselled his brother not to grieve, and with this consolation, left him and returned to his own hermitage. And after that [286] the two brothers cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and became destined for the heaven of Brahma.

The Master added, "Thus, Brethren, even in the world of serpents, where are the seven precious stones in plenty, begging is disliked by the serpents: how much more by men!" And, after teaching them this lesson, he identified the Birth:--"At that time, Ānanda was the younger brother, but the elder was I myself."

Footnotes

197:1 I think this Jātaka is represented on the Stupa of Bharhut. In pl. XLII. 1 we see a man sitting before a hut, apparently conversing with a great five-headed cobra. The story is also told in the Vinaya Piṭaka, *Suttavibhaṅga*, VI. 1. 3.

197:2 The introductory story occurs in the Vinaya, *Suttavibhaṅga*, *Saṁghūdisesa*, vi. 1. The sin was importunity.

197:3 Reading *saṁyācikāya* (as in *Suttavibhaṅga*).

197:4 Reading *patipajjīsu*.

No. 254.

KUṆḌAKA-KUCCHI-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Grass and the scum of gruel*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana about the Elder Sāriputta.

It once fell out that the Buddha had been spending the rainy season in Sāvatthi, and afterwards had been on alms-pilgrimage. On his return, the inhabitants determined to welcome his home-coming and they made their gifts to the Buddha and his following. They posted the clerk who used to sound the

call for preaching, to distribute the Brethren amongst all comers, according to the number they wished to provide for.

There was one poor old woman, who had prepared one portion. The Brethren were assigned, some to this giver, some to that. At sunrise, the poor woman came to the clerk, and said, "Give a Brother to me!" He answered, "I have already distributed them all; but Elder Sāriputta is still in the monastery, and you may give your portion to him." At this she was delighted, and waited by the gate of Jetavana until the Elder came out. She gave him greeting, took his bowl from his hand, and leading him to her house, offered him a seat.

Many pious families heard a rumour that some old woman had got Sāriputta to sit down at her door. Amongst those who heard it was king Pasenadi the Kosala. He at once sent her food of all sorts, together with a garment and a purse of a thousand pieces,

with the request, "Let her who is. entertaining the priest, put on this robe, and spend this money, and thus entertain the Elder." As the king did, so did Anātha-piṇḍika, [287] the younger Anātha-piṇḍika, the lay sister Visākhā (a great lady),--all sent the same: other families sent one hundred, two hundred or so, as their means allowed. Thus in a single day the old woman got as much as a hundred thousand pieces of money.

Our Elder drank the broth which she gave him, and ate her food, and the rice that she cooked; then he thanked her, and so edified her that she was converted. Then he returned to the monastery.

In the Hall of Truth, the brethren discussed the Elder's goodness. "Friend, the Captain of the Faith has rescued an old housewife from poverty. He has been her mainstay. The food she offered he did not disdain to eat."

The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat together. They told him. And he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta has been the refuge of this old woman; nor the first time he did not disdain to eat the food she offered. He did the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

It happened once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, that the Bodhisatta was born into a trader's family in the Northern province. Five hundred people of that country, horse-dealers, used to convey horses to Benares, and sell them there.

Now a certain dealer took the road to Benares with five hundred horses for sale. On this road, not far off Benares, there is a town,

where had formerly lived a rich merchant. A vast dwelling once was his; but his family had gradually gone down in the world, and only one old woman was left, who lived in the family house. The dealer took up his lodging for a certain hire in that house, and kept his horses hard by.

On that very day, as luck would have it, a thoroughbred mare of his foaled. He tarried two or three days, and then taking his horses with him went off to visit the king. Thereat the old woman asked him for the hire of the house.

"All right, mother, I'll pay you," said he. [288]

"When you pay me, my son," she said then, "give me this foal, and deduct its value from the hire." The dealer did as she asked and went his way. The woman loved the foal like a son; and she fed him upon parched rice drippings, on broken meats, and grass.

Some time after, the Bodhisatta, on his way with five hundred horses,

took lodging in this house. But the horses scented this highbred foal, that fed on red rice-powder, and not one of them would enter the place. Then said the Bodhisatta to the dame,

"There seems to be some horse in the place, mother?"

"Oh, my son, the only horse there is a young foal which I keep here as tenderly as it were my son!"

"Where is he, mother?"

"Gone out to graze."

"When will he return?"

"Oh, he'll soon come back."

The Bodhisatta kept the horses without, and sat down to wait until the

foal should come in; and soon the foal returned from his walk. When he set eyes on the fine foal with his belly full of rice powder, the Bodhisatta noted his marks, and thought he, "This is a priceless thoroughbred; I must buy him of the old woman."

By this time the foal had entered the house and gone to his own stable. At once all the horses were able to go in too.

There abode the Bodhisatta for a few days, and attended to his horses. Then as he made to go, "Mother," said he to the old woman, "let me buy this foal of you."

"What are you saying! one mustn't sell one's own foster child!"

"What do you give him to eat, mother?"

"Rice boiled, and rice gruel, and parched rice; broken meats and grass; and rice-broth to drink."

"Well, mother, if I get him, I'll feed him on the daintiest of fare; [289] when he stands, he shall have a cloth awning spread over him; I will give him a carpet to stand on."

"Will you, my son? Then take this child of mine, and go, and may he be happy!"

And the Bodhisatta paid a separate price for the foal's four feet, for his tail and for his head; six purses of a thousand pieces of money he laid down, one for' each; and he caused the dame to robe herself in a new dress, and decked her with ornaments, and set her in front of the foal. And the foal opened his eyes, and looked upon his mother, and shed tears. She stroked his back, and said, "I have received the recompense for what I have done for thee: go, my son!" and then he departed.

Next day the Bodhisatta thought he would make trial of the foal, whether he knew his own power or no. So after preparing common food, he caused red rice gruel to be poured out, presented to him in a bucket. But this he could not swallow; and refused to touch any such food. Then the Bodhisatta to test him, uttered the first verse:

"Grass and the scum of gruel you thought good
In former times: why don't you eat your food?"

On hearing which, the Foal answered with the two other couplets following:--

"When people do not know one's birth and breed,
Rice-scum is good enough to serve one's need.

"But I am chief of steeds, as you are ware;
Therefore from you I will not take this fare."

[290] Then answered the Bodhisatta, "I did this to try you; do not be angry"; and he cooked the fine food and offered it to him. When he came to the king's courtyard, he set the five hundred

horses on one side, and on the other an embroidered awning, under which he laid a carpet, with a canopy of stuff over it; and here he lodged the foal.

The king coming to inspect the horses asked why this horse was housed apart.

"O king," was the reply, "if this horse be not kept apart, he will let loose these others."

"Is he a beautiful horse?" the king asked.

"Yes, O king."

"Then let me see his paces."

The owner caparisoned him, and mounted on his back. Then he cleared the courtyard of men, and rode the horse about in it. The whole place appeared to be encircled with lines of horses, without a break!

Then said the Bodhisatta, "See my horse's speed, O king!" and let him have his head. Not a man could see him at all! Then he fastened a red leaf upon the horse's flank; and they saw just the leaf. And then he rode him over the surface of a pond in a certain garden of the city. Over he went, and not even the tips of his hoofs were wet. Again, he galloped over lotus leaves, [291] without even pushing one of them under water.

When his master had thus showed off the steed's magnificent paces, he dismounted, clapped his hands, and held out one, palm upwards. The horse got upon it, and stood on the palm of his master's hand, with his four feet close together. And the Bodhisatta said, "O mighty king! not even the whole circle of the

ocean would be space enough for this horse to show off all his skill." The king was so pleased that he gave him the half of his kingdom: the horse he installed as his horse of state, sprinkling him with ceremonial water. Dear was he and precious to the king, and great honour was done him; and his dwelling place was made like the chamber where the king dwelt, all beautiful: the floor was sprinkled with all the four manners of perfumes, the walls were hung with wreaths of flowers and frequent garlands; up in the roof was an awning of cloth spangled with golden stars; it was all like a lovely pavilion round about. A lamp of scented oil burnt always; and in the retiring closet was set a golden jar. His food was always fit for a king. And after he came there,

the lordship over all India came into this king's hand. And the king did good deeds and almsgiving according to the Bodhisatta's admonition, and became destined for paradise.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths many entered the First Path, or the Second, or the Third:) "At that time the old woman was the same, Sāriputta was the thoroughbred, Ānanda was the king, and the horsedealer was I myself."

No. 255.

SUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*What time the bird*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who died of over-eating.

[2921 On his death, the brethren assembled in the Hall of Truth, and discussed his demerits on this fashion: "Friend, Brother So-and-so was ignorant how much he could safely eat. So he ate more than he could digest, and died in consequence." The Master entered, and asked what they talked of now as they sat together; and they told him. "Brethren," he said, "this is not the first time our friend died of surfeit; the same has happened before." Then he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when king Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Parrot, and dwelt in the Himalaya region. He was king over several thousands of his kind, who lived on the seaward side of the Himalayas; and one son was his. When his son grew up to be strong, the father Parrot's eyes became weak. The truth is, that parrots fly with great swiftness; wherefore when they be old it is the eye that weakens first. His son kept his parents in the nest, and would bring them food to feed them.

It happened one day that our young Parrot went to the place where he found his food, and alighted upon a mountain-top. Thence he looked over the ocean, and beheld an island, in which was a mango grove full of sweet golden fruit. So next day, at the

time of the fetching of food, he rose in the air and flew to this grove of mangoes, where he sucked the mango juice,

and took of the fruit, and bore it home to his mother and father. As the Bodhisatta ate of it, he knew the taste.

"My son," said he, "this is a mango of such and such an island," naming it.

"Even so, father!" replied the young Parrot.

"Parrots that go thither, my son, have not length of life," he said. "Go not to that island again!"--But the son obeyed him not, and went yet again.

Then one day it befel that he went as usual, and drank much of the mango juice. With a mango in his beak [293] he was passing over the ocean, when he grew worn out with so long carrying, and sleep mastered him; sleeping he flew on, and the fruit which he carried fell from out of his beak. And by degrees he left his path, and sinking down skimmed the surface of the water, till in the end he fell in. And then a fish caught and devoured him. 'When he should have returned, he returned not, and the Bodhisatta knew that he must have fallen into the water. Then his parents, receiving no sustenance, pined away and died.

The Master, having told this tale, in his perfect wisdom, uttered the following stanzas:

"What time the bird without excess did eat,

He found the way, and brought his mother meat.

"But once he ate too much, forgot the mean,
He fell; and afterward was no more seen.

"So be not greedy; modest be in all.

To spare is safe; greed goeth before a fall [1]."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths (at the conclusion of which many persons entered the First Path, or the Second, or Third, or Fourth), and identified the Birth: "At that time, the brother who has over-eaten was the young Parrot, and the king of the Parrots was I myself."

Footnotes

204:1 The Scholiast adds the following lines:

"Be moderate in eating wet or dry,

And this thy hunger's need will satisfy.

Who eats with care, whose belly is not great,

Will be a holy hermit soon or late.

[291] Four or five mouthfuls,--then a drink is right;

Enough for any earnest eremite.

A careful moderate eater has small pain,

Slowly grows old, lives twice as long again."

And these:

"When sons bring meat to fathers in the wood,
Like ointment to the eye, ’tis very good.
Thus for bare life, with weariness forspent,
He nourished him upon such nourishment."

No. 256.

JARUDAPĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Some merchants*," *etc*.--This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about some traders whose home was at Sāvatthi.

The tradition is that these men had acquired wares in Sāvatthi, which they loaded on carts. 'When the time came for them to set about their business, they gave an invitation to the Blessed One, and offered him rich alms; they received the Refuges, were strengthened in the Precepts, and took their leave of the Master with these words, "Sir, we are going a long way. When we have parted with our wares, if we are fortunate and return in safety, we will come and wait upon you again." Then they set off on their journey.

In a difficult part of their road they observed a disused well. There was no water in it that they could see, and they were athirst; so they resolved to dig deeper. As they dug, [295] they came upon successive layers of minerals of all sorts, from iron to lapis lazuli. This find contented them; they filled their waggons with these treasures, and got back safe to Sāvatthi. They stowed away the treasure which they had brought; and then bethought them, that having been so lucky they would give food to the brotherhood. So they invited the Blessed One, and made him presents; and when they had respectfully greeted him, and sat down on one side, they recounted how they had found their treasure. Said he, "You, good laymen, are content with your find, and accept your wealth and your livelihood with all moderation. But in other days there were men not content, immoderate, who

refused to do as wise men advised them, and so lost their life." And he told at their request an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a business man; and grew up to be a great merchant. At one time he had filled his waggons with goods, and in company with a large caravan he came to this very same wood and saw this very same well. No sooner had the traders seen it, than they wanted to drink, and began to dig, and as they dug they came upon a

quantity of metal and gems. But though they got a great deal of treasure, they were discontented. "There must be another treasure here, better than this!" they thought, and they dug and dug.

Then said the Bodhisatta to them, "Merchants, greed is the root of destruction. Ye have won a great deal of wealth; with this be ye content, and dig no more." But they digged yet the more notwithstanding.

Now this well was haunted by serpents. The Serpent-king, incensed at the falling of clods and earth, slew them with the breath of his nostrils [1], all saving the Bodhisatta, [296] and destroyed them; and he came up from the serpent world, and put the oxen to the carts, filled them with jewels, and seating the Bodhisatta upon a fine waggon, he made certain young serpents drive the carts, and brought him to Benares. He led him into his house, set the treasure in order, and went away again to his own

place in the serpent land. And the Bodhisatta spent his treasure, so that he made much stir throughout all India by his almsgiving, and, having undertaken the deeds of virtue, and kept the holy day, at the end of his life he came to paradise.

The Master, after telling this tale, in his perfect wisdom, uttered the following lines:

"Some merchants, wanting water, dug the ground
In an old well, and there a treasure found:--
Tin, iron, copper, lead, silver and gold,
Beryls and pearls and jewels manifold.

"But not content, still more they did desire,
And fiery serpents slew them all with fire.
Dig if thou wilt, but dig not to excess;
For too much digging is a wickedness.

"Digging bestowed a treasure on these men;
But too much digging lost it all again."

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"At that time, Sāriputta was the Serpent-king, and the master of the caravan was I myself."

Footnotes

206:1 *Nāsikavātena*. Perhaps this throws light on the disease ahivātarogo, p. 55 *note*.

No. 257.

GĀMAṆI-CAṆḌA-JĀTAKA [1].

[297] "*It is not a clever builder*," etc.--This story the Master told while sojourning at Jetavana, about the praise of wisdom. In the Hall of Truth sat the Brethren, praising the wisdom of the Buddha: "The Blessed One has wisdom great and wide, wisdom witty and quick, wisdom sharp and penetrating. He excels this world and the world of gods in wisdom."

The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of now as they sat there. They told him. He answered, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Blessed One has been wise; he was the same before." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, Brethren, when Janasandha was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen. His face was resplendent, wearing a look of auspicious beauty, like a golden mirror well polished. On the day of his naming they called him Ādāsa-mukha, Prince Mirror-face.

Within the space of seven years his father caused him to be taught the Three Vedas, and all the duties of this world; and then he died, when the lad was seven years old. The courtiers performed the king's obsequies with great pomp, and made the offerings for the dead; and on the seventh day they gathered

together in the palace court, and talked together. The prince was very young, they thought, and he could not be made king.

Before they made him king, they would test him. So they prepared a court of justice, and set a divan. Then they came into the prince's presence, and said they, "You must come, my lord, to the law-court." To this the prince agreed; and with a great company he repaired thither, and sat upon the dais.

Now at the time when the king sat down for judgement, the courtiers had dressed up a monkey, in the garb of a man who is skilled in the lore which tells what are good sites for a building. They made him go upon two feet, and brought him into the judgement hall.

"My lord," said they, "in the time of the king your father this man was one who divined by magic as to desirable sites, and well did he know his art. [298] Down in the earth as deep as seven cubits he can see a fault. By his help there was a place chosen for the king's house; let the king provide for him, and give him a post."

The prince scanned him from head to foot. "This is no man, but a monkey," he thought; "and monkeys can destroy what others have made, but of themselves can neither make anything nor carry out such a thing." And so he repeated the first stanza to his court:--

"It is not a clever builder, but an ape with a wrinkled face;

He can destroy what others make; that is the way of his race."

"It must be so, my lord!" said the courtiers, and took him away. But after a day or two they dressed this same creature in grand clothes, and brought him again to the judgement hall. "In the king your father's time, my lord, this was a judge who dealt justice. Him should you take to help you in the awarding of justice."

The prince looked at him. Thought he, "A man with mind and reason is not so hairy as all that. This witless ape cannot dispense justice;" and he repeated the second stanza:--

"There's no wit in this hairy creature; he breeds no confidence;
He knows nought, as my father taught: the animal has no sense!"

[299] "So it must be, my lord!" said the courtiers, and led him away. Yet once again did they dress up the very same monkey, and bring him to the hall of judgement. "Sire," said they, "in the time of the king your father this man did his duty to father and mother, and paid respect to old age in his family. Him you should keep with you."

Again the prince looked at him, and thought--"Monkeys are fickle of mind; such a thing they cannot do." And then he repeated the third stanza:--

"One thing Dasaratha [1] has taught me: no help such a creature would send
To father or mother, to sister or brother, or any who call him friend!"

"So must it be, my lord!" answered they, and took him away again. And they said amongst themselves, "'Tis a wise prince; he will be able to rule"; [300] and they made the Bodhisatta king; and throughout the city by beat of drum they made proclamation, saying, "The edicts of king Mirror-face!"

From that time the Bodhisatta reigned righteously; and his wisdom was noised abroad throughout all India. To show forth the matter of

this wisdom of his, these fourteen problems were brought to him to decide:--

"An ox, a lad, a horse, a basket-knight,
A squire, a light-o'-love, and a young dame,
A snake, a deer, a partridge, and a sprite,
A snake, ascetics, a young priest I name."

This happened as we shall now explain. When the Bodhisatta was inaugurated king, a certain servant of king Janasandha, named Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa, thus considered within himself: "This kingdom is glorious if it be governed by aid of those who are of an age with the king. Now I am old, and I cannot wait upon a young prince: so I will get me a living by farming in the country." So he departed from the city a distance of three leagues, and abode in a certain village. But he had no oxen for farming. And so, after rain had fallen, he begged the loan of two oxen from a friend; all day long he ploughed with them, and then he gave them grass to eat, and went to the owner's house to give them back again. At the moment it happened that the owner sat at meat with his wife; and the oxen entered the house, quite at home. As they entered, the master was raising his plate, and the wife putting hers down. Seeing that they did not invite him to share the meal, Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa departed without formally making over the oxen. During the night, thieves broke into the cow-pen, and stole the oxen away.

Early on the morrow, the owner of these oxen entered the cow-shed, but cattle there were none; he perceived that they had been stolen away by thieves. "I'll make Gāmaṇi pay for it!" thought he, and to Gāmaṇi he went. [301]

"I say, return me my oxen!" cried he.

"Are not they in their stall?"

"Now did you return them to met"

"No, I didn't."

"Here's the king's officer: come along."

Now this people have a custom that they pick up a bit of stone or a potsherd, and say--"Here's the king's officer; come along! "If any man refuses to go, he is punished. So when Gāmaṇi heard the word "officer," he went along.

So they went together towards the king's court. On the way, they came to a village where dwelt a friend of Gāmaṇi's. Said he to the other,

"I say, I'm very hungry. Wait here till I go in and get me something to eat!" and he entered his friend's house.

But his friend was not at home. The wife said,

"Sir, there is nothing cooked. Wait but a moment; I will cook at once and set before you."

She climbed a ladder to the grain store, and in her haste she fell to the

ground. And as she was seven months gone with child, a miscarriage followed.

At that moment, in came the husband, and saw what had happened. "You have struck my wife," cried he, "and brought her labour upon her untimely! Here's a king's officer for you--come along!" and he carried him off. After this they went on, the two of them, with Gāmaṇi between.

As they went, there was a horse at a village gate; and the groom could not stop it, but it ran along with them. The horsekeeper called out to Gāmaṇi--

"Uncle [1] Caṇḍagāmaṇi, hit the horse with something, and head him back!" Gaillard picked up a stone, and threw it at the horse. The stone struck his foot, and broke it like the stalk of a castor-oil plant. Then the man cried,

"Oh, you've broken my horse's leg! Here's a king's officer for you!" and he laid hold of him.

Gāmaṇi was thus three men's prisoner. As they led him along, he thought: "These people will denounce me to the king;' [302] I can't pay for the oxen; much less the fine for causing an untimely birth; and then where shall I get the price of the horse? I were better dead." So, as they went along, he saw a wood hard by the road, and in it a hill with a precipice on one side of it. In the shadow of it were two basket-makers, father and son, weaving a mat. Said Gāmaṇi,

"I say, I want to retire for a moment: wait here, while I go aside"; and with these words he climbed the hill, and threw himself down the precipice. He fell upon the back of the elder basket-maker, and killed him on the spot. Gāmaṇi got up, and stood still.

"Ah, you villain! you've murdered my father!" cried the younger basket-maker; "here's the king's officer!" He seized Gāmaṇi's hands, and came out of the thicket.

"What's this?" asked the others.

"The villain has murdered my father!"

So on they went, the four of them, with Gāmaṇi in the middle.

They came to the gate of another village. The headman was there, who hailed Gāmaṇi: "Uncle [1] Caṇḍa, whither away?"

"To see the king," says Gāmaṇi.

"Oh indeed, to see the king. I want to send him a message; will you take it?"

"Yes, that I will."

"Well--I am usually handsome, rich, honoured, and healthy; but now I am miserable and have the jaundice too. Ask the king why this is.

He is a wise man, so they say; he will tell you, and you can bring me his message again."

To this the other agreed.

At another village a light-o'-love called out to him--"Whither bound, Uncle [1] Caṇḍa 4"

"To see the king," says he.

"They say the king is a wise man; take him a message from me," says the woman. [303] "Aforetime I used to make great gains; now I don't get the worth of a betel-nut, and nobody courts me. Ask the king how this may be, and then you can tell me."

At a third village, there was a young woman who told Gāmaṇi, "I can live neither with my husband nor with my own family. Ask the king how this is, and then tell me."

A little further on there was a snake living in an ant-hill near the road. He saw Gāmaṇi, and called out,

"Whither away, Caṇḍa?"

"To see the king."

"The king is wise; take him a message from me. When I go out to get my food, I leave this ant-hill faint and famishing, and yet I fill the entrance hole with my body, and I get out with difficulty, dragging myself along. But when I come in again, I feel satisfied, and fat, yet I pass quickly through the hole without touching the sides. How is this? ask the king, and bring me his answer."

And further on a deer saw him, and said--"I can't eat grass anywhere but underneath this tree. Ask the king the reason." And again a partridge said, "When I sit at the foot of this ant-heap, and utter my note, I can make it prettily; but nowhere else. Ask the king why." And again, [304] a tree spirit saw him, and said,

"Whither away, Caṇḍa?"

"To the king."

"The king's a wise man, they say. In former times I was highly honoured; now I don't receive so much as a handful of twigs. Ask the king what the reason is."

And further on again he was seen by a serpent-king, who spoke to him thus: "The king is said to be a wise man: then ask him this question. Heretofore the water in this pool has been clear as crystal. Why is it that now it has become turbid, with scum all over it?"

Further on, not far from a town, certain ascetics who dwelt in a park saw him, and said, in the same way, "They say the king is wise. Of yore there were in this park sweet fruits in plenty, now they have grown tasteless and dry. Ask him what the reason is." Further on again, he was accosted by some brahmin students who were in a hall at the gate of a town. They said to him,

"Where are you going, Caṇḍa, eh?"

"To the king," says Caṇḍa.

"Then take a message for us. Till now, whatever passage we learnt was bright and clear; now it does not stay with us, it is not understood, but all is darkness,--it is like water in a leaky jar. Ask the king what the reason is."

Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa came before the king with his fourteen questions. When the king saw him, he recognised him. "This is my father's

servant, who used to dandle me in his arms. Where has he been living all this time?" And "Caṇḍa," said he, "where have you been living all this time? [305] We have seen nothing of you for a long while; what brings you here?"

"Oh, my lord, when my lord the late king went to heaven, I departed into the country and kept myself by farming. Then this man summoned me for a suit regarding his cattle, and here he has brought me."

"If you had not been brought here, you had never come; but I'm glad that you were brought anyhow. Now I can see you. Where is that man?"

"Here, my lord."

"It is you that summoned our friend Caṇḍa?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Why?"

"He refuses to give back my pair of oxen!"

"Is this so, Caṇḍa?"

"Hear my story too, my lord!" said Caṇḍa; and told him the whole. When he had heard the tale, the king accosted the owner of the oxen. "Did you see the oxen," said he, "entering the stall?"

"No, my lord," the man replied.

"Why, man, did you never hear my name? They call me king Mirror-face. Speak out honestly."

"I saw them, my lord!" said he.

"Now, Caṇḍa," said the king, "you failed to return the oxen, and therefore you are his debtor for them. But this man, in saying that he had not seen them, told a direct lie. Therefore you with your own hands shall pluck his eyes out, and you shall yourself pay him twenty-four pieces of money as the price of the oxen." Then they led the owner of the oxen out of doors.

"If I lose my eyes, what do I care for the money?" thought he. And he fell at Gāmaṇi's feet, and besought him--"O master Caṇḍa, keep those twenty-four pieces, and take these too!" and he gave him other pieces, and ran away.

The second man said, "My lord, this fellow struck my wife, [306] and

made her miscarry." "Is this true, Caṇḍa?" asked the king. Caṇḍa begged for a hearing, and told the whole story.

"Did you really strike her, and cause her to miscarry?" asked the king.

"No, my lord! I did no such thing."

"Now, can you"--to the other--"can you heal the miscarriage which he has caused?"

"No, my lord, I cannot."

"Now, what do you want to do?"

"I ought to have a son, my lord."

"Now then, Caṇḍa--you take the man's wife to your house; and when a son shall be born to you, hand him over to the husband."

Then this man also fell at Caṇḍa's feet, crying, "Don't break up my home, master!" threw down some money, and made off.

The third man then accused Caṇḍa of laming his horse's foot. Caṇḍa as before told what had happened. Then the king asked the owner, "Did you really bid Caṇḍa strike the horse, and turn him back?"

"No, my lord, I did not." But on being pressed, he admitted that he had said so.

"This man," said the king, "has told a direct lie, in saying that he did not tell you to head back the horse. You may tear out his tongue; and then pay him a thousand pieces for the horse's price, which I will give you." But the fellow even gave him another sum of money, and departed.

Then the basket-maker's son said,

"This fellow is a murderer, and he killed my father!"

"Is it so, Caṇḍa?" asked the icing. "Hear me, my lord," said Caṇḍa, and told him about it.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the king.

"My lord, I must have my father." [307]

"Caṇḍa," said the king, "this man must have a father. But you cannot bring him back from the dead. Then take his mother to your house, and do you be a father to him."

"Oh, master!" cried the man, "don't break up my dead father's home!" He gave Gāmaṇi a sum of money, and hurried away.

Thus Gāmaṇi won his suit, and in great delight he said to the king, "My lord, I have several questions for you from several persons; may

I tell you them?"

"Say on," said the king.

So Gāmaṇi told them all in reverse order, beginning with the young brahmins. The king answered them in turn. To the first question, he answered: "In the place where they lived there used to be a crowing cock that knew the time. When they heard his crow, they used to rise up, and repeat their texts, until the sun rose, and thus they did not forget

what they learnt. But now there is a cock that crows out of season; he crows at dead of night, or in broad day. When he crows in the depth of night, up they rise, but they are too sleepy to repeat the text. When he crows in broad day, they rise up, but they have not the chance to repeat their texts. Thus it is, that whatever they learn, they soon forget."

To the second question, he answered: "Formerly these men used to do all the duties of the ascetic, and they induced the mystic trance. Now they have neglected the ascetic's duties, and they do

what they ought not to do; the fruits which grow in the park they give to their attendants; they live in a sinful way, exchanging their alms [1]. This is why this fruit does not grow sweet. [308] If they once more with one consent do their duty as ascetics, again the fruit will grow sweet for them. Those hermits know not the wisdom of kings; tell them to live the ascetic life."

He heard the third question, and answered, "Those serpent chiefs quarrel one with another, and that is why the water becomes turbid. If they make friends as before, the water will be clear again." After hearing the fourth, "The tree-spirit," said he, "used formerly to protect men passing through the wood, and therefore she received many offerings. Now she gives them no protection, and so she receives no offerings. If she protects them as before, she will receive choice offerings again. She knows not that there are kings in the world. Tell her, then, to guard the men who go up into that wood." And on hearing the fifth, "Under the ant-hill where the partridge finds himself able to utter a pleasant cry is a crock of treasure; dig it up and get it." To the sixth he answered, "On the tree under which the deer found he could eat grass, is a great honey-comb. He craves the grass on which this honey has dropped, and so he can eat no other. You get the honeycomb, send the best of it to me, and eat the rest yourself." Then on hearing the seventh, "Under the snake's ant-heap lies a large treasure-crock, and there he lives guarding it. So when he goes out, from greed for this treasure his body sticks fast; but after he has fed, his desire for the treasure prevents his body from sticking, and be goes in quickly and easily. Dig up the treasure, and keep it." Then he replied to the eighth question, "Between the villages where dwell the young woman's husband and her parents [309] lives a lover of hers in a certain house. She remembers him, and her desire is toward him; therefore she

cannot stay in her husband's house, but says she will go and see her parents, and on the way she stays a few days with her lover. When she has been at home a few days, again she remembers him, and saying she will return to her husband, she goes again to her lover. Go, tell her there are kings in the land; say, she must dwell with her husband,

and if she will not, let her have a care, the king will cause her to be seized, and she shall die." He heard the ninth, and to this he said, "The woman used formerly to take a price from the hand of one, and not to go with another until she was off with him [1], and that is how she used to receive much. Now she has changed her manner, and without leave of the first she goes with the last, so that she receives nothing, and none seek after her. If she keeps to her old custom, it will be as it was before. Tell her that she should keep to that." On hearing the tenth, he replied, "That village headman used once to deal justice indifferently, so that men were pleased and delighted with him; and in their delight they gave him many a present. This is what made him handsome, rich, and honoured. Now he loves to take bribes, and his judgement is not fair; so he is poor and miserable, and jaundiced. If he judges once again with righteousness, he will be again as he was before. He knows not that there are kings in the land. Tell him that he must use justice in giving judgement."

And Gāmaṇi-car a told all these messages, as they were told to him. And the king having resolved all these questions by his wisdom, like Buddha omniscient, [310] gave rich presents to Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa; and the village where Caṇḍa dwelt he gave to him, as a brahmin's gift, and let him go. Caṇḍa went out of the

city, and told the king's answer to the brahmin youths, and the ascetics, to the serpent and to the tree-spirit; he took the treasure from the place where the partridge sat, and from the tree beneath which the deer did eat, he took the honeycomb, and sent honey to the king; he broke into the snake's ant-hill, and gathered the treasure out of it; and to the young woman, and the light-o'-love, and the village headman he said even as the king had told him. Then he returned to his own village, and dwelt there so long as he lived, and afterward passed away to fare according to his deserts. And king Mirror-face also gave alms, and wrought goodness, and finally after his death went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, to show that not now only is the Blessed One wise, but wise he was before, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths many persons entered on the First Path, or the Second, or the Third, or the Fourth:) "At that time Ānanda was Gāmaṇi-Caṇḍa; but king Mirror-face was I myself."

Footnotes

207:1 See Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 337; Tawney, *Phil. Journ*. xii. 112-119; *Academy*, Aug. 6, 1887, no. 796. Problems to be solved are a common part of the machinery of fairy tales; *e.g.* Grimm, no. 29, *The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs*, and the editors' notes.

208:1 Dasaratha is another name for his father (*Schol*.).

210:1 It is worth noting that this term of affection means a mother's brother.

211:1 See note, p. 210.

214:1 Some staying at home, while others beg for all, to save trouble. See p. 57, note 1.

215:1 Literally, "until she had made him enjoy his money's worth," *ajirāpetvā*.

No. 258 [1].

MANDHĀTU-JĀTAKA.

"*Wherever sun and moon*," *etc*. This story the Master told during a stay at Jetavana, about a backsliding brother.

We are told that this brother, in traversing Sāvatthi for his alms, saw a finely dressed woman and fell in love with her. Then the Brethren led him to the Hall of Truth, and informed the Master that he was a backslider. The Master asked whether it were true; and was answered, yes, it was. [311]

"Brother," said the Master, "when will you ever satisfy this lust, even while you are a householder? Such lust is as deep as the ocean, nothing can satisfy it. In former days there have been supreme monarchs, who attended by their retinue of men held sway over the four great continents encircled by two thousand isles, ruling even in the heaven of the four great kings, even when they were kings of the gods in the Heaven of the Thirty Three, even in the abode of the Thirty Six Sakkas,--even these failed to satisfy their lust, and died before they could do so; when will you be able to satisfy it?" And he told an old-world tale.

Long ago, in the early ages of the world, there lived a king named Mahāsammata, and he had a sun Roja, who had a son Vararoja, who had a son Kalyāṇa, who had a son Varakalyāṇa, and Varakalyāṇa had a son named Uposatha, and Uposatha had

a son Mandhātā. Mandhātā was endowed with the Seven Precious Things and the Four Supernatural Powers; and he was a great monarch. When he clenched his left hand, and then touched it with his right, there fell a rain of seven kinds of jewels, knee-deep, as though a celestial rain-cloud had arisen in the sky; so wondrous a man was he. Eighty-four thousand years he was a prince, the same number he took some share in ruling the kingdom, and even so many years he ruled as supreme king; his life lasted for countless ages.

One day, he could not satisfy some desire, so he showed signs of discontent.

"Why are you cast down, my lord?" the courtiers asked him.

"When the power of my merit is considered, what is this kingdom? Which place seems worth desiring?"

"Heaven, my lord."

So rolling along the Wheel of Empire, with his suite [312] he went to the heaven of the four great kings. The four kings, with a great throng of gods, came to meet him in state, bearing celestial flowers and perfumes; and having escorted him into their heaven, gave him rule over it. There he reigned in state, and a long time went by. But not there either could he satisfy his craving; and so he began to look sick with discontent.

"Why, mighty king," said the four monarchs, "are you unsatisfied? "And the king replied,

"What place is more lovely than this heaven?"

They answered, "My lord, we are like servants. The Heaven of the Thirty-three is more lovely than this!"

Mandhātā set the Wheel of Empire a-rolling, and with his court all round him turned his face to the Heaven of the Thirty-three. And Sakka, king of the Gods, bearing celestial flowers and perfumes, in the midst of a great throng of gods, came to meet him in state, and taking charge of him showed him the way he should go. At the time when the king was marching amidst the throng of gods, his eldest son took the Wheel of Empire, and descending to the paths of men, came to his own city. Sakka led Mandhātā into the Heaven of the Thirty-three, and gave him the half of his own kingdom. After that the two of them ruled together. Time went on, until Sakka had lived for sixty times an hundred thousand years, and thirty millions of years, then was born on earth again; another Sakka grew up, and he too reigned, and lived his life, and was born on earth. In this way six and thirty Sakkas followed one after another. Still Mandhātā reigned with his crowd of courtiers round him. As time went on, the force of his passion and desire grew stronger and stronger.

"What is half a realm to me?" said he in his heart; "I will kill Sakka, and reign alone!" But kill Sakka he could not. This desire and greed of his was the root of his misfortune. The power of his life began to wane; old age seized upon him; [313] but a human body does not disintegrate in heaven. So from heaven he fell, and descended in a park. The gardener made known his coming to the royal family; they came and appointed him a resting-place in the park; there lay the king in lassitude and weariness. The courtiers asked him,

"My lord, what word shall we take from you?"

"Take from me," quoth he, "this message to the people: Mandhātā, king of kings, having ruled supreme over the four quarters of the globe, with all the two thousand islands round about, for a long time having reigned over the people of the four great kings, having been king of Heaven during the lifetime of six and thirty Sakkas, now lies dead." With these words he died, and went to fare according to his deserts.

This tale ended, the Master became perfectly enlightened and uttered the following stanzas:--

"Wherever sun and moon their courses run
All are Mandhātā's servants, every one:
Where'er earth's quarters see the light of day,
There king Mandhātā holds imperial sway.

"Not though a rain of coins fall from the sky [1]
Could anything be found to satisfy.
Pain is desire, and sorrow is unrest:
He that knows this is wise, and he is blest.

"Where longing is, there pleasure takes him wings,
Even though desire be set on heavenly things.
Disciples of the Very Buddha try
To crush out all desire eternally."

[314] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Four Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the back-sliding Brother and many others attained to the Fruit of the First Path:--"At that time, I was the great king Mandhātā."

Footnotes

216:1 See *Divyāvadāna*, p. 210; *Thibetan Tales*, p. 1-20, *King Māndhātar*. This king is named as one of the four persons who have attained in their earthly bodies to glory in the city of the gods; *Milinda*, iv. 8. 25 (ii. p. 145 in the trans., *S. B. E.*).

218:1 See *Dhammapada*, verses 186 and 187, which are the last two of these stanzas.

No. 259.

TIRĪṬA-VACCHA-JĀTAKA.

"*When all alone*," etc. This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about the gift of a thousand garments, how the reverend Ānanda received five hundred garments from the women of the household of the king of Kosala, and five hundred from the king himself. The circumstances have been described above, in the Sigāla Birth, of the Second Book [2].

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a brahmin in Kāsi. On his nameday they called him Master Tirīṭavaceha. In due time he grew up, and studied at Takkasilā. He married and settled down, but his parents' death so distressed him [315] that he became an ascetic, and lived in a woodland dwelling, feeding upon the roots and fruits of the forest.

Whilst he lived there, arose a disturbance on the frontiers of Benares. The king repaired thither, but was worsted in the fight; fearing for his life, he mounted an elephant, and fled away covertly through the forest. In the morning, Tirīṭavaceha had gone abroad to gather wild fruit, and meanwhile the king came upon his hut. "A hermit's hut!" quoth he; down he came from his elephant, weary with wind and sun, and athirst; he looked about for a waterpot, but none could he find. At the end of the covered walk he spied a well, but he could see no rope and bucket for the

drawing of water. His thirst was too great to bear; he took off the girth which passed under the elephant's belly, made it fast on the edge, and let himself down into the well. But it was too short; so he tied on to the end of it his lower garment, and let himself down again. Still he could not reach the water. He could just touch it with his feet: he was very thirsty! "If I can but quench my thirst," thought he, "death itself will be sweet!" So down he dropped, and drank his fill; but he could not get up again, so he remained standing there in the well. And the elephant, so well trained was he, stood still, waiting for the king.

In the evening, the Bodhisatta returned, laden with wild fruits, and espied the elephant. "I suppose," thought he, "the king is come; but nothing is to be seen save the armed elephant. What's to do?" And he approached the elephant, which stood and waited for him. He went to the edge of the well, and saw the king at the bottom. "Fear nothing, O king!" he called out; then he placed a ladder, and helped the king out; he chafed the king's body, and anointed him with oil; after which he gave him of the fruits to eat [316], and loosed the elephant's armour. Two or three days the king rested there; then he went away, after making the Bodhisatta promise to pay him a visit.

The royal forces were encamped hard by the city; and when the king was perceived coming, they flocked around him.

After a month and half a month, the Bodhisatta returned to Benares, and settled in the park. Next day he came to the palace to ask for food. The king had opened a great window, and stood looking out into the courtyard; and so seeing the Bodhisatta, and recognising him, he descended and gave him greeting; he led him to a dais, and set him upon the throne under a white

umbrella; his own food the king gave him to eat, and ate himself of it. Then he took him to the garden, and caused a covered walk and a dwelling to be made for him, and furnished him with all the necessaries of an ascetic; then giving him in charge of a gardener, he bade farewell, and departed. After this, the Bodhisatta took his food in the king's dwelling: great was the respect and honour paid to him.

But the courtiers could not endure it. "If a soldier," said they, "were to receive such honour, how would he behave!" They betook

them to the viceroy: "My lord, our king is making too much of an ascetic! What can he have seen in the man? You speak with the king about it." The viceroy consented, and they all went together before the king. And the viceroy greeted the king, and uttered the first stanza:

"There is no wit in him that I can see;
He is no kinsman, nor a friend of thee;
Why should this hermit with three bits of wood [1],
Tirīṭavaceha, have such splendid food?"

[317] The king listened. Then he said, addressing his son,

"My son, you remember how once I went to the marches, and how I was conquered in war, and came not back for a few days?"

"I remember," said be.

"This man saved my life," said the king; and he told him all that had happened. "Well, my son, now that this my preserver is with

me, I cannot requite him for what he has done, not even were I to give him my kingdom." And he recited the two stanzas following:--

"When all alone, in a grim thirsty wood,
He, and no other, tried to do me good;
In my distress he lent a helping hand;
Half-dead he drew me up and made me stand.

"By his sole doing I returned again
Out of death's jaws back to the world of men.
To recompense such kindness is but fair;
Give a rich offering, nor stint his share."

[318] So spake the king, as though he were causing the moon to rise up in the sky; and as the virtue of the Bodhisatta was declared, so was declared his own virtue everywhere; and his takings increased, and the honour shown to him. After that neither his viceroy nor his courtiers nor any one else durst say anything against him to the king. The king abode in the Bodhisatta's admonition; and he gave alms and did good, and at the last went to swell the hosts of heaven. And the Bodhisatta, having cultivated the Perfections and the Attainments, became destined to the world of Brahma.

Then the Master added, "Wise men of old gave help too;" and having thus concluded his discourse, he identified the Birth as follows: "Ānanda was the king, and I was the hermit."

Footnotes

218:2 No. 152, page 4, where however there is no word of this incident; it really occurs in No. 156, p. 17 of this volume.

220:1 To hang his waterpot upon.

No. 260.

DŪTA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*O king, the Belly's messenger*," *etc*. This story the Master told while staying at Jetavana, about a Brother who was addicted to covetousness. The circumstances will be given at large under the Kāka [2] Birth, in Book the Ninth. Here again the Master told the Brother, [319] "You were greedy before, Brother, as you are now; and in olden days for your greed you had your head cleft with a sword." Then he told an old-world story.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his son. He grew up, and finished his education at Takkasilā. On his father's death, he inherited the kingdom, and he was very dainty in his eating; accordingly he earned the name of King Dainty. There was so much extravagance about his eating, that on one dish he spent an hundred thousand pieces. When he ate, he ate not within doors; but as he wished to confer merit [3] upon many people by showing them the costly array of his meals, he caused a pavilion adorned with jewels to be set up at the door, and at the time of eating, he had this decorated, and there he sat upon a royal dais made all of gold, under a white parasol with princesses all around him, and ate the food of an hundred delicate flavours from a dish which cost an hundred thousand pieces of money.

Now a certain greedy man saw the king's manner of eating, and desired to have a taste. Unable to master his craving, he girt up his loins tight, and ran up to the king, calling out loudly--"Messenger! messenger! O king"--with his hands held up. (At that time and in that nation, if a man called out "Messenger!" no one would stay him; and so it was that the multitude divided and gave him way to pass.)

The man ran up swiftly, and catching a piece of rice from the king's dish, he put it in his mouth. The swordsman drew his sword, to cleave the man's head. But the king stayed him. "Smite not," said he; then to the man, "fear nothing, eat on!" He washed his hands, and sat down.

[320] After the meal, the king caused his own drinking water and betel nut to be given to the man, and then said--

"Now my man, you had tidings, you said. What are your tidings?"

"O king, I am a messenger from Lust and the Belly. Says Lust to me, Go! and sent me here as her messenger;" and with these words he spake the first two stanzas:--

"O king, the Belly's messenger you see:
O lord of chariots, do not angry be!
For Belly's sake men very far will go,
Even to ask a favour of a foe.

"O king, the Belly's messenger you see;
O lord of chariots, do not angry be!

The Belly holds beneath his puissant sway
All men upon the earth both night and day."

When this the king heard, he said, "That is true; Belly-messengers are these; urged by lust they go to and fro, and lust makes them go. How prettily this man has put it!" he was pleased with him, and uttered the third stanza:--

"Brahmin, a thousand red kine I present
To thee; thereto the bull, for complement.
One messenger may to another give;
For Belly's messengers are all that live."

So said the king; and continued, "I have heard something I never heard before, or thought of, said by this great man." And so pleased was he, that he showered honours upon him.

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[321] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother reached the Fruit of the Third Path, and many others entered the other Paths:--"The greedy man is the same in both stories, and I was King Dainty."

Footnotes

221:1 See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 54.

221:2 There is no such heading in Book IX. There is a Kaka-Jātaka in Book VI. no. 395, where the Introd. Story is not given, but said to be "the same as before."

221:3 The Talmud says that one should always run to meet the kings of Israel and even gentile kings.

No. 261.

PADUMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Cut, and cut, and cut again*," etc. This story the Master told at Jetavana, about some Brethren who made offering of garlands under Ānanda's tree. The circumstances will be given in the Kāliṅga-bodhi Birth [1]. This was called

Ānanda's tree, because Ānanda planted it. All India heard tell haw the Elder had planted this tree by the gate of Jetavana.

Some Brethren who lived in the country thought they would make offerings before Ānanda's tree. They journeyed to Jetavana, did their devoirs to the Master, and next day wended their way to Sāvatthi, to the Lotus Street; but not a garland could they get. So they told Ānanda, how they had wished to make an offering to the tree, but that not a garland was to be had in all the Lotus Street. The Elder promised to fetch some; so he went off to the Lotus Street, and returned with many handfuls of blue lotus, which he gave them. With these they made their offering to the tree.

When the Brethren got wind of this, they began discussing the Elder's merits in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, some brothers of little merit from the country could not get a single nosegay in the Lotus Bazaar; but the Elder went and fetched them some." The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of as they sat there; and they told him. Said he, [322] "Brethren, this is not the first time that the clever tongue has gained a garland for clever

speaking; it was the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich merchant's son. In the town was a tank, in which the lotus flowered. A man who had lost his nose looked after the tank.

It happened one day that they proclaimed holiday in Benares; and the three sons of this rich man thought that they would put wreaths upon them, and go a merrymaking. "We'll flatter up the old lacknose fellow, and then we'll beg some flowers of him." So at the time when he used to pluck the lotus flowers, to the tank they went, and waited. And one of them uttered the first stanza:

"Cut, and cut, and cut again,
Hair and whiskers grow amain;
And your nose will grow like these,
Give me just one lotus, please!"

But the man was angry, and gave none. Then the second said the second stanza:

"In the autumn seeds are sown
Which ere long are fully grown;
May your nose sprout up like these.
Give me just one lotus, please!"

Again the man was angry, and gave no lotus. Then the third of them repeated the third stanza:

"Babbling fools! to think that they
Can get a lotus in this way.
Say they yes, or say they no,
Noses cut no more will grow.
See, I ask you honestly:
Give a lotus, air, to me!"

[323] On hearing this the lake keeper said, "The other two lied, but you have spoken the truth. You deserve to have some lotuses." So he gave him a great bunch of lotus, and went back to his lake.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "The boy who got the lotus was I myself."

Footnotes

222:1 No. 479.

No. 262.

MUDU-PĀṆI-JĀTAKA.

"*A soft hand*," *etc*. This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a back-sliding Brother. They brought him to the Hall of Truth, and the Master asked him if he were really a backslider? He replied, yes, he was. Then said the Master, "O Brethren! It is impossible to keep women from going after their desires. In olden days, even wise men could not guard their own daughters; while they stood holding their fathers' hand, without their fathers' knowing, they went away wrong-doing with a paramour"; and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while king Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was horn as the son of his Queen Consort. Growing up, he was educated at Takkasilā, and on his father's death he became king in his stead, and reigned righteously.

There dwelt with him a daughter and a nephew, both together in his house. One day as he sat with his court, he said,

"When I am dead my nephew will be king, [324] and my daughter will be his chief queen."

Afterwards, when they were grown up, he was sitting again amidst his court; and he said to them,

"I will bring home some other man's daughter for my nephew, and my own daughter will I marry into another king's family. In this way I shall have many relations." The courtiers agreed. Then

the king assigned to the nephew a house outside the palace, and forbade his coming to the palace.

p. 225

But these two were in love with each other. Thought the youth, "How shall I get the king's daughter outside the house?--Ah, I have it." He gave a present to the nurse.

"What am I to do for this, master?" she asked.

"Well, mother, I want to get a chance of bringing the princess out of doors."

"I will talk it over with the princess," said she, "and then tell you." "Very good, mother," he replied.

To the princess she came. "Let me pick the insects out of your head," said she.

She sat the princess upon a low stool, and herself sitting on a higher one, she put the princess's head upon her lap, and in looking for the insects, she scratched the princess's head. The princess understood. She thought, "She has scratched me with my cousin the prince's nail, not her own.--Mother," asked she, "have you been with the prince?"

"Yes, my daughter."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked how he could find a way of getting you out of doors."

"If he is wise, he will know," said the princess; and she recited the first stanza, bidding the old woman learn it and repeat it to the prince:--

"A soft hand, and a well-trained elephant,
And a black rain-cloud, gives you what you want."

The woman learnt it, and returned to the prince.

"Well, mother, what did the princess say?" he asked.

"Nothing, [325] but only sent you this stanza," replied she; and she repeated it. The prince took it in, and dismissed her.

The prince understood exactly what was meant. He found a beautiful and soft-handed page lad, and prepared him. He bribed the keeper of a state elephant, and having trained the elephant to be impassive, he bided his time. Then, one fast-day of the dark fortnight, just after the middle watch, rain fell from a thick black cloud. "This is the day the princess meant," thought he; he mounted the elephant, and placed the lad of the soft hands on its back, and set out. Opposite the palace he fastened the elephant to the great wall of an open courtyard, and stood before a window getting drenched.

Now the king watched his daughter, and let her rest nowhere but upon a little bed, in his presence. She thought to herself, "To-day the prince will come!" and lay down without going to sleep.

"Father," said she, "I want to bathe."

"Come along, my daughter," said the king. Holding her hands, he led her to the window; he lifted her, and placed her on a lotus

ornament outside it, holding her by one hand. As she bathed herself, she held out a

hand to the prince. He loosed off the bangles from her arm, and fastened them on the arm of his page boy; then he lifted the lad, and placed him upon the lotus beside the princess. [326] She took his hand, and placed it in her father's, who took it, and let go his daughter's hand. Then she loosed the ornaments from her other arm, and fastened them on the other hand of the lad, which she placed in her father's, and went away with the prince. The king thought the lad to be his own daughter; and when the bathing was over, he put him to sleep in the royal bedchamber, shut to the door, and set his seal on it; then setting a guard, he retired to his own chamber, and lay down to rest.

When the daylight came, he opened the door, and there he saw this lad. "What's this?" cried he. The lad told how she was fled along with the prince. The king was cast down. "Not even if one goes along and holds hands," thought the king, "can one guard a woman. Thus women it is impossible to guard;" and he uttered these other two stanzas:--

"Though soft of speech, like rivers hard to fill,
Insatiate, nought can satisfy their will:
Down, down they sink: a man should flee afar
From women, when he knows what kind they are.
  Whomso they serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up like fuel in the fire [1]."

[327] So saying, the great Being added, "I must support my nephew;" so with great honour he gave his daughter to this very

man, and made him viceroy. And the nephew at his uncle's death became king himself.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother was firmly established in the Fruit of the First Path: "In those days, I was the king."

Footnotes

226:1 The following verses are given by the commentator:

"'Where women rule, the seeing lose their sight,
The strong grow weak, the mighty have no might.
Where women rule, virtue and wisdom fly:
Reckless the prisoners in durance lie.
Like highway robbers, all they steal away
From their poor victims, careless come what may--
Reflection, virtue, truth, and reasoning
Self-sacrifice, and goodness--everything.
As fire burns fuel, for each careless wight
They burn fame, glory, learning, wit, and might."

The word for fire is the archaic *jātaveda*, used already in no. 35. See note in vol. i. p. 90.

No. 263.

CULLA-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA.

[328] "*Not through the sea*," *etc*. This story the Master told at Jetavana, also about a backsliding Brother. The Master had him brought into the Hall of Truth, and asked if it were true that he was a backslider. Yes, said he, it was. "Women," said the Master, "in olden days made even believing souls to sin." Then he told a story.

Once on a time Brahmadatta, the king of Benares, was childless. He said to his queen, "Let us offer prayer for a son." They offered prayer. After a long time, the Bodhisatta came down from the world of Brahma, and was conceived by this queen. So soon as he was born, he was bathed, and given to a serving woman to nurse. As he took the breast, he cried. He was given to another; but while a woman held him, he would not be quiet. So he was given to a man servant; and as soon as the man took him, he was quiet. After that men used to carry him about. When they suckled him, they would milk the breast for him, or they gave him the breast from behind a screen. Even when he grew older, they could not show him a woman. The king caused to be made for him a separate place for sitting or what not, and a separate room for meditation, all by himself.

When the lad was sixteen years old, the king thought thus within himself. "Other son have I none, and this one enjoys no

pleasures. He will not even wish for the kingdom. What's the good of such a son?"

And there was a certain dancing girl, clever at dance and song and music, young, able to gain ascendancy over any man she came across. She approached the king, and asked what he was thinking about; the king told her what it was. [329]

"Let be, my lord," said she: "I will allure him, I will make him love me."

"Well, if you can allure my son, who has never had any dealings whatsoever with women, he shall be king, and you shall be his chief queen!"

"Leave that to me, my lord," said she; "and don't be anxious." So she came to the people of the guard, and said, "At dawn of day I will go to the sleeping place of the prince, and outside the room where he meditates apart I will sing. If he is angry, you must tell me, and I will go away; but if he listens, speak my praises." This they agreed to do.

So in the morning time she took her stand in that place, and sang with a voice of honey, so that the music was as sweet as the song, and the song as sweet as the music. The prince lay listening. Next day, he commanded that she should stand near and sing. The next day, he commanded her to stand in the private chamber, and the next, in his own presence; and so by and bye desire arose in him; he went the way of the world, and knew the joy of love. "I will not let another have this woman," he resolved; and taking his sword, he ran amuck through the street,

chasing the people. The king had him captured, and banished him from the city along with the girl.

Together they journeyed to the jungle, away down the Ganges. There, with the river on one side and the sea on the other, they made a hut, and there they lived. She sat indoors, and cooked the roots and bulbs; the Bodhisatta brought wild fruits from the forest.

One day, when he was away in search of fruits, a hermit from an island in the sea, who was going his rounds to get food, saw smoke as he passed through the air, and alighted beside this hut.

"Sit down until it is cooked," said the woman; then her woman's charms seduced his soul, and brought it down from his mystic trance, making a breach in his purity. And he, like a crow with broken wing, [330] unable to leave her, sat there the whole day till he saw the Bodhisatta coming, and then ran off quickly in the direction of the sea. "This must be an enemy," thought he, and drawing his sword set off in chase.

But the ascetic, making as though he would rise in the air. fell down into the sea. Then thought the Bodhisatta,

"Yon man is doubtless an ascetic who came hither through the air; and now that his trance is broken, he has fallen into the sea. I must go help him." And standing on the shore he uttered these verses:

"Not through the sea, but by your magic power,

You journeyed hither at an earlier hour;

Now by a woman's evil company

You have been made to plunge beneath the sea.

"Full of seductive wiles, deceitful all,
They tempt the most pure-hearted to his fall.
Down--down they sink: a man should flee afar
From women, when he knows what kind they are.

"Whomso they serve, for gold or for desire,

They burn him up like fuel in the fire [1]."

When the ascetic heard these words which the Bodhisatta spake, he stood up in the midst of the sea, and resuming his interrupted trance, he rose through the air, and went away to his dwelling place. Thought the Bodhisatta, "Yon ascetic, with so great a burden, goes through the air like a fleck of cotton. [331] Why should not I like him cultivate the trance, and pass through the air!" So he returned to his hut, and led the woman among mankind again; then he told her to be gone, and himself went into the jungle, where he built him a hut in a pleasant spot, and became an ascetic; he prepared for the mystic trance, cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother became established in the Fruit of the First Path:) "At that time," said he, "I was myself the youth that had never had anything to do with women."

Footnotes

228:1 The Scholiast gives the following lines in his note:

Hallucination, sorrow, and disease,
Mirage, distress (and solid bonds are these),
The snare of death, deep-seated in the mind--
Who trusts in these is vilest of his kind.

No. 264.

MAHĀ-PANĀDA-JĀTAKA [1].

"'*Twas king Panāda*," etc.--This story the Master told when he was settled on the bank of the Ganges, about the miraculous power of Elder Bhaddaji.

On one occasion, when the Master had passed the rains at Sāvatthi, he thought he would show kindness to a young gentleman named Bhaddaji. So with all the Brethren who were with him, he made his way to the city of Bhaddiya, and stayed three months in Jātiyā Grove, waiting until the young man should mature and perfect his knowledge. Now young Bhaddaji was a magnificent person, the only son of a rich merchant in Bhaddiya, with a fortune of eight hundred millions. He had three houses for the three seasons, in each of which he stayed four months; and after spending this period in one of them, he used to migrate with all his kith and kin to another in the greatest pomp. On these occasions all the town was a-flutter to see the young man's magnificence; and between these houses used to be erected seats in circles on circles and tiers above tiers.

When the Master had been there three months, he informed the townspeople that he intended to leave. Begging him to wait until the morrow, the townsfolk on the following day collected magnificent gifts for the Buddha and his attendant Brethren; and set up a pavilion in the midst of the town, decorating it and laying out seats; then they announced that the hour had come. The Master

with his company went and took their seats there. Everybody gave generously to them. After the meal was over, the Master in a voice sweet as honey returned thanks to them.

At this moment, young Bhaddaji was passing from one of his residences to another. [332] But that day not a soul came to see his splendour; only his own people were about him. So he asked his people how it was. Usually all the city was in aflutter to see him pass from house to house; circles on circles and tiers above tiers the seats were built; but just then there was nobody but his own followers! What could be the reason?

The reply was, "My lord, the Supreme Buddha has been spending three months near the town, and this day he leaves. He has just finished his meal, and is holding a discourse. All the town is there listening to his words."

"Oh, very well, we will go and hear him too," said the young man. So, in a blaze of ornaments, with his crowd of followers about him, he went and stood on the skirt of the crowd; as he heard the discourse, he threw off all his sins, and attained to high fruition and sainthood.

The Master, addressing the merchant of Bhaddiya, said, "Sir, your son, in all his splendour, while hearing my discourse has become a saint; this very day he should either embrace the religious life, or enter Nirvana."

"Sir," replied he, "I do not wish my son to enter Nirvana. Admit him to the religious order; this done, come with him to my house to-morrow."

The Blessed One accepted this invitation; he took the young gentleman to the monastery, admitted him to the brotherhood, and afterward to the lesser and greater orders. For a week the youth's parents showed generous hospitality to him.

After remaining these seven days, the Master went on alms-pilgrimage, taking the young man with him, and arrived at a village called Koṭi. The villagers of Koṭi gave generously to the Buddha and his followers. At the end of this meal, the Master began to express his thanks. While this was being done, the young gentleman went outside the village, and by a landing-place of the Ganges he sat down under a tree, and plunged in a trance, thinking that he would rise as soon as the Master should come. When the Elders of greatest age approached, he did not rise, but he rose as soon as the Master came. The unconverted folk were angry because he behaved as though he were a Brother of old standing, not rising up even when he saw the eldest Brethren approach.

The villagers constructed rafts. This done, [333] the Master asked where Bhaddaji was. "There he is, Sir." "Come, Bhaddaji, come aboard my raft." The Elder rose, and followed him to his raft. When they were in mid-river, the Master asked him a question.

"Bhaddaji, where is the palace you lived in when Great Panāda was king?" "Here, under the water," was the reply. The unconverted said one to the other, "Elder Bhaddaji is showing that he is a saint!" Then the Master bade him disperse the doubt of his fellow-students.

In a moment, the Elder, with a bow to his Master, moving by his mysterious power [1], took the whole pile of the palace on his finger, and rose in the air bearing the palace with him (it covered

a space of twenty-five leagues); then he made a hole in it and showed himself to the present inhabitants of the palace below, and tossed the building above the water first one league, then two, then three. Then those who had been his kinsfolk in this former existence, who had now become fish or tortoises, water-snakes or frogs, because they loved the palace so much, and had come to life in the very same place, wriggled out of it when it rose up, and tumbled over and over into the water again. When the Master saw this, he said, "Bhaddaji, your relations are in trouble." At his Master's words the Elder let the palace go, and it sank to the place where it had been before.

The Master passed to the further side of the Ganges. Then they prepared

him a seat just on the river bank. On the seat prepared for the Buddha, he sat, like the sun fresh risen pouring forth his rays. Then the Brethren asked him when it was that Elder Bhaddaji had lived in that palace. The Master answered, "In the days of king Great Panāda," and went on to tell them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, a certain Suruci was king of Mithilā, which is a town in the kingdom of Videha. He had a son, named Suruci likewise, and he again had a son, the Great Panāda. They obtained possession of that mansion. They obtained it by a deed done in a former existence. A father and son made a hut of leaves with canes and branches of the fig-tree, as a dwelling for a Paccekabuddha.

The rest of the story will be told in the Suruci Birth, Book XIV. [1]

[334] The Master, having finished telling this story, in his perfect wisdom uttered these stanzas here following:--

"'Twas king Panāda who this palace had,
  A thousand bowshots high, in breadth sixteen.
A thousand bowshots high, in banners clad;
  An hundred storeys, all of emerald green.

"Six thousand men of music to and fro
  In seven companies did dance withal:
As Bhaddaji has said, 'twas even so:
  I, Sakka, was your slave, at beck and call."

[335] At that moment the unconverted people became resolved of their doubt.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:--"Bhaddaji was the Great Panāda, and I was Sakka."

Footnotes

229:1 Cp. *Divyāvadāna*, p. 57.

230:1 For an explanation of this phrase, *aññaṁ vyākaroti*, see *Mahāvagga* r. v. 19 with the translators' note (*S. B. E.*, *Vinaya Texts* ii. p. 10).

231:1 No. 489.

No. 265.

KHURAPPA-JĀTAKA.

"*When many a bow*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a Brother who had lost all energy. The Master asked, was it true that this Brother had lost his energy. Yes, he replied. "Why," asked he, "have you slackened your energy, after embracing this doctrine of salvation? In days of yore, wise men were energetic even in matters which do not lead to salvation;" and so saying he told an old-world tale.

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p. 232

Once on a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a forester. When he grew up, he took the lead of a band of five hundred foresters, and lived in a village at the entrance to the forest. He used to hire himself out to guide men through it.

Now one day a man of Benares, a merchant's son, arrived at that village with a caravan of five hundred waggons. Sending for the Bodhisatta, he offered him a thousand pieces to be his guide through the forest. He agreed, and received the money from the merchant's hand; and as he took it, he mentally devoted his life to the merchant's service. Then he guided him into the forest.

In the midst of the forest, up rose five hundred robbers. As for the rest of the company, no sooner did they see these robbers, than they grovelled upon their belly: the head forester alone,

shouting and leaping and dealing blows, put to flight all the five hundred robbers, and led the merchant across the wood in safety. Once across the forest, the merchant encamped his caravan; [336] he gave the chief forester choice meats of every kind, and himself having broken his fast, sat pleasantly by him, and talked with him thus: "Tell me," said he, "how it was that even when five hundred robbers, with arms in their hands, were spread all around, you felt not even any fear in your heart?" And he uttered the first stanza:

"When many a bow the shaft at speed let fly--
Hands grasping blades of tempered steel were nigh--
When Death had marshalled all his dread array--
Why, 'mid such terror, felt you no dismay?"

On hearing this the forester repeated the two verses following:

"When many a bow the shaft at speed let fly--
Hands grasping blades of tempered steel were nigh--
When Death had marshalled all his dread array--
I felt a great and mighty joy this day.

"And this my joy gave me the victory;
I was resolved to die, if need should be;
He must contemn his life, who would fulfil
Heroic deeds and be a hero still."

[337] Thus did he send forth his words like a shower of arrows; and having explained how he had done heroically through being free from the desire to live, he parted from the young merchant, and returned to his own village; where after giving alms and doing good he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the disheartened Brother attained to Sainthood:--"At that time I was the chief of the foresters."

No. 266.

VĀTAGGA-SINDHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*He for whose sake*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain land-owner.

At Sāvatthi, we learn, a handsome woman saw this man, who was also handsome, and fell in love. The passion within her was like a fire burning her body through and through. She lost her senses, both of body and of mind; she cared nothing for food; she only lay down hugging the frame of the bedstead.

Her friends and handmaidens asked her what troubled her at heart that she lay hugging the bedstead; what was the matter, they wished to know. The first few times she answered nothing; but as they continued pressing her, she told them what it was.

"Don't worry," said they, "we'll bring him to you;" and they went and had a talk with the man. At first he refused, but by their much asking he at last consented. They got his promise to come at a certain hour on a fixed day, and told the woman.

She prepared her chamber, and dressed herself in her finery, and sat on the bed waiting until he came. He sat down beside her. Then a thought came into her mind. [338] "If I accept his addresses at once, and make myself cheap, my pride will be humbled. To let him have his will the very first day he comes would be out of place. I will be capricious to-day, and afterwards I will give way." So no sooner had he touched her, and begun to

dally, she caught his hands, and spoke roughly to him, bidding him go away, as she did not want him. He shrank back angrily, and went off home.

When the women found out what she had done, and that the man had gone off, they reproached her. "Here you are," they said, "in love with somebody, and lie down refusing to take nourishment; we had great difficulty in persuading the man, but at last we bring him; and then you'll have nothing to say to him!" She told them why it was, and they went off; warning her that she would get talked about.

The man never even came to look at her again. When she found she had lost him, she would take no nourishment, and soon died. When the man heard of her death, he took a quantity of flowers, scents, and perfumes, and went to Jetavana, where he saluted the Master and sat on one side.

The Master asked him, "How is it, lay brother, that we never see you here?" He told him the whole story, adding that he had avoided waiting on the Buddha all this time for shame. Said the Master, "Layman, on this occasion the woman sent for you through her passion, and then would have nothing to do with you and sent you away angry; and just so in olden days, she fell in love with wise persons, sent for them, and when they came refused to have anything to do with them, and thus plagued them and sent them to the right-about." Then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Sindh horse, and they called him Swift-as-the-

Wind; and he was the king's horse of ceremony. The grooms used to take him to bathe in the Ganges. There a certain she-ass saw him, and fell in love.

Trembling with passion, [339] she neither ate grass nor drank water; but pined away and became thin, until she was nothing but skin and bone. Then a foal of hers, seeing her pining away, said, "Why do you eat no grass, mother, and drink no water; and why do you pine away, and lie trembling in this place or that? What is the matter?" She would not say; but after he had asked again and again, she told him the matter. Then her foal comforted her, saying,

"Mother, do not be troubled; I will bring him to you."

So when Swift-as-the-Wind went down to bathe, the foal said, approaching him,

"Sir, my mother is in love with you: she takes no food, and she is pining away to death. Give her life!"

"Good, my lad, I will," said the horse. "When my bath is over, the grooms let me go awhile to exercise on the river bank. Do you bring your mother to that place."

So the foal fetched his mother, and turned her loose in the place; then he hid himself hard by.

The groom let Swift-as-the-Wind go for a run; he spied the she-ass, and came up to her.

Now when the horse came up and began to sniff at her, thought the ass to herself, "If I make myself cheap, and let him have his way as soon as he has come here, my honour and pride will perish. I must make as though I did not wish it." So she gave him a kick on the lower jaw, and scampered away. It broke his jaw, and half killed him. "What does she matter to me?" thought Swift-as-the-Wind; [340] he felt ashamed and made off.

Then the ass repented, and lay down on the spot in grief. And her son the foal came up, and asked her a question in the following lines:

"He for whose sake you thin and yellow grew,
  And would not eat a bite,
That dear beloved one is come to you;
  Why do you take to flight?"

Hearing her son's voice, the ass repeated the second verse:

"If at the very first, when by her side
  He stands, without delay
A woman yields, all humbled is her pride:
  Therefore I ran away."

In these words she explained the feminine nature to her son.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza:

"If she refuse a suitor nobly born
  Who by her side would stay,

As Kundalī mourned Windswift, she must mourn
For many a long day."

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, this land-owner entered on the Fruit of the First Path:--"This woman was the she-ass, and I was Swift-as-the-Wind."

No. 267.

KAKKATĀ-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Gold-clawed creature*," *etc*.--[341] This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain woman.

We are told that a certain land-owner of Sāvatthi, with his wife, was on a journey into the country for the purpose of collecting debts, when he fell among robbers. Now the wife was very beautiful and charming. The robber chief was so taken by her that he purposed killing the husband to get her. But the woman was good and virtuous, a devoted wife. She fell at the robber's feet, crying, "My lord, if you kill my husband for love of me, I will take poison, or stop my breath, and kill myself too! With you I will not go. Do not kill my husband uselessly!" In this way she begged him off.

They both got back safe to Sāvatthi. Then it occurred to them as they passed the monastery in Jetavana, that they would visit it and salute the Master. So to the perfumed cell they went, and after salutation sat down on one side. The Master asked them where they had been. "To collect our debts," they replied. "Did your journey pass off without mishap?" he asked next. "We were captured by robbers on the way," said the husband, "and the chief wanted to murder me; but my wife here begged me off, and I owe my life to her." Then said the Master, "You are not the only one, layman, whose life she has saved. In days of yore she saved the lives of other wise men." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a great lake in Himalaya, wherein was a great golden Crab. Because he lived there, the place was known as the Crab Tarn. The Crab was very large, as big round as a threshing floor; it would catch elephants, and kill

and eat them; and from fear of it [342] the elephants durst not go down and browse there.

Now the Bodhisatta was conceived by the mate of an elephant, the leader of a herd, living hard by this Crab Tarn. The mother, in order to be safe till her delivery, sought another place on a mountain, and there she was delivered of a son; who in due time grew to years of wisdom, and was great and mighty, and prospered, and he was like a purple mountain of collyrium.

He chose another elephant for his mate, and he resolved to catch this Crab. So with his mate and his mother, he sought out the elephant herd, and finding his father, proposed to go and catch the Crab.

"You will not be able to do that, my son," said he.

But he begged the father again and again to give him leave, until at last he said, "Well, you may try."

So the young Elephant collected all the elephants beside the Crab Tarn, and led them close by the lake. "Does the Crab catch them when they go down, or while they are feeding, or when they come up again?"

They replied, "When the beasts come up again."

"Well then," said he, "do you all go down to the lake and eat whatever you see, and come up first; I will follow last behind you." And so they did. Then the Crab, seeing the Bodhisatta coming up last, caught his feet tight in his claw, like a smith who seizes a lump of iron in a huge pair of tongs. The Bodhisatta's mate did not leave him, but stood there close by him. The Bodhisatta pulled at the Crab, but could not make him budge. Then the Crab pulled, and drew him towards himself. At this in deadly fear the Elephant roared and roared; hearing which all the other elephants, in deadly terror, ran off trumpeting, and dropping excrement. Even his mate could not stand, but began to make off. [343] Then to tell her how he was held a prisoner, he uttered the first stanza, hoping to stay her from her flight:

"Gold-clawed [1] creature with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me! hear my woful cries!--
Mate! don't leave me--for you love me well!"

Then his mate turned round, and repeated. the second stanza to his comfort:

"Leave you? never! never will I go--
Noble husband, with your years threescore.
All four quarters of the earth can show
None so dear as thou hast been of yore."

this s way she encouraged him; and saying, "Noble sir, now I will talk to the Crab a while to make him let you go," she addressed the Crab in the third stanza: [344]

"Of all the crabs that in the sea,
Ganges, or Nerbudda be,
You are best and chief, I know:
Hear me--let my husband go!"

As she spoke thus, the Crab's fancy was smitten with the sound of the female voice, and forgetting all fear he loosed his claws from the Elephant's leg, and suspected nothing of what he would do when he was set free. Then the Elephant lifted his foot, and stepped upon the Crab's back; and at once his eyes startled out. The Elephant shouted the joy-cry. Up ran the other elephants all, pulled the Crab along and set him upon the ground, and trampled him to mincemeat. His two claws broken from his body lay apart. And this Crab Tarn, being near the Ganges, when there was a flood in the Ganges, was filled with Ganges water; when the water subsided it ran from the lake into the Ganges. Then these two claws were lifted and floated along the Ganges. One of them reached the sea, the other was found by the ten royal brothers while playing in the water, and they took it and made of it the little drum called Ānaka. The Titans found that which reached the sea, and made it into the drum called Āḷambara. These afterwards being worsted in battle with Sakka, ran off and left it behind. Then Sakka caused it to be kept for his own use; and it is of this they say, "There is thunder like the Āḷambara cloud!

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths both husband and wife attained the 'Fruit of the First Path:--[345] "In

those days, this lay sister was the she-elephant, and I myself was her mate."

Footnotes

235:1 f. Morris in *Contemp. Rev.* 1881, vol. 89, p. 742; Cunningham, *Stupa of Bharhut*, p1. xxv. 2.

236:1 *Siṅgī* means either 'horned' or 'gold,' and the scholiast gives both interpretations. As the word suggested both to the writer, I use a word which expresses both in English.

No. 268 [1].

ĀRĀMA-DŪSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Best of all*," etc.--This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the country near Dakkhiṇāgiri, about a gardener's son.

After the rains, the Master left Jetavana, and went on alms-pilgrimage in the

district about Dakkhiṇāgiri. A layman invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit down in his grounds till he gave them of rice and cakes, Then he said, "If any of the holy Fathers care to see over the grounds, they might go along with the gardener;" and he ordered the gardener to supply them with any fruit they might fancy.

By and bye they came upon a bare spot. "What is the reason," they asked "that this spot is bare and treeless?" "The reason is," answered the gardener, "that a certain gardener's son, who had to water the saplings, thought he had better give them water in proportion to the length of the roots; so he pulled them all up to see, and watered them accordingly. The result was that the place became bare."

The Brethren returned, and told this to their Master. Said he, "Not now only has the lad destroyed a plantation; he did just the same before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was made of a holiday. The park keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said:

"This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?" "Oh, yes," said they; he gave them the watering-skins, and went his way.

The monkeys drew water, and began to water the roots.

The eldest monkey cried out: "Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, [346] and notice the length of their roots; if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need but a little." "True, true," they agreed; then some of them pulled up the plants; then others put them in again, and watered them.

The Bodhisatta at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

"Who bids you do that?" asked he.

"Our chief," they replied.

"If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!" said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza:

"Best of all the troop is this:

What intelligence is his!

If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest!"

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza:

"Brahmin, you know not what you say
Blaming us in such a way!
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow?"

To which the Bodhisatta replied by the third, as follows:

"Monkeys, I have no blame for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
'Please tend my trees while I'm away.'"

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[347] When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "The lad who destroyed the park was the monkey chief, and I was the wise man."

Footnotes

237:1 This is the same story as No. 46 (vol. i. of the translation, p. 118): it is briefer, and the verses are not the same. See *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 251; Cunningham, *Bharhut*, v.v. 5.

No. 269.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Those who are dowered*," etc.--This story the Master told while living in Jetavana about one Sujātā, a daughter-in-law of Anātha-piṇḍika, daughter of the great merchant Dhanañjaya, and youngest sister of Visākhā.

We are told that she entered the house of Anātha-piṇḍika full of haughtiness, thinking how great a family she had come from, and she was obstinate, violent, passionate, and cruel; refused to do her part towards her new father and mother, or her husband; and went about the house with harsh words and hard blows for everyone.

One day, the Master and five hundred brothers visited Anātha-piṇḍika's house, and took their seats. The great merchant sat beside the Blessed One, hearkening to his discourse. At the same time Sujātā happened to be scolding the servants.

The Master ceased speaking, and asked what that noise was. The merchant explained that it was his rude daughter-in-law; that she did not behave properly towards her husband or his parents, she gave no alms, and had no good points; faithless and unbelieving, she went about the house scolding day and night. The Master bade send for her.

The woman came, and after saluting the Master, she stood on one side. Then the Master addressed her thus:

"Sujātā, there are seven kinds of wife a man may have; of which sort are you?" She replied, "Sir, you speak too shortly for me to understand; please explain." "Well," said the Master, "listen attentively," and he uttered the following verses:

"One is bad-hearted, nor compassionates

The good; loves others, but her lord she hates.

Destroying all that her lord's wealth obtains [1],

This wife the title of Destroyer gains. p. 240

"Whate'er the husband gets for her by trade,
Or skilled profession, or the farmer's spade,
[348] She tries to filch a little out of it.
For such a wife the title Thief is fit.

"Careless of duty, lazy, passionate,
Greedy, foul-mouthed, and full of wrath and hate,
Tyrannical to all her underlings
All this the title High and Mighty brings.

"Who evermore compassionates the good,
Cares for her husband as a mother would,
Guards all the wealth her husband may obtain--
This wife the title Motherly will gain.

"She who respects her husband in the way
Young sisters reverence to elders pay,
Modest, obedient to her husband's will,
The Sisterly is this wife's title still.

"She whom her husband's sight will always please
As friend that friend after long absence sees,
High-bred and virtuous, giving up hen life
To him--this one is called the Friendly wife.

"Calm when abused, afraid of violence,

No passion, full of dogged patience,

True-hearted, bending to her husband's will,

Slave is the title given to her still."

[349] "These, Sujātā, are the seven wives a man may have. Three of these, the Destructive wife, the Dishonest wife, and Madam High and Mighty are reborn in hell; the other four in the Fifth Heaven.

"They who are called Destroyer in this life,
The High and Mighty, or the Thievish wife,
Being angry, wicked, disrespectful, go
Out of the body into hell below.

"They who are called the Friendly in this life,
Motherly, Sisterly, or Slavish wife,
By virtue and their long self-mastery
Pass into heaven when their bodies die."

Whilst the Master was explaining these seven kinds of wives, Sujātā attained to the Fruit of the First Path; and when the Master asked to which class she belonged, she answered, "I am a slave, Sir!" and respectfully saluting the Buddha, gained pardon of him.

Thus by one admonition the Master tamed the shrew; and after the meal, when he had declared their duties amidst the Brotherhood, he entered his scented chamber.

Now the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and sang the Master's praises. "Friend, by a single admonition the Master has tamed a shrew, and raised her to Fruition of the First Path!" The Master entered, and asked what they were talking of as they sat together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have tamed Sujātā by a single admonition." And he proceeded to tell an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, while Brahmadatta reigned over Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. When he grew up

he received his education at Takkasilā, and after the death of his father, became king and ruled in righteousness.

His mother was a passionate woman, cruel, harsh, shrewish, ill-tongued. The son wished to admonish his mother; but he felt he must not do anything so disrespectful; so he kept on the look-out for a chance of dropping a hint.

One day he went down into the grounds, and his mother went with him. [350] A blue jay screeched on the road. At this all the courtiers stopped their ears, crying--

"What a harsh voice, what a shriek!--don't make that noise!"

While the Bodhisatta was walking through the park with his mother, and a company of players, a cuckoo, perched amid the thick leaves of a sāl [1] tree, sang with a sweet note. All the bystanders were delighted at her voice; clasping their hands, and stretching them out, they besought leer--"Oh, what a soft voice, what a kind voice, what a gentle voice!--sing away, birdie, sing away!" and there they stood, stretching their necks, eagerly listening.

The Bodhisatta, noting these two things, thought that here was a chance to drop a hint to the queen-mother. "Mother," said he, "when they heard the jay's cry on the road, every body stopped

their ears, and called out--Don't make that noise! don't make that noise! and stopped up their ears: for harsh sounds are liked by no body." And he repeated the following stanzas:

"Those who are dowered with a lovely-hue,
Though ne’er so fair and beautiful to view,
Yet if they have a voice all harsh to hear
Neither in this world nor the next are dear.

"There is a bird that you may often see;
Ill-favoured, black, and speckled though it be,
Yet its soft voice is pleasant to the ear:
How many creatures hold the cuckoo dear!

"Therefore your voice should gentle be and sweet,
Wise-speaking, not puffed up with self-conceit.
And such a voice--how sweet the sound of it!--
Explains the meaning of the Holy Writ [2]."

When the Bodhisatta had thus admonished his mother with these three verses, he won her over to his. way of thinking; and ever afterwards sin followed a right course of living. And he having by one word made his mother a self-denying woman afterwards passed away to fare according to his deeds.

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[351] When the Master had ended this discourse, he thus identified the Birth: "Sujātā was the mother of the king of Benares, and I was the king himself."

Footnotes

239:1 It is not clear whether *vadhena kītassa* is 'the thing bought by his wealth,' or the 'person'; probably both.

241:1 *Shorea Robusta*.

241:2 The last stanza comes from *Dhammapada*, v. 363, not quoted word for word, but adapted to the context.

No. 270.

ULŪKA-JĀTAKA.

"*The owl is King*," etc.--This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a quarrel between Crows and Owls.

At the period in question, the Crows used to eat Owls during the day, and at night, the Owls flew about, nipping off the heads of the Crows as they slept, and thus killing them. There was a certain brother who lived in a cell on the outskirts of Jetavana. When the time came for sweeping, there used to be a quantity of crows' heads to throw away, which had dropt from the tree, enough to fill seven or eight potties. He told this to the brethren. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren began to talk about it. "Friend, Brother So-and-so finds over so many crows' heads to throw away every day in the place where he lives!" [352] The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat together. They told him. They went on to ask how long it was since the Crows and Owls fell a-quarrelling. The Master replied, "Since the time of the first age of the world;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, the people who lived in the first cycle of the world gathered together, and took for their king a certain man, handsome, auspicious, commanding, altogether perfect. The quadrupeds also gathered, and chose for king the Lion; and the fish in the ocean chose them a fish called Ānanda. Then all the birds in the Himalayas assembled upon a flat rock, crying,

"Among men there is a king, and among the beasts, and the fish have one too; but amongst us birds king there is none. We should not live in anarchy; we too should choose a king. Fix on some one fit to be set in the king's place!"

They searched about for such a bird, and chose the Owl; "Here is the bird we like," said they. And a bird made proclamation three times to all that there would be a vote taken on this matter. After patiently hearing this announcement twice, on the third time up rose a Crow, and cried out,

"Stay now! If that is what he looks like when he is being consecrated king, what will he look like when he is angry? If he only looks at us in anger, we shall be scattered like sesame seeds thrown on a hot

plate. I don't want to make this fellow king!" and enlarging upon this he uttered the first stanza:--[353]

"The owl is king, you say, o'er all bird-kind:
With your permission, may I speak my mind?"

The Birds repeated the second, granting him leave to speak:--

"You have our leave, Sir, so it be good and right:
For other birds are young, and wise, and bright."

Thus permitted, he repeated the third:--

"I like not (with all deference be it said)
To have the Owl anointed as our Head.

Look at his face! if this good humour be,

What will he do when he looks angrily?"

Then he flew up into the air, cawing out "I don't like it! I don't like it!" The Owl rose and pursued him. Thenceforward those two nursed enmity one towards another. And the birds chose a golden Goose for their king, and dispersed.

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[354] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--"At that time, the wild Goose chosen for king was I myself."

No. 271.

UDAPĀNA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*This well a forest-anchorite*," *etc*.--This story the Master told whilst dwelling at Isipatana, about a Jackal that fouled a well.

We learn that a Jackal used to foul a well where the Brethren used to draw water, and then used to make off. One clay the novices pelted him with clods of earth, and made it uncomfortable for him. After that he never came to look at the place again.

The Brethren heard of this and began to discuss it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, the jackal that used to foul our well has never come near it since the novices chased him away with clods!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about now as they sat together. They told him. Then he replied, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this jackal fouled a well. He did the sane before;" and then he told an old-world tale.

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p. 244

Once on a time, in this place near Benares called Isipatana was that very well. At that time the Bodhisatta was born of a good family. When he grew up he embraced the religious life, and with a body of followers dwelt at Isipatana. A certain Jackal fouled the well as has been described, and took to his heels. One day, the ascetics surrounded him, and having caught him somehow, they

led him before the Bodhisatta. He addressed the Jackal in the lines of the first stanza:--

"This well a forest-anchorite has made
Who long has lived a hermit in the glade.
And after all his trouble and his toil
Why did you try, my friend, the well to spoil?"

[355] On hearing this, the Jackal repeated the second stanza:--

"This is the law of all the Jackal race,
To foul when they have drunk in any place:
My sires and grandsires always did the same;
So there is no just reason for your blame."

Then the Bodhisatta replied with the third:

"If this is 'law' in jackal polity
I wonder what their 'lawlessness' can be!
I hope that I have seen the last of you,
Your actions, lawful and unlawful too."

Thus the Great Being admonished him, and said, "Do not go there again." Thenceforward he did not even pause to look at it.

When the Master had ended this discourse he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--"The Jackal that fouled the well is the same in both cases; and I was the chief of the ascetic band."

No. 272.

VYAGGHA-JĀTAKA.

"*What time the nearness*," *etc*.--[356] This story the Master told whilst living at Jetavana, about Kokālika [1]. The circumstances of this story will be given in the Thirteenth Book, and the Takkāriya-jātaka [2]. Here again Kokālika said, "I will take Sāriputta and Moggallāna with me." So having left Kokālika's country, he travelled to Jetavana, greeted the Master, and went on to the

Elders. He said, "Friends, the citizens of Kokālika's country summon you. Let us go thither!!" "Go yourself, friend, we won't," was the answer. After this refusal he went away by himself.

The Brethren got talking about this in the Hall of Truth. "Friend! Kokālika can't live either with Sāriputta and Moggallāna, or without them! He can't put up with their room or their company!" The Master came in, and enquired what they were all talking about together. They told him. He said, "In olden days, just as now, Kokālika couldn't live with Sāriputta and Moggallāna, or without them." And he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit living in a wood. Not far from his abode lived another tree-spirit, in a great monarch of the forest. In the same forest dwelt a lion and a tiger. For fear of them no one durst till the earth, or cut down a tree, no one could even

pause to look at it, And the lion and tiger used to kill and eat all manner of creatures; and what remained after eating, they left on the spot and departed, so that the forest was full of foul decaying stench.

The other spirit, being foolish and knowing neither reason nor unreason, one day bespoke thus the Bodhisatta:

"Good friend, the forest is full of foul stench all because of this lion and this tiger. I will drive then away."

Said he, "Good friend, it is just these two creatures [357] that protect our homes. Once they are driven off, our homes will be made desolate. If men see not the lion and the tiger tracks, they will cut all the forest down, make it all one open space, and till the land. Please do not do this thing! "and then he uttered the first two stanzas:

"What time the nearness of a bosom friend
    Threatens your peace to end,
If you are wise, guard your supremacy
    Like the apple of your eye.

"But when your bosom friend does more increase
    The measure of your peace,
Let your friend's life in everything right through
    Be dear as yours to you."

When the Bodhisatta had thus explained the matter, the foolish sprite notwithstanding did not lay it to heart, but one day assumed an awful shape, and drove away the lion and tiger. The people, no longer seeing the footmarks of these, divined that the lion and tiger must have gone to another wood, and cut

down one side of this wood. Then the sprite came up to the Bodhisatta [358] and said to him,

"All, friend, I did not do as you said, but drove the creatures away; and now men have found out that they are gone, and they are cutting down the wood! What is to be done?" The reply was, that they were

gone to live in such and such a wood; the sprite must go and fetch them back. This the sprite did; and, standing in front of them, repeated the third stanza, with a respectful salute:

"Come back, O Tigers! to the wood again,
And let it not be levelled with the plain;
For, without you, the axe will lay it low;
You, without it, for ever homeless go."

This request they refused, saying, "Go away! we will not come." The sprite returned to the forest alone. And the men after a very few

(lays cut down all the wood, made fields, and brought them under cultivation.

When the sprite had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--"Kokālika was then the foolish Sprite, Sāriputta the Lion, Moggallāna the Tiger, and the wise Sprite was I myself."

Footnotes

244:1 Kokālika was a follower of Devadatta.

244:2 No. 481.

No. 273.

KACCHAPA-JĀTAKA.

[359] "*Quis pateram extendens*," etc.--This story the Master told during a. stay in Jetavana, how a quarrel was made up between two magnates of the king's court in Kosala [1]. The circumstances have been told in the Second Book.

Brahmadatta quondam Benari regnante, Bodisatta sacerdotali genere regno Kasensi natus, postquam ad puberem aetatem pervenit, in urbe Takkasila studiis se dedit, et mox, cum lubidines tandem compressisset, solitarius homo in agro Himavanto prope ripam Gangae frondibus ramisque arborum mapale contexit ubi habitaret, Facultates Potentiasque magicas foveret, gaudium perpetuae cogitationis perciperet. Tum quidem hoc modo nato ita mens erat placida placataque ut ad summam patientiam unus pervenerit.

p. 247

Quem in limine casae sedentem visitabat Simius quidam impudentissimus pessimusque, inque aurem eius semen emittere solebat, neque tamen eius commovere poterat, sed sedebat porro summa animi tranquillitate Bodisatta. Accidit quondam ut ex aqua Testudo egressa somnum ore aperto captaret, in sole apricans. Quam cum vidisset Simius ille impudens, nec mora, pene in os inserto incepit futuere. Continuo Testudo experrecta os velut cistellam conclusit dentibusque comprendit id quod incertum erat. Simius cum

nequiret nimium dolorem mulcere 'quo eam,' inquit, 'cui persuadeam ut hoc dolore me liberet?' Fore ut liberaretur ratus si ad Bodisattam pervenisset, Testudine ambabus manibus sublata ad Bodisattam pergit: qui ludos fecit Simium versibus his: [360]

"quis pateram extendens [1] nostram mendicat ad aulam?
unde venis? precibus quae, precor, esca datast?"

Quibus auditis Simius respondit:

"quod tetigisse nefas, tetigi: sum simius amens:
eripe me! creptus mox nemora alta petam."

Continuo pergit Bodisatta, Simium allocutus:

"Cassapa testudo genus est: Condannus at ille:
Cassapa Condannum mitte fututa precor [2]."

[361] His verbis valde delectata Testudo Simium omisit: qui Bodisattae dicta salute, se in fugam dedit, neque umquam postea eum locum ne oculis quidem usurpavit. Testudo quoque cum salutem dixisset abiit, at Bodisatta, defixo in contemplatione perpetua animo, tandem in eum locum, cuius dominus Brahma deus, pervenit.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "The two magnates were the Monkey and Tortoise, and I was the hermit."

Footnotes

246:1 Compare Nos. 154, 165.

247:1 The tortoise looked like a begging bowl.

247:2 A curious verse, as bearing on the laws of marriage. *Kassapa* means 'belonging to the Tortoise clan' (for which sec e.g. Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, i. 438). The scholiast's note is: "The Tortoises are of the Kassapa clan, monkeys of the Koṇḍañña" = Skr. *Kauṇḍinya*, "between which two clans there is intermarriage (*āvāhavivāhasambandho*); now that it is consummated, let go."

No. 274

LOLA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Who is this tufted crane*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana about a greedy Brother. He too was brought to the Audience Hall, when the Master said--"It is not only now that he is greedy; greedy he was before, and his greed lost him his life; and by his means wise men of old were driven out of house and home." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a rich merchant's cook of that town hung up a nest-basket in the kitchen to win merit by it. The Bodhisatta at that time was a Pigeon; and he came and lived in it.

Now a greedy Crow as he flew over the kitchen was attracted by the fish which lay about in great variety. He fell a-hungering after it. "How in the world can I get some?" [362] thought he. Then his eye fell upon the Bodhisatta. "I have it!" thinks he, "I'll make this creature my cat's-paw." And this is how he carried out his resolve.

When the Pigeon went out to seek his day's food, behind him, following, following, came the Crow.

"What do you want with me, Mr Crow?" says the Pigeon. "You and I don't feed alike."

"Ah, but I like you," says the Crow. "Let me be your humble servant, and feed with you."

The Pigeon agreed. But when they went feeding together, the Crow only pretended to eat with him; ever and anon he would turn back, peck to bits some lump of cow-dung, and get a worm or two. When he had had his bellyful, up he flies--"Hullo, Mr Pigeon! what a time you take over your meal! You never know where to draw the line. Come, let's be going back before it is too late." And so they did. When they got back together, the Cook, seeing that their Pigeon had brought a friend, hung up another basket.

In this way things went on for four or five days. Then a great purchase of fish came to the rich man's kitchen. How the Crow longed

for some! There he lay, from early morn, groaning and making a great noise. In the morning, says the Pigeon to the Crow:

"Come along, old fellow,--break fast!"

"You can go," says he, "I have such a fit of indigestion!"

"A Crow with indigestion? Nonsense!" says the Pigeon. "Even a lamp-wick hardly stays any time in your stomach; and anything else you digest in a trice, as soon as you eat it. Now you do what I tell you. [363] Don't behave in this way just for seeing a little fish!"

"Why, Sir, what are you saying? I tell, you I have a bad pain inside!

"All right, all right," says the Pigeon; "only do take care." And away he flew.

The Cook got all the dishes ready, and then stood at the kitchen door, mopping the sweat off him. "Now's my time!" thinks Mr Crow, and alights on a dish with some dainty food in it. Click! The cook heard the noise, and looked round. Ah! in a twinkling he caught the Crow, and plucked off all his feathers, except one tuft on the top of his head; then he powdered ginger and cinnamon, and mixt it up with buttermilk, and rubbed it in well all over the bird's body. "That's for spoiling my master's dinner, and making me throw it away!" said he, and threw him into his basket. Oh, how it hurt!

By and by, in came the Pigeon from his hunt. The first thing he saw was our Crow, making a great to-do. What fun he did make of him, to be sure! He dropt into poetry, as follows:--

"Who is this tufted crane [1] I see
Where she has no right to be?
Come out! my friend the Crow is near,
Who will do you harm, I fear!"

[364] To this the Crow answered with another verse:--

"No tufted crane am I--no, no!
Nothing but a greedy Crow.
I would not do as I was told
So I'm plucked, as you behold."

And the Pigeon rejoined with a third:--

"You'll come to grief again, I know--
It is your nature to do so.
If people make a dish of meat,
'Tis not for little birds to cat."

Then the Pigeon flew away, saying--"I can't live with this creature." And the Crow lay there groaning until he died.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother reached the Fruit of the Third Path:--"The greedy Brother in those days was the greedy Crow; and I was the Pigeon."

Footnotes

248:1 The same story occurs in vol. i. p. 112 (no. 42). It has been also translated and slightly shortened by the writer, in Jacobs' *Indian Fairy Tales*, page 222. The two birds and the nest-basket seem to be figured on the Bharhut Stalin (Cunningham, pl. XLV. 7).

249:1 The epithet "whose grandfather is the cloud (*lit*. swift one)" is added. I hope the reader will pardon its omission; it is unmanageable. The scholiast explains it by the curious superstition:--Cranes are conceived at the sound of thunder. Hence thunder is called their father, and the thundercloud their grandfather.

No. 275.

[365] "*Who is this pretty Crane*," etc.--This story the Master told at Jetavana about some greedy Brother. The two stories are just the same as the last. And these are the verses:--

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"Who is this pretty Crane, and why
Does he in my Crow's basket lie?
An angry bird, my friend the Crow!
This is his nest, I'd have you know!"

"Do you not know me, friend, indeed?
Together we were used to feed!
I would not do as I was told,
So now I'm plucked, as you behold."

"You'll come to grief again, I know--
It is your nature to do so.
When people make a dish of meat
'Tis not for little birds to eat."

As before, the Bodhisatta said--"I can't live here any more," and flew away some whither.

When this discourse was ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths, the greedy Brother attained the Fruit of the Third Path:--"The greedy Brother was the Crow, and I was the Pigeon."

No. 276.

KURUDHAMMA-JĀTAKA [1].

"Knowing thy faith," etc.--This. story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a Brother that killed a wild goose. [366] Two Brothers, great friends, who came from Sāvatthi, and had embraced the religious life, after taking the higher orders used generally to go about together. One day they came to Aciravatī. After a bath, they stood on the sand, basking in the sunlight and talking pleasantly together. At this moment two wild geese flew over their heads. One of the young fellows picked up a stone. "I'm going to hit that goose bird in the eye!" says he. "You can't," says the other. "That I can," says the first, "and not only that--I can hit either this eye or that eye, as I please." "Not you!" says the other. "Look here, then!" says the first; and picking up a three-cornered stone, threw it after the bird. The bird turned its head on hearing the pebble whizz through the air. Then the other, seizing a round pebble, threw it so that it hit the near eye and came out of the other. The goose with a loud cry turned over and over and fell at their very feet.

The Brothers who were standing about saw what had occurred, and ran up, reproaching him. "What a shame," said they, "that you, who have embraced such a doctrine as ours, should take the life of a living creature!" They made him go before the Tathāgata with them. "Is what they say true?" asked the Master. "Have you really taken the life of a living creature?" "Yes, Sir," replied the Brother. "Brother," said he, "how is it that you have done this thing, after embracing so great salvation? Wise men of

old, before the Buddha appeared, though they lived in the world, and the worldly life is impure, felt remorse about mere trifles; but you, who have embraced this great doctrine, have no scruples. A Brother ought to hold himself in control in deed, word, and thought." Then he told a story.

Once upon a time, when Dhanañjaya was king of Indapatta City, in the Kuru kingdom, the Bodhisatta was born as a son of his Queen Con-sort. By and bye he grew up, and was educated at Takkasilā. His father made him Viceroy, [367] and afterwards on his father's death he became king, and grew in the Kura righteousness, keeping the ten royal duties. The Kuru righteousness means the Five Virtues; these the Bodhisatta observed, and kept pure; as did the Bodhisatta, even so did queen-mother, queen-consort, younger brother, viceroy, family priest, brahmin, driver, courtier, charioteer, treasurer, master of the granaries, noble, porter, courtesan, slave-girl--all did the same.

King, mother, consort, viceroy, chaplain too,
Driver and charioteer and treasurer,
And he that governed the king's granaries,
Porter, and courtesan, eleven in all,
Observed the rules of Kuru righteousness.

Thus all these did observe the Five Virtues, and kept them untarnished. The king built six Almonries,--one at each of the four city gates, one in the midst of the city, and one at his own door; daily he distributed 600,000 pieces of money in alms, by

which he stirred up the whole of India. All India was overspread by his love and delight in charity.

At this period there was in the city of Dantapura, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, a king named King Kāliṅga. In his realms the rain fell not, and because of the drought there was a famine in the land. The people thought that lack of food might produce a pestilence; and there was fear of drought, and fear of famine--these three fears were ever present before them. The people wandered about destitute hither and thither, leading their children by the hand. All the people in the kingdom gathered together, and came to Dantapura; and there at the king's door they made outcry.

As the king stood, by the window, he heard the noise, and asked why the people were making all that noise. [368]

"Oh, Sire," was the reply, "three fears have seized upon all your kingdom: there falls no rain, the crops fail, there is a famine. The people, starving, diseased, and destitute, are wandering about with their little ones by the hand. Make rain for us, O king!"

Said the king, "What used former monarchs to do, if it would not rain?"

"Former monarchs, O king, if it would not rain, used to give alms, to keep the holy day, to make vows of virtue, and to lie down seven days in their chamber on a grass pallet: then the rain would fall."

"Very good," the king said; and even so did he. Still even so there came no rain. The king said to his court,

"As you bade me, so I have done; but there is no rain. What am I to do?"

"O king, in the city of Indapatta, there is a state elephant, named Añjana-vasabho, the Black Bull. It belongs to Dhanañjaya, the Kura king. This let us fetch; then the rain will come."

"But how can we do that? The king and his army are not easy to overcome."

"O king, there is no need to fight him. The king is fond of giving, he loves giving: were he but asked, he would even cut off his head in all its magnificence, or tear out his gracious eyes, or give up his very kingdom. There will be no need even to plead for the elephant. He will give it without fail."

"But who is able to ask him?" said the king.

"The Brahmins, great king!"

The king summoned eight Brahmins from a Brahmin village, and with all honour and respect sent them to ask for the elephant. They took

money for their journey, and donned travelling garb, and without resting past one night in a place, travelled quickly until after a few days they took their meal at the almshall in the city gate. When they had satisfied their bodily wants, they asked, "When does the king come to the Almonry?"

The answer was, [369] "On three days in the fortnight--fourteenth, fifteenth, and eighth; hut to-morrow is the full moon,

so he will come to-morrow also."

So early the next morning, the brahmins went, and entered by the eastern gate. The Bodhisatta also, washed and anointed, all adorned and rarely arrayed, mounted upon a fine elephant richly caparisoned, came with a great company to the Almshall at the eastern gate. There he dismounted, and gave food to seven or eight people with his own hand. "In this manner give," said he, and mounting his elephant departed to the south gate. At the eastern gate the brahmins had had no chance, owing to the force of the royal guard; so they proceeded to the south, and watched when the king should come. When the king reached a rising ground not far from the gate, they raised their hands, and hailed the king victorious. The king guided his animal with the sharp goad to the place where they were. "Well, Brahmins, what is your wish?" asked he. Then the brahmins declared the virtues of the Bodhisatta in the first stanza:

"Knowing thy faith and virtue, Lord, we come;
For this beast's sake our wealth we spent at home [1].

[370] To this the Bodhisatta made answer, "Brahmins, if all your wealth has been exhausted in getting this elephant, never mind--I give him to you with all his splendour." Thus comforting them, he repeated these two verses:

"Whether or no ye serve for livery,
Whatever creature shall come here to me,
As my preceptors taught me long ago,
All that come here shall always welcome be.

"This elephant to you for gift I bring:
'Tis a king's portion, worthy of a king!

Take him, with all his trappings, golden chain,
Driver and all, and go your ways again."

[371] Thus spake the great Being, mounted upon his elephant's back; then, dismounting, he said to them--"If there is a spot on him unadorned, I will adorn it and then give him to you." Thrice he went about the creature, turning towards the right, and examined him; but he found no spot on him without adornment. Then he put the trunk into the brahmins'

hands; he besprinkled him with scented water from a fine golden vase, and made him over to them. The brahmins accepted the elephant with his belongings, and seating themselves upon his back rode to Dantapura, and handed him over to their king. But although the elephant was come, no rain fell yet.

Then the king asked again--"What can be the reason?"

They said, "Dhanañjaya, the Kuru King, observes the Kuru righteousness; therefore in his realms it rains every ten or fifteen days. That is the power of the king's goodness. If in this animal there is any good, how little it must be!" Then said the king, "Take this elephant, caparisoned as he is, with all his belongings, and give it hack to the king. Write upon a golden plate the Kuru righteousness which he observes, and bring it hither." With these words he despatched the brahmins and courtiers.

These came before the king, and restored his elephant, saying, "My lord, even when your elephant came, [372] no rain fell in our country. They say that you observe the Kuru righteousness. Our

king is wishful himself to observe it; and he has sent us, bidding us write it upon a golden plate, and bring it to him. Tell us this righteousness!"

"Friends," says the king, "indeed I did once observe this righteousness; but now I am in doubt about this very point. This righteousness does not bless my heart now: therefore I cannot give it you."

Why, you may ask, did not virtue bless the king any longer? Well, every third year, in the month of Kattika [1] the kings used to hold a festival, called the Kattika Feast. While keeping this feast, the kings used to deck themselves out in great magnificence, and dress up like gods; they stood in the presence of a goblin named Cittarāja, the King of Many Colours, and they would shoot to the four points of the compass arrows wreathed in flowers, and painted in divers colours. This king then, in keeping the feast, stood on the bank of a lake, in the presence of Cittarāja, and shot arrows to the four quarters. They could see whither three of the arrows went; but the fourth, which was shot over the water, this they saw not. Thought the king, "Perchance the arrow which I have shot has fallen upon some fish!" As this doubt arose, the sin of life-taking made a flaw in his virtue; that is why his virtue did not bless him as before. This the king told them; and added, "Friends, I am in doubt about myself, whether or no I do observe the Kuru righteousness; but my mother keeps it well. You can get it from her."

"But, O king," said they, "you had no intent to take life. Without the intent of the heart there is no taking of life. Give us the Kuru righteousness which you have kept!"

"Write, then," said he. And he caused them to write upon the plate of gold: "Slay not the living; take not what is not given; [373] walk not evilly in lust; speak no lies; drink no strong drink." Then he added,

"Still, it does not bless me; you had better learn it from my mother."

The messengers saluted the king, and visited the Queen-mother. "Lady," said they, "they say you keep the Kuru righteousness: pass it on to us!"

Said the Queen-mother, "My sons, indeed I did once keep this righteousness, but now I have my doubts. This righteousness does not make me happy, so I cannot give it to you." Now we are told that she had two sons, the elder being king, and the younger viceroy. A certain king sent to the Bodhisatta perfumes of fine sandal wood worth an hundred thousand pieces, and a golden neckband worth an hundred thousand. And he, thinking to do his mother honour, sent the whole to her. Thought she: "I do not perfume myself with sandal-wood, I do not wear necklets. I will give them to my sons' wives." Then the thought occurred to her--"My elder son's wife is my lady; she is the chief queen: to her will I give the gold necklet; but the wife of the younger is a poor creature,--to her I will give the sandal perfume." And so to the one she gave the necklet, and the perfume gave she to the other. Afterward she bethought her, "I keep the Kuru righteousness; whether they be poor or whether they be not poor is no matter. It is not seemly that I should pay court to the elder. Perchance by not doing this I have made a flaw in my virtue!" And she began to doubt; that is why she spoke as she slid.

The messengers said, "When it is in your hands, a thing is given even as you will. If you have scruples about a thing so small as that, what other sin would you ever do? Virtue is not broken by a thing of that kind. [374] Give us the Kuru righteousness!" And from her also they received it, and wrote it upon the golden plate.

"All the same, my sons," said the Queen-mother, "I am not happy in this righteousness. But my daughter-in-law observes it well. Ask her for it."

So they took their leave respectfully, and asked the daughter in the same way as before. And, as before, she replied, "I cannot, for I keep it myself no longer!"--Now one day as she sat at the lattice, looking down she saw the king making a solemn procession about the city; and behind him on the elephant's back sat the viceroy. She fell in love with him, and thought, "What if I were to strike up a friendship with him, and his brother were to die, and then he were to become king, and take me to wife!" Then it flashed across her mind--"I who keep the Kuru righteousness, who am married to a husband, I have looked with love

upon another man! Here is a flaw in my virtue!" Remorse seized upon her. This she told the messengers.

Then they said, "Sin is not the mere uprising of a thought. If you feel remorse for so small a thing as this, what transgression could you ever commit? Not by such a small matter is virtue broken; give us this righteousness!" And she likewise told it to them, and they wrote it upon a golden plate. But she said,

"However, my sons, my virtue is not perfect. But the viceroy observes these rules well; go ye and receive them from him."

Then again they repaired to the viceroy, and as before asked him for the Kuru righteousness.--Now the viceroy used to go and pay his devoirs to the king at evening; and when they came to the palace courtyard, in his car, if he wished to eat with the king, and spend the night there, he would throw his reins and goad upon the yoke; and that was a sign for the people to depart; and next morning early they would come again, and stand awaiting the viceroy's departure. And the charioteer [375] would attend the car, and come again with it early in the morning, and wait by the king's door. But if the viceroy would depart ht the same time, he left the reins and goad there in the chariot, and went in to wait upon the king. Then the people, taking it for a sign that he would presently depart, stood waiting there at the palace door. One day he did thus, and went in to wait upon the king. But as he was within, it began to rain; and the king, remarking this, would not let him go away, so he took his meal, and slept there. But a great crowd of people stood expecting him to come out, and there they stayed all night in the wet. Next day the viceroy came out, and seeing the crowd standing there drenched, thought he--"I, who keep the Kuru righteousness, have put all this crowd to discomfort! Surely here is a flaw in my virtue!" and he was seized with remorse. So he said to the messengers: "Now doubt has come upon me if indeed I do keep this righteousness; therefore r cannot give it to you;" and he told them the matter.

"But," said they, "you never had the wish to plague those people. What is not intended is not counted to one's score. If you feel remorse for so small a thing, in what would you ever transgress?" So they received from him too the knowledge of this

righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "However," said he, "this righteousness is not perfected in me. But my chaplain keeps it well; go, ask him for it." Then again they went on to the chaplain.

Now the chaplain one day had been going to wait upon the king. On the road he saw a chariot; sent to the king by another king, coloured like the young sun. "Whose chariot?" he asked. "Sent for the king," they said. Then he thought, "I am an old man; if the king were to give me that chariot, how time it would he to ride about in it!" When he

came before the king, and stood by after greeting him with the prayer for prosperity, [376] they showed the chariot to the king. "That is a most beautiful car," said the king; "give it to my teacher." But the chaplain did not like taking it; no, not though he was begged again and again. Why was this? Because the thought came into his mind--"I, who practise the Kuru righteousness, have coveted another's goods. Surely this is a flaw in my virtue!" So he told the story to these messengers, adding, "My sons, I am in doubt about the Kuru righteousness; this righteousness does not bless me now; therefore I cannot teach it to you."

But the messengers said, "Not by mere uprising of covetise is virtue broken. If you feel a scruple in so small a matter, what real transgression would you ever do?" And from him also they received the righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "Still, this goodness does not bless me now," said he; "but the royal driver [1] carefully practises it. Go and ask him." So they found the royal driver, and asked him.

Now the driver one day was measuring a field. Tying a cord to a stick, he gave one end to the owner of the field to hold, and took the other himself. The stick tied to the end of the cord which he held came to a crab's lurk-hole. Thought he, "If I put the stick in the hole, the crab in the hole will be hurt: if I put it on the other side, the king's property will lose; and if I put it on this side, the farmer will lose. What's to be done?" Then he thought again--"The crab ought to be in his hole; but if he were, he would show himself;" so he put the stick in the hole. The crab made a click! inside. Then he thought, "The stick must have struck upon the crab, and it must have killed him! I observe the Kuru righteousness, and now here's a flaw in it!" [377] So he told them this, and added, "So now I have my doubts about it, and I cannot give it to you."

Said the messengers, "You had no wish to kill the crab. What is done without intent is not counted to the score; if you feel a scruple about so small a matter, what real transgression would you ever do?" And they took the righteousness from his lips likewise, and wrote it on their golden plate. "However," said he, "though this does not bless me, the charioteer practises it carefully; go and ask him."

So they took their leave, and sought out the charioteer. Now the charioteer one day drove the king into his park in the car. There the king took his pleasure during the day, and at evening returned, and entered the chariot. But before he could get back to the city, at the time of sunset a storm cloud arose. The charioteer, fearing the king might get wet, touched up the team with the goad: the steeds sped swiftly home.

Ever since, going to the park or coming from it, from that spot they went at speed. Why was this? Because they thought there must be some danger at this spot, and that was why the charioteer had touched them with the goad. And the charioteer thought, "If the king is wet or dry, 'tis no fault of mine; but I have given a touch of the goad out of season to these well-trained steeds, and so they run at speed again and again till they are tired, all by my doing. And I observe the Kuru righteousness! Surely there's a flaw in it now!" This he told the messengers, and said, "For this cause I am in doubt about it, and I cannot give it to you." "But," said they, "you did not mean to tire the horses, and what is done without meaning is not set down to the score. If you feel a scruple about so small a matter, what real transgression could you ever commit?" And they learnt the righteousness from him also, [378] and wrote it down upon their golden plate. But the charioteer sent them in search of a certain wealthy man, saying, "Even though this righteousness does not bless me, he keeps it carefully."

So to this rich man they came, and asked him. Now he one day had gone to his paddy field, and seeing a head of rice bursting the husk, went about to tie it up with a wisp of rice; and taking a handful of it, he tied the head to a post. Then it occurred to him--"From this field I have yet to give the king his due, and I have taken a handful of rice from an untithed field! I, who observe the rules of Kuru righteousness! Surely I must have broken them!" And this matter he told to the messengers, saying, "Now I am in doubt about this righteousness, and so I cannot give it to you."

"But," said they, "you had no thought of thieving; without this one cannot be proclaimed [1] guilty of theft. If you feel scruples in such a small matter, when will you ever take what belongs to

another man?" And from him too they received the righteousness, and wrote it down on their golden plate. He added, "Still, though I am not happy in this matter, the Master of the Royal Granaries keeps these rules well. Go, ask him for them." So they betook them to the Master of the Granaries.

Now this man, as he sat one day at the door of the granary, causing the rice of the king's tax to be measured, took a grain from the heap which was not yet measured, and put it down for a marker. At that moment rain began to fall. The official counted up the markers, so many, and then swept them all together and dropt them upon the heap which had been measured. Then he ran in quickly and sat in the gate-house. "Did I throw the markers on the measured heap or the unmeasured?" he wondered; and the thought came into his mind--[379] "If I threw them on what was already measured, the king's property has been increased,

and the owners have lost; I keep the Kuru righteousness; and now here's a flaw!" So he told this to the messengers, adding that therefore he had his doubts about it, and could not give it to them. But the messengers said, "You had no thought of theft, and without this no one can be declared guilty of dishonesty. If you feel scruples in a small matter like this, when would you ever steal any thing belonging to another?" And from him too they received the righteousness, and wrote it on their golden plate. "But," added he, "although this virtue is not perfect in me, there is the gatekeeper, who observes it well: go and get it from him." So they went off and asked the gatekeeper.

Now it so happened that one day, at the time for closing the city gate, he cried aloud three times. And a certain poor man, who had gone into the woodland a-gathering sticks and leaves with his youngest sister, hearing the sound came running up with her. Says the door keeper--"What! don't you know that the king is in the city'? Don't you know that the gate of this town is shut betimes? Is that why you go out into the woods, making love?" Said the other, "No, master, it is not my wife, but my sister." Then the porter thought, "How unseemly to address a sister as a wife! And I keep the rules of the Kurus; surely I must have broken them now!" This he told the messengers, adding, "In this way I have my doubts whether I really keep the Kuru righteousness, and so I cannot give it to you." But they said, "You said it because you thought so; [380] this does not break your virtue. If you feel remorse on so slight a cause, how could you ever tell a lie with intent?" And so they took down those virtues from him too, and wrote them on their golden plate.

Then he said, "But though this virtue does not bless me, there is a courtesan who keeps it well; go and ask her." And so they did. She refused as the others had done, for the following reason. Sakka, king of the gods, designed to try her goodness; so putting on the shape of a youth, he gave her a thousand pieces, saying, "I will come by and bye." Then he returned to heaven, and did not visit her for three years. And she, for honour's sake, for three years took not so much as a piece of betel from another man. By degrees she got poor; and then she thought--"The man who gave me a thousand pieces has not come these three years; and now I have grown poor. I cannot keep body and soul together. Now I must go tell the Chief Justices, and get my wage as before." So to the court she came, and said, "There was a man three years ago gave me a thousand pieces, and never came

back; whether he be dead I know not. I cannot keep body and soul together; what am I to do, my lord'?" Said he, "If he does not come for three years, what can you do? Earn your wage as before." As soon as she left the court, after this award, there came a man who offered her a thousand. As she held out her hands to take it, Sakka showed himself. Said she, "Here is the man who gave me

a thousand pieces three years ago: I must not take your money;" and she drew back her hand. Then Sakka caused his own proper shape to be seen, and hovered in the air, shining like the sun fresh risen, and gathered all the city together. Sakka, in the midst of the crowd, [381] said, "To test her goodness I gave her a thousand pieces three years ago. Be like her, and like her keep your honour;" and with this monition, he filled her dwelling with jewels of seven kinds, and saying, "Henceforth be vigilant," he comforted her, and went away to heaven. So for this cause she refused, saying, "Because before I had earned one wage I held out my hand for another, therefore my virtue is not perfect, and so I cannot give it to you." To this the messengers replied, "Merely to hold out the hand is not a breach of virtue: that virtue of yours is the highest perfection!" And from her, as from the rest, they received the rules of virtue, and wrote them on their golden plate. They took it with them to Dantapura, and told the king how they had fared.

Then their king practised the Kuru precepts, and fulfilled the Five Virtues. And then in all the realm of Kāliṅga the rain fell; the three fears were allayed; the land became prosperous and

fertile. The Bodhisatta all his life long gave alms and did good, and then with his subjects went to fill the heavens.

When the Teacher had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and explained the Birth-tale. At the conclusion of the Truths, some entered the First Path, some the Second, some entered the Third, and some became saints. And the Birth-tale is thus explained:--

"Uppalavaṇṇā was the courtesan,
Puṇṇa the porter, and the driver was
Kuccāna; Kolita, the measurer;
The rich man, Sāriputta; he who drove
The chariot, Anuruddha; and the priest
Was Kassapa the Elder; he that was
The Viceroy, now is Nandapaṇḍita;
Rāhula's mother has the queen-consort,
The Queen-mother was Māyā; and the King
Was Bodhisatta.--Thus the Birth is clear."

Footnotes

251:1 Cf. *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, I. 3; *Dhammapada*, p. 416.--In this story the king appears as a rain-maker, and on certain occasions dresses like the gods.

253:1 *i.e.* we spent all we had on food, trusting that you would give us the elephant when we asked for it.

254:1 October-November.

257:1 Some difference there must be between *rajjugāhahaamacco* and *sāratthi* (the same words occur in *Dhp*. p. 416). I would suggest that the former is the more important, and may answer to the Greek παραιβάτης, Skr. savyéṣṭher.

258:1 I.e. in the *saṁgha* (*ñatti* is a 'resolution').

No. 277.

ROMAKA-JĀTAKA.

[382] "*Here in the hills*," *etc*.--This story was told by the Master when at the Bamboo-grove, about attempted murder. The circumstances explain themselves.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Pigeon, and with a large flock of pigeons he lived amidst the woodland in a cave of the hills. There was an ascetic, a virtuous man, who had built him a hut near a frontier village not far from the place where the pigeons were, and there in a cave of the hills he lived. Him the Bodhisatta visited from time to time, and heard from him things worth hearing.

After living there a long time, the ascetic went away; and there came a sham ascetic, and lived there. The Bodhisatta, attended by his flock of pigeons, visited him and greeted him respectfully; they spent the day in hopping about the hermit's abode, and picking up food before the cave, and returned home in the evening. There the sham ascetic lived for more than fifty years.

One day the villagers gave him some pigeon's flesh which they had cooked. He was taken with the flavour, and asked what it was. "Pigeon," said they. Thought he, "There come flocks of pigeons to my hermitage; I must kill some of them to eat."

So he got rice and ghee, milk and cummin and pepper, and put it by all ready; in a corner of his robe he hid a staff, and sat down at the hut door watching for the pigeons' coming.

The Bodhisatta came, with his flock, and spied out what wicked thing this sham ascetic would be at. "Yon wicked ascetic sitting there goes under false pretences! Perhaps he has been feeding on some of our kind; I'll find him out!"

So he alighted to leeward, and scented him. [383] "Yes," said he, "the man wants to kill us and eat us; we must not go near him;" and away he flew with his flock. On seeing that he kept aloof, the hermit thought, "I will speak words of honey to him, and make friends, and then kill and eat him!" and he uttered the two first stanzas:

"Here in the hills, for one and fifty years,
  O feathered fowl! the birds would visit me,
Nothing suspecting, knowing nought of fears,
      In sweet security!

"These very children of the eggs now seem
  To fly suspicious to another hill.
Have they forgotten all their old esteem?
      Are they the same birds still?"

[384] Then the Bodhisatta stept back and repeated the third:

"We are no fools, and we know you;
We are the same, and you are too:
You have designs against our weal,
So, heretic, this fear we feel."

"They have found me out!" thought the false ascetic. He threw his

staff at the bird, but missed him. "Get away!" said he--"I've missed you!"

"You have missed us," said the Bodhisatta, "but you shall not miss the four hells! If you stay here, I'll call the villagers and make them catch you for a thief. Run off, quick!" Thus he threatened the man, and flew away. The hermit could live there no longer.

The Teacher having ended this discourse, identified the. Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the ascetic; the first ascetic, the good one, was Sāriputta; and the chief of the Pigeons was I myself."

No. 278. [1]

MAHISA-JĀTAKA.

[385] "Why do yore patiently," etc. This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain impertinent monkey. At Sāvatthi, we are told, was a tame monkey in a certain family; and it ran into the elephant's stable, and perching on the back of a virtuous elephant, voided excrement, and began to walk up and down. The elephant, being both virtuous and patient, did nothing. But one day in this elephant's place stood a wicked young one. The monkey thought it was the same, and climbed upon its back. The elephant seized him in his trunk, and dashing him to the ground, trod him to pieces. This became known in the meeting of the Brotherhood; and one day they. all began to talk about it. "Brother, have you heard how the impertinent monkey mistook a had elephant for a good one, and climbed on his back, and how he lost his life for it?" In came the Master, and asked, "Brethren, what are you talking of as you sit here?" and when they told him, "This is not the first time," said he, "that this impertinent monkey behaved so; he did the same before:" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Behaves, the Bodhisatta was born in the Himalaya region as a Buffalo. He grew up strong and

big, and ranged the hills and mountains, peaks and caves, tortuous woods a many.

Once, as he went, he saw a pleasant tree, and took his food, standing under it.

Then an impertinent monkey came down out of the tree, and getting on his back, voided excrement; then he took hold of one of the Buffalo's horns, and swung down from it by his tail, disporting himself. The Bodhisatta, being full of patience, kindliness, and mercy, took no notice at all of his misconduct. This the monkey did again and again.

But one day, the spirit that belonged to that tree, standing upon the tree-trunk, asked him, saying, [386] "My lord Buffalo, why do you put up with the rudeness of this bad Monkey? Put a stop to him!" and enlarging upon this theme he repeated the first two verses as follows:

"Why do you patiently endure each freak
This mischievous and selfish ape may wreak?

"Crush underfoot, transfix him with your horn!
Stop him or even children will show scorn."

The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, replied, "If, Tree-sprite, I cannot endure this monkey's ill-treatment without abusing his birth, lineage, and powers, how can my wish ever come to fulfilment? But the monkey will do the same to any other, thinking him to be like me. And if he does it to any fierce Buffalos, they will destroy him indeed. When some other has killed him, I shall be delivered both from pain and from blood-guiltiness." And saying this he repeated the third verse:

"If he treats others as he now treats me,
They will destroy him; then I shall be free."

A few days after, the Bodhisatta went elsewhither, and another Buffalo, a savage beast, went and stood in his place. The wicked Monkey, [387] thinking it to be the old one, climbed upon his back and did as before. The Buffalo shook him off upon the ground, and drove his horn into the Monkey's heart, and trampled him to mincemeat under his hoofs..

When the Master had ended this teaching, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: "At that time the bad buffalo was he who now is the bad elephant, the bad monkey was the same, but the virtuous noble Buffalo was I myself."

Footnotes

262:1 *Jātaka Mālā*, no. 33 (Mahisa); *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, II. 5.

No. 279.

SATAPATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*As the youth upon his way*," etc. This story the Master told in Jetavana, about Paṇḍuka and Lohita. Of the Six Heretics, two--Mettiya and Bhummaja--lived hard by Rājagaha; two, Assaji and Punabbasu, near Kīṭāgiri, and at Jetavana near Sāvatthi the two others, Paṇḍuka and Lohita. They questioned matters laid down in the doctrine; whoever were their friends and intimates, they would encourage, saying, "You are no worse than these, brother, in birth, lineage, or character; if you give up your opinions, they will have much the better of you," and by saying this kind of thing they prevented their giving up their opinions, and thus strifes and quarrels and contentions arose. The Brethren told this to the Blessed One. The Blessed One assembled the Brethren for that cause, to make explanation; and causing Paṇḍuka and Lohita to be summoned, addressed them: "Is it true, Brethren, that you really yourselves question certain matters, and prevent people from giving up their opinions?" "Yes," they replied. "Then," said he, "your behaviour is like that of the Man and the Crane;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born to a certain family in a Kāsi village. When he grew up, instead of earning a livelihood by farming or trade, [388] he gathered five hundred robbers, and became their chief, and lived by highway robbery and housebreaking.

Now it so happened that a landowner had given a thousand pieces of money to some one, and died before receiving it back again. Some time after, his wife lay on her deathbed, and addressing her son, said,

"Son, your father gave a thousand pieces of money to a man, and died without getting it back; if I die too, he will not give it to you. Go, while I yet live, get him to fetch it and give it back."

So the son went, and got the money.

The mother died; but she loved her son so much, that she suddenly reappeared [1] as a jackal on the road by which he was coming. At that time, the robber chief with his band lay by the road in wait to plunder travellers. And when her son had got to the entrance of the wood, the Jackal returned again and again, and sought to stay him; saying, "My son, don't enter the wood! there are robbers there, who will slay thee and take thy money!

But the man understood not what she meant. "Ill luck!" said he, "here's a jackal trying to stop my way!" he said; and he drove her off with sticks and clods, and into the wood he went.

And a crane flew towards the robbers, crying out--"Here's a man with a thousand pieces in his hand! Kill him, and take them!" The young fellow did not know what it was doing, so he thought, "Good luck! here's a lucky bird! now there is a good omen for me!" He saluted respectfully, crying, "Give voice, give voice, my lord!"

The Bodhisatta, who knew the meaning of all sounds, observed what these two did, and thought: "Yon jackal must be the man's mother; so she tries to stop him, and tell him that he will be killed and robbed; but the crane must be some adversary, and that is why it says 'Kill him, and take the money;' and the man does not know what is happening, [389] and drives off his mother, who wishes his welfare, while the crane, who wishes him ill, he worships, under the belief that it is a well-wisher. The man is a fool."

(Now the Bodhisattas, even though they are great beings, sometimes take the goods of others by being born as wicked men; this they say comes from a fault in the horoscope.)

So the young man went on, and by and bye fell in with the robbers. The Bodhisatta caught him, and "Where do you live?" said he.

"In Benares."

"Where have you been?"

"There was a thousand pieces due to me in a certain village; and that is where I have been."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Who sent you?"

"Master, my father is dead, and my mother is ill; it was she sent me, because she thought I should not get it if she were dead."

"And do you know what has happened to your mother now?"

"No, master."

"She died after you left; and so much did she love you, that she at once became a jackal, and kept trying to stop you for fear you should get killed. She it was that you scared away. But the crane was an enemy, who came and told us to kill you, and take your money. You are such a fool that you thought your mother was an illwisher, when she wished you well, and thought the crane was a wellwisher when it wished ill to you. He did you no good, but your mother was very good to you. Keep your money, and be off!" And he let him go.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he repeated the following stanzas:

"As the youth upon his way
  Thought the jackal of the wood
Was a foe, his path to stay,
  While she tried to do him good:
That false crane his true friend deeming
  Which to ruin him was scheming:

"Such another, who is here,
  Has his friends misunderstood;
They can never win his ear
  Who advise him for his good.

[390] "He believes when others praise--
  Awful terrors prophesying:
As the youth of olden days
  Loved the crane above him flying [1]."

When the Master had enlarged upon this theme, he identified the Birth: "At that time the robber chief was I myself."

Footnotes

264:1 The word implies a creature not born in the natural way, but taking shape without the need of parents.

266:1 The scholiast adds the following lines:

The friend who robs another without ceasing;
  He that protests, protests incessantly;
The friend who flatters for the sake of pleasing;
  The boon companion in debauchery;--
These four the wise as enemies should fear,
  And keep aloof, if there be danger near.

No. 280.

PUṬA-DŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*No doubt the king*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about one who destroyed pottles. At Sāvatthi, we learn, a certain courtier invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit in his park. [391] As he was distributing to them, during the meal, he said, "Let those who wish to walk about the park, do so." The Brothers walked about the park. At that time the gardener climbed up a tree which had leaves upon it, and said, taking hold of some of the large leaves, "This will do for flowers, this one for fruit," and making them into potties he dropt them to the foot of the tree. His little son destroyed each as soon as it fell. The Brothers told this to the Master. "Brothers," said the Master, "this is not the first time that this lad has destroyed pottles: he did it before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain family of Benares. When he grew up, and was living in the world as a householder, it happened that for some reason he went into a park, where a number of monkeys lived. The gardener was throwing down his pottles as we have described, and the chief of the monkeys was destroying them as they fell. The Bodhisatta, addressing him, said, "As the gardener drops his pottles, the monkey thinks he is trying to please him by tearing them up [1]," and repeated the first stanza:

No doubt the king of beasts is clever
In pottle-making; he would never
Destroy what's made with so much pother,
Unless he meant to make another."

On hearing this the Monkey repeated the second stanza:

"Neither my father nor my mother
Nor I myself could make another.
What others make, we tear to pieces:
The proper way of monkeys, this is!"

[392] And the Bodhisatta responded with the third:

If this is proper monkey nature,
What's the improper way of such a creature!
Be off--it does not matter whether
You're proper or improper--both together!"

and with these words of blame he departed.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the monkey was the boy who has been destroying the potties; but the wise man was I myself."

Footnotes

267:1 Should we read, "... Kātukāmo ti maññe" ti?

No. 281.

ABBHANTARA-JĀTAKA.

"*There grows a tree*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the Elder Sāriputta giving mango juice to the Sister Bimbādevī. When the Supreme Buddha inaugurated the universal reign of religion, whilst living in a room at Vesāli, the chief wife of the Gotama with five hundred of the Sākiya clan asked for initiation, and received initiation and full orders. Afterwards the five

hundred Sisters became saints on hearing the preaching of Nandaka. But when the Master was living near Sāvatthi, the mother of Rāhula thought to herself, "My husband on embracing the religious life has become omniscient; my son too has become a religious, and lives with hire. What am I to do in the midst of the house? I will enter on this life, and go to Sāvatthi, and I will live looking upon the Supreme Buddha and my son continually." So she betook herself to a nunnery, and entered the order, and went and lived in a cell at Sāvatthi, in company of her teachers and preceptors, beholding the Master and her beloved son. The novice Rāhula came and saw his mother.

One day, the Sister was afflicted with flatulence; [393] and when her son came to see her, she could not get to see him, but some others came and told him she was ill. Then he went in, and asked his mother, "What ought you to take?" "Son," said she, "at home this pain used to be cured by mango juice flavoured with sugar; but now we live by begging, and where can we get it?" Said the

novice, "I'll get it for you," and departed. Now the preceptor of his reverence Rāhula was the Captain of the Faith, his teacher was the great Moggallāna, his uncle was the Elder Ānanda, and his father was the Supreme Buddha: thus he had great luck. However, he went to no other save only to his preceptor; and after greeting him, stood before him with a sad look. "Why do you seem sad, Rāhula?" asked the Elder. "Sir," he replied, "my mother is ill with flatulence." "What must she take?" "Mango juice and sugar does her good." "All right, I'll get some; don't trouble about it." So next day he took the lad to Sāvatthi, and seating him in a waiting-room, went up to the palace. The king of Kosala bade the Elder be seated. At that very moment the gardener brought a basket of sweet mangoes ripe for food. The king removed the skin, sprinkled sugar, crushed them up himself, and filled the Elder's bowl for him. The Elder returned to the place of waiting and gave them to the novice, bidding him give them to his mother; and so he did. No sooner had the Sister eaten, than her pain was cured. The king also sent messengers, saying, "The Elder did not sit here to eat the mango juice. Go and find out whether he gave it to any one." The messenger went along with the elder, and found out, and then returned to tell the king. Thought the king: "If the Master should return to a worldly life, he would be an universal monarch; the novice Rāhula would be his treasure the Crown Prince [1], the holy Sister would be his treasure the Empress, and all the universe would belong to them. I must go and attend upon them. Now they are living close by there is no time to be lost." So from that day he continually gave mango syrup to the Sister.

It became known among the Brothers how the Elder gave mango syrup to the holy Sister. [394] And one day they fell a-talking in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, I hear that the Elder

Sāriputta comforted Sister Bimbādevī with mango syrup." The Master came in and asked, "What are you talking about now?" When they told him--"This is not the first time, Brothers, that Rāhula's mother was comforted with mango syrup by the Elder; the same happened before;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family living in a village of Kāsi. When he grew up, he was educated at Takkasilā, settled down into family life, and on the death of his parents embraced the religious life. After that he remained in the region of Himalaya, cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments. A body of sages gathered round him, and he became their teacher.

At the end of a long time he came down from the hills to get salt and seasoning, and in the course of his wanderings arrived at Benares, where he took up his abode in a park. And at the glory of the virtue of this company of holy men the palace of Sakka shook. Sakka reflected, and perceived what it was. Thought he, "I will do an injury to their dwelling; then their stay will he disturbed; they will be too much distressed to have tranquillity of mind. Then I shall be comfortable again." As he bethought him how to do it, he hit upon a plan. "I will enter the chamber of the chief queen, just at the middle watch of the night, and hovering in the air, I will say--'Lady, if you eat a midmost mango [1], you will conceive a son [2], who shall become a universal monarch.' She will tell the king, and he will send to the orchard for a mango fruit: I will cause all the fruit to disappear. They will tell the king that there is none, and when he asks who eats it, they will say 'The

ascetics'." So just in the middle watch, he appeared in the queen's chamber, and hovering in the air, revealed his godhead, and conversing with her, repeated the first two stanzas:--[395]

"There grows a tree, with fruit divine thereon;
Men clepe it Middlemost: and if one be
With child, and eat of it, she shall anon
Bear one to hold the whole wide earth in fee.

"Lady, you are a mighty Queen indeed;
The King, your husband, holds you lief and dear.
Bid him procure the mango for your need,
And he the Midmost fruit will bring you here."

These stanzas did Sakka recite to the queen; and then bidding her be careful, and make no delay, but tell the matter to the king herself, he encouraged her, and went back to his own place.

Next day, the queen lay down, as though ill, giving instructions to her maidens. The king sat upon his throne, under the white umbrella, and looked on at the dancing. Not seeing his queen, he asked a handmaid where she was.

"The queen is sick," replied the girl.

So the king went to see her; and sitting by her side, stroked her back, and asked, "What is the matter, lady?"

"Nothing," said she, "but that I have a craving for something."

"What is it you want, lady?" he asked again.

"A middle mango, my lord."

"Where is there such a thing as a middle mango?"

"I don't know what a middle mango is; but I know that I shall die if I don't get one."

"All right, we will get you one; don't trouble about it."

So the king consoled her, and went away. He took his seat upon the royal divan, and sent for his courtiers. [396] "My queen has a great craving for a *middle mango*. What is to be done?" said he.

Some one told him, "A middle mango is one which grows between two others. Send to your park, and find a mango growing between two others; pluck its fruit and let us give it to the queen." So the king sent men to do after this manner.

But Sakka by his power made all the fruit disappear, as though it had been eaten. The men who came for the mangoes searched the whole park through, and not a mango could they find; so back they went to the king, and told him that mangoes there were none.

"Who is it eats the mangoes?" asked the king.

"The ascetics, my lord."

"Give the ascetics a drubbing, and bundle them out of the park!" he commanded. The people heard and obeyed: Sakka's wish was fulfilled. The queen lay on and on, longing for the mango.

The king could not think what to do. He gathered his courtiers and his brahmins, and asked them, "Do you know what a *middle*

mango is?"

Said the brahmins: "My lord, a middle mango is the portion of the gods. It grows in Himalaya, in the Golden Cave. So we have heard by immemorial tradition."

"Well, who can go and get it?"

"A human being cannot go; we must send a young parrot."

At that time there was a fine young parrot in the king's family, as big as the nave of the wheel in the princes' carriage, strong, clever, and full of sharp devices. This parrot the king sent for, and thus addressed him,

"Dear parrot, I have done a great deal for you: you live in a golden cage; you have sweet grain to eat on a golden dish; you have sugared water to drink. There's something I want you to do for me,"

"Speak on, my lord," said the parrot.

"Son, my queen has a craving for a *middle mango*; this mango grows in Himalaya, in the Golden Mountain; it is the gods' portion, [397] no human being can go thither. You must bring the fruit back from thence."

"Very good, my king, I will," said the parrot. Then the king gave him sweetened grain to eat, on a golden plate, and sugar-water to drink; and anointed him beneath the wings with oil an hundred times refined; then he took him in both hands, and standing at a window, let him fly away.

The parrot, on the king's errand, flew along in the air, beyond the ways of men, till he came to some parrots which dwelt in the first hill-region of Himalaya. "Where is the middle mango?" he asked them; "tell me the place."

"We know not," said they, "but the parrots in the second range of hills will know."

The parrot listened, and flew away to the second range. After that he went on to the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. There too the parrots said, "We do not know, but those in the seventh range will know." So he went on there, and asked where the middle mango tree grew.

"In such and such a place, on the Golden Hill," they said.

"I have come for the fruit of it," said he, "guide me thither, and procure the fruit for me."

"That is the portion of the king Vessavaṇa. It is impossible to get near it. The whole tree from the roots upwards is encircled with seven iron nets; it is guarded by thousands of millions of Kumbhaṇḍa goblins; if they see any one, he's done for. The place is like the fire of the dissolution and the fire of hell. Do not ask such a thing!"

"If you will not go with me, then describe the place to me," said he.

So they told him to go by such and such a way. He listened carefully to their instructions. He did not show himself by day; but at dead of night, when the goblins were asleep, he approached the tree, and began softly to climb on one of its

roots, when clink! went the iron net [398]--the goblins awoke--saw the parrot, and seized him, crying, "Thief!" Then they discussed what was to be done with him.

Says one, "I'll throw him into my mouth, and swallow him!"

Says another, "I'll crush him and knead him in my hands and scatter him in bits!"

Says a third, "I'll split him in two, and cook him on the coals and eat him!"

The parrot heard them deliberating. Without any fear he addressed them, "I say, Goblins, whose men are you?"

"We belong to king Vessavaṇa."

"Well, you have one king for your master, and I have another for mine. The king of Benares sent me here to fetch a fruit of the middle mango tree. Then and there I gave my life to my king, and here I am. He who loses his life for parents or master is born at once in heaven. Therefore I shall pass at once from this animal form to the world of the gods!" and he repeated the third stanza:

"Whatever be the place which they attain
  Who, by heroic self-forgetfulness,
Strive with all zeal a master's end to gain--
  To that same place I soon shall win access."

After this fashion did he discourse, repeating this stanza. The goblins listened, and were pleased in their heart. "This is a righteous creature," said they, "we must not kill him--let him go!"

So they let him go, and said, "I say, Parrot, you're free! Go unharmed out of our hands!" [399]

"Do not let me return empty-handed," said the parrot: "give me a fruit off the tree!"

"Parrot," they said, "it is not our business to give you fruit off this tree. All the fruit on this tree is marked. If there is one fruit wrong we shall lose our lives. If Vessavaṇa is angry and looks but once, a thousand goblins are broken up and scattered like parched peas hopping about on a hot plate. So we cannot give you any. But we will tell you a place where you can get some."

"I care not who gives it," said the parrot, "but the fruit I must have. Tell me where I may get it."

"In one of the tortuous paths of the Golden Mountain lives an ascetic, by name Jotirasa, who watches the sacred fire in a leaf-thatched hut, called Kañcana-patti or Goldleaf, a favourite of Vessavaṇa; and Vessavaṇa sends him constantly four fruits from the tree; go to him."

The parrot took his leave, and came to the ascetic; he gave him greeting, and sat down on one side. The ascetic asked him,

"Where have you come from?" "From the king of Benares." "Why are you come?"

"Master, our Queen has a great craving for the fruit of the middle mango, and that is why I am come. Howbeit the goblins would not give me any themselves, but sent me to you."

"Sit down, then, and you shall have one," said the ascetic. Then came the four which Vessavaṇa used to send. The ascetic ate

two of them, gave the parrot one to eat, and when this was eaten he hung the fourth by a string, and made it fast around the parrot's neck, and let him go--"Off with you, now!" said he. The parrot flew back and gave it to the Queen. She ate it, and satisfied her craving, but still all the same she had no son.

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[400] When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth in these words: "At that time Rāhula's mother was the Queen, Ānanda was the parrot, Sāriputta was the ascetic who gave the mango fruit, but the ascetic who lived in the park was I myself."

Footnotes

268:1 Two of the seven *ratanas*, or Treasures of the Empire of an universal monarch.

269:1 The phrase is meant to be enigmatical. It is explained below.

269:2 The idea of conception by eating of fruit and in other abnormal ways is fully discussed in *The Legend of Perseus*, E. S. Hartland, vol. i. chaps. 4-6.

No. 282.

SEYYA-JĀTAKA.

"'*Tis best that you should know*," *etc*.--This tale the Master told at Jetavana, about a courtier of the king of Kosala. This man was very useful to the king, we are told, and did everything that had to be done. Because he was very useful, the king did him great honour. The others were jealous, and concocted a slander, and calumniated him. The king believed their saying, and without enquiring into his guilt, bound him in chains, though virtuous and innocent, and cast him into prison. There he dwelt all alone; but, by reason of his virtue, he had peace of mind, and with mind at peace he understood the conditions of existence, and attained the fruition of the First Path. By and bye the king found that he was guiltless, and broke his chains and gave him honour more than before. The man wished to pay his respects to the Master; and taking flowers and perfumes, he went to the monastery, and did reverence to the Buddha, and sat respectfully aside. The Master talked graciously with him. "We have heard that ill fortune befel you," said he. "Yes, sir, but I made my ill fortune into good; and as I sat in prison, I produced the fruition of the First Path." "Good friend," said the Master, "you are not the only one who has turned evil into good; for wise men in the olden time turned evil into good as you did." And he told an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his Queen Consort. He grew up and was educated at Takkasilā; and on his father's death he became king, and kept the ten royal rules: he gave alms, practised virtue, [401] and observed the sacred day.

Now one of his courtiers intrigued among the king's wives. The servants noticed it, and told the king that so and so was carrying on an intrigue. The king found out the very truth of the matter, and sent for him. "Never show yourself before me again," said he, and banished him. The man went off to the court of a neighbouring king, and then all happened as described above in the Mahāsīlava Birth [1]. Here too this king thrice tested him, and believing the word of the courtier came with a great army before Benares with intent to take it. When this was known to the chief warriors of the king of Benares, five hundred in number, they said to the king,

"Such and such a king has come here, wasting the country, with intent to take Benares--here, let us go and capture him!

"I want no kingdom that must be kept by doing harm," said the king. "Do nothing at all."

The marauding king surrounded the city. Again the courtiers approached the king, and said,

"My lord, be advised--let us capture him!"

"Nothing can be done," said the king. "Open the city gates." Then, surrounded by his court, he sate down in state upon the

great dais.

The marauder entered the town, felling the men at the four gates and ascended the terrace. There he took prisoner the king with all his court, threw chains upon them and cast them into prison. The king, as he sat in prison, pitied the marauder, and an ecstasy of pity was stirred in him, By reason of this pity, the other king felt great torment in his body; he burnt all through as though with a twofold flame; and smitten with great pain, he asked what the matter was.

They replied, "You have cast a righteous king into prison, that is why this is come upon you."

He went and craved pardon of the Bodhisatta, and restored his kingdom, saying, "Your kingdom be your own. [402] Henceforward leave your enemies for me to deal with." He punished the evil counsellor, and returned to his own city.

The Bodhisatta sat in state upon his high dais, in festal array, with his court around him; and addressing them repeated the first two stanzas:

"'Tis best that you should know, the better part
Is evermore the better thing to do.
By treating one with kindliness of heart,
I saved an hundred men from death their due.

"Therefore to all the world I bid you show
The grace of kindliness and friendship dear;
And then alone to heaven you shall not go.
O people of the Kāsi country, hear!"

Thus the great Being praised virtue in the way of pitying the great multitude; and leaving the white umbrella in the great city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, retired to Himalaya, and embraced the religious life.

[403] The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza:

"These are the words that I, king Kaṁsa, said,
  I the great ruler of Benares town.
  I laid my bow, I laid my quiver down,
And my self-mastery I perfected."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the marauding king, but the king of Benares was I myself."

Footnotes

273:1 No. 51 (vol. i. p. 129 of this translation).

No. 283.

VAḌḌHAKI-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*The best, the best you always*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana about the Elder Dhanuggahatissa. Mahākosala, the father of king Pasenadi, when he married his daughter, the Lady Kosalā, to king Bimbisāra, gave a village of Kāsi, producing a revenue of a hundred thousand, for bath and perfume money. When Ajātasattu murdered the king his father, the lady Kosala died of grief. Then thought king Pasenadi, "Ajātasattu has killed his father, my sister has died from sympathy with her husband's misfortune; I will not give the Kāsi town to the parricide." So he refused to give it to Ajātasattu. About this village there was war betwixt these two from time to time. Ajātasattu was fierce and strong, and Pasenadi was a very old man, so he was beaten again and again, and the people of Mahākosala were generally conquered. Then the king asked his courtiers, "We are constantly being beaten; what is to be done?" "My lord," said they, "the reverend fathers are skilled in incantations. We must hear the word of the Brothers who dwell in the Jetavana monastery." Then the king despatched couriers, bidding them listen to the converse of the Brothers at a suitable time. Now at the time there were two old Elders living in a leaf-hut close to the monastery, whose names were Elder Utta and Elder Dhanuggahatissa. [404] Dhanuggahatissa had slept through the first and second watch of the night; and awaking in the last watch, he broke some sticks, lit a fire, and sitting down said, "Utta, my friend!" "What is it, friend Tissa?" "Are you not asleep?"

"Now we are awake, what's to do?" "Get up, now, and sit by me." So he did, and began to talk to him. "That stupid, pot-bellied Kosala never has a jar full of boiled rice without letting it spoil; how to plan a war he knows not a bit. He is always being beaten and forced to pay." "But what should he do?" Now just then the couriers stood listening to their talk. The Elder Dhanuggahatissa discussed the nature of war. "War, Sir," said he, "consists of three kinds: the lotus army, the wheel army, and the waggon army [2]. If those who wish to capture Ajātasattu will post garrisons in two hill-forts right away in the hills, and pretend that they are weak, and watch till they get him among the hills, and bar his passage, leap out from the two forts and take him in front and in the rear, and shout aloud, they will quickly have him like a landed fish, like a frog in the fist; and so they will be able to secure him." All this the couriers told their king. The king caused the drum to be beaten for the attack, arranged his army waggon-wise, took Ajātasattu alive; his daughter, Princess Vajirā he gave in marriage to his sister's son, and dismissed her with the Kāsi village for her bath-money.

This event became known among the Brotherhood. One day, they were all talking about it in the Hall of Truth; "Friend, I hear that the king of Kosala conquered Ajātasattu through the instructions of Dhanuggahatissa." The Master

came in; "What do you sit here talking about now, Brothers?" asked he. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time that Dhanuggahatissa was clever in discussing war": and he told them an old-world tale.

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[405] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a tree-spirit. At that time there were some carpenters settled in a village near Benares. One of them, on going into the forest to get wood, found a young boar fallen in a pit, which he took home and kept. He grew big, with curved tusks, and was a well-mannered creature. Because the carpenter kept him, he went by the name of Carpenter's Boar. When the carpenter was chopping up a tree, the boar used to turn the tree over with his snout, and with his teeth fetch hatchet and adze, chisel and mallet, and pull along the measuring line by the end. The carpenter was afraid somebody might eat him up; so he took him and let him go in the forest. The Boar ran into the forest, looking for a safe and pleasant place to live in; and at last he espied a great cave up in a mountain side, with plenty of bulbs, and roots, and fruits, a pleasant living-place. Some hundreds of other boars saw him and approached him.

Said he to them, "You are just what I am looking for, and here I have found you. This seems a nice place; and here I mean to live now with you."

"A nice place it certainly is," said they, "but dangerous."

"Ah," said he, "as soon as I saw you, I wondered how it was that those who dwell in so plentiful a place could be so meagre in flesh and blood. What is it you are afraid of?"

"There is a tiger comes in the morning, and every one he sees he seizes and carries off."

"Does this always happen, or only now and then?"

"Always."

"How many tigers are there?"

"Only one."

"What--one alone too many for all of you!"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'll catch him, if you only do what I tell you. Where does this tiger live?"

"On that hill yonder."

So at night he drilled the Boars and prepared them for war; explaining to them the science. [406] "War is of three kinds--the lotus army, the wheel army, and the waggon army:" and he arranged them after the lotus pattern. He knew the place of vantage; so, says he, "Here we must set our battle." The mothers and their suckling brood he placed

in the middle; around these he put the sows that had no young; around these, the little boars; around these, those which were rather young; around these, all whose tusks were grown; around these, the boars fit for battle, strong and powerful, by tens and by twenties; thus he placed them in serried ranks. Before his own position he had a round hole dug; behind it, a pit getting gradually deeper and deeper, shaped like a winnowing basket [1]. As he moved about amongst them, followed by sixty or seventy Boars, bidding them be of good courage, the dawn broke.

The Tiger awoke. "Time now!" thought he. He trotted up till he caught sight of them; then stopped still upon the plateau, glaring at the crowd of Boars. "Glare back!" cried the Carpenter's Boar, with a signal to the rest, They all glared. The Tiger opened his mouth, and drew a long breath: the Boars all did the same. The Tiger relieved himself: so did the Boars. Thus whatever the Tiger did, the Boars did after him.

"Why, what's this!" the Tiger wondered. "They used to take to their heels as soon as they saw me--indeed, they were too much frightened even to run. Now so far from running, they actually stand up against me! Whatever I do, they mimic. There's a fellow yonder on a commanding position: he it is who has organised the rabble. Well, I don't see how to get the better of them." And he turned away and went back to his lair.

Now there was a sham hermit, who used to get a share of the Tiger's prey. This time the Tiger returned empty-handed. Noticing this, the hermit repeated the following stanza. [407]

"The best, the best you always brought before
When you went hunting after the wild boar.
    Now empty-handed you consume with grief,
To-day where is the strength you had of yore?"

At this address, the Tiger repeated another stanza:

"Once they would hurry-scurry all about
To find their holes, a panic-stricken rout.
    But now they grunt in serried ranks compact:
Invincible, they stand and face me out."

"Oh, don't be afraid of them!" urged the hermit. "One roar and one leap will frighten them out of their wits, and send them pell-mell." The Tiger yielded to this insistence. Plucking up his courage, he went back and stood upon the plateau.

Carpenter's Boar stood between the two pits. "See Master! here's the scoundrel again! "cried the Boars. "Oh, don't be afraid," said he, "we have him now."

With a roar the Tiger leapt upon Carpenter's Boar. At the very instant he sprang, [408] the Boar dodged and dropped straight into the round hole. The Tiger could not stop, but tumbled over and over and fell all of a heap in the jaws of the other pit, where it got very narrow. Up jumps the Boar out of his hole, and quick as lightning ran his tusk into the Tiger's thighs, tore him about the kidneys, buried his fangs in the creature's sweet flesh, and wounded his head. Then he tosses him out of the pit, crying aloud--"Here's your enemy for you!" They who came first had tiger to eat; but they who came after went about sniffing at the others' mouths, and asking what tiger's flesh tasted like!

But the Boars were still uneasy. "What's the matter now?" asked our Hog, who had noticed their movements.

"Master," said they, "it's all very well to kill one tiger, but the sham hermit can bring ten tigers more!"

"Who is he?"

"A wicked ascetic."

"The tiger I have killed; do you suppose a man can hurt me? Come along, and we'll get hold of him." So they all set forth.

Now the man had been wondering why the Tiger was so long in coming. Could the Boars have caught him? he thought. At last he started to meet him on the way; and as he went, there came the Boars! He snatched up his belongings, and off he ran. The Boars tore after him. He threw away his encumbrances, and with all speed climbed up a fig-tree.

"Now, Master, it's all up!" cried the herd. "The man has climbed a tree!"

"What tree?" their leader asked.

They replied, "A fig-tree."

"Oh, very well," said the leader. "The sows must bring water, the young ones dig about the tree, the tuskers tear at the roots, and the rest surround it and watch." They did their several tasks as he bade them; he meanwhile charged full at a great thick root, [409]--'twas like an axe-blow; and with this one blow he felled the tree to the ground. The Boars who were waiting for the man, knocked him down, tore him to pieces, gnawed the bones clean in a moment!

Now they perched Carpenter's Boar on the tree-trunk. They filled the dead man's shell with water, and sprinkled the Boar to consecrate him for their king; a young sow they consecrated to be his Consort.

This, the saying goes, is the origin of the custom still observed. When people make a king now-a-days, he is placed on a fine

chair of fig-wood, and sprinkled out of three shells.

A sprite that dwelt in that forest beheld this marvel. Appearing

before the Boars in a cleft of his tree-trunk, he repeated the third stanza:

"Honour to all the tribes assembled be!
A wondrous union I myself did see!
How tuskers once a tiger overcame
By federal strength and tusked unity!"

After this discourse the Master identified the Birth: "Dhanuggaha the Elder was the Carpenter's Boar, and I was the tree-sprite."

Footnotes

275:1 See Morris, Folk-lore Journal, iv. 48.

275:2 These are technical terms in Sanskrit also (*padmavyūho*, *çakaṭa*°, *cakra*°); see Manu 7. 188, 7. 187, and B. R. diet. *s.v.* The 'wheel' explains itself: the 'waggon' was a wedge-shaped phalanx; the 'lotus,' as noted by Bühler (trans. of Manu in *S. B. E.* page 246), is "equally extended on all sides and perfectly circular, the centre being occupied by the king."

277:1 The winnowing basket has low walls on three sides, two of them sloping towards the open end. See a picture in Grierson,

Bihar Peasant Life, 118.

No. 284.

SIRI-JĀTAKA.

"*Whatever riches they who strive*," etc.--This story the Master told about a brahmin who stole good luck. [410] The circumstances of this birth-tale are given above in the Khadiraṅga Birth [1]. As before, the heretical spirit that lived in the gate tower of Anāthapiṇḍika's house, doing penance, brought four and fifty crores of gold and filled the store-rooms, and became a friend of the great man. He led her before the Master. The Master discoursed to her. She heard, and entered on the stream of conversion. Thenceforward the great man's honour was great as before. Now there was living in Sāvatthi a brahmin, versed in lucky marks, who thought on this wise. "Anāthapiṇḍika was poor, and then became famous. What if I make as though I went to see him, and steal his luck?" So to the house he went, and was welcomed hospitably. After exchanging civilities, the host asked why he had come. The brahmin was looking about to see where the man's luck lay. Now Anāthapiṇḍika had a white cock, white as a scoured shell, which he kept in a golden cage, and in the comb of this cock lay the great man's luck. The brahmin looked about and spied where the luck lay. "Noble sir," said he, "I teach magic charms to five hundred young fellows. We are plagued by a cock that crows at the wrong time. Your cock crows at the right time. For him I have come; will you give him to me?" "Yes," said the other: and at the instant the word was uttered, the hick left the cockscomb, and settled in a jewel put away in the pillow. The brahmin observed that the luck had gone into this jewel, and asked for it too. As soon as the owner agreed to give it, the luck left the jewel, and settled in a club for self-defence which lay

upon the pillow. The brahmin saw it and asked again. "Take it, and take your leave," said the owner; and in an instant the luck left the club, and settled on the head of the owner's chief wife, who was named the Lady Puññalakkhaṇā. The thievish brahmin thought, when he saw this, "This is an inalienable article which I cannot ask for." Then he told the great man, "Noble sir," said he, "I came to your house to steal your luck. The luck was in the comb of your

cock. But when you gave me the cock, the luck passed into this jewel; when you gave me the jewel it passed into your stick; when you gave the stick to me, it went out of it [411] and passed into the head of the Lady Puññalakkhaṇā. Surely this is inalienable, I can never get it. It is impossible to steal your luck--keep it, then!" and rising from his seat, he departed. Anāthapiṇḍika determined to tell the Master; so he came to the monastery, and after respectfully greeting him, sat on one side, and told the Buddha all about it. The Master listened, and said, "Goodman, now-a-days the luck of one man does not go to another. But formerly the luck belonging to those of small wit went to the wise;" and he told him an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a Brahmin family in the realm of Kāsi. On growing up, he was educated at Takkasilā, and lived among his family; but when his parents died, much distressed he retired to the life of a recluse in Himalaya, and there he cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments.

A long time passed, and he came down to inhabited parts for salt and savouring, and took up his quarters in the gardens of the king of Benares. Next day, on his begging rounds, he came to the door of an elephant-trainer. This man took a fancy to his ways and manners, fed him, and gave him lodging in his own grounds, waiting upon him continually.

Now it happened just then that a man whose business it was to gather firewood failed to get back to town from the woods in time. He lay down for the night in a temple, placing a bundle of sticks under his head for a pillow. At this temple there were a number of cocks quite free, which had perched close by on a tree. Towards morning, one of them, who was roosting high, let fall a dropping on the back of a bird below. "Who dropt that on me?" cried this one. "I did," cried the first. "And why?" "Didn't think," said the other; and then did it again. Hereupon they both began to abuse each other, crying--"What power have you? what power have *you?*" At last the lower one said, "Anybody who kills me, and eats my flesh roasted on the coals, [412] gets a thousand pieces of money in the morning!" And the one above answered--"Pooh, pooh, don't boast about a little thing like that! Anybody who eats my fleshy parts will become king; if he eats my outside, he'll become commander-in-chief or chief queen, according as he's man or woman; if he eats the flesh by my bones, he'll get the post of royal Treasurer, if he be a householder; or, if a holy man, will become the king's favourite!

The stick-picker heard all this, and pondered. "Now if I become king, there'll be no need of a thousand pieces of money." Quietly he climbed the tree, caught the topmost. cock and killed him: he fastened

him in a fold of his dress, saying to himself--"Now I'll be king!" As soon as the gates were opened, in he walked. He plucked the fowl, and cleaned it, and gave it to his wife, bidding her make the meat nice for eating. She got ready the meat with some rice, and set it before him, bidding her lord eat.

"Goodwife," said he, "there's great virtue in this meat. By eating it I shall become king, and you my queen!" So they took the meat and rice down to the Ganges bank, intending to bathe before eating it. Then, putting meat and rice down upon the bank, in they went to bathe.

Just then a breeze stirred up the water, which washed away the meat. Down the river it floated, till it came in sight of an elephant-trainer, a great personage, who was giving his elephants a bath lower down. "What have we here?" said he, and picked it up. "It's fowl and rice, my lord," was the reply. He bade wrap it up, and seal it, and sent it home to his wife, with a message to open it for him when he returned.

The stick-picker also ran off, with his belly puffed out with sand and water which he had swallowed.

Now a certain ascetic, who had divine vision, the favourite chaplain of the elephant-trainer, was thinking to himself, "My patron friend does not leave his post with the elephants. When will he attain promotion?" As he thus pondered, he saw this man by his divine insight, and perceived what was a-doing. He went on before, and sat in the patron's house.

When the master returned, [413] he greeted him respectfully and sat down on one side. Then, sending for the parcel, he ordered food and water to be brought for the ascetic. The ascetic did not accept the food which was offered him; but said, "I will divide this food." The master gave him leave. Then separating the meat into portions, he gave to the elephant-trainer the fleshy parts, the outside to his wife, and took the flesh about the bones for his own share. After the meal was over, he said, "On the third day from this you will become king. Take care what you do!" and away he went.

On the third day a neighbouring king came and beleaguered Benares. The king told his elephant-trainer to dress in the royal robes, bidding him go mount his elephant and fight. He himself put on a disguise, and mingled with the ranks; swift came an arrow, and pierced him, so that he perished then and there. The trainer, learning that the king was dead, sent for a great quantity of money, and heat the drum, proclaiming, "Let those who want money, advance, and fight!" The warrior host in a twinkling slew the hostile king.

After the king's obsequies the courtiers deliberated who was to be

made king. Said they, "While our king was yet alive, he put his royal robes upon the elephant-trainer. This very man has fought and won the kingdom. To him the kingdom shall be given!" And they consecrated him king, and his wife they made the chief queen. The Bodhisatta became his confidant.

After this discourse the Master, in his perfect wisdom, gave utterance to the two stanzas following:

"Whatever riches they who strive amain
Without the aid of luck can ever gain,
    All that, by favour of the goddess Luck,
Both skilled and unskilled equally obtain.

"All the world over many meet our sight,
Not only good, but creatures different quite,
    Whose lot it is fruition to possess
Of wealth in store which is not theirs by right."

[414] After this the Master added, "Good air, these beings have no other resource but their merit won in previous births; this enables you to obtain treasures in places where there is no mine." Then he recited the following scripture [1].

"There is a treasury of all good things
Which both to gods and men their wishes brings.
Fine looks, voice, figure, form, and sovranty
With all its pomp, lies in that treasury.
Lordship and government, imperial bliss,
The crown of heaven, within that treasure is.
All human happiness, the joys of heaven,
Nirvana's self, from out that store is given.
True ties of friendship, wisdom's liberty,
Firm self-control, lies in that treasury.
Salvation, understanding, training fit
To make Pacceka Buddhas come from it.
Thus hath this merit a virtue magical;
The wise and stedfast praise it one and all."

(415] Lastly the Fowl repeated the third stanza, explaining the treasures in which lay the luck of Anāthapiṇḍika,

"A fowl, a gem, a club, a wife--
All these with lucky marks were rife.
For all these treasures, be it known,
A good and sinless man did own."

Then he identified the Birth: "Elder Ānanda was the King, and the family priest was the Very Buddha."

Footnotes

279:1 No. 40, vol. i. page 100.

282:1 *Khud. Pātha*, p

No. 285.

MAṆISŪKARA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*To hell shall go he*" *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about the murder of Sundarī. At that time we learn that the Bodhisatta was honoured and respected. The circumstances were the same as in the Kandhaka [2]; this is an abstract of them. The brotherhood of the Blessed One had received gain and honour like five rivers pouring in a mighty flood; the heretics, finding that gain and honour came to them no longer, becoming dim like fireflies at sunrise, they collected together, and took counsel: "Ever since the priest Gotama appeared, our gain and glory has gone from us. Not a soul ever knows that we exist. Who will help us to bring reproach on Gotama, and prevent him from getting all this?" Then an idea occurred to them. "Sundarī will make us able to do it." So when one day Sundarī visited the heretics' grove, they gave her greeting, but said nothing more. She addressed them again and again, but received no answer. "Has anything annoyed the holy fathers?" she asked. "Why, sister," said they, "do not you see how the priest Gotama annoys us, depriving us of alms and honour?" "What can I do about it?" she said. "You, sister, are fair and lovely. You can bring disgrace upon Gotama, and your words will influence a great many, [416] and you can thus restore our gains and good repute." She agreed, and took her leave. After this she used to take flowers and scents and perfumes, camphor, condiments and fruits, and at evening time, when a great crowd had entered the city after hearing the Master's discourse, she would set her face towards

Jetavana. If any asked where she was going, she would say, "To the Priest Gotama; I live with him in one perfumed chamber." Then she spent the night in a heretical settlement, and in the morning entered the road which led from Jetavana into the city. If any asked her where she was going, she replied, "I have been with the priest Gotama in one perfumed chamber, and he made love to me." After the lapse of some days they hired some ruffians to kill Sundarī before Gotama's chamber and throw her body into the dust-heap. And so they did. Then the heretics made a hue and cry after Sundarī, and informed the king. He asked where their suspicions pointed. They answered that she had gone the last few days to Jetavana, but what happened afterwards they did not know. He sent them to search for her. Acting on this permission, they took his own servants, and went to Jetavana, where they hunted about till they found her in the dust-heap. Calling for a litter, they brought the body into the town, and told the king that the disciples of Gotama had killed Sundarī, and thrown her in the dust-heap, in order to cloak the sin of their Master. The king bade them scour the city. All through the streets they went, crying, "Come and see what has been done by the priests of the Sakya prince!" and came back to the palace door. The king had placed the body of Sundarī upon a platform, and had it watched in the cemetery. All the populace, except the holy disciples, went about inside the town, outside the town, in the parks and in the woods, abusing the Brethren, and crying out, "Come and see what the priests of the Sakya prince have done!" The Brethren told all this to the Buddha. Said the Master, "Well, go and reprove these people in these words:

"To hell shall go he that delights in lies,

And he who having done a thing, denies:

[417] Both these, when death has carried them away,

As men of evil deeds elsewhere shall rise [1]."

The king directed some men to find out whether Sundarī had been killed by anybody else. Now the ruffians had drunk the blood-money, and were quarrelling together. Said one to another, "You killed Sundarī with one blow, and then threw her in the dust-heap, and here you are, buying liquor with the blood-money!" "All right, all right," said the king's messengers; and they caught the ruffians and dragged them before the king. "Did you kill herd" asked the king. They said, yes, they did. "Who bade you?" "The heretics, my lord." The king had the heretics summoned. "Lift up Sundarī," said he, "and carry her round the city, crying as you go: 'This woman Sundarī wanted to bring disgrace upon the priest Gotama; we had her murdered; the guilt is not Gotama's, nor his disciples'; the guilt is ours!'" They did so. A multitude of the unconverted believed, and the heretics were kept out of mischief by receiving the punishment for murder. Thenceforward the Buddha's reputation grew greater and greater. And then one day they began to gossip in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the heretics thought to blacken the Buddha, and they only blackened themselves: ever since, our gains and glory have increased!" The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about? They told him. "Brethren," said he, "it is impossible to make the Buddha impure. Trying to stain the Buddha, is like trying to stain a gem of the first water. In bygone ages people have wished to stain a fine jewel, and no matter how they tried, they failed to do it." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a Brahmin family. When he grew up, perceiving the suffering that arises from desire, he went away, and traversed three ranges of Himalaya, where he became a hermit, and lived in a hut of leaves.

Near his hut was a crystal cave, in which lived thirty Boars. Near the cave a Lion used to range. [418] His shadow used to be reflected in the crystal. The Boars used to see this reflection, and terror made them lean and thin-blooded. Thought they, "We see the reflection because this crystal is clear. We will make it dirty and discolour it." So they got some mud from a pool close by, and rubbed and rubbed the crystal with it. But the crystal, being constantly polished by the boars' bristles, got brighter than ever.

They did not know how to manage it; so they determined to ask the hermit how they might sully the crystal. To him therefore they came, and after respectful greeting, they sat down beside him, and gave utterance to these two verses:

"Seven summers we have been
  Thirty in a crystal grot.
Now we are keen to dull the sheen--
  But dull it we can not. p. 285

"Though we try with all our might
To obscure its brilliancy,
Still more bright shines forth the light,
What can the reason be?"

The Bodhisatta listened. Then he repeated the third stanza:

"'Tis precious crystal, spotless, bright, and pure;
No glass--its brilliancy for ever sure.
Nothing on earth its brightness can impair.
Boars, you had best betake yourselves elsewhere."

And so they did, on hearing this answer. The Bodhisatta lost himself in rapturous ecstasy, and became destined to Brahma's world.

After this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time, I was the hermit."

Footnotes

283:1 Cf. Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 58.

283:2 This story is given in *Udānaṁ*, iv. 8 (p. 43). *Khandhakaṁ* seems to mean the Vinaya (Childers *s. v.*, *J. P. T. S.* 1888 *s. v.*), but I cannot find the story there.

284:1 *Dhammapada*, v. 306; *Sutta Nipāta*, v. 661.

No. 286.

SĀLŪKA-JĀTAKA [1].

[419] "*Envy not what Celery eats*" *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the temptation springing from a fat girl. The circumstances will be explained in the Cullanāradakassapa [2] story. So the Master asked this brother whether it was true he had fallen in love. Yes, he said. "With whom?" the Master asked. "With a fat girl." "That woman, brother," said the Master, "is your bane; long ago, as now, you became food for the crowd through your desire to marry her." Then at the request of the brethren he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was an ox named Big Redcoat, and he had a young brother called Little Redcoat. Both of them worked for a family in some village.

There was in this family a grown-up girl, who was asked in marriage by another family. Now in the first family a pig called Sālūka or Celery [1], was being fatted, on purpose to serve for a feast on the wedding-day; it used to sleep in a sty [2].

One day, Little Redcoat said to his brother, "Brother, we work for this family, and we help them to get their living. Yet they only give us grass and straw, while they feed you pig with rice porridge, and let it sleep in a sty; and what can it do for them?"

"Brother," said Big Redcoat, "don't covet his porridge. They want to make a feast of him on our young lady's wedding-day, that's why they are fattening him up. Wait a few days, and you'll see him dragged out of his sty, killed, chopped into bits, and eaten up by the visitors." So saying, he composed the first two stanzas: [420]

"Envy not what Celery eats;
Deadly is the food he gets.
Be content and eat your chaff:
It means long life on your behalf.

"By and bye the guest will come,
With his gossips all and some.
All chopt up poor Celery
With his big flat snout will lie."

A few days after, the wedding guests came, and Sālūka was killed and made a meal of. Both oxen, seeing what became of him, thought their own chaff was the best.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, repeated the third stanza by way of explanation:

"When they saw the flat-snout lie
All chopt up, poor Celery,
Said the oxen, Best by half
Surely is our humble chaff!"

When the Master had finished this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:--at the conclusion of the Truths,

the Brother in question attained the fruition of the First Path:--"At that time, the stout girl was the same, the lovesick brother was Sālūka, Ānanda was Little Redcoat, and I was Big Redcoat myself." '

Footnotes

285:1 Compare No. 30, Vol. i. p. 75, and No. 477; parallels are quoted by Benfey, *Pañcatantra* pref. pp. 228, 229. Æsop's fable of the Calf and the Ox will occur to the reader. See also Rhys Davids' note to his translation of No, 30.

285:2 No. 477.

286:1 Lit. edible lotus root.

286:2 Heṭṭhamañca, 'perhaps the platform outside the house under the eaves, a favourite resort.' Cp. Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, p. 277.

No. 287.

LĀBHA-GARAHA-JĀTAKA.

"*He that hath madness*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a fellow-priest of the Elder Sāriputta. [421] This brother came and greeted the Elder, and sitting on one side, he asked him to tell the way in which one could get gain, and how he could get dress and the like. The Elder replied, "Friend, there are four qualities which make a man successful in getting gain. He must get rid of modesty from his heart, must resign his orders, must seem to be mad even if he is not; he must speak slander; he must behave like a dancer; he must use unkind words everywhere." Thus he explained how a man gets a great deal. The brother objected to this method, and went away. The Elder went to his Master, and told him about it. The Master said, "This is not the first time that this brother spoke in dispraise of gain; he did the same before;" and then, at the request of the Elder, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a Brahmin family. When he grew up to the age of sixteen years, he had already mastered the three Vedas and the eighteen accomplishments; and he became a far-famed teacher, who educated a body of five hundred young men. One young man, a youth of virtuous life, approached his teacher one day with the question, "How is it these people get gain?

The teacher answered, "My son, there fife four qualities which procure gain for those people;" and he repeated the first stanza:--

"He that hath madness, he that slanders well,
That hath an actor's tricks, ill tales doth tell,
Such is the man that wins prosperity
Where all are fools: let this your maxim be."

[422] The pupil, on hearing his master's words, expressed his disapproval of gain-getting in the two following stanzas:--

"Shame upon him that gain or glory wins
By dire destruction and by wicked sins.

"With bowl in hand a homeless life I'll lead
Rather than live in wickedness and greed."

[423] Thus did the youth praise the quality of the religious life; and straight became a hermit, and craved alms with righteousness, cultivating the Attainments, until he became destined to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse he thus identified the Birth:--"At that time the brother who disapproved of gain was the young man, but his teacher was I myself."

No. 288.

MACCH-UDDĀNA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Who could believe the story*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana about a dishonest merchant. The circumstances have been told above.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a landed proprietor.

When he grew up, he became a wealthy man. He had a young brother. Afterwards their father died. They determined to arrange some business of their father's. This took them to a village, where they were paid a thousand pieces of money. On their way back, as they waited on a river-bank for the boat, they ate a meal out of a leaf-pottle. The Bodhisatta threw what he left into the Ganges for the fishes, giving the merit to the river-spirit. The spirit accepted this with gratification, which increased her divine power, and on thinking over this increase of her power, became aware what had happened. The Bodhisatta [424] laid his upper garment upon the sand, and there he lay down and went to sleep.

Now the young brother was of a rather thievish nature. He wanted to filch the money from the Bodhisatta and keep it himself; so he packed a parcel of gravel to look like the parcel of money, and put them both away.

When they had got aboard, and were come to mid-river, the younger stumbled against the side of the boat, and dropt overboard the parcel of gravel, as he thought, but really the money.

"Brother, the money's overboard!" he cried. "What's to be done?"

"What can we do? What's gone is gone. Never mind about it," replied the other.

But the river-spirit thought how pleased she had been with the merit she had received, and how her divine power had been increased, and resolved to take care of his property. So by her power she made a big-mouthed fish swallow the parcel, and took care of it herself:

When the thief got home, he chuckled over the trick he had served his brother, and undid the remaining parcel. There was nothing but gravel to be seen! His heart dried up; he fell on his bed, and clutched the bedstead.

Now some fishermen just then cast their nets for a draught. By power of the river-spirit, this fish fell into the net. The fishers took it to town to sell. People asked what the price was.

"A thousand pieces and seven annas," said the fishermen.

Everybody made fun of them. "We have seen a fish offered for a thousand pieces!" they laughed.

The fishers brought their fish to the Bodhisatta's door, and asked him to buy it.

"What's the price?" he asked.

"You may have it for seven annas," they said.

"What did you ask other people for it?"

"From other people we asked a thousand rupees and seven alms; but you may have it for seven arenas," they said.

He paid seven arenas for it, and sent it to his wife. She cut it open, and there was the parcel of money! [425] She called the Bodhisatta. He gave a look, and recognising his mark, knew it for his own. Thought he, "These fishers asked other people the price of a thousand rupees and seven annas, but because the thousand rupees were mine, they let me have it for seven annas only! If a man does not understand the meaning of this, nothing will ever make him believe:" and then he repeated the first stanza:--

"Who could believe the story, were he told,
That fishes for a thousand should be sold?
They're seven pence to me: how I could wish
To buy a whole string of this kind of fish!"

When he had said this, he wondered how it was that he had recovered his money. At the moment the river-spirit hovered invisibly in the air, and declared--

"I am the Spirit of the Ganges. You gave the remains of your meal to the fishes, and let me have the merit. Therefore I have taken care of your property;" and she repeated a stanza:--

"You fed the fish, and gave a gift to me.
This I remember, and your piety."

[426] Then the spirit told about the mean trick which the younger brother had played. Then she added, "There he lies, with his heart dried up within him. There is no prosperity for the cheat. But I have brought you your own, and I warn you not to lose it. Don't give it to your young thief of a brother, but keep it all yourself." Then she repeated the third stanza:--

"There's no good fortune for the wicked heart,
And in the sprites' respect he has no part;
Who cheats his brother of paternal wealth
And works out evil deeds by craft and stealth."

p. 290

Thus spoke the spirit, not wishing that the treacherous villain should receive the money. But the Bodhisatta said, "That is impossible," and all the same sent the brother five hundred.

After this discourse, the Master declared the Truths:--at the conclusion of which the merchant entered upon the fruition of the first path:--and identified the Birth:--"At that time the younger brother was the dishonest merchant, but the elder was I myself."

Jataka Tales

Footnotes

288:1 *Folk-lore Journal*, iii. 364.

No. 289.

NĀNA-CCHANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*We live in one house*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the venerable Ānanda's taking a valuable article. The circumstances will be explained in the Juṇha Birth, in the Eleventh Book [1].

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[427] Now once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was horn as the son of his Queen Consort. He grew up, and was educated at Takkasilā,; and became king on his father's death. There was a family priest of his father's who had been removed from his post, and being very poor lived in an old house.

One night it happened that the king was walking about the city in disguise, to explore it. Some thieves, their work done, had been drinking in a wine-shop, and were carrying some more liquor home in a jar. They spied him there in the street, and crying--"Halloo, who are you?" they knocked him down, and took his upper robe; then, they picked up their jar, and off they went, scaring him the while.

The aforesaid brahmin chanced at the time to be in the street observing the constellations. He saw how the king had fallen into unfriendly hands, and called to his wife; quickly she came, asking what it was. Said he [2], "Wife, our king has got into the hands of his enemies!" "Why,

your reverence," said she, "what dealings have you with the king? His brahmins will see to it." This the king heard, and, going on a little, called out to the rascals, "I'm a poor man, masters--take my robe and let me go!" As he said this again and again, they let him go out of pity. He took note of the place they lived in, and turned back again.

Said the brahmin to his wife, "Wife, our king has got away from the hands of his enemies!" The king heard this as before; and entered his palace.

When dawn came, the king summoned his brahmins, and asked then a question.

"Have you been taking observations?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Was it lucky or unlucky?"

"Lucky, my lord."

"No eclipse?"

"No, my lord, none."

Said the king, "Go and fetch me the brahmin from such and such a house," giving them directions.

So they fetched the old chaplain, and the king proceeded to question him. [428]

"Did you take observations last night, master?"

"Yes, my lord, I did."

"Was there any eclipse?"

"Yes, my lord: last night you fell into the hands of your enemies, and in a moment you got free again."

The king said, "That is the kind of man a star-gazer ought to be." He dismissed the other brahmins; he told the old one that he was pleased with him, and bade him ask a boon. The man asked leave to consult with his family, and the king allowed him.

The man summoned wife and son, daughter-in-law and maidservant, and laid the matter before them. "The king has granted me a boon; what shall I ask?"

Said the wife, "Get me a hundred milch kine."

The son, named Chatta, said, "For me, a chariot drawn by fine lily-white thoroughbreds."

Then the daughter-in-law, "For me, all manner of trinkets, earrings set with gems, and so forth!"

And the maidservant (whose name was Puṇṇā), "For me, a pestle and mortar, and a winnowing basket."

The brahmin himself wanted to have the revenue of a village as his boon. So when he returned to the king, and the king wanted to know whether his wife had been asked, the brahmin replied, "Yes, my lord

king; but those who are asked are not all of one mind"; and he repeated a couple of stanzas:--

"We live in one house, O king,
But we don't all want the same thing.
My wife's wish--a hundred kine;
A prosperous village is mine;
The student's of course is a carriage and horses,
Our girl wants an earring fine.
While poor little Puṇṇā, the maid,
Wants pestle and mortar, she said!"

"All right," said the king, "they shall all have what they want"; and repeated the remaining lines:--[429]

"Give a hundred kine to the wife,
To the goodman a village for life,
And a jewelled earring to the daughter:
A carriage and pair be the student's share,
And the maid gets her pestle and mortar [1]."

Thus the king gave the brahmin what he wished, and great honour besides; and bidding him thenceforward busy himself about the king's business, he kept the brahmin in attendance upon himself.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Brahmin was Ānanda, but the king was I myself."

Footnotes

290:1 No. 456.

290:2 *sā* is a mistake for *so*.

292:1 I hope the indulgent reader will pardon the rime.

No. 290.

SĪLA-VĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA [2].

"*Virtue is lovely*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a brahmin who put his reputation to the test. The circumstances which gave rise to it, and the story itself, are both given in the Silavīmaṁsa Birth-tale, in the First Book. Here, as before

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When Brahmadatta was king of Benares, his chaplain resolved to test his own reputation for virtue, and on two days abstracted a coin from the

Treasurer's counter. On the third day they dragged him to the king, and accused him of theft. On the way he noticed some snake-charmers making a snake dance. The king asked him what he had done such a thing for. The brahmin replied, "To try my reputation for virtue ": and went on

"Virtue is lovely--so the people deem--
Virtue in all the world is held supreme.
Behold! this deadly snake they do not slay,
'For he is good,' they say.

[430] "Here I proclaim how virtue is all-blest
And lovely in the world: whereof possest
He that is virtuous evermore is said
Perfection's path to tread.

"To kinsfolk dear, he shines among his friends;
And when his union with the body ends,
He that to practise virtue has been fain
In heaven is born again."

Having thus in three stanzas declared the beauty of virtue and discoursed to them, the Bodhisatta went on--"Great king, a great deal has been given to you by my family, my father's property, my mother's, and what I have gained myself: there is no end to it. But I took these coins from the treasury to try my own value. Now I see how worthless in this world is birth and lineage, blood and family, and how much the best is virtue. I will embrace the religious life; allow me to do so!" After many entreaties, the king at last consented. He left the world, and retired to Himalaya, where he took to the religious life, and cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments until he came to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Brahman chaplain who tried his reputation for virtue was I myself."

Footnotes

292:2 Compare Nos. 86, 290, 305, 330, 362.

No. 291.

BHADRA-GHAṬA-JĀTAKA.

[431] "*A ne'er-do-well did once*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a nephew of Anāthapiṇḍika. This person had squandered an inheritance of forty crores of gold. Then the visited his uncle, who gave him a thousand, and bade him trade with it. The man squandered this, and then came again; and

p. 294

once more he was given five hundred. Having squandered this like the rest, next time his uncle gave him two coarse garments; and when he had worn these out, and once more applied, his uncle had him taken by the neck and turned out of doors. The fellow was helpless, and fell down by a side-wall and died. They dragged him outside and threw him down there. Anāthapiṇḍika went and told the Buddha what had happened to his nephew. Said the Master, "How could you expect to satisfy the man whom I long ago failed to satisfy, even when I gave him the Wishing Cup?" and at his request, he proceeded to tell him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a rich merchant's son; and after his father's death, took his place. In his house was buried a treasure of four hundred million. He had an only son. The Bodhisatta gave alms and did good until he died, and then he came to life again as Sakka, king of the gods. His son proceeded to make a

pavilion across the road, and sat down with many friends round him, to drink. He paid a thousand pieces to runners and tumblers, singers and dancers, and passed his time in drinking, gluttony, and debauchery; he wandered about, asking only for song, music, and dancing, devoted to his boon-companions, sunk in sloth. So in a short time he squandered all his treasure of four hundred millions, [432] all his property, goods, and furniture, and got so poor and miserable that he had to go about clad in rags.

Sakka, as he meditated, became aware how poor he was. Overcome with love for his son, he gave him a Wishing Cup, with these words: "Son, take care not to break this cup. So long as you keep it, your wealth will never come to an end. So take good care of it!" and then he returned to heaven.

After that the man did nothing but drink out of it. One day, he was drunk, and threw the cup into the air, catching it as it fell. But once he missed it. Down it fell upon the earth, and smashed! Then he got poor again, and went about in rags, begging, bowl in hand, till at last he lay down by a wall, and died.

When the Master had finished this tale, he went on:--

"A ne'er-do-well did once a Bowl acquire,
A Bowl that gave hire all his heart's desire.
And of this Bowl so long as he took care,
    His fortunes were all fair.

"When, proud and drunken, in a careless hour,
He broke the Bowl that gave him all this power,

Naked, poor fool! in rags and tatters, he
Fell in great misery. p. 295

"Not otherwise whoso great fortune owes,
But in the enjoying it no measure knows,
Is scorched anon, even as the knave--poor soul!--
That broke his Wishing Bowl."

Repeating these stanzas in his perfect wisdom, he identified the Birth: "At that time Anāthapiṇḍika's nephew was the rascal who broke the Lucky Cup, but I myself was Sakka."

No. 292.

SUPATTA-JĀTAKA [1].

[433] "*Here, in Benares city*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a meal of rice mixed with new ghee, with red fish to flavour it, which was given by Elder Sāriputta to Bimbādevī. The circumstances are like those given above in the Abbhantara Birth-tale [2]. Here too the holy Sister had a pain in the stomach. The excellent Rāhula told the Elder. He seated Rāhula in his waiting-room, and went to the king to get the rice, red fish and new ghee. The lad gave it to the holy sister, his mother. No sooner had she eaten than the pain subsided. The king sent messengers to make enquiries, and after that always sent her that kind of food. One day they began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the Captain of the Faith satisfied the Sister with such and such food." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about: they told him. Said he, "This is not the first time, Brother, that Sāriputta has given Rāhula's mother what she wanted; he did the same before." So saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a Crow. He grew up, and became chief of eighty thousand crows, a Crow king, by name, Supatta, or Fairwing; and his chief mate went by the name of Suphassā or Softie, his chief Captain was called Sumukho--Prettybeak. With his eighty thousand subjects, he dwelt hard by Benares.

One day he and his mate in search of food passed over the king's kitchen. The king's cook had been preparing a host of dishes, of all sorts of fish, and he had uncovered the dishes for a moment, to cool them. Queen Crow smelt the odour of the food, and longed for a hit. But that day she said nothing.

However the next day, when King Crow proposed that they should go a-feeding, she said, "Go by yourself: there's something I want very much!"

"What is it?" asked he.

"I want some of the king's food to eat; [434] and as I can't get it, I am going to die."

The Crow sat down to think. Prettybeak approached him and asked if anything had displeased him. King Crow told him what it was. "Oh, that'll be all right," said the Captain; and added, to console them both, "you stay where you are to-day, and I'll fetch the meat."

So he gathered the Crows together, and told them the matter. "Now come, and let's get it!" said he; and off they all flew together to Benares. He posted them in companies here and there, near the kitchen to watch; and he, with eight champions, sat on the kitchen roof. While waiting for the king's food to be served, he gave his directions to these: "When the food is taken up, I'll make the man drop the dishes. Once that is done there's an end of me. So four of you must fill your mouths with the rice, and four with the fish, and feed our royal pair with them; and if they ask where I am, say I'm coming."

Well, the cook got his various dishes all ready, hung them on a balance-pole, and went off towards the king's rooms. As he passed through the court, the Crow Captain with a signal to his followers flew and settled upon the carrier's chest, struck him with extended claws, with his beak, sharp as a spear-point, pecked the end of the man's nose, and with his two feet stopped up his jaws.

The king was walking up and down upon an upper floor, when looking out of a large window he saw what the crow was doing. He hailed the carrier:"--Hullo you, down with the dishes and catch the crow!" so the man dropt the dishes and caught the crow tight.

"Come here!" cried the king.

Then the crows ate all they wanted, [435] and picked up the rest as they had been told, and carried it off. Next all the others flocked up, and ate what remained. The eight champions gave it to their king and queen to eat. The craving of Softie was appeased.

The servant who was carrying the dinner brought his crow to the king.

"O Crow!" said he, "you have shown no respect for me! you have broken my servitor's nose! you have smashed my dishes! you have recklessly thrown away your life! What made you do such things?"

Answered the Crow, "O great king! Our king lives near Benares, and I am captain of his forces. His wife (whose name is Softie) conceived a great longing, and wanted a taste of your food. Our

king told me what she craved. At once I devoted my life. Now I have sent her the food;

my desire is accomplished. This is the reason why I acted as I did." And to explain the matter, he said

"Here in Benares city, O great king,
There dwells a king of Crows that Night Fairwing;
Who was attended by a following
    Of eighty thousand Crows.

"Softie, his mate, had one o'ermastering wish:
She craved a supper of the king's own fish,
Fresh caught, cooked in his kitchen,--such a dish
    As to kings' tables goes.

"You now behold me as their messenger;
It was my royal master sent me here;
And for that I my monarch do revere
    I wounded that man's nose."

[436] When the king heard this, he said, "We do great honour to men, and yet cannot make friends of them. Even though we make presents of such things as a whole village, we can find no one willing to give his life for us. But this creature, crow as he is, sacrifices life for his king. He is very noble, sweet-speaking, and good." He was so pleased with the crow's good qualities that he did him the honour of giving him a white umbrella. But the crow saluted the king with this, his own gift, and descanted upon the virtues of Fairwing. The king sent for him, and heard his teaching, and sent them both food of the same sort as he ate himself; and for the rest of the crows he had cooked each day a

large measure of rice. He himself walked according to the monition of the Bodhisatta, and protecting all creatures, practised virtue. The admonitions of Fairwing the crow were remembered for seven hundred years.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the Captain was Sāriputta, but Supatta was I myself."

Footnotes

295:1 *Folk-lore Journal*, 3. 360.

295:2 No. 281, above.

No. 293.

KĀYA-VICCHINDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Down smitten with a direful illness*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana about a certain man. We learn that there lived at Sāvatthi a man tormented by jaundice, given up by the doctors as a hopeless case. His wife and

son wondered who could be found to cure him. The man thought, "If I can only get rid of this disease, I will take to the religious life." Now it happened that some days after he took something that did him good, and got well. Then he went to Jetavana, and asked admission into the Order. He received the lesser and greater orders from the Master, and before long attained to sainthood. One day after this the brethren were talking together in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, So and so had jaundice, and vowed that if he got well he would embrace the religious life; he did so, and now he has attained sainthood." The Master came in, and asked what they talked about, sitting there together. [437] They told him. Then he said: "Brothers, this is not the only man who has done so. Long ago wise men, recovering from sickness, embraced a religious life, and secured their own advantage." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a Brahmin family. He grew up, and began to amass wealth: but he fell sick of the jaundice. Even the

physicians could do nothing for him, and his wife and family were in despair. He resolved that if he ever got well, he would embrace the religious life; and having taken something that did him good, he did get well, whereupon he went away to Himalaya and became a religious. He cultivated the Faculties and the Attainments, and dwelt in ecstatic happiness. "All this time," thought he, "I have been without this great happiness!" and he breathed out this aspiration:

"Down smitten with a direful illness, I
In utter torment and affliction lie,
    My body quickly withers, like a flower
Laid in the sun upon the dust to dry.

"The noble seems ignoble, and pure the impure seems,
He that is blind, all beautiful a sink of foulness deems.

"Shame on that sickly body, shame, I say,
Loathsome, impure, and full of foul decay!
    When fools are indolent, they fail to win
New birth in heaven, and wander from the way."

[438] Thus did the Great Being describe in various ways the nature of impurity and constant disease, and being disgusted with the body and all its parts, cultivated all his life the four excellent conditions of life, till he went to Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he proclaimed the Truths, and identified the Birth--many were they who attained the fruition of the First Path, and so forth--"At that time I myself was the ascetic."

No. 294.

JAMBU-KHĀDAKA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Who is it sits*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta and Kokālika. At the time when Devadatta began to lose his gettings and his repute, Kokālika went from house to house, saying, "Elder Devadatta is born of the line of the First Great King, of the royal stock of Okkāka [2], by an uninterrupted noble descent, versed in all the scriptures, full of ecstatic sanctity, sweet of speech, a preacher of the law. Give to the Elder, help him!" In these words he praised up Devadatta. On the other hand, Devadatta praised up Kokālika, in such words as these: "Kokālika comes from a northern brahmin family; he follows the religious life; he is learned in doctrine, a preacher of the law. Give to Kokālika, help him!" So they went about, praising each other, and getting fed in different houses. One day the brothers began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, Devadatta and Kokālika go about praising each other for virtues which they haven't got, and so getting food." The Master came in, and asked what they were talking about as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that these men have got food by praising each other. Long ago they did the same," and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a tree-sprite in a certain rose-apple grove. [439] 9 Crow perched upon a branch of his tree, and began to

eat the fruit. Then came a Jackal, and looked up and spied the Crow. Thought he, "If I flatter this creature, perhaps I shall get some of the fruit to eat!" So in flattery he repeated the first stanza:

"Who is it sits in a rose-apple tree--
Sweet singer! whose voice trickles gently to me?
Like a young peacock she coos with soft grace,
And ever sits still in her place."

The Crow, in his praise, responded with the second:

"He that is noble in breeding and birth
Can praise others' breeding, knows what they are worth.
Like a young tiger thou seemest to be:
Come, eat, Sir, what I give to thee!"

With these words she shook the branch and made some fruit drop.

Then the spirit of the tree, beholding these two eating, after flattering each other, repeated the third stanza:

"Liars foregather, I very well know.
Here, for example, a carrion Crow,
And corpse-eating Jackal, with puerile clatter
Proceed one another to flatter!"

After repeating this stanza, the tree-sprite, assuming a fearful shape, scared them both away.

p a r a g r a p h c

When the Master had ended this discourse, he summed up the Birth-tale; "At that time the Jackal was Devadatta, the Crow was Kokālika, but the Spirit of the Tree was I myself."

Footnotes

299:1 Compare No. 295, and Æsop's fable of the Fox and the Crow.

299:2 A fabulous king, the same as Ikshvāku. See reff. in *J. P. T. S.* 1888, p. 17.

No. 295.

ANTA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Like to a bull*," *etc*.--[440] This is another story told by the Master in the same place and about the same people. The circumstances are the sane as before.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became the spirit of a castor-oil-tree which stood in the approach to a certain village. An old ox died in a certain village; and they dragged the carcase out and threw it down in the grove of these trees by the village gate. A Jackal came and began to eat its flesh. Then came a Crow, and perched upon the tree. When she saw the Jackal, she cast about whether by flattery she could not get some of this carcase to eat. And so she repeated the first stanza:

"Like to a bull your body seems to be,
Like to a lion your activity.
O king of beasts! all glory be to thee!
Please don't forget to leave a bit for inc."

p. 301

On hearing this the Jackal repeated the second:

"They that of gentle birth and breeding be
Know how to praise the gentle worthily,
O Crow, whose neck is like the peacock's neck,
Come down from off' the tree and take a peck!"

The Tree-spirit, on seeing this, repeated the third:

"The lowest of all beasts the Jackal is,
The Crow is lowest of all birds y-wis,
The Castor-oil of trees the lowest tree:
And now these lowest things are here all three!"

[441] When the Master had ended this discourse he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the Jackal, Kokālika was the Crow, but the Tree-spirit was I myself.

Footnotes

300:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 363. Compare No. 294.

No. 296.

SAMUDDA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Over the salt sea wave*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about Elder Upananda. This man was a great eater and drinker; there was no satisfying him even with cartloads of provisions. During the rainy season he would pass his time at two or three different settlements, leaving his shoes in one, his walking-stick in another, and his water jar in a third, and one he lived in himself. When he visited a country monastery, and saw the brothers with their requisites all ready, he began to talk about the four classes of contented ascetics [2]; laid hold of their garments, and made them pick up rags from the dust-heap; made them take earthen bowls, and give him any bowls that he fancied and their metal bowls; then he filled a cart with them, and carried them off to Jetavana. One day people began to talk in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, Upananda of the Sakka clan, a great eater, a greedy fellow, has been preaching religion to other people, and here he comes with a cartful of priests' property!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were talking of as they sat there. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "Upananda has gone wrong before by talking about this contentment. But a man ought first of all to become modest in his desires, before praising the good behaviour of other people.

"Yourself first stablish in propriety,

Then teach; the wise should not self-seeking be."

Pointing out this verse from the Dhammapada [1], and blaming Upananda, he went on, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Upananda has been greedy. Long ago, he thought even the water in the ocean ought to be saved." And he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Sea-spirit. Now it so happened that a Water-crow was passing over the sea. He went flying about, and trying to cheek the shoals of fish and flocks of birds, crying,

"Don't drink too much of the sea-water! be careful of it!" [442] On seeing him, the Sea-spirit repeated the first stanza:

"Over the salt sea wave who flies?
Who checks the shoals of fish, and tries
The monsters of the deep to stay
Lest all the sea be drunk away?"

The Water-crow heard this, and answered with the second stanza:

"A drinker never satisfied
So people call me the world wide,
To drink the sea I fain would trey,
And drain the lord of rivers dry.'"

On hearing which the Sea-spirit repeated the third:

"The ocean ever ebbs away,
And fills again the selfsame day.

[Pg 1] [Jataka Nidana] [Buddhacosa] [Introduction]

Who ever knew the sea to fail?

To drink it up can none avail!"

With these words the spirit assumed a terrible shape and frightened the Water-crow away.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Upananda was the Water-crow, but the Spirit was I myself."

Footnotes

301:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 328.

301:2 See Childers, p. 56 *b*. The recluse who is contented with the robes presented to him, with the food, with the bedding, and he who delights in meditation.

302:1 Verse 158.

No. 297.

KĀMA-VILĀPA-JĀTAKA.

"*O bird, that fliest*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a man who pined for his former wife. The circumstances which called it forth are [2] explained in the Puppharatta Birth-tale [3], and the tale of the past in the Indriya Birth-tale [4].

So the man was impaled alive. As he hung there, he looked up and saw a crow flying through the air; and, nought reeking of the hitter pain, he hailed the crow, to send a message to his dear wife, repeating these verses following:

"O bird, that fliest in the sky!
O winged bird, that fliest high!
Tell my wife, with thighs so fair:
Long will seem the time to her.

"She knows not sword and spear are set:
Full wroth and angry she will fret.
That is my torment and my fear,
And not that I am hanging here.

"My lotus-mail I have put by,
And jewels in my pillow lie,
And soft Benares cloth beside.
With wealth let her be satisfied."

[444] With these lamentations, he died.

When the Mister had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the lovesick brother attained the fruition of the First Path): "The wife then was the wife now; but the spirit who saw this, was I myself."

Footnotes

302:2 Reading *kathitaṁ*.

302:3 No. 147 above, vol. i. page 312.

302:4 No. 423.

No. 298.

UDUMBARA-JĀTAKA [1].

"*Ripe are the figs*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain Brother, who had made a hermitage to live in at a certain village on the frontier. This delightful dwelling stood upon a flat rock; a little well-swept spot, with enough water to make it pleasant, a village close at hand to go your rounds in, and friendly people to give food. A Brother on his rounds arrived at this place. The Elder who lived in it did the duties of host to the new arrival, and next day took him along with him for his rounds. The people gave him food, and invited him to visit them again next day. After the new-comer had thus fared a few days, he meditated by what means he could oust the other [445] and get hold of the hermitage. Once when he had come [2] to wait upon the Elder, he asked, "Have you ever visited the Buddha, friend?" "Why no, Sir; there's

no one here to look after my hut, or I should have gone before." "Oh, I'll look after it while you are gone to visit the Buddha," said the new-comer; and so the owner went, after laying injunctions upon the villagers to take care of the holy Brother until his return. The new-comer proceeded to backbite his host, and hinted to the villagers all sorts of faults in him. The other visited his Master, and returned; but the new-corner refused him harbourage. He found a place to abide in, and next day went on his rounds in the village. But the villagers would not do their duty by hire. He was much discouraged, and went hack to Jetavana, where he told the Brethren all about it. They began to

discuss the matter in their Ball of Truth: "Friend, Brother So-and-so has turned Brother So-and-so out of his hermitage, and taken it for himself!" The Master came in, and wanted to know what they were discussing as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time that this man turned the other out of his dwelling;" and he told them an old-world tale.

Once on a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a Tree-spirit in the woods. At that time during the rainy season rain used to pour down seven days on a stretch. A certain small red-faced Monkey lived in a rock-cave sheltered from the rain. One day he was sitting at the mouth of it, in the dry, quite happy. As he sat there, a big black-faced Monkey, wet through, perishing with cold, spied him. "How can I get that fellow out, and live in his hole?" he wondered. Puffing out his belly, and making as though he had eaten a good meal, he stopped in front of the other, and repeated the first stanza:

"Ripe are the figs, the banyans good,
And ready for the Monkey's food.
Come along with me and eat!
Why should you for hunger fret?"

[446] Redface believed all this, and longed to have all this fruit to eat. So he went off, and hunted here, and hunted there, but no fruit could he find. Then he came back again; and there was Blackface sitting inside his cave! He determined to outwit him; so stopping in front he repeated the second stanza:

"Happy he who honour pays
To his elders full of days;

Just as happy I feel now
After all that fruit, I vow!"

The big monkey listened, and repeated the third:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;
A monkey scents a monkey's tricks afar.
Even a young one were too sharp by half;
But old birds never can be caught with chaff."

The other made off.

When the Master ended this discourse, he summed up the birth-tale: "At that time the owner of the hut was the little monkey, the interloper was the big black monkey, but the Tree-spirit was I myself."

Footnotes

303:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 255.

303:2 Reading *āgantvā* (which is surely right).

No. 299.

KOMĀYA-PUTTA-JĀTAKA [1].

[447] "*Aforetime you were used*," *etc*.--This story the Master told in Pubbārāma, about some Brethren who were rude and rough in their manners. These Brethren, who lived on the floor below that where the Master was, talked of what they had seen and heard, and were quarrelsome and abusive. The Master called Mahāmoggallāna to him, and bade him go startle them. The Elder rose in the air, and just touched the foundation of the house with his great toe. It shook to the furthest edge of ocean! The Brothers were frightened to death, and came and stood outside. Their rough behaviour became known among the Brethren. One day they got to talking about it in the Hall of Truth. "Friend, there are some Brethren who have retired to this house of salvation, who are rough and rude; they do not see the impermanence, sorrow and unreality of the world, nor do their duty." The Master came in, and asked what they were discussing as they sat there. They told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that they have been rough and rude. They were the same before." And he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a brahmin's son in a village. They named him Komāyaputta. By and bye he went out and embraced the religious life in the region of Himalaya. There were some frivolous ascetics who had made a hermitage in that region, and there they lived. But they did not take the means to induce religious ecstasy. They fetched the fruits from the woods, to eat;

then they spent the time laughing and joking together. They had a monkey, rude-mannered like themselves, which gave them endless amusement by his grimaces and antics.

Long they lived in this place, till they had to go amongst men again to get salt and condiments. After they went away, the Bodhisatta lived in their dwelling-place. The monkey played his pranks for him as he had done for the others. The Bodhisatta snapt his fingers at him, and gave him a lecture, saying, "One who lives with well-trained ascetics [448]

ought to behave properly, ought to be well-advised in his actions, and devoted to meditation." After that, the monkey was always virtuous and well-behaved.

After this, the Bodhisatta moved away. The other ascetics returned with their salt and condiments. But the monkey no longer played his pranks for them. "What's this, my friend?" they asked. "Why don't you make sport, as you used to do?" One of them repeated the first stanza:

"Aforetime you were used to play
Where in this hut we hermits stay.
O monkey! as a monkey do;
When you are good we love not you."

On hearing this, the Monkey repeated the second stanza:

"All perfect wisdom by the word
Of wise Komāya I have heard.

Think me not now as I was late
Now ’tis my love to meditate."

Hereupon the anchorite repeated the third:

"If seed upon the rock you sow,
Though rain should fall, it' will not grow.
You may hear perfect wisdom still;
But meditate you never will."

---

[449] When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: "At that time these Brothers were the frivolous anchorites, but Komāyaputta was I myself."

Footnotes

305:1 *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 254.

No. 300.

VAKA-JĀTAKA [1].

[449] "*The wolf who takes*," *etc*.--This story the Master told at Jetavana, about old friendship. The circumstances were the same in detail as in the Vinaya [1]; this is an abstract of them. The reverend Upasena, a two-years' man, visited

the Master along with a first year's man who lived in the same monastery; the Master rebuked him, and he retired. Having acquired spiritual insight, and attained to sainthood, having got contentment and kindred virtues, having undertaken the Thirteen Practices of a Recluse, and taught them to his fellows, while the Blessed One was secluded for three months, he with his brethren, having accepted the blame first given for wrong speech and nonconformity, received in the second instance approval, in the words, "Henceforth, let any brothers visit me when they will, provided they follow the Thirteen Practices of a Recluse." Thus encouraged, he returned and told it to the Brethren. After that, the brothers followed these practices before coming to visit the Master; then, when ho had come out from his seclusion, they would throw away their old rags and put on clean garments. As the Master with all the body of the Brethren went round to inspect the rooms, [450] he noticed these rags lying about, and asked what they were. When they told him, he said, "Brethren, the practice undertaken by these brothers is short-lived, like the wolf's holy day service"; and he told them an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned king in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as Sakka, king of the gods. At that time a Wolf lived on a rock by the Ganges bank. The winter floods came up and surrounded the rock. There he lay upon the rock, with no food and no way of getting it. The water rose and rose, and the wolf pondered: "No food here, and no way to get it. Here I lie, with nothing to do. I may as well keep a sabbath feast." Thus resolved to keep a sabbath, as he lay he solemnly resolved to keep the religious precepts. Sakka in his meditations perceived the wolf's weak resolve. Thought he, "I'll plague that wolf"; and taking the shape of a wild goat, he stood near, and let the wolf see him.

"I'll keep Sabbath another day!" thought the Wolf, as he spied him; up he got, and leapt at the creature. But the goat jumped about so that the Wolf could not catch him. When our Wolf saw that he could not catch him, he came to a standstill, and went back, thinking to himself as he lay down again, "Well, my Sabbath is not broken after all."

Then Sakka, by his divine power, hovered above in the air; said he, "What have such as you, all unstable, to do with keeping a Sabbath? You didn't know that I was Sakka, and wanted a meal of goat's-flesh!" and thus plaguing and rebuking him, he returned to the world of the gods.

"The wolf, who takes live creatures for his food,
And makes a meal upon their flesh and blood,
Once undertook a holy vow to pay,--
Made up his mind to keep the Sabbath day.

"When Sakka learnt what he resolved to do,
He made himself a goat to outward view.
Then the blood-bibber leaped to seize his prey,
His vow forgot, his virtue cast away. p. 308

[451] "Even so some persons in this world of ours,

That make resolves which are beyond their powers,

Swerve from their purpose, as the wolf did here

As soon as he beheld the goat appear."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth as follows: "At that time I myself was Sakka."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Footnotes

306:1 *Mahāvagga*, i. 31. 3 foll. (trans. in *S. B. E.*, i. p. 175); *Folk-Lore Journal*, 3. 359; Morris, *Contemp. Rev.* xxix. 739.

INDEX OF NAMES AND PALI WORDS.

*** This Index contains all names of persons and places, real or legendary (except such as in the Stories of the Past are manifestly invented); all names of literary documents quoted in the text; and the parallels or illustrations given in the notes; but it does not include the names of previous translators of any of the stories.

Aciravatī, river 65, 251

Aesop referred to 76, 285, 299

Aggālava, shrine of 197

Ajātasattu, a king 164, 165, 168, 275

Ālavī, a place 197

Ambala tower 170

Ānanda 4, 13, 17, 18, 21, 22, 26, 28, 34, 36, 45, 52, 56, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 85, 89, 94, 119, 122, 124, 142, 160, 170, 178, 193, 199, 203, 215, 218, 220, 223, 268, 272, 274, 282, 286, 290, 292, 297

Ānanda, a fish 242

Anātha-piṇḍika 200, 239, 279, 280, 282, 293, 294, 295

" the younger 200

Aṅga, kingdom of 148

Anotatta, lake 63

Anuruddha 64, 87, 178, 260

Araka 43, 137

Assaji, a heretic 264

Atharva Veda referred to 101

Babrius referred to 123

Bamboo Grove (Veḷuvana) 26, 48, 67, 85, 106, 113, 131, 138, 140, 145, 154, 168, 172, 260, 299

Benares 1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13, 19, 21, 23, 24, 28, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 39, 41, 44, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 64, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 75, 76, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 92, 93, 94, 96, 97, 99, 101, 103, 104, 105, 106, 111, 113, 114, 115, 117, 121, 123, 125, 126, 127, 129, 131, 138, 139, 140, 141, 143, 145, 146, 149, 152, 153, 154, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 171, 172, 178, 179, 180, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 189, 190, 193, 194, 195, 197, 200, 203, 205, 207, 218, 219, 221, 223, 224, 227, 232, 233, 235, 238, 240, 242, 244, 245, 246, 248, 261, 262, 264, 265, 267, 268, 269, 271, 273, 274, 276, 280, 284, 285, 287, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 302, 304, 305, 307

Bhaddaji, Elder 229, 230, 231

Bhaddiya, city 229, 230

Bhaggava 56

Bharhut Stupa 60, 106, 152, 197, 235, 237, 248

Bharu, king, city, kingdom 119, 121

Bhummaja, a heretic 264

Bimbā, Sister 267, 268, 295

Bimbisāra, a king 164, 275

Bodhisatta 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 64, 66, 67, 68, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 88, 90, 92, 93, 94, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 105, 106, 110, Ill, 113, 114, 115, 117, 119, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 138, 139, 140, 141, 143, 144, 146, 149, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172,173, 174, 175, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 197, 200, 201, 202, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 218, 219, 220, 221, 223, 224, 227, 228, 229, 232, 233, 236, 238, 239, 240, 241, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 250, 251, 253, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 267, 268, 273, 274, 276, 280, 282, 284, 285, 287, 288, 289, 290, 293, 294, 297, 298, 299, 300, 302, 304, 305, 307

Book of the Knight de la Tour Landry referred to 92

Bower MS. referred to 100

Brahma 29, 30, 31, 37, 39, 42, 43, 45, 48, 51, 62, 92, 98, 153, 188, 193, .199, 220, 229, 247, 285, 287, 293, 298

Brahmadatta 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 19, 21, 23, 28, 34, 36, 39, 41, 44, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 60, 64, 66, 68, 70, 75, 76, 79, 81, 85, 88, 92, 93, 94, 96, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 106, 111, 113, 114, 115, 117, 121, 123, 125, 126, 127, 129, 138, 140, 143, 145, 152, 154, 156, 159, 160, 162, 163, 165, 168, 171, 172, 179, 180, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 189, 193, 197, 200, 203, 205, 218, 221, 223, 224, 227, 232, 233, 235, 240, 245, 246, 248, 261, 262, 264, 267, 268, 273, 276, 280, 284, 285, 287, 288, 290, 292, 294, 298, 299, 300, 302, 304, 305, 307

Buddha 11, 31, 37, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 64, 77, 91, 92, 97, 101, 103, 121, 127, 130, 137, 140, 151, 153, 161, 166, 172, 178, 180, 182, 189, 199, 207, 218, 229, 230, 238, 251, 266, 267, 268, 273, 280, 282, 283, 284, 303, 304

Buddhaghosha referred to 122

Buddha Kassapa 177

Buddhas, Seven 102

Cariyā-pitaka referred to 110, 251, 262

Çatapatha-brāḥmana referred to 12

Ceylon 89

Ciñcā 85, 112

Cittakūta, Mount 74, 123

Cittalatā, a grove 133

Cittarāja, a goblin 254

Cullavagga quoted or referred to 11, 17, 26, 75, 100, 103, 110, 140, 168

Daddara, Mount 6, 46

Dakkhiṇāgiri, a place 237, 238

Daṇḍaka 23, 24, 26

Dantapura, city 252, 260

Dasaratha, a name 208

Devadatta 26, 27, 28, 42, 48, 49, 68, 85, 87, 103, 104, 106, 107, 110, 112, 113, 114, 131, 138, 139,140, 142, 145, 154, 155, 165, 166, 167, 168, 170, 172, 178, 262, 299, 300, 301

Dhammapada (or its Commentary) referred to 3, 65, 66, 115, 123, 177, 218, 241, 251, 257, 284, 302

Dhanañjaya, a merchant 239

" a legendary king 251, 252, 254

Dhanuggahatissa, Elder 275, 279

Divyāvadāna referred to 118, 216; 229

Gagga 12,

Gandhāra 32, 152, 153

Ganges 101, 105, 111, 179, 197, 229, 230, 233, 237, 246, 281, 248, 289, 307

Ganges, the heavenly 45

Garahitapiṭṭhi Rock 130

Garuḷa xx, 10, 11

Gayāsīsa 26, 138

Gesta Romanorum referred to 92

Gotama 118, 151, 152, 172, 180, 182, 267, 283, 284

Gotamī 142

Grimm referred to 69, 207

Guttila, the musician 172, 178

Herodotus quoted 15

Herondas quoted 127

Hesiod quoted 15

Himalaya 5, 8, 24, 28, 36, 38, 39, 43, 45, 47, 50, 51, 53, 59, 63, 70, 71, 75, 92, 97, 110, 111, 119, 120, 123, 124, 129, 137, 138, 140, .159, 160, 162, 168,179, 182, 187, 190, 191, 192, 193, 203, 235, 246, 262, 268, 270, 271, 274, 280, 284, 293, 298, 305

Hitopadesa referred to 181

Indapatta, a city 149, 251, 252

India, *saepissime*

Indian Nights' Entertainments quoted 129

Isipatana, a place near Benares 243, 244

Jains, the 182

Janapadakalyāṇī 63, 64

Janasandha, a legendary king 207, 209

Jātaka-Mālā referred to 44, 262

Jātakas referred to in the text:

Abbhantara 295

Cullanāradakassapa 285

(Daddara, not by name 75)

Gijjha 28

Indriya 79

" 302

Juṇha 290

Kāka 221

(Kalāya-muṭṭhi, not by name 146)

Kāliṅga-bodhi 222

Kāma 149

Khadiraṅga 279

Mahābodhi 53

Mahāsāra 17

Mahāsīlava 273

Mahā-ummagga 43, 53, 80

Mahilāmukha 67

(Nakula, not by name 246)

Naṅguṭṭha 29

(Paṇṇika, not by name 126)

Puppharatta 302

Sāketa 57

" (not by name) 162

Sāma 34

Saṁvara 13

Sigāla 218

Silavīmaṁsa 292

Suruci 231

Takkāriya 123

" 244

Tesakuṇa 1

Uddāla 47

Ummadantī 81

Ummagga, *see* Mahā-ummagga

Jātakas referred to in the text (*cont*.):

Uraga 36

" (not by name) 246

Jātakas translated in this book:

Abbhantara 267

Ādiccupaṭṭhāna 50

Alīna-citta 13

Anabhirati 68

Anta 300

Araka 42

Ārāma-dūsa 237

Asadisa 60

Asitābhu 158

Assaka 108

Baka 161

Bandhanāgāra 97

Bhadra-ghata 293

Bharu 118

Catumaṭṭa 73

Cūlanandiya 140

Culla-paduma 81

Culla-palobhana 227

Daddara 45

Dadhivāhana 69

Dhammaddhaja 131

Dūbhiya-makkaṭa 48

Duddada 59

Dūta 221

Dutiya-palāyi 153

Ekapada 163

Gagga 11

Gahapati 94

Gāmaṇi-caṇḍa 207

Gaṅgeyya 104

Garahita 129

Gijjha 34

Giridanta 67

Guṇa 17

Gūtha-pāṇa 147

Guttila 172

Harita-māta 164

Indasamānagotta 28

Jambu-khādaka 299

Jarudapāna 205

Kacchapa 55

" 123

" 246

Kakaṇṭaka 43

Kakkara 112

Kakkaṭa 235

Kalāya-muṭṭhi 51

Kalyāṇa-dhamma 44

Kāmanīta 149

Kāmavilāpa 302

Kandagalaka 113

Kapi 187

Kāsāva 138

Kaya-vicchinda 297

Keḷisīla 98

Khandha-vatta 100

Khanti-vaṇṇana 145

Khurappa 231

Kiṁsukopama 184

Komāyaputta 305

Jātakas translated in this book (*cont.*):

Kosiya 146

Kumbhīla 145

Kuṇḍaka-kucchi-sindhava 199

Kuru-dhamma 251

Kuruṅga-miga 106

Kūṭa-vāṇija 127

Lābha-garaha 287

Lola 248

Maccha 125

Macchuddāna 288

Mahā-panāda 229

Mahā-piṅgala 165

Mahisa 262

Makkaṭa 47

Mandhātu 216

Maṇi-cora 85

Maṇi-kaṇṭha 197

Maṇi-sūkara 283

Mittāmitta 91

Mora 23

Mudu-pāṇi 224

Mūla-pariyāya 180

Nakula 36

Nānacchanda 290

Pabbatūpatthara 88

Pādañjali 183

Paduma 222

Palāyi 151

Puṇṇa-nadī 121

Puṭa-bhatta 142

Puṭa-dūsaka 266

Rādha 92

Rājovāda 1

Romaka 260

Rucira 250

Ruhaka 79

Sabba-dāṭha 168

Sādhu-sīla 96

Sāketa 162

Sakuṇagghi 40

Sālaka 186

Sālūka 285

Saṁgāma-vacara 63

Samiddhi 39

Saṁkappa 189

Samudda 301

Santhava 29

Sata-dhamma 57

Satapatta 264

Seggu 126

Seyya 273

Sigāla 4

Sīha-camma 76

Sīha-koṭṭhuka 75

Sīlānisaṁsa 77

Sāla-vīmaṁsa 292

Siri 279

Siri-kāḷakaṇṇi 80

Somadatta 115

Suhanu 21

Sujāta 239

Suka 203

Sūkara 7

Suṁsumāra 110

Jātakas referred to in this book (*cont.*):

Sunakha 170

Supatta 295

Susīma 31

Telovāda 182

Tila-muṭṭhi 193

Tiṇḍuka 53

Tirīṭa-vaccha 218

Ucchiṭṭha-bhatta 117

Udapāna-dūsaka 243

Udumbara 303

Ulūka 242

Upāhana 154

Upasāḷha 37

Uraga 9

Vaccha-nakha 160

Vaḍḍhaki-sūkara 275

Vaka 306

Valāhassa 89

Vālodaka 65

Vātagga-sindhava 233

Vikaṇṇaka 157

Viṇā-thūṇa 156

Vinīlaka 26

Vīraka 103

Vīticcha 178

Vyaggha 244

Jātiyā grove 229

Jeta, prince 152

Jetavana 7, 11, 13, 17, 21, 23, 28, 29, 31, 36, 37, 40, 42, 44, 45, 47, 50, 51, 55, 59, 60, 63, 64, 65, 68, 69, 73, 75, 76, 77, 79, 88, 89, 92, 94, 96, 97, 98, 103, 104, 108, 112, 117, 118, 119, 121, 123, 125, 126, 127, 129, 138, 142, 145, 146, 147, 149, 151, 152; 153, 156, 157, 158, 160, 161, 163, 165, 170, 178, 183; 184, 186, 187, 193, 199, 200, 203, 205, 207, 216, 218, 221, 222, 223; 224, 227, 231, 233, 235, 237, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 251, 262, 264, 266, 267, 273, 275, 283, 285, 287, 288, 290, 292, 293, 295, 297, 298, 301, 302, 303, 306

Jumna 105

Kāliṅga, a kingdom 252, 260

Kalyāṇi, river in Ceylon 90

Kāmanīta, a brahmin 149

Kaṁsa, King 274

Kapila 63

Kāsi 11, 39, 47, 48, 50, 59, 70, 71, 92, 94, 101, 103, 108, 115, 117, 121, 143, 154, 164, 171, 179, 218, 246, 264, 268, 275, 280

Kassapa 13

" Buddha 77, 177

" the Eider 260

" the tortoise clan 247

Kattika, a month 254

" feast 254

Kekaka, a city 149, 150

Khandhakaṁ 283

Khemā 24

Khuddaka Pātha quoted 280

Kīṭāgiri, a place 264

Kitavāsa, King 137

Kokālika 45, 46, 75, 76, 77, 123, 124, 244, 245, 246, 299, 300, 301

Kolita, a man 260

Komāya 306

Koṇḍañña clan 247

Kosala 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 16, 17, 51, 88, 89, 97, 118, 145, 146, 164, 200, 218, 246, 268, 273, 275

Kosalā, a princess 275

Kosiya (' owl'), name of a clan 175

Koṭi, a village 230

Kuccāna, a man 260

Kukkurovāda referred to 40

Kuru, a city 150

" kingdom 251

Lakuṇṭaka, Elder 98, 100

Lāḷudāyi, Elder, see Udāyī.

Licchavi 4, 7

Lohita, a heretic 264

Magadha 38, 148

Mahākassapa 64, 197

Mahākosala, King 164, 275

Mahāmāyā 17, 34, 98

Mahānāma the Sakya 54

Mahāsoṇa 21

Mahāvagga referred to 230, 306

Mahāvana 4

Mahāvastu referred to 60, 62, 110, 112

Mallians, the 65, 160

Mallika 2, 3

Manosilā 63

Mann quoted 275

Māra 41, 167

Mātali, charioteer of Sakka 176, 178

Mathura, carving at, identified as a Jātaka scene 90

Māyā 260

Mettiya, a heretic 264

Milinda referred to 140, 168, 172, 216

Mithilā, a town 27, 231

Moggallāna 4, 7, 26, 64, 74, 107, 119, 183, 244, 245, 246, 268, 305

Nāgadīpa, island off Ceylon 90

Nāḷāgiri, elephant 140, 168

Nāḷikera, island of 121

Nanda 63, 64, 65

" a place 137

Nandaka's preaching 268

Nandana, a grove 133

Nandapaṇḍita, a man 260

Nātaputta 182

Nāthaputta 182, 183

Nerbudda, the 237

New Testament referred to 77

Nirvana 17, 26, 78, 91, 139, 184, 230, 282

North Indian Notes and Queries quoted 30, 72, 129, 132

Okkāka, a mythical king 299

Pacceka-buddha 57, 137, 139, 231, 282

Pāli words explained:

agatigataṁ 1

ahivātaroga 55, 206

āḷambara drum 237

ānaka drum 237

aññaṁ vyākaroti 230

asura (fallen angel) 99

caturaṅgasamannāgataṁ 134

citta-pasāda 59

dija, 'twice-born,' of birds and brahmins 162

gandhakuṭī 152

gandhapañcaṅgulikaṁ 72

gāvutaddhayojanamatte 147

heṭṭhamañca 286

-jaṁghakahāpaṇādigahanena 166

jātaveda, 'fire' 226

kākaguyha 122

kākapeyya 122, 302

kālaghasa 181

kiṁsuka tree 184

lakāra, laṅkāra 78

nakkhatta 194

nāsikavāta 206

ñatti 258

peta (ghost) 99

rajjugāhakaamacca 257

sālaka, a term of abuse 186

sāratthi 257

tiṇḍuka tree 53

titthiya 182

Panāda, a legendary king 230, 231

Pañcatantra referred to 79, 81, 83, 123, 285

Paṇḍuka, a heretic 264

Pāṇini referred to 122

Pārāsariya, a brahmin teacher 142

Pasenadi, King 11, 200, 275

Phaedrus referred to 123

Piṭakas, the Three 172, 180

Plato referred to 134

Potali, city of 108

Pubbārāma 305

Punabbasu, a heretic 264

Puṇṇa, a man 260

Puññalakkhaṇā, Lady 279, 280

Pythagoreans compared 134

Questions of Milinda referred to 140, 168, 172, 216

Raghuvaṁsa quoted 32

Rāhula 46, 48, 75, 98, 188, 268, 295

Rāhula's mother 87, 98, 260, 268, 272, 295

Rājagaha 38, 39, 138, 264

Roja the Mallian 160, 161

Sāketa, a place 162

" a name 162

Sakka 63, 70, 87, 99, 100, 132, 133, 134, 135, 149, 150, 151, 152, 174, 175, 176, 177, 216, 217, 231, 259, 260, 269, 294, 295, 307, 308

Sakuṇovāda-sutta 40

Sakya clan (Sākiya, Sakka) 11, 267, 283, 301

Samiddhi 39

Samyutta Nikāya referred to 100

Sanchi Tope 60, Addenda p. xx

Sāriputta 4, 7, 17, 26, 27, 34, 36, 64, 74, 78, 103, 107, 110, 112, 119, 138, 142, 183, 199, 200, 203, 244, 245, 246, 260, 262, 267, 268, 272, 287, 295, 297

Satadhamma 57

Sāvatthi 9, 31, 44, 52, 55, 59, 65, 68, 91, 104, 127, 138, 142, 151, 156, 158, 163, 178, 189, 199, 205, 216, 223, 229, 233, 235, 251, 262, 264, 266, 268, 297

Senaka 54

Seneca quoted 127

Sīhasenāpati 182

Simonides referred to 134

Sineru, Mount 189

Sirīsavatthu, a goblin town 89

Subhagavana Park 180

Suddhodana 34, 98

Suhanu 22

Sujātā, a lady 239, 240, 242

Sundarī, a woman murdered by the heretics 283, 284

Susīma 32, 33, 34

Sutta Nipāta referred to 196, 284

Suttavibhaṅga referred to 197

Takkasilā 2, 27, 32, 36, 47, 50, 59, 60, 68, 96, 121, 141, 152, 153, 189, 193, 195, 196, 218, 221, 224, 241, 251, 273, 280, 290

Talmud referred to 221

Tapoda Park 39

Tathāgata 60, 140, 154, 163, 184, 251

Tevijja-Sutta referred to 127

Therīgāthā referred to 55

Tibetan Tales referred to 80, 81, 216

Tunisische Märchen referred to 129

Udāna quoted 283

Udāyī, a foolish Elder 115, 116, 183, 184

Ukkaṭṭhā, a place 180

Upananda, Elder 301, 302

Upasāḷha 37, 38

Upasena, a Brother 306

Uppalavaṇṇā, a woman 260

Utta, Elder 275

Uttarapañcāla, a city 149, 150

Vacaspati's Dictionary quoted 122

Vajirā, princess 275

Vedas, the Three 30, 32, 33, 34, 60, 68, 69, 168, 180, 181, 287

Vejayanta, Sakka's palace 152

Veḷuvana, *see* Bamboo Grove

Vesāli, a place 4, 180

Vessavaṇa, 12, 271, 272

Videha, kingdom of 27, 28, 231

Vimāna-vatthu referred to 175, 177, 178

Vinaya mentioned 306

Visākhā, a lady 200, 239

Yama, gatekeeper of hell 167

INDEX OF MATTERS.

Accomplishments, Eighteen 60, 287

Air, passing through the, a supernatural power of ascetics 70, 71, 191, 192, 229

Alms for alms 57, 214

Alms-halls 83, 84, 252, 253

Alms, how not to give 31

Alms-pilgrimage 230, 237

Archer's garb 61

Army, its four parts 66

" modes of drawing up 275

Ascetics, four classes of contented 301

" Thirteen Practices of 307

Ascetic, sham 47, 139, 188, 261, 278

Astrology 16, 127, 291

Attainments, see Faculties and 287

Bath-money, a queen's allowance 164, 275

Being, Five Elements of 184

" Eighteen Constituents of 184

Birth: immediate reincarnation due to keen desire, and brought about without parents 264

Birth-fire 30

Blessings, Eleven 9, 42

Bodhisatta peculiar from his birth 228

" tempted and sins 228, 265

Bonds, what are the real 228

Buddha, attempts to injure 85, 106, 110, 131, 140, 165, 166, 168, 172

" imitating of 103, 113

Captain of the Faith 7, 64, 112, 138, 200, 268, 295

Carpenters, village of 14; their tools and mode of work 14

Chinese funeral custom 25

City guards 98

Clan, tortoise 247

Commander-in-chief 13

Constituents of Being, Eighteen 184

Conception by eating fruit alluded to 269

" eremonies done at 1

Coronation: fig-wood chair and three shells used in the ceremony 278

Cranes conceived at the sound of thunder 249

'Crane's sleep,' proverb for trickery 162

Disciples, four classes of 7

Discrepancy between verses and story 127, 155

Disease tricked by escaping through a hole in the wall 55

'Door' question, the 163

Dove's-foot nymphs 63

Drum made of a crab's claw 237

Earning a living, Twenty-one unlawful ways 57

Ecstasies, Four 172

Eighteen Accomplishments 60, 287

Eighteen Constituents of Being 184

Eight Stages of Knowledge 180

Elements of Being, Five 184

" Four Principal 184

Elephant Festivals 32, 33, 34

" manual 32, 33, 34

" of State 16

" with thorn in its foot 14

Eleven Blessings, 9, 42

Emendations suggested 1, 104, 167, 168, 174, 194, 197, 267, 290, 302, 303

Excellences, the four 29, 37, 39, 42, 43, 48, 92, 102

Existence, three stages of 56

Faculties and Attainments, the 31, 36, 38, 39, 45, 50, 62, 92, 98, 108, 120, 159, 188, 190, 199, 220, 229, 246, 268, 280, 293, 298

Fate written upon the forehead 84, 195

Festivals 32, 254

Fire lit at birth 30

" sacred 30

Five Elements of Being 184

Five Pleasures of Sense 41

Five Precepts, see Precepts

Five-spray garlands 72, 177

Five Virtues 44, 251, 252, 260

Flying horse 90

Forehead, fate written upon 84, 195

Four Ecstasies 172

Four Excellences, see Excellences

Four Great Kings 61, 62, 217

Four Principal Elements 184

Four Supernatural Powers 216

Four Virtues, a man with 134, 145

Four worlds of misery 98, 262

Friends, which should be avoided 266

Gifts, rules about 18

Goblins 12, 89, 103, 271

Grain, measuring of 258

Grateful Beasts, new form of 35

Great Renunciation 60

Hall of Truth 9, 21, 31, 44, 46, 48, 64, 91, 112, 121, 140, 148, 154, 156, 157, 159, 164, 166, 168, 171, 182, 183, 186, 187, 193, 200, 203, 207, 216, 223, 224, 227, 240, 242, 243, 245, 268, 275, 295, 298, 299, 301, 304, 305

Headman, village 94

Heaven, by what deeds won 177 f.

" of the Four Great Kings 217

" Brahma's, *saepe*

Hells, the Four 98, 262

Hereditary rights 32

Heretics 31, 118, 119, 182, 264, 283

Hero's Tasks, new form of 131

Imitating the Buddha, 103, 113

Immortality won by eating a Golden Peacock 25

Inscriptions, upon golden plates 24, 255 ff.

Insight 268

Jains, the 182

Japanese variant 110

Jewel of serpent 197 ff.

Judas tree 184, 185

Judgements given 212 f.

Kalevala quoted 1

King as rain-maker 252

Kings dress like the gods 252

'King's officer' 209

Knowledge, Eight Stages of 180

Kuru righteousness 251 ff.

Life-token 111, cp. 279

Lotus army 275

Luck 44, 127, 265, 279, 282, 291

Lucky days 194

" speech 44, 265

Magic razor-axe 70

" milk-bowl 70

" drum 70

" gem 70

" powers gained by eating certain birds 280

Marriage rule 247

Master of the Ceremonies 32

Meat-eating 182

Merit, how conferred 221, 288, 289

'Messenger' 221

Metre in the text of the Jātakas 23, 24

Mice and rats, their gnawing unlucky 127

Miracles of saints 77

Moderation 204

Music, technicalities of 172, 173, 175, 176

Naked ascetics 182, 183

Name-day 218

Northern brahmin 57, 299

Nymphs 63, 175, 177

Ordination 230, 298

Owl clan 175

Palace of Sakka 132, 269

Paths, the 9, 17, 21, 26, 31, 34, 36, 38, 39, 42, 56, 58, 65, 69, 77, 78, 80, 85, 91, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 110, 118, 125, 126, 130, 144, 158, 159, 163, 164, 188, 193, 196, 203, 205, 215, 218, 222, 226, 229, 230, 232, 250, 260, 268, 286, 290, 298, 303

Precepts, Five 4, 13, 25, 205

Precious Things, the Seven 216

Problems in folk-tales 207, 209

Processions 16

Rain-maker 252

Refuges, Three 4, 17, 44, 205

Release 9

Renunciation, Great 60

Riddles 122, 130, 225, 269

Robes for Buddhist priests, rules about 18

Royal Virtues, ten 1, 273

Russian unpublished variant 110

Seven Precious Things 216

Seven Treasures of Empire 268

Similes 155, 166, 191, 220, 229, 236, 284

Sin of the Bodhisatta 228, 265

Snake-charmer 186

Snakes' breath poisonous 55, 206; Breeds of snakes 101; Charms against 101; Guardians of treasure 214; Jewels in their heads 197 ff.

Sneezing, an omen 11 ff.

Spells 23, 101, 168

Spirit of hill 82; river 288, 289; sea 78, 302; tree 105, 113, 148, 211, 245, 263, 276, 278, 299, 300, 301, 304, 305; woodland 159

State elephant 16

Succession of Causes, chapter on 180

Sun, adjured 23, 24

Supernatural power 229

" Powers, the Four 216

Tax-gatherer 13

Ten Royal Virtues 1, 273

Thirty-three Archangels 25, 62, 63, 64, 216, 217

Thirty-six, the 216

Three Refuges, see Refuges

Three stages of existence 56

Three Treasures 78, 102, 189

Throne of Sakka grows hot 87, 132, 174

Thunder, proverb concerning 237

" cranes conceived at the sound of 249

Tortoise clan 247

Touch, six spheres of 184

Trance, mystic 188, 192

Treasure guarded by snakes 211

Treasurer of the faith 18, 64

Treasures of Empire, the seven 268

Truths, the 9, 17, 21, 26, 34, 36, 39, 42, 56, 58, 69, 78, 80, 85, 91, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 110, 118, 125, 126, 130, 144, 158, 159, 164, 188, 189, 193, 196, 203, 205, 215, 218, 222, 226, 229, 232, 243, 244, 247, 250, 260, 263, 286, 290, 298, 303, 306

Twenty-one unlawful ways of earning a living 57

Umbrella, white 274

'Uncle' = mother's brother, term of affection 210

Verses and story, discrepancy between 127, 155

Village headman 94

Virtues, Five 251, 252, 260

" Ten 1, 273

Waggon army 275

Water, not to be defiled 15

Waxing and waning period 42

Wheel army 275

Wheel of Empire 217

Wickedness, Four Ways of 1

Winnowing basket 277

Wishing Cup 294

Wives, seven kinds of 239, 240

Women, Buddhist opinion of 226, 228, 234

Writing upon a leaf 122

" on a golden plate 24

Yellowstone throne of Sakka 63

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The Jataka, Vol. II: Page Index

Preface

page vii
page viii

Contents

page ix
page x
page xi
page xii
page xiii
page xiv
page xv
page xvi
page xvii
page xviii
page xix
page xx

No. 151. Rājovāda-Jātaka

page 1
page 2
page 3
page 4

No. 152. Sigāla-Jātaka

page 5
page 6
page 7

No. 153 Sūkara-Jātaka

page 8
page 9

No. 154. Uraga-Jātaka

page 10
page 11

No. 155. Gagga-Jātaka

page 12
page 13

No. 156. Alīnacitta-Jātaka

page 14
page 15
page 16
page 17

No. 157. Guṇa-Jātaka

page 18
page 19
page 20
page 21

No. 158. Suhanu-Jātaka

page 22

No. 159. Mora-Jātaka

page 23
page 24
page 25
page 26

No. 160. Vinīlaka-Jātaka

page 27
page 28

No. 161. Indasamānagotta-Jātaka

page 29

No. 162. Santhava-Jātaka

page 30
page 31

No. 163. Susīma-Jātaka

page 32
page 33
page 34

No. 164. Gijjha-Jātaka

page 35

page 36

No. 165. Nakula-Jātaka

page 37

No. 166. Upasāḷha-Jātaka

page 38
page 39

No. 167. Samiddhi-Jātaka

page 40

No. 168. Sakuṇagghi-Jātaka

page 41
page 42

No. 169. Araka-Jātaka

page 43

No. 171. Kalyāṇa-Dhamma-Jātaka

page 44
page 45

No. 172. Daddara-Jātaka

page 46

No. 173. Makkaṭa-Jātaka

page 47
page 48

No. 174. Dūbhiya-Makkaṭa-Jātaka

page 49

No. 175. Ādiccupaṭṭhāna-Jātaka

page 50
page 51

No. 176. Kalāya-Muṭṭhi-Jātaka

page 52

No. 177. Tiṇḍuka-Jātaka

page 53
page 54

No. 178. Kacchapa-Jātaka

page 55
page 56

No. 179. Satadhamma-Jātaka

page 57
page 58

No. 180. Duddada-Jātaka

page 59

No. 181. Asadisa-Jātaka

page 60
page 61
page 62
page 63

No. 182. Saṁgāmāvacara-Jātaka

page 64
page 65

No. 183. Vālodaka-Jātaka

page 66
page 67

No. 184. Giridanta-Jātaka

page 68

No. 185. Anabhirati-Jātaka

page 69

No. 186. Dadhi-Vāhana-Jātaka

page 70
page 71
page 72
page 73

No. 187. Catumaṭṭa-Jātaka

page 74

No. 188. Sīhakoṭṭhuka-Jātaka

page 75

No. 189. Sīhacamma-Jātaka

page 76
page 77

No. 190. Sīlānisaṁsa-Jātaka

page 78

No. 191. Ruhaka-Jātaka

page 79
page 80

No. 193. Culla-Paduma-Jātaka

page 81
page 82
page 83
page 84
page 85

No. 194. Maṇicora-Jātaka

page 86
page 87

No. 195. Pabbatūpatthara-Jātaka

page 88
page 89

No. 196. Valāhassa-Jātaka

page 90
page 91

No. 197. Mittāmitta-Jātaka

page 92

No. 198.

page 93
page 94

No. 199. Gahapati-Jātaka

page 95

No. 200. Sādhusīla-Jātaka

page 96
page 97

No. 201. Bandhanāgāra-Jātaka

page 98

No. 202. Keḷi-Sīla-Jātaka

page 99
page 100

No. 203. Khandha-Vatta-Jātaka

page 101
page 102

No. 204. Vīraka-Jātaka

page 103
page 104

No. 205. Gaṅgeyya-Jātaka

page 105

No. 206. Kuruṅga-Miga-Jātaka

page 106
page 107

No. 207. Assaka-Jātaka

page 108
page 109
page 110

No. 208. Suṁsumāra-Jātaka

page 111
page 112

No. 209. Kakkara-Jātaka

page 113

No. 210. Kandagalaka-Jātaka

page 114

No. 211. Somadatta-Jātaka

page 115
page 116

No. 212. Ucchiṭṭha-Bhatta-Jātaka

page 117
page 118

No. 213. Bharu-Jātaka

page 119
page 120
page 121

No. 214. Puṇṇa-Nadī-Jātaka

page 122

No. 215. Kacchapa-Jātaka

page 123
page 124

No. 216. Maccha-Jātaka

page 125

No. 217. Seggu-Jātaka

page 126

No. 218. Kūṭa-Vāṇija-Jātaka

page 127
page 128
page 129

No. 219. Garahita-Jātaka

page 130

No. 220. Dhammaddhaja-Jātaka

page 131
page 132
page 133
page 134
page 135
page 136
page 137
page 138

No. 221. Kāsāva-Jātaka

page 139

No. 222. Cūla-Nandiya-Jātaka

page 140
page 141
page 142

No. 223. Puṭa-Bhatta-Jātaka

page 143
page 144

No. 224. Kumbhīla-Jātaka

page 145

No. 225. Khanti-Vaṇṇana-Jātaka

page 146

No. 226. Kosiya-Jātaka

page 147

No. 227. Gūtha-Pāṇa-Jātaka

page 148

No. 228. Kāmanīta-Jātaka

page 149
page 150
page 151

No. 229. Palāyi-Jātaka

page 152

No. 230. Dutiya-Palāyi-Jātaka

page 153

No. 231. Upāhana-Jātaka

page 154
page 155

No. 232. Vīṇā-Thūṇa-Jātaka

page 156
page 157

No. 233. Vikaṇṇaka-Jātaka

page 158

No. 234. Asitābhū-Jātaka

page 159
page 160

No. 235. Vaccha-Nakha-Jātaka

page 161

No. 236. Baka-Jātaka

page 162

No. 237. Sāketa-Jātaka

page 163

No. 238. Ekapada-Jātaka

page 164

No. 239. Harita-Māta-Jātaka

page 165

No. 240. Mahāpiṅgala-Jātaka

page 166
page 167

No. 241. Sabbadāṭha-Jātaka

page 168
page 169
page 170

No. 242. Sunakha-Jātaka

page 171

No. 243. Guttila-Jātaka

page 172
page 173
page 174
page 175
page 176
page 177
page 178

No. 244. Vīticcha-Jātaka

page 179

No. 245. Mūla-Pariyāya-Jātaka

page 180
page 181

No. 246. Telovāda-Jātaka

page 182
page 183

No. 247. Pādañjali-Jātaka

page 184

No. 248. Kiṁsukopama-Jātaka

page 185

No. 249. Sālaka-Jātaka

page 186
page 187

No. 250. Kapi-Jātaka

page 188

No. 251. Saṁkappa-Jātaka

page 189
page 190
page 191
page 192
page 193

No. 252. Tila-Muṭṭhi-Jātaka

page 194
page 195
page 196

No. 253. Maṇi-Kaṇṭha-Jātaka

page 197
page 198
page 199

No. 254. Kuṇḍaka-Kucchi-Sindhava-Jātaka

page 200
page 201
page 202
page 203

No. 255. Suka-Jātaka

page 204
page 205

No. 256. Jarudapāna-Jātaka

page 206

No. 257. Gāmaṇi-Caṇḍa-Jātaka

page 207
page 208
page 209
page 210
page 211

page 212
page 213
page 214
page 215

No. 258. Mandhātu-Jātaka

page 216
page 217
page 218

No. 259. Tirīṭa-Vaccha-Jātaka

page 219
page 220

No. 260. Dūta-Jātaka

page 221
page 222

No. 261. Paduma-Jātaka

page 223
page 224

No. 262. Mudu-Pāṇi-Jātaka

page 225
page 226

No. 263. Culla-Palobhana-Jātaka

page 227

page 228
page 229

No. 264. Mahā-Panāda-Jātaka

page 230
page 231

No. 265. Khurappa-Jātaka

page 232

No. 266. Vātagga-Sindhava-Jātaka

page 233
page 234
page 235

No. 267. Kakkatā-Jātaka

page 236
page 237

No. 268. Ārāma-Dūsa-Jātaka

page 238
page 239

No. 269. Sujāta-Jātaka

page 240
page 241
page 242

No. 270. Ulūka-Jātaka

page 243

No. 271. Udapāna-Dūsaka-Jātaka

page 244

No. 272. Vyaggha-Jātaka

page 245
page 246

No. 273. Kacchapa-Jātaka

page 247

No. 274. Lola-Jātaka

page 248
page 249
page 250

No. 276. Kurudhamma-Jātaka

page 251
page 252
page 253
page 254
page 255
page 256
page 257
page 258

page 259
page 260

No. 277. Romaka-Jātaka

page 261
page 262

No. 278. Mahisa-Jātaka

page 263

No. 279. Satapatta-Jātaka

page 264
page 265
page 266

No. 280. Puṭa-Dūsaka-Jātaka

page 267

No. 281. Abbhantara-Jātaka

page 268
page 269
page 270
page 271
page 272

No. 282. Seyya-Jātaka

page 273
page 274

No. 283. Vaḍḍhaki-Sūkara-Jātaka

page 275
page 276
page 277
page 278
page 279

No. 284. Siri-Jātaka

page 280
page 281
page 282

No. 285. Maṇisūkara-Jātaka

page 283
page 284
page 285

No. 286. Sālūka-Jātaka

page 286

No. 287. Lābha-Garaha-Jātaka

page 287

No. 288. Macch-Uddāna-Jātaka

page 288
page 289
page 290

No. 289. Nāna-Cchanda-Jātaka

page 291
page 292

No. 290. Sīla-Vīmaṁsa-Jātaka

page 293

No. 291. Bhadra-Ghaṭa-Jātaka

page 294
page 295

No. 292. Supatta-Jātaka

page 296
page 297

No. 293. Kāya-Vicchinda-Jātaka

page 298

No. 294. Jambu-Khādaka-Jātaka

page 299
page 300

No. 295. Anta-Jātaka

page 301

No. 296. Samudda-Jātaka

page 302

No. 297. Kāma-Vilāpa-Jātaka

page 303

No. 298. Udumbara-Jātaka

page 304
page 305

No. 299. Komāya-Putta-Jātaka

page 306

No. 300. Vaka-Jātaka

page 307
page 308

Index of Names and Pali Words

page 309
page 310
page 311
page 312
page 313

Index of Matters

page 314
page 315
page 316

Errata

page xv: 'ASITĀBHU-JĀTAKA'->'ASITĀBHŪ-JĀTAKA'

---

page 38: 'Upasālhaka'->'Upasāḷhaka'

---

page 269: 'time time'->'time'

---

page 272: 'Vessavana'->'Vessavaṇa'

---

page 311: 'Dhammadhaja'->'Dhammaddhaja'

---

page 312: 'Konḍañña'->'Koṇḍañña'

---

page 312: 'Udāyi'->'Udāyī'

---

page 313: 'Sakunovāda'->'Sakuṇovāda'

---

page 313: 'Sīhasenapati'->'Sīhasenāpati'

---

page 313: 'Suddhodhana'->'Suddhodana'

---

page 313: 'Thērīgāthā'->'Therīgāthā'

---

page 313: 'Udāyi'->'Udāyī'

The Jataka

Volume III

tr. by H.T. Francis and R.A. Neil

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Contents Start Reading Page Index Text [Zipped]

VOLUME I | VOLUME II | **VOLUME III** | VOLUME IV | VOLUME V | VOLUME V

This is volume three of six of the complete Jataka translation edited by E.B. Cowell. The Jataka is the treasury of tales of the past lives of the Buddha.

Title Page
Table of Contents
No. 301.: Cullakāliṅga-Jātaka
No. 302.: Mahāassāroha-Jātaka.

No. 303.: Ekarāja-Jātaka.
No. 304.: Daddara-Jātaka.
No. 305.: Sīlavīmaṁsana-Jātaka.
No. 306.: Sujāta-Jātaka.
No. 307.: Palāsa-Jātaka.
No. 308.: Javasakuṇa-Jātaka.
No. 309.: Chavaka-Jātaka.
No. 310.: Sayha-Jātaka.
No. 311.: Pucimanda-Jātaka.
No. 312.: Kassapamandiya-Jātaka.
No. 313.: Khantivādi-Jātaka.
No. 314.: Lohakumbhi-Jātaka.
No. 315.: Maṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 316.: Sasa-Jātaka.
No. 317.: Matarodana-Jātaka.
No. 318.: Kanavera-Jātaka.
No. 319.: Tittira-Jātaka.
No. 320.: Succaja-Jātaka.
No. 321.: Kuṭidūsaka-Jātaka.
No. 322.: Daddabha-Jātaka.
No. 323.: Brahmadatta-Jātaka.
No. 324.: Cammasāṭaka-Jātaka.
No. 325.: Godha-Jātaka.
No. 326.: Kakkāru-Jātaka.
No. 327.: Kākāti-Jātaka.
No. 328.: Ananusociya-Jātaka.
No. 329.: Kālabāhu-Jātaka.
No. 330.: Sīlavīmaṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 331.: Kokālika-Jātaka.
No. 332.: Rathalaṭṭhi-Jātaka.
No. 333.: Godha-Jātaka.
No. 334.: Rājovāda-Jātaka.

No. 335.: Jambuka-Jātaka.
No. 336.: Brahāchatta-Jātaka.
No. 337.: Pīṭha-Jātaka.
No. 338.: Thusa-Jātaka.
No. 339.: Bāveru-Jātaka.
No. 340.: Visayha-Jātaka.
No. 341.: Kaṇḍari-Jātaka.
No. 342.: Vānara-Jātaka.
No. 343.: Kuntani-Jātaka.
No. 344.: Ambacora-Jātaka.
No. 345.: Gajakumbha-Jātaka.
No. 346.: Kesava-Jātaka.
No. 347.: Ayakūṭa-Jātaka.
No. 348.: Araññha-Jātaka.
No. 349.: Sandhibheda-Jātaka.
No. 350.: Devatāpañha-Jātaka.
No. 351.: Maṇikuṇḍala-Jātaka.
No. 352.: Sujāta-Jātaka.
No. 353.: Dhonasākha-Jātaka.
No. 354.: Uraga-Jātaka.
No. 355.: Ghata-Jātaka.
No. 356.: Kāraṇḍiya-Jātaka.
No. 357.: Laṭukika-Jātaka.
No. 358.: Culladhammapāla-Jātaka.
No. 359.: Suvaṇṇamiga-Jātaka.
No. 360.: Sussondi-Jātaka.
No. 361.: Vaṇṇāroha-Jātaka.
No. 362.: Sīlavīmaṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 363.: Hiri-Jātaka.
No. 364.: Khajjopanaka-Jātaka.
No. 365.: Ahiguṇḍika-Jātaka.
No. 366.: Gumbiya-Jātaka.

No. 367.: Sāliya-Jātaka.
No. 368.: Tacasāra-Jātaka.
No. 369.: Mittavinda-Jātaka.
No. 370.: Palāsa-Jātaka.
No. 371.: Dīghitikosala-Jātaka.
No. 372.: Migapotaka-Jātaka.
No. 373.: Mūsika-Jātaka.
No. 374.: Culladhanuggaha-Jātaka.
No. 375.: Kapota-Jātaka.
No. 376.: Avāriya-Jātaka.
No. 377.: Setaketu-Jātaka.
No. 378.: Darīmukha-Jātaka.
No. 379.: Neru-Jātaka.
No. 380.: Āsaṅka-Jātaka.
No. 381.: Migālopa-Jātaka.
No. 382.: Sirikālakaṇṇi-Jātaka.
No. 383.: Kukkuṭa-Jātaka.
No. 3841.: Dhammaddhaja-Jātaba.
No. 385.: Nandiyamiga-Jātaka.
No. 386.: Kharaputta-Jātaka.
No. 387.: Sūci-Jātaka.
No. 388.: Tuṇḍila-Jātaka.
No. 389.: Suvaṇṇakakkaṭa-Jātaka.
No. 390.: Mayhaka-Jātaka.
No. 391.: Dhajavihetha-Jātaka.
No. 392.: Bhisapuppha-Jātaka.
No. 393.: Vighāsa-Jātaka.
No. 394.: Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka.
No. 395.: Kāka-Jātaka.
No. 396.: Kukku-Jātaka.
No. 397.: Manoja-Jātaka.
No. 398.: Sutano-Jātaka.

No. 399.: Gijjha-Jātaka.
No. 400.: Dabbhapuppha-Jātaka.
No. 401.: Dasaṇṇaka-Jātaka.
No. 402.: Sattubhasta-Jātaka.
No. 403.: Aṭṭhisena-Jātaka.
No. 404.: Kapi-Jātaka.
No. 405.: Baka-Brahma-Jātaka.
No. 406.: Gandhāra-Jātaka.
No. 407.: Mahākapi-Jātaka.
No. 408.: Kumbhakāra-Jātaka.
No. 409.: Daḷhadhamma-Jātaka.
No. 410.: Somadatta-Jātaka.
No. 411.: Susīma-Jātaka.
No. 412.: Koṭisimbali-Jātaka.
No. 413.: Dhūmakāri-Jātaka.
No. 414.: Jāgara-Jātaka
No. 415.: Kummāsapiṇḍa-Jātaka.
No. 416.: Parantapa-Jātaka.
No. 417.: Kaccāni-Jātaka.
No. 418.: Aṭṭhasadda-Jātaka.
No. 419.: Sulasā-Jātaka.
No. 420.: Sumaṅgala-Jātaka.
No. 421.: Gaṅgamāla-Jātaka.
No. 422.: Cetiya-Jātaka.
No. 423.: Indriya-Jātaka.
No. 424.: Āditta-Jātaka.
No. 425.: Aṭṭhāna-Jātaka.
No. 426.: Dīpi-Jātaka.
No. 427.: Gijjha-Jātaka.
No. 428.: Kosambī-Jātaka.
No. 429.: Mahāsuka-Jātaka.
No. 430.: Cullasuka-Jātaka.

No. 431.: Hārita-Jātaka.
No. 432.: Padakusalamāṇava-Jātaka.
No. 433.: Lomasakassapa-Jātaka.
No. 434.: Cakkavāka-Jātaka.
No. 435.: Haliddirāga-Jātaka.
No. 436.: Samugga-Jātaka.
No. 437.: Pūtimaṅsa-Jātaka.
No. 438.: Tittira-Jātaka.
Index

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. III.

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TO

THE HON. V. FAUSBOLL

WHO FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

HAS SHEWN UNWEARIED ENERGY IN PUBLISHING

THE EDITIO PRINCEPS OF THE PĀLI JĀTAKA

THIS THIRD VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE TRANSLATORS.

Published in Commemoration

of the

2,500th Anniversary of the Buddha-sāsana

PREFACE.

THIS volume of translation corresponds to the third volume of the text, and the translators, Mr. H. T. Francis, and Mr. R. A. Neil, have endeavoured to keep up an uniformity with the plan adopted in the two former volumes. Mr. Francis is responsible for pp. 1-150 and p. 287 to the end, Mr. Neil for pp. 151-286. The Secretary of State for India has kindly given permission to illustrate one of the stories in this volume also from the Bhārhut Stūpa.

The two translators of this volume cannot allow the book to appear without expressing their gratitude to Professor Cowell for his constant help and supervision and for his kindness in compiling the index.

CONTENTS.

30I. CULLAKĀLIṄGA-JĀTAKA 1

A king, being eager to fight, finds occasion to quarrel with another king. Misled by a prophecy of victory and neglecting the omens, he is defeated by his adversary.

302. MAHĀASSĀROHA-JĀTAKA 1

A king, being defeated by rebels, finds a hospitable shelter with a poor countryman, and rewards his benefactor with the half of his kingdom.

303. EKARAJA-JATAKA 9

A king is taken prisoner and tortured, and by his patience under suffering wins his enemy to repentance.

304. DADDARA-JĀTAKA 10

How two brothers were driven from their father's kingdom, and how their pride was humbled by the contumely they suffered in their exile.

305. SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA 12

A teacher tests the virtue of his pupils by tempting them to steal. The only youth, that stands the test, is rewarded by marrying his master's daughter.

306. SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA 13

How the daughter of a fruiterer became a queen, and by her pride nearly lost her position.

307. PALĀSA-JĀTAKA 15

A brahmin pays honour to a tree-spirit and is rewarded by the discovery of a buried treasure.

308. JAVASAKUṆA-JĀTAKA 17

The story of the woodpecker and the ungrateful lion.

309. CHAVAKA-JĀTAKA 18

How a pariah, who stole mangoes, ventured to reprove a king for allowing a priest to teach him from a lower seat.

310. SAYHA-JĀTAKA 20

How a brahmin refused to give up the ascetic life in order to become family priest to a king.

311. PUCIMANDA-JĀTAKA 22

How a nimb-tree spirit frightened away a robber whose presence endangered the safety of the tree.

312. KASSAPAMANDIYA-JĀTAKA 24

A father and son in journeying together fall out by the way, and the old man is reproved for his want of self-restraint.

313. KHANTIVĀDI-JĀTAKA 26

How a wicked king cruelly maltreated an ascetic, and how the patience of the holy man endured to the end, and the king was cast into Hell.

314. LOHAKUMBHI-JĀTAKA 29

A king is terrified by hearing awful cries in the night and is urged by his family priest to avert the evil omen by the sacrifice of living creatures. A young brahmin interprets the sounds to be the cries uttered by lost souls in Hell, and the king takes comfort and forbids the sacrifice.

315. MAṂMMSA-JĀTAKA32

How four young merchants tried to wheedle a hunter out of his venison, and how one alone by his cunning address succeeded.

316. SASA-JĀTAKA 34

How a hare, in default of other food, offered its own flesh to be eaten, and was rewarded by having its form supernaturally impressed on the face of the moon.

317. MATARODANA-JĀTAKA 38

How a youth, when his brother died, demonstrated the folly of grieving for the dead.

318. KANAVERA-JĀTAKA 39

How a courtezan rescued a robber by betraying her lover to death, and how she was afterwards punished for her treachery.

319. TITTIRA-JĀTAKA 43

A decoy-partridge is troubled with scruples of conscience.

320. SUCCAJA-JĀTAKA 44

How a prince requited his wife's devotion with base ingratitude, until he was brought to a better mind by the admonition of his minister.

321 KUṬIDŪSAKA-JĀTAKA 47

How a monkey, through envy, destroyed a bird's nest.

322. DADDABHA-JĀTAKA 49

Of the timid hare and the flight of the beasts.

323. BRAHMADATTA-JĀTAKA 52

Of the ascetic who for twelve years had not the courage to ask for a trifling boon.

324. CAMMASĀṬAKA-JĀTAKA 55

Of a foolish mendicant who met his death by mistaking the butting of a ram for a respectful salutation.

325. GODHA-JĀTAKA 56

How a greedy ascetic was outwitted by a lizard.

326. KAKKĀRU-JĀTAKA 58

How a wicked priest was punished for assuming virtues to which he had no claim.

327. KĀKĀTI-JĀTAKA 60

How a roc carried off a king's wife to his island home, and was afterwards outwitted by the king's minstrel.

328. ANANUSOCIYA-JĀTAKA 62

The story of the holy man who found a wife by means of a golden image, and how on her death he neither fasted nor wept.

329. KĀLABĀHU-JĀTAKA 65

The story of the parrots and the black monkey, and how the monkey fell into disgrace and the parrots regained the king's favour.

330. SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA 66

Of the man who tested the power of virtue and of the moral lessons he learned from the hawk and the piece of meat and from the slave-girl to whom loss of hope alone brought peace.

331. KOKĀLIKA-JĀTAKA 68

How a talkative king was admonished by the fate of the young bird that cried "cuckoo" too soon.

332. RATHALAṬṬHI-JĀTAKA 69

Of the priest and the carters and the danger of giving judgment before hearing both sides.

333. GODHA-JĀTAKA 71

How a roasted lizard ran away and how a king was convicted of ingratitude to his wife.

334. RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA 73

A king is taught by the parable of the sweet and bitter fig how his realm is affected by a just or unjust rule.

335. JAMBUKA-JĀTAKA 74

Of the fate of the jackal that presumed to play the part of the lion.

336. BRAHĀCHATTA-JĀTAKA 76

How a prince by means of a spell discovered buried treasure and substituted grass for gold.

337. PĪṬHA-JĀTAKA 78

The duty of hospitality inculcated by the story of the merchant and the ascetic.

338. THUSA-JĀTAKA 80

How a king was saved from being killed by his son, through the repetition of a spell at critical moments.

339. BĀVERU-JĀTAKA 83

How a crow was ousted from a position of favour when a peacock appeared.

340. VISAYHA-JĀTAKA 85

How a rich merchant, after he was reduced to beggary, continued to exercise charity.

341. KAṆḌARI-JĀTAKA 87

(*See* Kunūla-Jātaka, No. 523.)

342. VĀNARA-JĀTAKA 87

The crocodile outwitted by the monkey.

343. KUNTANI-JĀTAKA 89

The heron's revenge for the loss of her young ones.

344 AMBACORA-JĀTAKA 90

How a false ascetic robbed a mango orchard and charged some innocent maidens with the theft.

345. GAJAKUMBHA-JĀTAKA 92

Of a slothful king admonished by the example of a lazy tortoise.

346. KESAVA-JĀTAKA 93

The sick hermit and his friend, or love the best physician.

347. AYAKŪṬA-JĀTAKA 96

How a king who had forbidden the sacrifice of living creatures was shielded by a god from the vengeance of a goblin.

348. ARAÑÑA-JĀTAKA 98

Of a virtuous youth led astray by evil communications.

349. SANDHIBHEDA-JĀTAKA 99

A jackal by slanderous words brings about a fatal quarrel between a lion and a bull.

350. DEVATĀPAÑHA-JĀTAKA 101

(*See* Ummagga-Jātaka.)

351. MAṆIKUṆḌALA-JĀTAKA 102

(Same as No. 303.)

352. SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA 103

A father is cured of inordinate grief by the feigned madness of his son.

353. DHONASĀKHA-JĀTAKA 105

How a king, who was guilty of gross cruelty, met with fitting retribution.

354. URAGA-JĀTAKA 107

How, when a brahmin lost his son, neither he nor any of his family lamented or wept, and of their exceeding great reward.

355. GRATA-JĀTAKA 111

(Same as No. 303.)

356. KĀRAṆḌIYA-JĀTAKA 113

A teacher is taught by his pupil the folly of preaching to unwilling hearers.

357. LAṬUKIKA-JĀTAKA 115

How a quail brought about the destruction of an elephant that had killed her young ones.

358. CULLADHAMMAPĀLA-JĀTAKA 117

A king, being jealous of his queen's affection for her child, has the boy mutilated and killed, and is punished by being cast into Hell.

359. SUVAṆṆAMIGA-JĀTAKA 120

How a stag caught in a snare was released from death by the devotion of his doe.

360. SUSSONDI-JĀTAKA 123

(Same as No. 327.)

361. VAṆṆĀROHA-JĀTAKA 126

The jackal as calumniator tries in vain to set a lion and a tiger at variance.

362. SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA 128

How a man tried his own reputation for virtue.

363. HIRI-JĀTAKA 129

(Imperfect. Same as Akataññu-Jātaka, No. 90.)

364. KHAJJOPANAKA-JĀTAKA 130

(*See* Mahāummagga.)

365. AHIGUṆḌIKA-JĀTAKA 130

How a monkey that had been beaten was not to be cajoled by soft words.

366. GUMBIYA-JĀTAKA 132

How a merchant warned the members of his caravan against eating strange food, and how those that neglected his warning were poisoned by an evil spirit.

367. SĀLIYA-JĀTAKA 133

The biter bit, or the story of the knavish doctor who was killed by the snake which he pretended was harmless.

368. TACASĀRA-JĀTAKA 134

The same story as the preceding one, to which is added how certain lads were acquitted of the charge of having caused the death of the doctor.

369. MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA 136

(A fragment of No. 41.)

370. PALĀSA-JĀTAKA 137

How a Judas tree was destroyed by the parasitic growth of a banyan shoot.

371. DĪGHITIKOSALA-JĀTAKA 139

A prince spares the life of the king who had slain his father and thereby wins him to repentance.

372. MIGAPOTAKA-JĀTAKA 140

An ascetic is admonished against excessive grief for the loss of a pet deer.

373. MŪSIKA-JĀTAKA 142

A king by repeating a spell at critical moments baffles the attempts of his heir to kill him.

374. CULLADHANUGGAHA-JĀTAKA 144

A woman who betrayed her husband to death, and was afterwards deserted by her lover, has her folly brought home to her by witnessing the fate of a greedy jackal.

375. KAPOTA-JĀTAKA 148

How a greedy crow was made ridiculous and tortured to death.

376. AVĀRIYA-JĀTAKA 151

How a foolish ferryman behaved when offered good advice instead of his fare.

377. SETAKETU-JĀTAKA 153

How caste and feigned sanctity were foiled.

378. DARĪMUKHA-JĀTAKA 156

How a king renounced his kingdom on the advice of an old friend, who had become a paccekabuddha.

379. NERU-JĀTAKA 159

How royal birds avoid a golden mountain which makes all birds appear alike.

380. ĀSAṆKA-JĀTAKA 161

How a king spent three years in finding out the name of his future queen.

381. MIGĀLOPA-JĀTAKA 164

How a disobedient vulture perished.

382. SIRIKĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA 165

How precedence was settled by a good merchant between the goddesses of Good and Ill Fortune.

383. KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA 168

How a cat failed to deceive a cock.

384. DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA 170

How a hypocritical crow was put to death.

385. NANDIYAMIGA-JĀTAKA 171

How a good deer brought blessings to his kindred and to all animals.

386. KHARAPUTTA-JĀTAKA 174

How a king got a charm from a nāga by which he understood the sounds of all animals: his queen tried to get the charm from him, but was foiled through some advice given by Sakka, disguised as a goat.

387. SŪCI-JĀTAKA 178

How a young smith made a marvellous needle, and thereby won to wife the daughter of a head-smith.

388. TUṆḌILA-JĀTAKA 180

How a pig explained to his younger brother that death is not to be feared.

389. SUVAṆṆAKAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA 183

How a farmer was saved by a good crab from being killed by a snake in league with a crow: the two latter were themselves killed.

390. MAYHAKA-JĀTAKA 186

How a greedy, murdering uncle was compared to a certain bird, and so converted.

391. DHAJAVIHEṬHA-JĀTAKA 189

How a wicked person, disguised as a Brother, caused the expulsion of Brethren from a kingdom, and the spiritual ruin of the people: Sakka interfered and saved the kingdom.

392. BHISAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA 191

How a brahmin was accused of stealing the smell of a flower.

393. VIGHĀSA-JĀTAKA 193

How certain self-indulgent monks were warned by a parrot.

394. VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA 194

How a quail explained to a crow how to get fat.

395. KĀKA-JĀTAKA 195

How a greedy crow was made ridiculous and put to death.

396. KUKKU-JĀTAKA 197

How a king was converted by certain parables.

397. MANOJA-JĀTAKA 199

How a lion was enticed to his death by the counsel of a jackal.

398. SUTANO-JĀTAKA 201

How a king, falling into the power of a man-eating goblin, sent people daily to be eaten: a young man got the better of the goblin and converted him.

399. GIJJHA-JĀTAKA 204

How a good young vulture was loosed from a snare by a hunter.

400. DABBHAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA 205

How two otters, who had caught a fish, were cheated by a jackal.

40I. DASAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA 207

How a king was cured of a sickness, born of longing for his wife, by seeing a man swallowing a sword.

402. SATTUBHASTA-JĀTAKA 210

How an old brahmin was sent away by his wife to beg: a snake got into his meal-bag unperceived: a young brahmin preacher guessed that the snake was there, and then exposed the wife's wickedness.

403. AṬṬHISENA-JĀTAKA 216

How a brahmin explains to a king why he makes no petition.

404. KAPI-JĀTAKA 218

How a naughty monkey brought ruin on his kindred.

405. BAKABRAḤMA-JĀTAKA 219

How an angel was converted from heresy.

406. GANDHĀRA-JĀTAKA 221

How two kings became ascetics, and one was admonished in a fault by the other.

407. MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA 225

How a monkey saved his followers at the cost of his own life.

408. KUMBHAKĀRA-JĀTAKA 228

How four kings became ascetics through observing a mango-tree, a bracelet, a flock of birds, and same bulls respectively: a potter and his wife separately follow their example.

409. DAḶHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA 233

How a she-elephant, forgotten by the king in her old age, was restored to honour.

410. SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA 235

How an ascetic was comforted for the loss of a young elephant.

411. SUSĪMA-JĀKATA 237

How a king became an ascetic on being shewn a grey hair by his chief queen.

412. KOṬISIMBALI-JĀTAKA 239

How a tree-spirit was frightened by a bird and comforted by a roc-king.

413. DHŪMAKĀRI-JĀTAKA 241

How a king neglected old friends for new ones: his case illustrated by a story of a brahmin goatherd and some deer.

414. JĀGARA-JĀTAKA 243

How an ascetic kept vigil at nights.

415. KUMMĀSAPIṆḌA-JĀTAKA 244

How a king and queen declared the merits in former births that brought about their birth in royal rank.

416. PARANTAPA-JĀTAKA 240

How a prince understood the speech of jackals: and how a king's son discovered and avenged his father's murder after many years.

417. KACCĀNI-JĀTAKA 253

How an old woman, expelled from her son's house owing to her daughter-in-law, thought that Right was dead: and how the whole family became reconciled.

418. AṬṬHASADDA-JĀTAKA 256

How eight sounds that had frightened a king were explained to him harmlessly.

419. SULASĀ-JĀTAKA 260

How a man who would have killed his wife was killed by her.

420. SUMAṄGALA-JĀTAKA 263

How a king would not decide a case till his anger was over.

421. GAṄGAMĀLA-JĀTAKA 266

How a willing servant was reborn as a king: how he shared his kingdom for a time with a poor water-carrier who had shown himself an honest fellow: how a barber got from the king the explanation of his birth in the kingly rank, and became a paccekabuddha, honoured by the king.

422. CETIYA-JĀTAKA 271

How a king, who told a lie in the golden age, sank into the earth and so down to Hell.

423. INDRIYA-JĀTAKA 276

How a tempted ascetic was warned by the story of a miserable hunter.

424. ĀDITTA-JĀTAKA 280

How seven paccekabuddhas came and received gifts from a king.

425. AṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA 282

How an ascetic repulsed a woman who had once behaved harshly to him.

426. DĪPI-JĀTAKA 285

How a panther ate a she-goat for all her politeness.

427. GIJJHA-JĀTAKA 287

How a vulture perished, through attempting too bold a flight.

428. KOSAMBĪ-JĀTAKA 289

(Imperfect—with a reference to the story in No. 371.)

429. MAHĀSUKA-JĀTAKA 291

How a grateful parrot refused to leave a barren fig-tree.

430. CULLASUKA-JĀTAKA 294

The same story as the preceding one.

431. HĀRITA-JĀTAKA 295

Of an ascetic who would not tell a lie to conceal his sin.

432. PADAKUSALAMĀṆAVA-JATAKA 298

A boy receives, as a gift from a goblin mother, the power of recognizing footsteps even in the air, and a king, to test the boy's skill, steals his own jewels and then sets the boy to catch the thief. When the boy by a number of pointed stories convicts him of theft, the king is put to death by his own subjects and the boy becomes king.

433. LOMASAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA 306

How a king promised his daughter in marriage to an ascetic, if he would offer a living sacrifice, and how the ascetic resisted the

temptation.

434. CAKKAVĀKA-JĀTAKA 309

How a crow, through his greediness, could not attain to the beauty of the ruddy goose.

435. HALIDDIRĀGA-JĀTAKA 311

A youth, who was being led astray by female seductions, is rescued by the sage counsels of his father.

436. SAMUGGA-JĀTAKA 313

How a demon, who swallowed his wife and carried her about in his belly, even so failed to keep her virtuous.

437. PŪTIMAṀSA-JĀTAKA 316

How a wise she-goat outwitted the jackal that was plotting to kill her.

438. TITTIRA-JĀTAKA 319

How a wicked ascetic killed a learned partridge, and how a lion and a tiger avenged the death of the partridge.

BOOK IV. CATUKKANIPĀTA.

No. 301.

CULLAKĀLIṄGA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[1] *"Open the gate," etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about the admission of four female ascetics to the religious life.

Tradition says that Licchavis of the ruling family to the number of seven thousand seven hundred and seven had their abode at Vesālī. And all of them were given to argument and disputation.

Now a certain Jain, skilled in maintaining five hundred different theses, arrived at Vesālī and met with a kind reception there. A female Jain too of a similar character also came to Vesālī And the Licchavi chiefs got up a disputation between them. And when they proved well matched as disputants, the Licchavis were struck with the notion that such a pair would be sure to have clever children. So they arranged a marriage between them, and as the issue of this union in due course four daughters and a son were born. The daughters were named Saccā, Lolā, Avavādakā, and Paṭācārā, and the boy was called Saccaka. These five children when they reached years of discretion learned a thousand different theses, five hundred from the mother and five hundred from the father. And the parents schooled their daughters after this manner: "If any layman refutes your thesis,

you are to become his wives, but if a priest refutes you, you must take orders at his hands."

After a time their parents died. And when they were dead, the Jain Saccaka lived on in the same place at Vesālī, studying the lore of the Licchavis. [2] But his sisters took in their hands a branch of the rose-apple tree, and in the course of their wanderings from city to city for purposes of disputation, at last reached Sāvatthi. There they planted the rose-apple branch at the city gate and said to some boys who were there, "If any man, be he layman or priest, is equal to maintaining a thesis against us, let him scatter with his foot this heap of dust and trample under foot this branch." And with these words they went into the city to collect alms.

Now the venerable Sāriputta, after sweeping up wherever it was necessary, and putting water into the empty pots and tending the sick, later on in the day went into Sāvatthi for alms. And when he had seen and heard about the bough, he ordered the boys to throw it down and trample upon it. "Let those," said he, "by whom this bough has been planted, as soon as they have finished their meal, come and see me in the gable-chamber over the gate of Jetavana."

So he went into the city, and when he had ended his meal, he took his stand in the chamber over the monastery gate. The female ascetics too, after going their rounds for alms, returned and found the branch had been trampled on. And when they asked who had done this, the boys told them it was Sāriputta, and if they were anxious for a disputation, they were to go to the chamber over the gate of the monastery.

So they returned to the city, and followed by a great crowd went to the gate-tower of the monastery, and propounded to the priest a thousand different theses. The priest solved all their difficulties and then asked them if they knew any more.

They replied, "No, my Lord."

"Then I," said he, "will ask you something."

"Ask on, my Lord," they said, "and if we know it, we will answer you."

So the priest propounded just one question to them, and when they had to give it up, the priest told them the answer.

Then said they, "We are beaten, the victory rests with you."

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"Our parents," they replied, "admonished us thus: "if you are refuted in disputation by a layman, you are to become his wives, but if by a priest, you are to receive orders at his hands".— Therefore," said they, "admit us to the religious life."

The priest readily assented and ordained them in the house of the Nun called Uppalavaṇṇā. And all of them shortly attained to Sainthood.

Then one day they started this topic in the Hall of Truth, how that Sāriputta proved a refuge to the four female ascetics, and that through him they all attained to Sainthood. When the Master came and heard the nature of their discourse, he said, "Not now only, but in former times too, Sāriputta proved a refuge to these women. (3) On this occasion he dedicated them to the religious

life, but formerly he raised them to the dignity of queen consort." Then he told them an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Kāliṅga was reigning in the city of Dantapura in the Kāliṅga [1] kingdom, Assaka was king of Potali in the Assaka country. Now Kāliṅga had a fine army and was himself as strong as an elephant, but could find no one to fight with him. So being eager for a fray he said to his ministers: " I am longing to fight but can find no one to war with me."

His ministers said, "Sire, there is one way open to you. You have four daughters of surpassing beauty. Bid them adorn themselves with jewels, and then seated in a covered carriage let them be driven to every village, town and royal city with an armed escort. And if any king shall be desirous of taking them into his harem, we will get up a fight with him."

The king followed their advice. But the kings of the various countries, wherever they came, were afraid to let them enter their cities, but sent them presents and assigned them quarters outside the city walls. Thus they passed through the length and breadth of India till they reached Potali in the Assaka country. But Assaka too closed his gates against

them and merely sent them a present. Now this king had a wise and able minister named Nandisena, who was fertile in expedients. He thought to himself: "These princesses, men say, have traversed the length of India without finding any to fight for their possession. If this is the case, India is but an empty name. I myself will do battle with Kāliṅga."

Then he went and bade the guards open the city gate to them, and spake the first stanza:

Open the gate to these maidens: thro’ Nandisena's might,
King Aruna's [1] sage lion, our city is guarded aright.

[4] With these words he threw open the gate, and brought the maidens into the presence of king Assaka, and said to him, "Fear not. If there is to be a fight, I will see to it. Make these fair princesses your chief queens." Then he installed them as queens by sprinkling them with holy water, and dismissed their attendants, bidding them go and tell Kāliṅga that his daughters had been raised to the dignity of queen-consorts. So they went and told him, and Kāliṅga said, "I presume he does not know how powerful I am," and at once set out with a great army. Nandisena heard of his approach and sent a message to this effect; "Let Kāliṅga abide within his own marches, and not encroach upon ours, and the battle shall be fought on the frontiers of the two countries." On receiving this message, Kāliṅga halted within the limits of his own territory and Assaka also kept to his.

At this time the Bodhisatta was following the ascetic life and was living in a hermitage on a spot lying between the two kingdoms. Said Kāliṅga, "These monks are knowing fellows. Who can tell which of us will gain the victory, and which will be defeated? I will ask this ascetic." So he came to the Bodhisatta disguised, and sitting respectfully on one side, after the usual kindly greetings he said, "Your Reverence, Kāliṅga and Assaka have their threes drawn up each within his own territory, eager for a fight. Which of them will be victorious, and which will be defeated?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the one will conquer, the other will be beaten. I can tell you no more. But Sakka, the King of Heaven, is coming here. I will ask him and let you know, if you come back again to-morrow."

[5] So when Sakka came to pay his respects to the Bodhisatta, he put this question to him, and Sakka replied, "Reverend Sir, Kāliṅga will conquer, Assaka will be defeated, and such and such omens will be seen beforehand." Next day Kāliṅga came and repeated his question, and the Bodhisatta gave Sakka's answer. And Kāliṅga, without inquiring what

the omens would be, thought to himself: " They tell me I shall conquer," and went away quite satisfied. This report spread abroad. And when Assaka heard it, he summoned Nandisena and said, "Kāliṅga, they say, will be victorious and we shall be defeated. What is to be done?"

"Sire," he replied, "who knows this? Do not trouble yourself as to who shall gain the victory and who shall suffer defeat."

With these words he comforted the king. Then he went and saluted the Bodhisatta, and sitting respectfully on one side he asked, "Who, Reverend Sir, will conquer, and who will be defeated?"

"Kāliṅga," he replied, "will win the day and Assaka will be beaten." "And what, Reverend Sir," he asked, "will be the omen for the one that conquers, and what for the one that is defeated."

"Your Excellency," he answered, "the tutelary deity of the conqueror will be a spotless white bull, and that of the other king a perfectly black bull, and the tutelary gods of the two kings will themselves fight and be severally victorious or defeated."

On hearing this Nandisena rose up and went and took the king's allies—they were about one thousand in number and all of them great warriors—and led them up a mountain close at hand and asked them saying, "Would you sacrifice your lives for our king?"

"Yes, Sir, we would," they answered.

"Then throw yourselves from this precipice," he said.

They essayed to do so, when he stopped them, saying, "No more of this. Show yourselves staunch friends of our king and make a gallant fight for him."

They all vowed to do so. And when the battle was now imminent, Kāliṅga came to the conclusion in his own mind that he would be victorious, and his army too thought "The victory will be ours." [6] And so they put on their armour, and forming themselves into separate detachments, they advanced just as they thought proper, and when the moment came for making a great effort, they failed to do so.

But both the kings, mounted on horseback, drew nigh to one another with the intention of fighting. And their two tutelary gods moved before them, that of Kāliṅga in the shape of a white bull, and that of the other king as a black bull. And as these drew nigh to one another, they too made every demonstration of fighting. But these two bulls were visible to the two kings only,

and to no one else. And Nandisena asked Assaka, saying, "Your Highness, are the tutelary gods visible to you?"

"Yes," he answered, "they are."

"In what guise?" he asked.

"The guardian god of Kāliṅga appears in the shape of a white bull, while ours is in the form of a black bull and looks distressed."

"Fear not Sire, we shall conquer and Kāliṅga will be defeated. Only

dismount from your well-trained Sindh horse, and grasping this spear, with your left hand give him a blow on the flank, and then with this body of a thousand men advance quickly and with a stroke of your weapon fell to the ground this god of Kāliṅga, while we with a thousand spears will smite him and so shall Kāliṅga's tutelary deity perish, and then shall Kāliṅga be defeated and we shall be victorious."

"Good," said the king, and at a given signal from Nandisena he smote with his spear and his courtiers too smote with their thousand spears, and the tutelary god of Kāliṅga died then and there.

Meanwhile Kāliṅga was defeated and fled. And at the sight all those thousand councillors raised a loud cry, saying, "Kāliṅga is fled." Then Kāliṅga with the fear of death upon him, as he fled, reproached that ascetic and uttered the second stanza:

"Kāliṅgas bold shall victory claim,

Defeat crowns Assakas with shame."

[7] Thus did your reverence prophesy,
And honest folk should never lie.

Thus did Kāliṅga, as he fled, revile that ascetic. And in his flight to his own city he durst not so much as once look back. And a few days afterwards Sakka came to visit the hermit. And the hermit conversing with him uttered the third stanza:

The gods from lying words are free,

Truth should their chiefest treasure be.

In this, great Sakka, thou didst lie;

Tell me, I pray, the reason why.

On hearing this, Sakka spoke the fourth stanza:

Hast thou, O brahmin, ne’er been told

Gods envy not the hero bold?

The fixed resolve that may not yield,

Intrepid prowess in the field,

High courage and adventurous might

For Assaka have won the fight.

[8] And on the flight of Kāliṅga, king Assaka returned with his spoils to his own city. And Nandisena sent a message to Kāliṅga, that he was to forward a portion for the dowry of these four royal maidens. "Otherwise," he added, "I shall know how to deal with him." And Kāliṅga, on hearing this message, was so alarmed that he sent a fitting portion for them. And from that day forward the two kings lived amicably together.

His discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:— "In those days these Young female ascetics were the daughters of king Kāliṅga, Sāriputta was Nandisena and I myself was the hermit."

Footnotes

1:1 See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal, iii.* 61.

2:1 On the Coromandel coast.

3:1 The scholiast says Aruna was the real name of the Assaka king.

No. 302.

MAHĀASSĀROHA-JĀTAKA.

"Thy gifts bestowed," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Elder Ānanda. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already given. "In former days too," the Master said, "wise men acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another." And hereupon he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was king of Benares, and exercising his rule with justice and equity he gave alms and kept the moral law.

And being minded to quell some disturbance on his frontier he set out with a large force, but being defeated he mounted his horse and fled till he reached a certain border village. Now there dwelt here thirty loyal subjects and they were gathered together very early, in the middle of the village, to transact the business of the place. And at this moment the king mounted on his mail-clad horse and splendidly equipped [9] rode into the place by the village gate. The people were terrified and saying, "What can this be?" fled every man to his own home. But there was one man who without going to his own house, came to welcome the king. And telling the stranger that the king, he heard, had come to the frontier, he inquired who he was and whether he was a royalist or a rebel. " I am for the king, Sir," he said. " Then come with me," he answered, and led the king to his home and made him sit

down on his own seat. Then the man said to his wife, "My dear, bathe our friend's feet;" and when she had so done, he offered him the best food he could, and had a bed made ready for him, bidding him rest awhile. So the king lay down. Then his host took off the armour from the horse, turned him loose, gave him water to drink and grass to eat and rubbed him down with oil. Thus did he tend the king for three or four days, and the king said, "Friend, I am now off," and again be did all due service both to the king and his horse. The king after he had taken food, on leaving said, "I am called the Great Horseman. Our home is in the centre of the city. Should you come there on any business, stand at the door on the right hand and ask the porter where the Great Horseman dwells, and take him with you and come to our house." With these words he departed.

Now the army, not seeing the king, remained encamped outside the town, but when they saw him, they came out to meet him and escorted him home. The king on entering the city stood at the entrance of the

gate and calling the porter ordered the crowd to retire and said, "Friend, a certain man who lives in a frontier village will come here, anxious to see us, and will ask where the house of the Great Horseman is. Take him by the hand and bring him into our presence, and then you shall receive a thousand pieces of money."

But when the man failed to come, the king increased the tax on the village where he dwelt. But though the tax was raised, still he did not come. So the king increased the tax for the second and third time, and still he came not. Then the inhabitants of the

village gathered together and said to the man: " Sir, from the time the Horseman came to you, [10] we have been so weighed down by the tax that we cannot lift up our head. Go and see the Great Horseman and persuade him to lighten our burden."

"Well, I will go," he answered, "but I cannot go empty-handed. My friend has two sons: so get you ready ornaments and suits of clothes for them and for his wife and for my friend himself."

"Very well," they said, and got everything ready for a present.

So he took both this gift and a cake fried in his own house. And when he came to the door on the right hand he asked the porter where the house of the Great Horseman might be. The porter answered, "Come with me and I will shew you," and took him by the hand, and on arriving at the king's gate sent in word, "The porter has come and has brought with him the man who dwells in the border village." The king on hearing it, rose from his seat and said, "Let my friend and all that have come with him enter." Then he went forward to welcome him and embraced him, and after inquiring if his friend's wife and children were well, he took him by the hand, stepped on the dais and seated him on the royal throne beneath the white umbrella. And he summoned his chief consort and said, "Wash my friend's feet." So she washed his feet. The king sprinkled water from a golden bowl, while the queen washed his feet and anointed them with scented oil. Then the king asked, "Have you anything for us to eat?" And he said, "Yes, my lord," and brought out cakes in a bag. The king received them in a golden dish, and showing great favour towards him he said, "Eat what my friend has brought," and gave some to his queen and his ministers, and himself too ate of it. Then the stranger brought out his other gift. And the king to show that he

accepted it put off his silken garments and put on the suit of clothes that he had brought him. [11] The queen also laid aside her silk dress and ornaments and put on the dress and ornaments he had brought her. Then the king served him with food fit for a king and bade one of his councillors, saying, "Go and see that his beard is trimmed after the fashion of my own, and let him bathe in scented water. Then dress him in a silken robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and adorn him in royal style and bring him

here." This was done. And the king by beat of drum through the city gathered together his councillors, and throwing a thread of pure vermilion across the white umbrella, gave him the half of his kingdom. From that day they ate, drank and dwelt together and they became firm and inseparable friends.

Then the king sent for the man's wife and family and had a house built for them in the city, and they ruled the kingdom in perfect harmony. So the courtiers waxed wroth and said to the king's son, "O prince, the king has given the half of his kingdom to a certain householder. He eats and drinks and dwells with him, and orders us to salute his children. What service he has done the king we know not. What does the king mean? We feel ashamed. Do you speak to the king." He readily agreed to do so, and told every word to the king and said, "O great king, do not act thus."

" My son," he answered, "do you know where I dwelt after I was defeated in battle?" [1]

"I know not, my lord," he said.

"I was living," said the king, "in this man's house, and when I had recovered my health I came back and reigned again. How then should I not bestow honour on my benefactor?"

And then the Bodhisatta went on to say, "My son, whosoever giveth to one unworthy of his gift, and to the deserving giveth nought, that man when he falls into misfortune findeth no one to help him." And to point the moral he uttered these verses:

[12]

Thy gifts bestowed upon or fool or knave,
In sorest need would bring no friend to save:
But grace or kindness to the good displayed
In sorest need would bring thee timely aid.
Boons to unworthy souls are spent in vain,
Thy smallest service to the good is gain:
A noble action though it stands alone,
Renders the doer worthy of a throne:
As fruit abundant from the tiny seed,
Eternal fame springs from a virtuous deed.

[13] On hearing this neither the councillors nor the young prince had aught to say in answer.

The Master, his discourse ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time it was Ānanda who dwelt in the frontier village, while I myself was king of Benares."

Footnotes

8:1 Compare No. 157, vol. *ii.*

No. 303.

EKARĀJA-JĀTAKA.

"O monarch that erst," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a courtier of the king of Kosala. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already related in the Seyyaṃsa [1] Birth. On this occasion the Master said, "You are not the only one who got good out of evil: wise men of old also got good out of evil." And he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time a minister in attendance on the king of Benares misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king after witnessing his offence with his own eyes banished him from the kingdom. How he took service with the king of Kosala, named Dabbasena, is all told in the Mahāsīlava [2] Birth.

But in the present story Dabbasena had the king of Benares seized while sitting on the dais in the midst of his councillors, and fastening him by a cord on the lintel of the door suspended him head downwards. The king cultivated feelings of charity towards the rebel prince, and by a process of complete absorption entered upon a state of mystic meditation, and bursting his bonds sat cross-legged in the air. The rebel prince was attacked with a burning pain in the body, and with a cry of "I burn, I burn" he rolled over and over on the ground. When he asked the reason of it, his courtiers replied, "It is because the king whom you suspend head downwards from the lintel of the door is such an innocent and holy man." Then said he, "Go

quickly and release him." His servants went and found the king sitting cross-legged in the air, and came back and told Dabbasena. [14] So he went with all speed, and bowing before him asked his pardon and repeated the first stanza:

O monarch that erst in thy kingdom didst dwell,
Enjoying such bliss as few mortals have seen,
How is it that lying midst tortures of Hell
Thou still art so calm and so gracious of mien?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated the rest of the stanzas:

Of yore ’twas my one earnest prayer unto Heaven
From the ranks of ascetics no more to be barred,
But now that such glory to me has been given,
O why should the form of my visage be marred?

The end is accomplished, my task is now done,
The prince once my foe is no longer estranged,
But now that the fame I so envied is won,
O why should the form of my visage be changed?

[1]When joy turns to sorrow, and weal becomes woe,
Patient souls even pleasure may wring from their pain,
But no such distinction of feeling they know,
When the calm of Nirvāna poor mortals attain.

[15] On hearing this Dabbasena asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and said, "Rule over your own people and I will drive out the rebels from amongst you." And after punishing that wicked councillor he went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and adopting the ascetic life of a Rishi he became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Dabbasena, and I myself was the king of Benares."

Footnotes

9:1 No. 282, vol. ii.

9:2 No. 51, vol. i.

No. 304.

DADDARA-JĀTAKA.

"O Daddara, who," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain choleric fellow. The circumstance has been already related before. On this occasion when a discussion had arisen in the Hall of Truth about the passionate nature of the man, the Master came up, and when in answer to his inquiry he was told by the Brethren the subject of their discourse, he sent for the man and asked, "Is it true, Brother, what they say, that you are passionate?" "Yes, my Lord, it is so," he replied. [16] Then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was very choleric, and

owing to his passionate temper wise men of former days though continuing to lead perfectly innocent lives as Nāga princes, had to dwell three years on a filthy dunghill." And herewith he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Daddara Nāgas dwelt at the foot of Mount Daddara in the Himālaya region and the Bodhisatta came to life as Mahādaddara, the son of Sūradaddara, the king of that country, with a younger brother named Culladaddara. The latter was passionate and cruel, and went about abusing and striking the Nāga maidens. The Nāga king, on hearing of his cruelty, gave orders for his expulsion from the Nāga world. But Mahādaddara got his father to forgive him and saved his brother from

expulsion. A second time the king was wroth with him, and again he was induced to forgive him. But on the third occasion the king said, "You have prevented me from expelling this good-for-nothing fellow; now both of you get you gone from this Nāga world, and live for three years at Benares on a dunghill."

So he drove them forth from the Nāga country and they went and lived at Benares. And when the village boys saw them looking for their food in a ditch bounding the dunghill, they struck them and threw clods and sticks and other missiles at them, and crying out, "What have we here—water lizards with big heads and tails like needles?" uttered other words of abuse. But Culladaddara, by reason of his fierce and passionate nature, being unable to put up with such disrespect said, "Brother, these boys are mocking us. They don't know that we are venomous serpents. I can't stand their contempt for us. I will destroy them by the breath of my nostril." And then addressing his brother, he repeated the first stanza:

O Daddara, who such an insult could bear?
"Ho! frog-eating stick-i'-the-mud," they cry:
To think that these poor harmless creatures should dare
A serpent with poisonous fang to defy!

[17] On hearing his words Mahādaddara uttered the rest of the stanzas:

An exile driven to a foreign shore
Must of abuse lay up a goodly store;
For where his rank and virtues none can know,
Only the fool his pride would care to show.
He who at home a "shining light" may be,
Abroad must suffer men of low degree.

So they dwelt there three years. Then their father recalled them home. And from that day their pride was abated.

When the Master had brought his discourse to an end, he proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained Fruition of the Third Path:—"At that time the choleric Brother was Culladaddara, and I myself was Mahādaddara."

Footnotes

10:1 Compare Lord Houghton's poem, "Pleasure and Pain."

See the Fakeer as he swings on his iron,
  See the thin Hermit that starves in the wild;
Think ye no pleasures the penance environ,
  And hope the sole bliss by which pain is beguiled?

No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching,
  Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
  For Pain has its Heaven and Pleasure its Hell!

No. 305.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[18] *"In sooth there is," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the rebuking of sin. The circumstances will be set forth in the Pānīya Birth [2] in the Eleventh Book. The following is a brief summary of it.

Five hundred Brethren living in Jetavana, at the close of the middle watch of the night, entered into an argument on the pleasures of sense. Now the Master through all the six divisions of night and day keeps a continual watch over the Brethren, even as a one-eyed man carefully guards his eye, a father his only son, or a yak its tail. In the night time, with his supernatural vision regarding Jetavana, he beheld these Brethren, as it were, like robbers that had found their way into some great king's palace. And opening his perfumed chamber he summoned Ānanda and bade him assemble the Brethren in the Home of the Golden Pavement, and prepare a seat for him at the door of the perfumed chamber. Ānanda did as he was commanded and told the Master. Then the Master, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, addressed the Brethren collectively and said, "Brethren, wise men of old thought there was no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing and so refrained from it," and he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family, and when he was of age, he was taught science by a world-renowned

professor of that city, being at the head of a class of five hundred students. Now his teacher had a grown-up daughter. And he thought: "I will test the virtue of these youths and will give her in marriage to him that most excels in virtue."

So one day he thus addressed his pupils: " My friends, I have a grown-up daughter, and I intend to give her in marriage, but I must have proper dresses and ornaments for her. Do you then steal some without your friends discovering it, and bring them to me. Whatever no one has seen you take I will accept, but if you allow anything you bring to be seen, I shall refuse it." They assented, saying, "Very well," and from that day they stole dresses and ornaments without their friends' knowledge

and brought them to him. And the teacher arranged whatever each pupil brought in a separate place. But the Bodhisatta stole nothing.

Then the teacher said, [19] "But you, my friend, bring me nothing." "True, Master," he replied. "Why is this, my friend?" he asked. "You accept nothing," he answered, "unless it is taken secretly. But I find there is no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing."

And to illustrate this truth he repeated these two stanzas:

In sooth there is no act of sin, that in this world may hidden lie,
That which the fool a secret deems, the spirits of the wood espy.
Concealment nowhere may be found, nor can a void exist for me,
E’en where no being is in sight, while I am there, no void can be.

The Master, being pleased with his words, said, "Friend, there is no lack of wealth in my house, but I was anxious to marry my daughter to a virtuous man, and I acted thus to prove these youths. But you alone are worthy of my daughter." Then he adorned his daughter and gave her in marriage to the Bodhisatta, but to his other pupils he said, "Take back all that you brought me to your several homes again."

Then the Master said, "It was thus, Brethren, that the wicked pupils by their dishonesty failed to win this woman, while this one wise youth by his virtuous conduct obtained her as his wife." And in his Perfect Wisdom he gave utterance to yet two other stanzas:

Masters Bastard [1] and Low and Easy and Gay,
With Bravo and Frail, for a wife, went astray;
But our Brahmin, well seen in the Law from his youth,
Won a bride by his courage in holding the Truth.

[20] The Master, having brought this solemn lesson to an end, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths these five hundred Brethren attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the Teacher, and I myself was the Wise Youth."

Footnotes

12:1 See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 244.

12:2 No. 459. Vol. iv.

No. 306.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"What is this egg-shaped fruit," etc.—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about queen Mallikā. One day, they say, there was a dispute at court between her and the king. [2] The king was so enraged that he

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ignored her existence. Mallikā thought: "The Master, I fancy, knows not how angry the king is with me." But the Master knew all about it and resolved to make peace between them. So early in the morning he put on his inner garment and taking his bowl and robes he entered Sāvatthi with a following of five hundred brethren and came to the palace gate. The king took his bowl from him, brought him into the house, and placing him on the seat prepared for him, poured the Water of Donation on the hands of the Brotherhood with Buddha at their head, and brought them rice and cakes to eat. But the Master covered up his bowl with his hand and said, "Sire, where is the queen?"

"What have you to do with her, Reverend Sir?" he answered. "Her head is turned, she is intoxicated with the honour she enjoys."

"Sire," he said, "after you yourself bestowed this honour on the woman, it is wrong of you now to get rid of her, and not to put up with the offence she has committed against you."

The king hearkened to the words of the Master and sent for the queen.

[21] And she ministered to the Master. "You ought," he said, "to live together in peace," and singing the praises of the sweets of concord he went his way. And from that day they lived happily together.

The Brethren raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the Master had reconciled the king and queen by a single word. The Master, when he came, inquired what the Brethren were discussing, and on being told said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too I reconciled them by a single word of admonition." And he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king at Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister and his temporal and spiritual adviser.

Now one day the king stood at an open window looking into the palace court. And at this very moment the daughter of a fruiterer, a beautiful girl in the flower of her youth, stood with a basket of jujubes on her head crying, "Jujubes, ripe jujubes, who'll buy my jujubes?" But she did not venture into the royal court. [1]

And the king no sooner heard her voice than he fell in love with her, and when he learned that she was unmarried he sent for her and raised her to the dignity of chief queen, and bestowed great honour upon her. Now she was dear and pleasing in the king's eyes. And one day the king sat eating jujubes in a golden dish. And the queen Sujātā, when she saw the king eating jujubes,

asked him, saying, "My lord, what in the world are you eating? " And she uttered the first stanza:

What is this egg-shaped fruit, my lord, so pretty and red of hue,
In a gold dish set before thee? Pray tell me, where they grew.

And the king was wroth and said, "O daughter of a greengrocer, dealer in ripe jujubes, do you not recognise the jujubes, the special fruit of your own family?" And he repeated two stanzas:

[22]

Bare-headed and meanly clad, my queen, thou once didst feel no shame,
To fill thy lap with the jujube fruit, and now thou dost ask its name;
Thou art eaten up with pride, my queen, thou findest no pleasure in life,
Begone and gather thy jujubes again. Thou shalt be no longer my wife.

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "No one, except myself, will be able to reconcile this pair. I will appease the king's anger and prevent him from turning her out of doors." Then he repeated the fourth stanza:

These are the sins of a woman, my lord, promoted to high estate:
Forgive her and cease from thine anger, O king, for ’twas thou didst make her great.

So the king at his word put up with the offence of the queen and restored her to her former position. And thenceforth they lived amicably together.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Kosala was king of Benares, Mallikā was Sujātā and I

myself was the Minister."

Footnotes

13:1 The Scholiast explains that these were the names of six leading disciples amongst those that yielded to temptation.

13:2 Pasenadi, king of Kinsala

14:1 Reading *rājaṅgaṇe na gacchati.* With Fausbøll's text *rājaṅgaṇena,* it must be "She passed by way of the court."

No. 307.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[23] *"Why, Brahmin, though," etc.*—The Master, when he was stretched upon the bed of death, told this story of the Elder Ānanda.

The venerable man, knowing that the Master on this very night at eventide would die, said to himself, "I am still under discipline and have duties to perform, and my Master is certainly going to die, and then the service I have rendered to him for five-and-twenty years will be fruitless." And so being overwhelmed with sorrow he leaned upon the monkey-head which formed the bolt of the garden store-room and burst into tears.

And the Master, missing Ānanda, asked the Brethren where he was, and on hearing what was the matter he sent for him and addressed him as follows: "Ānanda, thou hast laid up a store of merit. Continue to strive earnestly and thou wilt soon be free from human passion. Grieve not thyself. Wherefore should the service thou hast rendered me prove fruitless now, seeing that thy former services in the days of thy sinfulness were not without their reward?" Then he told a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a Judas-tree sprite. Now at this time all the inhabitants of Benares were devoted to the worship of such deities, and constantly engaged in religious offerings and the like.

And a certain poor brahmin thought, "I too will watch over some divinity." So he found a big Judas-tree growing on high ground, and by sprinkling gravel and sweeping all round it, he kept its root smooth and free from grass. Then he presented it with a scented wreath of five sprays and lighting a lamp made an offering of flowers and perfume and incense. And after a reverential salutation he said, "Peace be with thee," and then went his way. On the next day he came quite early and asked after its welfare. Now one day it occurred to the tree-sprite, "This brahmin is very attentive to me. I will test him and find out why he thus worships me, and grant him his desire." So when the brahmin came and was sweeping about the root of the tree, the spirit stood near him disguised as an aged brahmin and repeated the first stanza:

[24]

Why, brahmin, though thyself with reason blest,
Hast thou this dull insensate tree addressed?
Vain is thy prayer, thy kindly greeting vain,
From this dull wood no answer wilt thou gain.

On hearing this the brahmin replied in a second stanza:

Long on this spot a famous tree has stood,
Meet dwelling-place for spirits of the wood;
With deepest awe such beings I revere,
They guard, methinks, some sacred treasure here.

The tree-sprite on hearing these words was so pleased with the brahmin that he said, "O brahmin, I was born as the divinity of

this tree. Fear not. I will grant you this treasure." And to reassure him, by a great manifestation of divine power, he stood suspended in the air at the entrance of his celestial mansion, while he recited two more stanzas:

O brahmin, I have marked thy act of love;
A pious deed can never fruitless prove.
Lo! where yon fig-tree casts its ample shade,
Due sacrifice and gifts of old were paid.
Beneath this fig a buried treasure lies,
The gold unearth, and claim it as thy prize.

[25] The spirit moreover added these words: "O brahmin, thou wouldst be weary, if thou hadst to dig up the treasure and carry it away with thee. Do thou therefore go thy way, and I will bring it to thy house and deposit it in such and such a place. Then do thou enjoy it all thy life long, and give alms and keep the moral law." And after thus admonishing the brahmin, the tree-sprite, by an exercise of divine power, conveyed the treasure into the brahmin's house.

The Master here brought his lesson to an end and identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the Brahmin, and I myself was the Tree-sprite."

Footnotes

15:1 See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal,* iii. 355.

No. 308.

JAVASAKUṆA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Kindness as much," etc.—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about the ingratitude of Devadatta.

He ended it by saying, "Not only now, but in former days did Devadatta show ingratitude," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a woodpecker in the Himālaya country.

[26] Now a certain lion, while devouring his prey, had a bone stick in his throat. His throat swelled up so that he could not take any food and severe pains set in. Then this woodpecker, while intent on seeking its own food, as it was perched on a bough, saw the lion and asked him, saying, "Friend, what ails you?" He told him what was the matter, and the bird said, "I would take the bone out of your throat, friend, but I dare not put my head into your mouth, for fear you should eat me up."

"Do not be afraid, friend; I will not eat you up. Only save my life."

"All right," said the bird, and ordered the lion to lie down upon his side. Then it thought: "Who knows what this fellow will be about?" And to prevent his closing his mouth, it fixed a stick

between his upper and lower jaw, and then putting its head into the lion's mouth, it struck the end of the bone with its beak. The bone fell out and disappeared. And then the woodpecker drew out its head from the lion's mouth, and with a blow from its beak knocked out the stick, and hopping off sat on the top of a bough.

The lion recovered from his sickness, and one day was devouring a wild buffalo which he had killed. Thought the woodpecker: "I will now put him to the test," and perching on a bough above the lion's head, it fell to conversing with him and uttered the first stanza:

Kindness as much as in us lay,
To thee, my lord, we once did show:
On us in turn, we humbly pray,
Do thou a trifling boon bestow.

On hearing this the lion repeated the second stanza:

To trust thy head to a lion's jaw.
A creature red in tooth and claw,
To dare such a deed and be living still,
Is token enough of my good will.

The woodpecker on hearing this uttered two more stanzas

From the base ingrate hope not to obtain
The due requital of good service done; [27]
From bitter thought and angry word refrain,
But haste the presence of the wretch to shun.

With these words the woodpecker flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the Lion, and I myself was the Woodpecker."

Footnotes

17:1 Compare *Tibetan Tales,* xxvii. p. 311: "The Ungrateful Lion."*Æsop:* "The Wolf and the Crane." *Jātakamālā,* No. 34: "The Woodpecker."

No. 309.

CHAVAKA-JĀTAKA.

"Holy Teacher" etc.—The Master while residing at Jetavana told this story, about the Fraternity of Six Priests. It is related in detail in the Vinaya. [1] Here is a brief summary of it.

The Master sent for the Six Priests and asked if it were true that they taught the law from a low seat [2], while their pupils sat on a higher seat. They confessed that it was so, and the Master in reproving these brethren for their want of respect for his law, said that wise men of old had to rebuke men for teaching even heretical doctrines while sitting on a low seat. Then he told them an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of a pariah woman, and when he was grown up, he established himself as a householder. And his wife being with child had a great longing for the mango fruit, and said to her husband, "My lord, I have a desire to eat mangoes."

"My dear," he said, "there are no mangoes at this season, I will bring you some other acid fruit."

"My lord," said she, "if I can have a mango, I shall live. Otherwise I shall die."

[28] He being infatuated about his wife thought, "Where in the world am I to get a mango?" Now at this time there was a mango tree in the garden of the king of Benares, which had fruit on it all the year round. So he thought, "I will get a ripe mango there to appease her longings." And going to the garden by night he climbed up the tree, and stepped from one branch to another, looking for the fruit, and while he was thus engaged, the day began to break. Thought he, "If I shall come down now to go away, I shall be seen and seized as a thief. I will wait till it is dark." So he climbed up into a fork of the tree and remained there, perched upon it.

Now at this time the king of Benares was being taught sacred texts by his chaplain. And coming into the garden he sat down on a high seat at the foot of the mango tree, and placing his teacher on a lower seat, he had a lesson from him. The Bodhisatta sitting above them thought, "How wicked this king is. He is learning the sacred texts, sitting on a high seat. The brahmin too is equally wicked, to sit and teach him from a lower seat. I also am wicked, for I have fallen into the power of a woman, and counting my life as nought, I am stealing the mango fruit." Then taking hold of a hanging bough, he let himself down from the tree, and stood before these two men and said, "O Great King, I am a lost man, and thou a gross fool, and this priest is as one dead." And being asked by the king what he meant by these words, he uttered the first stanza:—

Holy Teacher, Royal Scholar, lo! the sinful deed I saw,
Both alike from grace are fallen, both alike transgressed the law. [1]

[29] The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the second stanza:—

My food is pure rice from the hill,
With a delicate flavour of meat,
For why should a sinner fulfil
A rule meant for saints, when they eat?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta recited two more stanzas:—

Brahmin, go range the length and breadth of earth;
Lo! suffering is found the common lot.
Here marred by sin thy ruined life is worth
Less than the fragments of a shattered pot.
Beware ambition and o’ermastering greed:
Vices like these to "Worlds of Suffering" lead.

[30] Then the king being pleased with his exposition of the law, asked him of what caste he was. "I am a pariah, my lord," he said. "Friend," he replied, "had you been of a high caste family, I would have made you sole king. But henceforth I will be king by day, and you shall be king by night." And with these words he placed upon his neck the wreath of flowers with which he himself was adorned, and made him lord protector over the city. And hence is derived the custom for the lords of the city to wear a wreath of red flowers on their neck. And from that day forward the king abiding in his admonition paid respect to his teacher, and learned sacred texts from him, sitting on a lower seat.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the pariah."

Footnotes

18:1 1 See Oldenberg's *Vinaya,* iv. 203. (*Suttavibhñga, Sekhiya,* 68, 69.)

18:2 See *Manu* ii. 198 for the rule that the disciple must sit on a seat lower than his guru.

19:1 The Scholiast in his explanation adds this verse:

True faith of yore prevailed on earth,
False doctrine was a later birth.

No. 310.

SAYHA-JĀTAKA.

"No throne on earth," etc.—The Master told this story while in residence at Jetavana, about a backsliding brother, who in going his rounds for alms at Sāvatthi caught sight of a beautiful woman, and thenceforth had grown discontented and lost all pleasure in the Law. So the Brethren brought him before the Blessed One. Said the Blessed One, "Is it true, Brother, what I hear, that you are discontented?" He confessed it was so. The Master on learning the cause of his discontent said, "Why, Brother, are you longing for the world, after taking orders in a religion that leads to Salvation? Wise men of old when offered the dignity of family priest rejected it, and adopted the ascetic life." And he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of the brahmin wife of the king's chaplain, [31] and was born on the same day as the king's son. And when the king asked his ministers if any child had been born on the same day as his son, they said, "Yes, Sire, a son of your family priest." So the king had him brought and given into the charge of nurses to be carefully tended together with the young prince. And they both had the same ornaments to wear and had exactly the same things to eat and drink.

And when they were grown up, they went together to Takkasilā and as soon as they had attained proficiency in all the sciences

they returned home.

The king made his son viceroy and bestowed great honour upon him. From that time the Bodhisatta ate, drank, and lived with the prince, and there was a firm friendship between them. By and bye at the death of his father, the young prince ascended the throne and enjoyed great prosperity. Thought the Bodhisatta: "My friend now rules the kingdom; when he sees a fitting opportunity, he will certainly give me the office of his family priest. What have I to do with a householder's life? I will become an ascetic and devote myself to solitude."

So he saluted his parents and having asked their permission to take orders, he gave up his worldly fortune and setting forth quite alone he entered the Himālaya country. There on a charming spot he built himself a hermitage, and adopting the religious life of an anchorite he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and lived in the enjoyment of the pleasure of the mystic life.

At this time the king remembered him and said, "What has become of my friend? He is nowhere to be seen." His ministers told him he had taken orders, and was living, they heard, in some delightful grove. The king asked the place of his abode, and said to a councillor named Sayha, "Go and bring my friend back with you. I will make him my chaplain." Sayha readily assented, and going forth from Benares in course of time reached a frontier village and taking up his abode there, he went with some foresters to the place where the Bodhisatta dwelt and found him sitting like a golden statue at the door of his hut. After saluting him with the usual compliments he sat at a respectful distance and thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, the king desires

your return, being anxious to raise you to the dignity of his family priest." [32] The Bodhisatta replied, "If I were to receive not merely the post of chaplain but all Kāsi and Kosala, and the realm of India and the glory of a Universal Empire, I would refuse to go. The wise do not again take up the sins they have once abandoned any more than they would swallow the phlegm they have once raised." So saying he repeated these stanzas:—

[1]

No throne on earth should tempt me to my shame,
    No sea-girt realm, safe-guarded in the deep;
Accurséd be the lust of wealth and fame
    That dooms poor man in "Suffering Worlds" to weep.

Better through earth a homeless waif to stray,
    And bowl in hand to beg from door to door,
Than as a king, to sinful lusts a prey,
    To bear a tyrant rule and vex the poor.

Thus did the Bodhisatta though again and again importuned by him reject his offer. And Sayha, being unable to prevail on him, saluted him, and returned and told the king of his refusal to come.

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[33] When the Master had brought his lesson to an end, he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained to fruition of the First Path. Many others too experienced like fruits of Conversion:—"At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was Sayha, and I myself was the family priest."

Footnotes

21:1 These stanzas occur again in Jātaka 433.

No. 311.

PUCIMANDA-JĀTAKA.

"Robber, arise," etc.—The Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo-Grove, told this story about the venerable Moggallāna.

When that elder was living near Rājagaha in a forest hut, a certain robber, after breaking into a house in a suburban village, fled with his hands full of plunder till he came within the precincts of the elder's cell, and thinking that he should be safe there he lay down at the entrance of his hut of leaves. The elder noticed him lying there and suspecting his character said to himself, "It would be wrong for me to have any dealings with a robber." So coming out of his hut he told him not to lie there, and drove him away.

The robber starting off fled with the greatest haste. And men with torches in their hands, following close upon the robber's track, came and saw the various spots marked by the presence of the robber and said, "It was this way the robber came. Here is where he stood. There he sat down. And that is the way he fled. He is not to be seen here." So they rushed about hither and thither, but at last had to return without finding him. On the next day early in the morning the elder went his round for alms in Rājagaha, and on coming back from his pilgrimage he went to the Bamboo-Grove and told the Master what had happened. The Master said, "You are not the only one, Moggallāna, to suspect in a case in which suspicion is justified. Wise men of old suspected in like manner." And at the request of the elder he told a story of bygone times.

[34] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a Nimb-tree spirit in a cemetery grove of that city. Now one day a robber having been guilty of an act of theft in an outlying hamlet of the city entered the cemetery grove. And at this time two old trees stood there, a Nimb-tree and a Bo-tree. The robber placed his stolen goods at the foot of this Nimb-tree and lay down there.

Now in these days robbers that were caught were put to torture by being impaled on a stake of the Nimb-tree. So the spirit of the Nimb-tree thought: "If people should come and capture this robber, they will cut off a branch and make a stake from this Nimb-tree and impale him on it. And in that case the tree will be destroyed. So I will drive the fellow away." Then addressing him, he repeated the first stanza:—

Robber, arise! why sleepest thou? For slumber ’tis no time,
The king's men are upon thee, the avengers of thy crime.

Moreover he added these words, "Get you gone, before the king's men take you." Thus did he frighten the robber away. And no sooner had he fled than the deity of the Bo-tree repeated the second stanza:—

And even if this robber bold red-handed they should take,
To thee, O Nimb-tree, woodland sprite, what difference would it make?

The deity of the Nimb-tree on hearing this uttered the third stanza:—

O Bo-tree, sure thou knowest not the secret of my fear;
I would not have the king's men find that wicked robber here.
They from my sacred tree, I know, straightway a branch would take,
And to requite the guilty wretch, impale him on a stake.

[35] And while the two sylvan deities were thus conversing together, the owners of the property, following on the trail of the robber, with torches in their hand, when they saw the place where he had been lying down said, "Lo! the robber has just risen up and fled from this place. We have not got him yet, but if we do, we will come back and either impale him at the foot of this Nimb-tree, or hang him from one of its branches."

And with these words rushing about hither and thither, and not finding the robber, they made off. And on hearing what they said the spirit of the Bo-tree uttered the fourth stanza

Beware a danger yet unseen: suspect before too late,
The wise e'en in this present world look to a future state.

The Master, when he had brought this lesson to an end, identified the Birth:

"At that time Sāriputta was the Spirit of the Bo-tree. I myself was the Nimb-tree Spirit."

No. 312.

KASSAPAMANDIYA-JĀTAKA.

[36] *"Should foolish youth," etc.*—This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana, about an aged Brother. A young nobleman at Sāvatthi, tradition says, from a sense of the evil consequences of sinful desires received ordination at the hands of the Master, and by devotion to the rite by which ecstasy may be induced, in no long time attained to Sainthood. By and bye on the death of his mother, he admitted his father and younger brother to orders, and they took up their abode at Jetavana.

At the opening of the rainy season, hearing of a village retreat where the necessary robes were to be easily obtained [1], they all three entered upon the Vassa residence there, and when it was ended they returned straight to Jetavana. The youthful Brother, when they came to a spot not far from Jetavana, told the novice lad to bring on the old man quietly, while he himself pushed on ahead to Jetavana to get ready their cell. The old priest walked slowly on. The novice repeatedly butted him, as it were, with his head, and dragged him along by force, crying, "Come on, Master." The elder said, "You are pulling me along against my will," and turning back he made a fresh start from the beginning. As they were thus quarrelling, the sun went down and darkness set in. The young Brother meanwhile swept out his hut, set water in the pots, and not seeing them coming, he took a torch and went to meet them. When he saw them coming, he asked what made them so late. The old man gave the reason. So he

made them rest and brought them slowly on their way. That day he found no time to pay his respects to the Buddha. So on the next day, when he had come to pay his respects to Buddha, after he had saluted him and taken his seat, the Master asked, "When did you arrive?" "Yesterday, Sir." "You came yesterday and pay your respects to me only to-day?" "Yes, Sir," he answered, and told him the reason. The Master rebuked the elder: "Not now only does he act like this. Of old too he did just the same. Now it is you that are annoyed by him. Formerly he annoyed wise men." And at the Brother's request he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family in a town of the Kāsi country. [37] When he was grown up, his mother died. And after due performance of her funeral rites, at the end of six weeks he gave away in alms all the money that was in the house, and taking his father and younger brother with him he put on the bark garment of somebody or other, and adopted the religious life of an ascetic in the Himālaya country. And there he dwelt in a pleasant grove, supporting himself by gleaning in the fields and living on roots and wild fruits.

Now in the Himālaya, during the rainy season, when the rains are incessant, as it is impossible to dig up any bulb or root, or to get any wild fruits, and the leaves begin to fall, the ascetics for the most part come down from the Himālayas, and take up their abode amidst the haunts of men. And at this time the Bodhisatta, after living here with his father and younger brother, as soon as the Himālaya country began to blossom again and

bear fruit, took his two companions and returned to his hermitage in the Himālayas. And at sunset when they were not far from his hut he left them, saying, "You can come on slowly, while I go forward and set the hermitage in order."

Now the young hermit coming on slowly with his father kept butting him in the waist with his head. The old man said, "I do not like the way in which you are taking me home." So he turned back and started afresh from the same point. And while they were thus quarrelling, darkness set in. But the Bodhisatta as soon as he had swept out his hut of leaves, and got ready some water, took a torch and returned on the way back, and when he found them he asked why they had taken such a long time. And the boy ascetic told him what his father had done. But the Bodhisatta brought them quietly home, and having stowed safely away all the Buddhist requisites, he gave his father a bath, and washed and anointed his feet and shampooed his back. Then he set out a pan of charcoal and when his father had recovered from his fatigue, he sat near him and said, "Father, young boys are just like earthen vessels: they are broken in a moment, [38] and when they are once broken, it is impossible to mend them again. Old men should bear with them patiently, when they are abusive." And for the admonition of his father Kassapa, he repeated these stanzas:—

Should foolish youth in word or deed offend,
'Tis wisdom's part long-suffering to display;
Quarrels of good men find a speedy end,
Fools part asunder, like untempered clay.

Men wise to learn, of their own sins aware,
Friendship can prove, that suffers no decay;
Such are a brother's burden strong to bear,
And strife of neighbours skilful to allay.

[39] Thus did the Bodhisatta admonish his father. And he from that time forward exercised self-restraint.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the old priest was the father hermit, the novice was the boy hermit, and I myself was the son who admonished his father."

Footnotes

24:1 Compare *Mahāvagga,* iii. 14.

No. 313.

KHANTIVĀDI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Whoso cut of," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a wrathful Brother. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already described. The Master asked that Brother, saying, "Why after taking orders under the dispensation of the Buddha who knows not what wrath is, do you show anger? Wise men in bygone days, though they suffered a thousand stripes, and had their hands and feet and ears and nose cut off, showed no anger against another." And he then told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time a king of Kāsi named Kalābu reigned at Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family endowed with eighty crores of treasure, in the form of a youth named Kuṇḍakakumāra. And when he was of age, he acquired a knowledge of all the sciences at Takkasilā and afterwards settled down as a householder.

On the death of his parents, looking at his pile of treasure he thought: "My kinsmen who amassed this treasure are all gone without taking it with them: now it is for me to own it and in my turn to depart." Then he carefully selected persons, who by virtue of their almsgiving deserved it, and gave all his wealth to them, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the ascetic life. There he dwelt a long time, living on wild fruits. And descending to the inhabited parts for the sake of procuring salt

and vinegar he gradually made his way to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal park. Next day he went his rounds in the city for alms, till he came to the door of the commander-in-chief. And he being pleased with the ascetic for the propriety of his deportment, brought him into the house [40] and fed him with the food prepared for himself. And having gained his consent he got him to take up his abode in the royal park.

Now one day king Kalābu being inflamed with strong drink came into the park in great pomp, surrounded by a company of dancers. Then he had a couch spread on the royal seat of stone, and lay with his head on the lap of a favourite of the harem, while the nautch girls who were skilful in vocal and instrumental music and in dancing provided a musical entertainment—So great was his magnificence, like to that of Sakka, Lord of heaven—And the king fell asleep. Then the women said, "He for whose sake we are providing music, is gone to sleep. What need is there for us to sing?" Then they cast aside their lutes and other musical instruments

hither and thither, and set out for the garden, where tempted on by the flowers and fruit-bearing shrubs they were soon disporting themselves.

At this moment the Bodhisatta was seated in this garden, like a royal elephant in the pride of his vigour, at the foot of a flowering Sāl tree, enjoying the bliss of retirement from the world. So these women in wandering about came upon him and said, "Come hither, ladies, and let us sit down and hear somewhat from the priest who is resting at the foot of this tree, until the king awakes." Then they went and saluted him and sitting in a circle

round about him, they said, "Tell us something worth hearing." So the Bodhisatta preached the doctrine to them.

Meanwhile the royal favourite with a movement of her body woke up the king. And the king on waking up, and not seeing the women asked, "Where are those wretches gone?" "Your Highness," she said, "they are gone away and are sitting in attendance on a certain ascetic." The king in a rage seized his sword and went off in haste, saying, "I will give this false ascetic a lesson." Then those of the women that were most in favour, when they saw the king coming in a rage, went and took the sword from the king's hand and pacified him. Then he came and stood by the Bodhisatta and asked, "What doctrine are you preaching, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Majesty," he replied. "What is this patience?" said the king. "The not being angry, when men abuse you and strike you and revile you." Said the king, "I will see now the reality of your patience," [41] and he summoned his executioner. And he in the way of his office took an axe and a scourge of thorns, and clad in a yellow robe and wearing a red garland, came and saluted the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Take and drag off this vile rogue of an ascetic," said the king, "and throwing him on the ground, with your lash of thorns scourge him before and behind and on both sides, and give him two thousand stripes." This was done. And the Bodhisatta's outer and inner skins were cut through to the flesh, and the blood flowed. The king again asked, "What doctrine do you preach, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You fancy that my patience is only skin deep. It is not skin deep, but is fixed deep within my heart, where it cannot be seen by you, Sire." Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king said, "Cut off both the hands of this false ascetic." So he took his axe, and placing

the victim within the fatal circle, he cut off both his hands. Then the king said, "Off with his feet," and his feet were chopped off. And the blood flowed from the extremities of his hands and feet like lac juice from a leaking jar. Again the king asked what doctrine he preached. "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You imagine, Sire, that my patience dwells in the extremities of my hands and feet. It is not there, but it is deep seated somewhere else." The king said, "Cut off his nose and ears." The

executioner did so. His whole body was now covered with blood. Again the king asked of his doctrine. And the asetic said, "Think not that my patience is seated in the tips of my nose and ears: my patience is deep seated within my heart." The king said, "Lie down, false Monk, and thence exalt your patience." And so saying, he struck the Bodhisatta above the heart with his foot, and betook himself off.

When he was gone, the commander-in-chief wiped off the blood from the body of the Bodhisatta, [42] putting bandages [1] on the extremities of his hands, feet, ears and nose, and then having gently placed him on a seat, he saluted him and sitting on one side he said, "If, Reverend Sir, you would be angry with one who has sinned against you, be angry with the king, but with no one else." And making this request, he repeated the first stanza:—

Whoso cut off thy nose and ear, and lopped off foot and hand,
With him be wroth, heroic soul, but spare, we pray, this land.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this uttered the second stanza:—

Long live the king, whose cruel hand my body thus has marred,
Pure souls like mine such deeds as these with anger ne’er regard.

And just as the king was leaving the garden and at the very moment when be passed out of the range of the Bodhisatta's vision, the mighty earth that is two hundred and forty thousand leagues in thickness split in two, like unto a strong stout cloth garment, and a flame issuing forth from Avīci seized upon the king, wrapping him up as it were with a royal robe of scarlet wool. Thus did the king sink into the earth just by the garden gate and was firmly fixed in the great Hell of Avīci. And the Bodhisatta died on that same day. And the king's servants and the citizens came with perfumes and wreaths and incense in their hands and performed the Bodhisatta's obsequies. And some said that the Bodhisatta had gone straight back to the Himālayas. But in this they said the thing that was not.

[43]

A saint of old, as men have told,
  Great courage did display:
That saint so strong to suffer wrong
  The Kāsi king did slay.

Alas! the debt of vain regret
  That king will have to pay;
When doomed to dwell in lowest Hell,
  Long will he rue the day.

These two stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained fruition of the Second Path, while many others attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Devadatta was Kalābu king of Kāsi, Sāriputta was the Commander-in-Chief, and I myself was the Ascetic, the Preacher of Patience."

Footnotes

26:1 See *Jātakamālā,* No. 28: "The Story of Kshāntivādin."

28:1 *Mahāvagga,* vi. 14. 5.

No. 314.

LOHAKUMBHI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Due share of wealth," etc.—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a king of Kosala. The king of Kosala of those days, they say, one night heard a cry uttered by four inhabitants of Hell—the syllables *du, sa, na, so,* one from each of the four. In a previous existence, tradition says, they had been princes in Sāvatthi, and had been guilty of adultery. After misconducting themselves with their neighbours' wives, however carefully guarded they might be, and indulging their amorous propensities, their evil life had been cut short by the Wheel of Death, near Sāvatthi. They came to life again in Four Iron Cauldrons. After being tortured for sixty thousand years they had come up to the top, and on seeing the edge of the Cauldron's mouth they thought to themselves, "When shall we escape from this misery?" And then all four uttered a loud cry, one after another. The king was terrified to death at the noise, and sat waiting for break of day, unable to stir.

At dawn the brahmins came and inquired after his health. The king replied, "How, my Masters, can I be well, [44] who to-day have heard four such terrible cries." The brahmins waved their hands. [2] "What is it, my Masters?" said the king. The brahmins assure him that the sounds are ominous of great violence. "Do they admit of remedy, or not?" said the king. "You might say not," said the brahmins, "but we are well-trained in these matters, Sire." "By what means," said the king, "will you avert these evils?" "Sire," they replied, "there is one great remedy in our power, and by offering the fourfold sacrifice [3] of every living

creature we will avert all evil." "Then be quick," said the king, "and take all living creatures by fours—men, bulls, horses, elephants, down to quails and other birds—and by this fourfold sacrifice restore my peace of mind." The brahmins consented, and taking whatever they required, they dug a sacrificial pit and fastened their numerous victims to their stakes, and were highly excited at the thought of the dainties they were to eat, and the wealth they would gain, and went about backwards and forwards, saying, "Sir, I must have so and so."

The queen Mallikā came and asked the king, why the brahmins went about so delighted and smiling. The king said, "My queen, what have you to do with this? You are intoxicated with your own glory, and you do not know how wretched I am." "How so, Sire?" she replied. "I have heard such awful noises, my queen, and when I asked the brahmins what would be the result of

my hearing these cries, they told me I was threatened with danger to my kingdom or my property or my life, but by offering the fourfold sacrifice they would restore my peace of mind, and now in obedience to my command, they have dug a sacrificial pit and are gone to fetch whatever victims they require." The queen said, "Have you, my lord, consulted the chief brahmin in the Deva-world as to the origin of these cries?" "Who, lady," said the king, "is the chief brahmin in the Deva-world?" "The Great Gotama," she replied, "the Supreme Buddha." "Lady," he said, "I have not consulted the Supreme Buddha." "Then go," she answered, "and consult him."

The king hearkened to the words of the queen and after his morning meal he mounted his state chariot and drove to

Jetavana. Here after saluting the Master he thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, in the night season I heard four cries and consulted the brahmins about it. [45] They undertook to restore my peace of mind, by the fourfold sacrifice of every kind of victim, and are now busy preparing a sacrificial pit. What does the hearing of these cries betoken to me?"

"Nothing whatever," said the Master. "Certain beings in Hell, owing to the agony they suffer, cried aloud. These cries," he added, "have not been heard by you alone. Kings of old heard the same. And when they too, after consulting their brahmins, were anxious to offer sacrifices of slain victims, on hearing what wise men had to say, they refused to do so. The wise men explained to them the nature of these cries, and bade them let loose the crowd of victims and thus restored their peace of mind." And at the request of the king he told a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, in a certain village of Kāsi. And when he was of mature years, renouncing the pleasures of sense and embracing the ascetic life he developed the supernatural powers of mystic meditation, and enjoying the delights of Contemplation took up his abode in a pleasant grove in the Himālaya country.

The king of Benares at this time was fearfully alarmed by hearing those four sounds uttered by four beings who dwelt in Hell. And when told by brahmins in exactly the same way that one of three dangers must befall him, he agreed to their proposal to put a stop to it by the fourfold sacrifice. The family priest with the help

of the brahmins provided a sacrificial pit, and a great crowd of victims was brought up and fastened to the stakes. Then the Bodhisatta, guided by a feeling of charity, regarding the world with his divine eye, when he saw what was going on, said, "I must go at once and see to the well-being of all these creatures." And then by his magic power flying up into the air, he alighted in the garden of the king of Benares, and sat down on the royal slab of stone, looking like an image of gold. The chief disciple of the family priest approached his teacher and asked, "Is it not written, Master, in our Vedas that there is no happiness for those who take the life of any creature?" The priest replied, "You are to bring here the king's property, and we shall have abundant dainties to eat. Only hold your peace." And with these words he drove his pupil away. [46] But the youth thought,

"I will have no part in this matter," and went and found the Bodhisatta in the king's garden. After saluting him in a friendly manner he took a seat at a respectful distance. The Bodhisatta asked him saying, "Young man, does the king rule his kingdom righteously?" "Yes, Reverend Sir, he does," answered the youth, "but he has heard four cries in the night, and on inquiring of the brahmins, he has been assured by them that they would restore his peace of mind, by offering up the fourfold sacrifice. So the king, being anxious to recover his happiness, is preparing a sacrifice of animals, and a vast number of victims has been brought up and fastened to the sacrificial stakes. Now is it not right for holy men like yourself to explain the cause of these noises, and to rescue these numerous victims from the jaws of death?" "Young man," he replied, "the king does not know us, nor do we know the king, but we do know the origin of these

cries, and if the king were to come and ask us the cause, we would resolve his doubts for him." "Then," said the youth, "just stay here a moment, Reverend Sir, and I will conduct the king to you."

The Bodhisatta agreed, and the youth went and told the king all about it, and brought him back with him. The king saluted the Bodhisatta and sitting on one side asked him if it were true that he knew the origin of these noises. "Yes, Your Majesty," he said. "Then tell me, Reverend Sir." "Sire," he answered, "these men in a former existence were guilty of gross misconduct with the carefully guarded wives of their neighbours near Benares, and therefore were re-born in Four Iron Cauldrons. Where after being tortured for thirty thousand years in a thick corrosive liquid heated to boiling point, they would at one time sink till they struck the bottom of the cauldron, and at another time rise to the top like a foam bubble [1], but after those years they found the mouth of the cauldron, and looking over the edge they all four desired to give utterance to four complete stanzas, but failed to do so. And after getting out just one syllable each, they sank again in the iron cauldrons. [47] Now the one of them that sank after uttering the syllable *"du"* was anxious to speak as follows:—

Due share of wealth we gave not; an evil life we led:
We found no sure salvation in joys that now are fled.

And when he failed to utter it, the Bodhisatta of his own knowledge repeated the complete stanza. And similarly with the rest. The one that uttered merely the syllable *"sa"* wanted to repeat the following stanza:—

Sad fate of those that suffer! ah! when shall come release?
Still after countless æons, Hell's tortures never cease.

p. 32

And again in the case of the one that uttered the syllable *"na,"* this was the stanza he wished to repeat:—

Nay endless are the sufferings to which we're doomed by fate;
The ills we wrought upon the earth 'tis ours to expiate.

And the one that uttered the syllable *"so"* was anxious to repeat the following:—

Soon shall I passing forth from hence, attain to human birth,
And richly dowered with virtue rise to many a deed of worth.

[48] The Bodhisatta, after reciting these verses one by one, said, "The dweller in Hell, Sire, when he wanted to utter a complete stanza, through the greatness of his sin, was unable to do it. And when he thus experienced the result of his wrong-doing he cried aloud. But fear not; no danger shall come nigh you, in consequence of hearing this cry." Thus did he reassure the king. And the king proclaimed by beat of his golden drum that the vast host of victims was to be released, and the sacrificial pit destroyed. And the Bodhisatta, after thus providing for the safety of the numerous victims, stayed there a few days, and then returning to the same place, without any break in his ecstasy, was born in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: " Sāriputta at that time was the young priest, I myself was the

ascetic."

Footnotes

29:1 Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables,* No. 15: "Story of the Four Thuthe's Sons." King Pasenadīkosala in this story was meditating the sin of David against Uriah the Hittite, and was deterred from his purpose by the awful vision related in this Jātaka. See also Turnour's *Maháwanso,* i. IV. 18. A king in a dream sees his soul cast into the Lohakumbhī Hell.

29:2 Possibly to avert the evil omen.

29:3 See Colebrooke's *Essays,* i. 348.

31:1 See *Milindapañha,* 357.

No. 315.

MAṀSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"For one who is asking," etc.—This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, as to how the Elder Sāriputta procured dainty fare for some sick Brothers under medical treatment. The story goes that certain of the Brethren at that time at Jetavana, after taking oil as a purgative, wished for some dainty food. Those who ministered to them in their sickness went into Sāvatthi to fetch some dainties, but after going their round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, had to come back without getting what they wanted. Later on in the day the Elder was going into the town for alms and meeting these Brethren asked them why they had returned so soon. They told him

what had happened. "Come then with me," said the Elder, [49] and took them to the very same street. And the people there gave him a full measure of dainty fare. The attendants brought the food to the sick Brethren, and they partook of it. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth how that when some servants were leaving a town, without being able to get dainty fare for their sick masters, the Elder took them with him on his round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, and sent them home with abundant dainties. The Master came up and inquired the nature of their discussion, and on being told what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, did Sāriputta alone obtain food. Formerly also wise men who had a soft voice and knew how to

speak pleasantly obtained the same." And then he told a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a wealthy merchant.

Now one day a certain deer-stalker had taken venison, and filling his cart with the meat, returned to the city with the intention of selling it. At this time four sons of rich merchants who were living in Benares sallied out of the city, and meeting at some cross roads they sat down and conversed with one another about whatever they had seen or heard. One of these youths on seeing the cart full of meat proposed to go and get a piece of venison from the hunter. The others bade him go and try. So he went up to the hunter, and said, "Hi, Sirrah, give me a piece of meat." The hunter replied, "A man who begs somewhat from another ought to speak with a gentle voice: you shall receive a piece of meat appropriate to your manner of speech." Then he uttered the first stanza:—

For one who is asking a favour, my friend, thy language is coarse in its tone,
Such language deserves coarse fare in return, so I offer thee mere skin and bone.

Then one of his companions asked him what language he had used in begging for a piece of meat. "I said, Hi, Sirrah!" he replied. "I too," said the other, "will beg of him." [50] Then he went to the hunter and said, "O elder brother, give me a piece of venison." The hunter answered, "You shall receive such a piece as the words you have spoken deserve," and he repeated the second stanza:—

The name of a brother a strong link is found, to join those akin to each other,
As thy kind words suggest the gift I should make, so a joint I present to my brother.

And with these words he took up and threw him a joint of venison. Then a third youth inquired with what words the last had begged for the meat. "I addressed him as brother," he replied. "Then I too will beg of him," he said. So he went to the hunter and cried, "Dear father, give me a piece of venison." The hunter replied, "You shall receive a

piece suitable to the words you have spoken," and he repeated the third stanza:—

As a parent's fond heart to pity is moved, the cry of "Dear father" to hear,
So I too respond to thy loving appeal, and give thee the heart of the deer.

And with these words he picked up and gave him a savoury piece of meat, heart and all. Then the fourth of the youths asked the third youth, with what words he had asked for the venison. "Oh I called him "Dear father," he answered. "Then I too will beg a piece," said the other, and he went to the hunter and said, "My friend, give me a piece of meat." Said the hunter, "According to the words you have spoken, shall you receive." And he repeated the fourth stanza:—

A world without friends, I venture to think, a wilderness surely must be,
In that title of friend all that's dear is implied, so I give all the deer unto thee.

Moreover he said, "Come, friend, I will convey all this cartful of meat to your house." [51] So this merchant's son had the cart driven to his house, and he went and unloaded the meat. And he

treated the hunter with great hospitality and respect, and sending for his wife and son he took him away from his cruel occupation, and settled him on his own estate. And they became inseparable friends, and all their life long lived amicably together.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the Hunter, and I myself was the Merchant's Son who had all the venison given to him."

Footnotes

32:1 See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal,* iii. 242.

No. 316.

SASA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Seven red fish," etc.—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a gift of all the Buddhist requisites. A certain landowner at Sāvatthi, they say, provided all the requisites for the Brotherhood with Buddha at its head, and setting up a pavilion at his house door, he invited all the

company of priests with their chief Buddha, seated them on elegant seats prepared for them, and offered them a variety of choice and dainty food. And saying, "Come again to-morrow," he entertained them for a whole week, and on the seventh day he presented Buddha and the five hundred priests under him with all the requisites. At the end of the feast the Master, in returning thanks, said, "Lay Brother, you are right in giving pleasure and satisfaction by this charity. For this is a tradition of wise men of old, who sacrificed their lives for any beggars they met with, and gave them even their own flesh to eat." And at the request of his host he related this old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young hare and lived in a wood. On one side of this wood was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and on the third side a border-village. The hare had three friends—a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These four wise creatures lived together [52] and each of them got his food on his own hunting-ground, and in the evening they again came

together. The hare in his wisdom by way of admonition preached the Truth to his three companions, teaching that alms are to be given, the moral law to be observed, and holy days to be kept. They accepted his admonition and went each to his own part of the jungle and dwelt there.

And so in the course of time the Bodhisatta one day observing the sky, and looking at the moon knew that the next day would be a fast-day, and addressing his three companions he said, "To-morrow is a fast-day. Let all three of you take upon you the moral precepts, and observe the holy day. To one that stands fast in moral practice, almsgiving brings a great reward. Therefore feed any beggars that come to you by giving them food from your own table." They readily assented, and abode each in his own place of dwelling.

On the morrow quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to seek his prey and went down to the bank of the Ganges. Now it came to pass that a fisherman had landed seven red fish, and stringing them together on a withe, he had taken and buried them in the sand on the river's bank. And then he dropped down the stream, catching more fish. The otter scenting the buried fish, dug up the sand till he came upon them, and pulling them out cried aloud thrice, "Does any one own these fish?" And not seeing any owner he took hold of the withe with his teeth and laid the fish in the jungle where he dwelt, intending to eat them at a fitting time. And then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he was! The jackal too sallied forth in quest of food and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits, a lizard and a pot of milk-curd. And after thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put on his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and the

lizard with his teeth, he brought and laid them in his own lair, thinking, "In due season I will devour them," and so lay down, [53] reflecting how virtuous he had been.

The monkey also entered the clump of trees, and gathering a bunch of mangoes laid them up in his part of the jungle, meaning to eat them in due season, and then lay down, thinking how virtuous he was. But the Bodhisatta in due time came out, intending to browse on the kuça grass, and as he lay in the jungle, the thought occurred to him, "It is impossible for me to offer grass to any beggars that may chance to appear, and I have no oil or rice and such like. If any beggar shall appeal to me, I shall have to give him my own flesh to eat." At this splendid display of virtue, Sakka's white marble throne manifested signs of heat. Sakka on reflection discovered the cause and resolved to put this royal hare to the test. First of all he went and stood by the otter's dwelling-place, disguised as a brahmin, and being asked why he stood there, he replied, "Wise Sir, if I could get something to eat, after keeping the fast, I would perform all my priestly duties." The otter replied, "Very well, I will give you some food," and as he conversed with him he repeated the first stanza:—

Seven red fish I safely brought to land from Ganges flood,
O brahmin, eat thy fill, I pray, and stay within this wood.

The brahmin said, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Next he went to the jackal, and when asked by him why he stood there, he made the same answer. The jackal, too, readily promised him some food, and in talking with him repeated the second stanza:—

[54]

A lizard and a jar of curds, the keeper's evening meal,
Two spits to roast the flesh withal I wrongfully did steal:
Such as I have I give to thee: O brahmin, eat, I pray,
If thou shouldst deign within this wood a while with us to stay.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Then he went to the monkey, and when asked what he meant by standing there, he answered just as before. The monkey readily offered him some food, and in conversing with him gave utterance to the third stanza:—

An icy stream, a mango ripe, and pleasant greenwood shade,
'Tis thine to enjoy, if thou canst dwell content in forest glade.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." And he went to the wise bare, and on being asked by him why he stood there, he made the same reply. The Bodhisatta on hearing what he wanted was highly delighted, and said, "Brahmin, you have done well in coming to me for food. This day will I grant you a boon that I have never granted before, but you shall not break the moral law by taking

animal life. Go, friend, and when you have piled together logs of wood, and kindled a fire, come and let me know, [55] and I will sacrifice myself by falling into the midst of the flames, and when my body is roasted, you shall eat my flesh and fulfil all your priestly duties." And in thus addressing him the hare uttered the fourth stanza:—

Nor sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give,
But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us wouldst live.

Sakka, on hearing what he said, by his miraculous power caused a heap of burning coals to appear, and came and told the Bodhisatta. Rising from his bed of kuça grass and coming to the place, he thrice shook himself that if there were any insects within his coat, they might escape death. Then offering his whole body as a free gift he sprang up, and like a royal swan, alighting on a cluster of lotuses, in an ecstasy of joy he fell on the heap of live coals. But the flame failed even to heat the pores of the hair on the body of the Bodhisatta, and it was as if he had entered a region of frost. Then he addressed Sakka in these words: "Brahmin, the fire you have kindled is icy-cold: it fails to beat even the pores of the hair on my body. What is the meaning of this?" "Wise sir," he replied, "I am no brahmin. I am Sakka, and I have come to put your virtue to the test." The Bodhisatta said, "If not only thou, Sakka, but all the inhabitants of the world were to try me in this matter of almsgiving, they would not find in me any unwillingness to give," and with this the Bodhisatta uttered a cry of exultation like a lion roaring. Then said Sakka to the Bodhisatta, "O wise hare, he thy virtue known throughout a whole won." And squeezing the mountain, with the essence thus extracted, he daubed the sign of a hare on the orb of the moon. And after depositing the hare on a bed of young kuça grass, in the same wooded part of the jungle, Sakka returned to his own place in heaven. [56] And these four wise creatures dwelt happily and harmoniously together, fulfilling the moral law and observing holy days, till they departed to fare according to their deeds.

The Master, when he had ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the householder, who gave as a free-gift all the Buddhist requisites, attained fruition of the First Path:—" At that time Ānanda was the otter, Moggallāna was the jackal, Sāriputta the monkey, and I myself was the wise hare."

Footnotes

34:1 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* ii. 336 and 370. *Jātakamālā,* No. 6. On the wide-spread prevalence of the legend of the Hare in the Moon, see T. Harley's *Moon-Lore,* p. 60.

No. 317.

MATARODANA-JĀTAKA.

"Weep for the living," etc.—The Master while in residence at Jetavana told this story of a certain landowner who dwelt at Sāvatthi.

On the death of his brother, it is said, he was so overwhelmed with grief that he neither ate nor washed nor anointed himself, but in deep affliction he used to go to the cemetery at daybreak to weep. The Master, early in the morning casting his eye upon the world and observing in that man a capacity for attaining to the fruition of the First Path, thought, "There is no one but myself that can, by telling him what happened long ago, assuage his grief and bring him to the fruition of the First Path. I must be his Refuge." So next day on returning in the afternoon from his round of alms-begging, he took a junior priest and went to his house. On hearing of the Master's arrival, the landowner ordered a seat to be prepared and bade him enter, and saluting him he sat on one side. In answer to the Master, who asked him why he was grieving, he said he had been sorrowing ever since his brother's death. Said the Master, "All compound existences are impermanent, and what is to be broken is broken. One ought not to make a trouble of this. Wise men of old, from knowing this, did not grieve, when their brother died." And at his request the Master related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn in the family of a rich merchant, worth eighty crores. When he was come of age, his parents died. And on their death a brother of the Bodhisatta managed the family estate. [57] And the Bodhisatta lived in dependence on him. By and bye the brother also died of a fatal disease. His relations, friends and companions came together, and throwing up their arms wept and lamented, and no one was able to control his feelings. But the Bodhisatta neither lamented nor wept. Men said, "See now, though his brother is dead, he does not so much as pull a wry face: he is a very hard-hearted fellow. Methinks he desired his brother's death, hoping to enjoy a double portion." Thus did they blame the Bodhisatta. His kinsfolk too reproved him, saying, "Though your brother is dead, you do not shed a tear." On hearing their words he said: "In your blind folly, not knowing the Eight Worldly Conditions, you weep and cry, "Alas! my brother is dead," but I too, and you also, will have to die. Why then do you not weep at the thought of your own death? All existing things are transient, and consequently no single compound is able to remain in its natural condition. Though you, blind fools, in your state of ignorance, from not knowing the Eight Worldly

Conditions, weep and lament, why should I weep?" And so saying, he repeated these stanzas:—

Weep for the living rather than the dead!
All creatures that a mortal form do take,
Four-footed beast and bird and hooded snake,
Yea men and angels all the same path tread.

Powerless to cope with fate, rejoiced to die,
  Midst sad vicissitude of bliss and pain,
  Why shedding idle tears should man complain,
And plunged in sorrow for a brother sigh?

Men versed in fraud and in excess grown old,
  The untutored fool, e'en valiant men of might,
  If worldly-wise and ignorant of right,
Wisdom itself as foolishness may hold.

[58] Thus did the Bodhisatta teach these men the Truth, and delivered them all from their sorrow.

The Master, after he had ended his religious exposition, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path: —"At that time the wise man who by his religious exposition delivered people from their sorrow was I myself."

a p h c o n t i n u e s]

No. 318.

KANAVERA-JĀTAKA.

"'Twas the joyous time," etc.—This was a story told by the Master at Jetavana, about a Brother who was tempted by thoughts of the wife he had left.—The circumstances that led up to the story will be set forth in the Indriya Birth. [1]—The Master, addressing this Brother, said, "Once before, through her, you had your head cut off." And then he related a legend of the past.

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[59] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a village of Kāsi in the home of a certain householder, under the star of a robber. When he grew up to be a man, he

gained his living by robbery, and his fame was blazed abroad in the world, as a bold fellow and as strong as an elephant. And no man could catch him. One day he broke into a rich merchant's house and carried off much treasure. The townsfolk came to the king and said, "Sire, a mighty robber is plundering the city: have him arrested." The king ordered the governor of the city to seize him. So in the night the governor posted men here and there in detachments, and having effected his capture with the money upon him, he reported it to the king. The king bade the governor cut off his head. Then the governor had his arms tightly bound behind him, and having tied a wreath of red kaṇavera flowers about his neck and sprinkled brickdust on his head, had him scourged with whips in every square, and then led to the place of

execution to the music of the harsh-sounding drum. Men said, "This rapacious robber who loots our city is taken," and the whole city was greatly moved.

At this time there lived in Benares a courtezan named Sāmā, whose price was a thousand pieces of money. She was a favourite of the king's, and had a suite of five hundred female slaves. And as she stood at an open window on the upper floor of the palace, she saw this robber being led along. Now he was comely and gracious to look upon, and stood forth above all men, exceedingly glorious and god-like in appearance. And when she saw him being thus led past, she fell in love with him and thought within herself, "By what device can I secure this man for my husband? " " This is the way," she said, and sent by the hand of one of her female attendants a thousand pieces of money to the governor, and "Tell him," she said, "this robber is Sāmā's brother, and he has no other refuge except in Sāmā. And ask him to accept the money and let his prisoner escape." [60] The handmaid did as she was told. But the governor said, "This is a notorious robber, I cannot let him go free after this sort. But if I could find another man as a substitute, I could put the robber in a covered carriage and send him to you." The slave came and reported this to her mistress.

Now at this time a certain rich young merchant, who was enamoured of Sāmā, presented her every day with a thousand pieces of money. And that very day at sunset her lover came as usual to her house with the money. And Sāmā took the money and placed it in her lap and sat weeping. And when she was asked what was the cause of her sorrow, she said, "My lord, this robber is my brother, though he never came to see me, because people say I follow a vile trade: when I sent a message to the

governor he sent word that if he were to receive a thousand pieces of money, he would let his prisoner go free. And now I cannot find any one to go and take this money to the governor." The youth for the love he bare her said, "I will go." "Go, then," said she, "and take with you the money you brought me." So he took it and went to the house of the governor.

The governor hid the young merchant in a secret place, and had the robber conveyed in a close carriage to Sāmā. Then he thought, "This robber is well known in the country. It must be quite dark first. And then, when all men are retired to rest, I will have the man executed." And so making some excuse for delaying it awhile, when people had retired to rest, he sent the young merchant with a large escort to the place of execution, and cutting off his head with a sword impaled his body, and returned into the city.

Thenceforth Sāmā accepted nought at any other man's hand, but passed all her time, taking her pleasure with this robber only. The thought occurred to the robber: "If this woman should fall in love with any one else, she will have me too put to death, and take her pleasure with him. She is very treacherous to her friends. I must no longer dwell here, but make haste to escape." When he was going away, [61] he thought, "I will not go empty-handed, but will take some of the ornaments belonging to her." So one day he said to her, "My dear, we always stay indoors like tame cockatoos in a cage. Some day we will disport ourselves in the garden." She readily assented and prepared every kind of food, hard and soft, and decked herself out with all her ornaments, and drove to the garden with him seated in a close

carriage. While he was disporting himself with her, he thought, "Now must be the time for me to escape." So under a show of violent affection for her, he entered into a thicket of kaṇavera bushes, and pretending to embrace her, he squeezed her till she became insensible. Then throwing her down he spoiled her of all her ornaments, and fastening them in her outer garment he placed the bundle on his shoulder, and leaping over the garden wall made off.

And when she had recovered consciousness, rising up she went and asked her attendants, what had become of her young lord. "We do not know, lady." "He thinks," she said, "I am dead, and must in his alarm have run away." And being distressed at the thought, she returned thence to her house, and said, "Not till I have set eyes on my dear lord, will I rest upon a sumptuous couch," and she lay down upon the ground. And from that day she neither put on comely garments, nor ate more than one meal, nor affected scents and wreaths and the like. And being resolved to seek and recover her lover by every possible means, she sent for some actors and gave them a thousand pieces of money. On their asking, "What are we to do for this, lady?" She said, "There is no place that you do not visit. Go then to every village, town and city, and gathering a crowd around you, first of all sing this song in the midst of the people,"—teaching the actors the first stanza,—"And if," said she, "when you have sung this song, my husband shall be one of the crowd, he will speak to you. [62] Then you may tell him I am quite well, and bring him back with you. And should he refuse to come, send me a message."

And giving them their expenses for the journey, she sent them off. They started from Benares, and calling the people together here and there, at last arrived at a border-village. Now the robber, since his flight, was living here. And the actors gathered a crowd about them, and sang the first stanza:—

’Twas the joyous time of spring,
    Bright with flowers each shrub and tree,
From her swoon awakening
    Sāmā lives, and lives for thee.

The robber on hearing this drew nigh to the actor, and said, "You say that Sāmā is alive, but I do not believe it." And addressing him he repeated the second stanza:

Can fierce winds a mountain shake?
Can they make firm earth to quake?
But alive the dead to see
Marvel stranger far would be!

[63] The actor on hearing these words uttered the third stanza:

Sāmā surely is not dead,
Nor another lord would wed.
Fasting from all meals but one,
She loves thee and thee alone.

The robber on hearing this said, "Whether she be alive or dead, I don't want her," and with these words he repeated the fourth stanza:

Sāmā's fancy ever roves
From tried faith to lighter loves:

Me too Sāmā would betray,

Were I not to flee away.

The actors came and told Sāmā how he had dealt with them. And she, full of regrets, took once more to her old course of life.

The Master, when his lesson was ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this Brother was the rich merchant's son, the wife he had left was Sāmā, and I myself was the robber."

Footnotes

39:1 No. 423.

No. 319.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

[64] *"Happy life," etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while living in the Badarika Monastery near Kosambī, regarding the elder Rāhula. The introductory story has been already related in full in the Tipallattha Birth. [1] Now when the Brethren in the Hall of Truth were setting forth the praises of the venerable Rāhula, and speaking of him as fond of instruction, scrupulous and patient of rebuke, the Master came up and on hearing from them the subject of their discourse said, "Not now only, but formerly also Rāhula possessed all these virtues." And then he told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and giving up the world devoted himself to the ascetic life in the Himalāya country, and developed all the Faculties and Attainments. There enjoying the pleasures of ecstatic meditation he dwelt in a pleasant grove, whence he journeyed to a frontier village to procure salt and vinegar. The people, on seeing him, became believers, and built him a hut of leaves in a wood, and providing him with all that a Buddhist requires, made a home for him there.

At this time a fowler in this village had caught a decoy partridge, and putting it in a cage carefully trained and looked after it. Then he took it to the wood, and by its cry decoyed all the other

partridges that came near. The partridge thought: "Through me many of my kinsfolk come by their death. This is a wicked act on my part." So it kept quiet. When its master found it was quiet, he struck it on the head with a piece of bamboo. The partridge from the pain it suffered uttered a cry. And the fowler gained a living by decoying other partridges through it. Then the partridge thought: "Well, suppose they die. There is no evil intention on my part. Do the evil consequences of my action affect me? When I am quiet, they do not come, but when I utter a cry, they do. And all that come this fellow catches and puts to death. Is there any sinful act here on my part, or is there not?" Thenceforth the only thought of the partridge is, "Who verily may resolve my doubt?" [65] and it goes about seeking for such a wise man. Now one day the fowler snared a lot of partridges, and filling his basket with them he came to the Bodhisatta's hermitage to beg a draught of water. And putting down the cage near the Bodhisatta, he drank some water and lay down on the sand and fell

asleep. The partridge observing that he was asleep thought, "I will ask this ascetic as to my doubt, and if he knows he will solve my difficulty." And as it lay in its cage, it repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:

Happy life I lead all day,
    Food abundant falls to me:
Yet I'm in a parlous way,
    What's my future state to be?

The Bodhisatta solving this question uttered the second stanza:

If no evil in thy heart
    Prompts to deed of villainy,
Shouldst thou play a passive part,
    Guilt attaches not to thee.

The partridge on hearing this uttered the third stanza:

"Lo! our kinsman": thus they cry,
    And in crowds they flock to see.
Am I guilty, should they die?
    Please resolve this doubt for me.

[66] On hearing this, the Bodhisatta repeated the fourth stanza:

If no sin lurks in the heart,
    Innocent the deed will be.
He who plays a passive part
    From all guilt is counted free.

Thus did the Great Being console the partridge. And through him the bird was freed from remorse. Then the fowler waking up saluted the Bodhisatta and took up his cage and made off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Rāhula was the partridge, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

43:1 No. 16, Vol. i.

No. 320.

SUCCAJA-JĀTAKA.

"He might give," etc.—This story was told by the Master, while residing at Jetavana, with regard to a certain landowner. According to the story he went to a village with his wife to get in a debt, and seizing a cart in satisfaction for what was due to him he deposited it with a certain family, intending to fetch it

later on. While on the road to Sāvatthi, they came in sight of a mountain. The wife asked him, "Suppose this mountain were to become all gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he replied, "I would not give you a jot." "Alas!" she cried, "he is a hard-hearted man. Though the mountain should become pure gold, he would not give me an atom." And she was highly displeased.

When they drew nigh to Jetavana, feeling thirsty, they went into the monastery, and had some water to drink. [67] At daybreak the Master seeing in them a capacity for Salvation, sat in a cell of his Perfumed Chamber, looking out for their arrival, and emitted the six-coloured rays of Buddhahood. And after they had quenched their thirst, they came to the Master and respectfully saluting him sat down. The Master, after the usual kindly greetings, asked them where they had been. "We have been, Reverend Sir, to call in a debt." "Lay Sister," he said, "I hope your husband is anxious for your good and ready to do you a kindness." "Reverend Sir," she replied, "I am very affectionate to

him, but he has no love for me. To-day when I asked him, on catching sight of a mountain, "Supposing it were all pure gold, would you give me some?" he answered, "Who are you? I would not give you a jot." So hard-hearted is he." "Lay Sister," said the Master, "he talks like this. But whenever he calls to mind your virtues he is ready to give you lordship over all." "Tell us about it, your Reverence," they cried, and at their request he related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister, rendering him all due service. One day the king saw his son, who acted as his viceroy, coming to pay his respects to him. He thought to himself, "This fellow may do me wrong, if he gets an opportunity." So he sent for him and said, "As long as I live, you cannot dwell in this city. Live somewhere else, and at my death bear rule in the kingdom." He agreed to these conditions, and bidding his father farewell he started from Benares with his chief wife. On coming to a frontier village, he built himself a hut of leaves in a wood, and stayed there, supporting life on wild roots and fruit. By and bye the king died. The young viceroy, from his observation of the stars, knew of his father's death, and as he journeyed to Benares, a mountain came into sight. His wife said to him, "Supposing, Sir, yonder mountain were turned into pure gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he cried, "I would not give you an atom." She thought: "Through my love for him I entered this forest, not having the heart to desert him, and he speaks to me thus. [68] He is very hard-hearted, and if he becomes king, what good will he do me?" And she was sore at heart.

On reaching Benares he was established on the throne and raised her to the dignity of chief queen. He merely gave her titular rank, but beyond this he paid her no respect or honour, and did not even recognize her existence. Thought the Bodhisatta, "This queen was helpmeet to the king, not counting the pain, and dwelt with him in the wilderness. But he, taking no count of this, goes about, taking his pleasure with other women. But I will bring it about that she shall receive lordship over

all." And with this thought he went one day and saluting her said, "Lady, we do not receive from you so much as a lump of rice. Why are you so hard-hearted, and why do you thus neglect us?" "Friend," she replied, "if I myself were to receive aught, I would give it you, but if I get nothing, what am I to give? What, pray, is the king likely to give me? On the road here, when asked, "If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me anything?" he answered, "Who are you? I would give you nothing." "Well, could you repeat all this before the king?" he said. "Why should I not, friend?" she answered. "Then when I stand in the king's presence," he said, "I will ask and you shall repeat it." "Agreed, friend," she said. So the Bodhisatta, when he stood and paid his respects to the king, asked the queen, saying, "Are we not, lady, to receive aught at your hands?" "Sir," she answered, "when I get anything, I will give you something. But, pray, what is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, and a mountain came into sight, I asked him, "If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he said, "I will give you nothing." And in these words he refused what it was easy to give." [69] To illustrate this, she repeated the first stanza:

He might give at little cost
What he would not miss, if lost.
Golden mountains I bestow;
He to all I ask says "No."

The king on hearing this uttered the second stanza:

When you can, say "Yes, I will,"
When you cannot, promise nil.
Broken promises are lies;
Liars all wise men despise.

The queen, when she heard this, raising her joined hands in respectful salutation, repeated the third stanza:

Standing fast in righteousness,
Thee, O prince, we humbly bless.
Fortune may all else destroy;
Truth is still thy only joy.

[70] The Bodhisatta, after hearing the queen sing the praises of the king, set forth her virtues and repeated the fourth stanza.:

Known to fame as peerless wife,
Sharing weal and woe of life,
Equal she to either fate,
Fit with even kings to mate.

The Bodhisatta in these words sang the praises of the queen, saying, "This lady, your majesty, in the time of your adversity, lived with you

and shared your sorrows in the forest. You ought to do her honour." The king, at his words, called to mind the queen's virtues and said, "Wise Sir, at your words I am reminded of the queen's virtues," and so saying he gave all power into her hand. Moreover he bestowed great power upon the Bodhisatta. "For it was by you," he said, "I was reminded of the queen's virtues."

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the husband and wife attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this landowner was the king of Benares, this lay sister was the queen, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 321.

KUṬIDŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

[71] *"Monkey, in feet," etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a young disciple who burnt down the hut of leaves of the elder Mahākassapa. The incident that led to the story originated in Rājagaha. At that time, they say, the elder was living in a cell in the forest near Rājagaha. Two young novices ministered to his wants. The one of them was serviceable to the elder, the other was ill-behaved. Whatever was done by his comrade, he makes as if it were done by himself. For instance, when the other lad had placed water to rinse the mouth, he goes to the elder and saluting him, says, "Sir, the water is ready. Please to rinse your mouth." And when his companion had risen betimes and swept out the elder's cell, as soon as the elder appears, he knocks things about hither and thither, and makes as if the whole cell had been swept out by himself.

The dutiful disciple thought, "This ill-behaved fellow claims whatever I do just as if he had done it himself. I will expose his cunning behaviour." So when the young rogue had returned from the village and was sleeping after his meal, he heated water for the bath, and hid it in a back room, and then put merely a small quantity of water in the boiler. The other lad on waking went and saw the steam rising up and thought, "No doubt our friend has heated the water and put it in the bath-room." So going to the elder he said, "Sir, the water is in the bath-room. Please, take your bath." The elder went with him to take a bath, and finding no water in the bath-room asked where

the water was. The lad went hastily to the heating chamber and let down a ladle into the empty boiler. The ladle struck against the bottom of the empty vessel, and gave forth a rattling sound. (Thenceforth the boy was known by the name of "Rattle-Ladle.") At this moment the other lad fetched the water from the back room, and said, "Sir, please take your bath." The elder had his bath, [72] and being now aware of Rattle-Ladle's misconduct, when the boy came in the evening to wait upon him, he reproached him and said, "When one that is under religious vows

has done a thing himself, then only has he the right to say, "I did that." Otherwise it is a deliberate lie. Henceforth be not guilty of conduct like this."

The boy was wroth with the elder, and next day refused to go into the town with him to beg for alms. But the other youth accompanied the elder. And Rattle-Ladle went to see a family of the elder's retainers. When they inquired where the elder was, he answered that he remained at home ill. They asked what he ought to have. He said, "Give me so and so," and took it and went to a place that he fancied, and ate it and returned to the hermitage. Next day the elder visited that family and sat down with them. The people said, "You are not well, are you? Yesterday, they say, you stopped at home in your cell. We sent you some food by the hand of such and such a lad. Did your Reverence partake of it?" The elder held his peace, and when he had finished his meal, returned to the monastery.

In the evening when the boy came to wait upon him, the elder addressed him thus: "You went begging, Sir, in such and such a

family, and in such and such a village. And you begged, saying, "The elder must have so and so to eat." And then, they say, you ate it yourself. Such begging is highly improper. See that you are not guilty of such misconduct again."

So the boy for ever so long nursed a grudge against the elder, thinking, "Yesterday merely on account of a little water he picked a quarrel with me. And now being indignant because of my having eaten a handful of rice in the house of his retainers, he quarrels with me again. I will find out the right way to deal with him." And next day, when the elder had gone into the city for alms, he took a hammer and broke all the vessels used for food, and setting fire to the hut of leaves, took to his heels. While still alive he became a preta in the world of men, and withered away till he died and was born again in the Great Hell of Avīci. And the fame of his evil deed spread abroad amongst the people.

So one day some Brethren came from Rājagaha to Sāvatthi, and after putting away their bowls and robes in the Common Room they went and saluting the Master sat down. The Master conversed pleasantly with them and asked whence they had come. "From Rājagaha, Sir." "Who is the teacher that preaches there?" he said. "The Great Kassapa, Sir." "Is Kassapa quite well, Brethren?" he asked. "Yes, Reverend Sir, the elder is well. But a youthful member of the fraternity was so angry on account of a reproof he gave him, that he set fire to the elder's hut of leaves, and made off." [73] The Master, on hearing this, said, "Brethren, solitude is better for Kassapa than keeping company with a fool like this." And so saying he repeated a stanza in the Dhammapada:

To travel with the vulgar herd refuse,
    And fellowship with foolish folk eschew;
Thy peer or better for a comrade choose
    Or else in solitude thy way pursue.

Moreover he again addressed the Brethren and said, "Not now only, Brethren, did this youth destroy the hut and feel wroth with one that reproved him. In former times too he was wroth." And he then told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young siṅgila bird. And when he grew to be a big bird, he settled in the Himālaya country and built him a nest to his fancy, that was proof against the rain. Then a certain monkey in the rainy season, when the rain fell without intermission, sat near the Bodhisatta, his teeth chattering by reason of the severe cold. The Bodhisatta, seeing him thus distressed, fell to talking with him, and uttered the first stanza:

Monkey, in feet and hands and face
    So like the human form,
Why buildest thou no dwelling-place,
    To hide thee from the storm?

The monkey, on hearing this, replied with a second stanza:

In feet and hands and face, O bird,
    Though close to man allied,

Wisdom, chief boon on him conferred,
To me has been denied.

The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, repeated yet two more couplets:

He that inconstancy betrays, a light and fickle mind,
Unstable proved in all his ways, no happiness may find.
[74] Monkey, in virtue to excel, do thou thy utmost strive,
And safe from wintry blast to dwell, go, hut of leaves contrive.

Thought the monkey, "This creature, through dwelling in a place that is sheltered from the rain, despises me. I will not suffer him to rest quietly in this nest." Accordingly, in his eagerness to catch the Bodhisatta, he made a spring upon him. But the Bodhisatta flew up into the air, and winged his way elsewhere. And the monkey, after smashing up and destroying his nest, betook himself off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth:—"At that time the youth that fired the hut was the monkey, and I myself was the siṅgila bird."

No. 322.

DADDABHA-JATAKA. [1]

"From the spot where," etc.—This story was told by the Master, when he dwelt at Jetavana, about some heretics. These heretics, they say, in various places near Jetavana, made their beds on thorns, suffered the five-fold forms of fire penance, and practised false asceticism of many different kinds. Now a number of the Brethren, after going their rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, on their way back to Jetavana saw these heretics undergoing their pretended austerities, and came and asked the Master, [75] "Is there, Sir, any virtue in these heterodox priests in taking upon them these practices?" The Master said, "There is no

virtue, Brethren, nor any special merit in it. When it is examined and tested, it is like a path over a dunghill, or like the noise the hare heard." "We do not know, Sir, what that noise was. Tell us, Holy Sir." So at their request he told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young lion. And when fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare after feeding came and lay down beneath the young palm tree. And the thought struck him: "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?" And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it, the hare

thought: "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up he fled, without so much as looking behind him. Another hare saw him scampering off, as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, Sir, what is it?" and kept running after him. Then the hare stopped a moment and without looking back said, "The earth here is breaking up." And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, and joined in the chase till one hundred thousand hares all took to flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion and an elephant. And when they asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they too took to flight. [76] So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought: "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives." So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lion-like roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and stopping in their flight stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said, "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know, the tigers know." The tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "the buffaloes." The buffaloes, "the elks." The elks, "the boars." The boars, "the deer." The deer said, "We

don't know, the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, Sir, that the earth is breaking up?" "Yes, Sir, I saw it," said the hare.

"Where," he asked, "were you living, when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, Sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, "If this earth should break up, where shall I go?" And at that very moment I heard the sound of the breaking up of the earth and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a "thud," and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. [77] I will find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said, "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return, do you stay here." Then placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and putting the hare down in the palm grove, he said "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, Sir, is the place of dreadful sound," and so saying, he repeated the first stanza:

From the spot where I did dwell
  Issued forth a fearful "thud;"
What it was I could not tell,
  Nor what caused it understood.

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree, and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go. Verily, if it had not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

Alarmed at sound of fallen fruit
  A hare once ran away,
The other beasts all followed suit
  Moved by that hare's dismay.

They hastened not to view the scene,
    But lent a willing ear
To idle gossip, and were clean
    Distraught with foolish fear.

[78] They who to Wisdom's calm delight
    And Virtue's heights attain,
Though ill example should invite,
    Such panic fear disdain.

These three stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the lion."

Footnotes

49:1 See *Tibetan Tales,* XXII. p. 296, "The Flight of the Beasts." R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* Vol. iii. 121.

No. 323.

BRAHMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"Such is the quality," etc.—This story was told by the Master, while dwelling in the Aggāḷava shrine near Āḷavī, concerning the regulations to be observed in the building of cells. [1]

The introductory story has been already set forth in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth [2], but on this occasion the Master said, "Is it true, Brethren, that you live here by your importunity in asking and begging for alms?" And when they answered "Yes," he reproved them and said, "Wise men of old, when offered their choice by the king, though they were longing to ask for a pair of single-soled shoes, through fear of doing violence to their sensitive and scrupulous nature, did not venture to say a word in the presence of the people, but spoke in private." And so saying he told them an old-world legend.

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[79] Once upon a time in the Kampillaka kingdom, when a Pañcāla king was reigning in a North Pañcāla city, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family, in a certain market town. And when he was grown up, he acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā. Afterwards taking orders as an ascetic and dwelling in the Himālaya country, he lived for a long time by what he could glean—feeding on wild fruits and roots.

p. 53

And wandering into the haunts of men for the purpose of procuring salt and vinegar, he came to a city of North Pañcāla

and took up his abode in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city to beg alms, and came to the king's gate. The king was so pleased with his deportment and behaviour that be seated him on the dais and fed him with food worthy of a king. And he bound him by a solemn promise and assigned him a lodging in the garden.

He lived constantly in the king's house, and at the end of the rainy season, being anxious to return to the Himālayas, he thought, "If I go upon this journey, I must get a pair of single-soled shoes [1] and a parasol of leaves. I will beg them of the king." One day he came to the garden, and finding the king sitting there, he saluted him and resolved he would ask him for the shoes and parasol. But his second thought was, "A man who begs of another, saying, "Give me so and so," is apt to weep. And the other man also when he refuses, saying, "I have it not," in his turn weeps." And that the people might not see either him or the king weeping, he thought, "We will both weep quietly in some secret place." So he said, "Great King, I am anxious to speak with you in private." The royal attendants on hearing this departed. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If the king should refuse my prayer, our friendship will be at an end. So I will not ask a boon of him." That day, not venturing to mention the subject, he said, "Go now, Great King, I will see about this matter by and bye." Another day on the king's coming to the garden, saying, as before, first this and then that, he could not frame his request. And so twelve years elapsed.

Then the king thought, [80] "This priest said, "I wish to speak in private," and when the courtiers are departed, he has not the courage to speak. And while he is longing to do so, twelve years have elapsed. After living a religious life so long, I suspect, he is

regretting the world. He is eager to enjoy pleasures and is longing for sovereignty. But being unable to frame the word "kingdom," he keeps silent. To-day now I will offer him whatever he desires, from my kingdom downwards."So he went to the garden and sitting down saluted him. The Bodhisatta asked to speak to him in private, and when the courtiers had departed, he could not utter a word. The king said, "For twelve years you have asked to speak to me in private, and when you have had the opportunity, you have not been able to say a word. I offer you everything, beginning with my kingdom. Do not be afraid, but ask for whatever you please."

"Great King," he said, "will you give me what I want?"

"Yes, Reverend Sir, I will."

"Great King, when I go on my journey, I must have a pair of single-soled shoes and a parasol of leaves."

"Have you not been able, Sir, for twelve years to ask for such a trifle as this?"

"That is so, Great King."

"Why, Sir, did you act thus?"

"Great King, the man who says "Give me so and so," sheds tears, and the one who refuses and says "I have it not," in his turn weeps. If, when I begged, you should have refused me, I feared the people might see us mingling our tears. This is why I asked for a secret interview." Then from the beginning he repeated three stanzas:

Such is the quality of prayer, O king,
'Twill a rich gift or a refusal bring.

Who beg, Pañcāla lord, to weep are fain,
They who refuse are apt to weep again.

Lest people see us shed the idle tear,
My prayer I whisper in thy secret ear.

[81] The king, being charmed with this mark of respect on the part of the Bodhisatta, granted him the boon and spoke the fourth stanza:

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd;
Hearing but now these generous words of thine,
I too in turn to generous deed am stirred.

But the Bodhisatta said, "I do not, Sire, desire material pleasures. Give me that only which I ask for." And he took a pair of single-soled shoes and the parasol of leaves, and exhorted the king to be zealous in religion and to keep the moral law and observe fast days. And though the king begged hint to stay, he went off to the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

52:1 See *Suttavibhaṅga* vi. 1.

52:2 No. 253, Vol. ii.

53:1 See *Mahāvagga,* v. 1. 28. Shoes with more than a single lining were not to be worn by the Brethren, except when they had been cast off by others.

No. 324.

CAMMASĀṬAKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[82] *"The kindly beast," etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a mendicant priest who wore a leather jerkin. [2] Both his upper and under garment, it is said, were of leather. One day sallying out of the monastery, he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, till he came to the fighting-ground of the rams. A ram on seeing him drew back, desiring to butt him. The mendicant thought, "He is doing this, as an act of respect for me," and himself did not draw back. The ram came on with a rush and striking him on the thigh felled him to the ground. This case of imaginary salutation was blazed abroad in the Congregation of the Brethren. The matter was discussed by them in the Hall of Truth, as to how the leather-coated mendicant fancied he was being saluted and met with his death. The Master came and inquired the subject of their discussion and on being told what it was said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this ascetic imagined he was being saluted and so came by his death," and he then related to them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant family and plied his trade. At that time a certain religious mendicant, clad in a leather garment, in going his rounds for alms, came to the rams' fighting ground, and on seeing a ram falling back before him, he fancied it did this as a mark of respect, and did

not himself retire. "In the whole world," he thought, "this ram alone recognises my merits," and raising his joined hands in respectful salutation he stood and repeated the first stanza:

The kindly beast obeisance makes before
The high-caste brahmin versed in holy lore.
  Good honest creature thou,
Famous above all other beasts, I vow!

[83] At this moment a wise merchant sitting in his stores, to restrain the mendicant, uttered the second stanza:

Brahmin, be not so rash this beast to trust,
Else will he haste to lay thee in the dust,
  For this the ram falls back,
To gain an impetus for his attack.

While this wise merchant was still speaking, the ram came on at full speed, and striking the mendicant on the thigh, knocked him down. He

was maddened with the pain and as he lay groaning, the Master, to explain the incident, gave utterance to the third stanza:

With broken leg and bowl for alms upset,
His damaged fortune he will sore regret.
Let him not weep with outstretched arms in vain,
Haste to the rescue, ere the priest is slain.

Then the mendicant repeated the fourth stanza:

Thus all that honour to the unworthy pay,
Share the same fate that I have met to-day;
Prone in the dust by butting ram laid low
To foolish confidence my death I owe.

[84] Thus lamenting he there and then came by his death.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The man in the leather coat of to-day was the same then as now. And I myself was the wise merchant."

Footnotes

55:1 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* iii. 248.

55:2 *Mahāvagga,* viii. 28. 2.

No. 325.

GODHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"One that plays," etc.—This story was told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, with regard to a certain cheating rogue. The introductory story has been already given in full. But oh this occasion they brought the Brother to the Master and exposed him, saying, "Holy Sir, this Brother is a cheat." The Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also he was a rogue." And then he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lizard, and when he grew up and was lusty and strong, he dwelt in a forest. And a certain wicked ascetic built a hut of leaves, and took up his abode near him. The Bodhisatta, in ranging about for food, saw this hut of leaves and thought to himself,

"This hut must certainly belong to some holy ascetic," and he went there and after saluting the holy man returned to his own place of abode.

Now one day this false ascetic ate some savoury food prepared in the house of one of his retainers, and asked what meat it was. On hearing that it was lizard-flesh, he became such a slave to his love of dainties that he thought, "I will kill this lizard that so constantly keeps coming to my hermitage and will cook him to my taste and eat him." So he took some ghee, curds, condiments

and the like, and went with his club concealed under his yellow robe and sat perfectly still at the door of his hut, waiting for the Bodhisatta to come, as quiet as quiet could be.

[85] And when the Bodhisatta saw this depraved fellow he thought, "This wretch must have been eating the flesh of my kinsfolk. I will put it to the test." So he stood to leeward of him and getting a whiff from his person he knew that he had been eating the flesh of a lizard, and without going near him he turned back and made off. And when the ascetic saw he was not coming, he threw his club at him. The club missed his body, but just reached the tip of his tail. The ascetic said, "Be off with you, I have missed you." Said the Bodhisatta, "Yes, you have missed me, but you will not miss the fourfold States of Suffering." Than he ran off and disappeared in an ant-hill which stood at the end of the cloister walk, and putting out his head at some other hole, he addressed the ascetic in these two stanzas:

One that plays the ascetic rōle
Should exhibit self-control.
Thou didst hurl thy stick at me,
False ascetic thou must be.

Matted locks and robe of skin
Serve to cloke some secret sin.
Fool! to cleanse for outward show,
Leaving what is foul below.

The ascetic, on hearing this, replied in a third stanza:

Prithee, lizard, hasten back,
Oil and salt I do not lack:
Pepper too I would suggest
May to boiled rice add a zest.

[86] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

I will hide me snug and warm
Midst the anthill's myriad swarm.
Cease of oil and salt to prate,
Pepper I abominate.

Moreover he threatened him and said, "Fie! false ascetic, if you continue to dwell here, I will have you seized as a thief by the people who

live in my feeding ground, and given over to destruction. So make haste and be off." Then the false ascetic fled from that place.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the rogue of a Brother was the false ascetic, but I myself was the royal lizard."

Footnotes

56:1 Compare No. 277, vol. ii.

No. 326.

KAKKĀRU-JĀTAKA.

"He that from thievish act," etc.—This story was told by the Master while he was at Jetavana, about Devadatta, how that after causing a schism in the Order, as he was going away with his chief disciples, when the assembly broke up, a hot stream of blood gushed from his mouth. Then the Brethren discussed the matter in the Hall of Truth, and said that Devadatta by speaking falsely had created a schism, and afterwards fell sick and suffered great rain. The Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were discussing as they sat in conclave, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was a liar, and not now only, but of old also he suffered pain as the penalty of lying." And so saying he repeated this old-world legend.

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[87] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a certain god in the heaven of the Thirty-three. Now at this time there was a great festival at Benares. A crowd of Nāgas and Garuḍa birds and terrestrial deities came and watched the festival. And four divine beings from the heaven of the Thirty-three, wearing a wreath made of heavenly kakkāru flowers, came to see the festival. And the city for the space of twelve leagues was filled with the fragrance of these flowers. Men moved about, wondering by whom these flowers were worn. The gods said, "They are watching us," and flying up from the royal court, by an act of supernatural power they stood poised in the air. The multitude gathered together,

and the king with his vassal princes came and asked from what world of the gods they had come.

"We come from the heaven of the Thirty-three."

"For what purpose are you come?"

"To see the festival."

"What are these flowers?"

"They are called the heavenly kakkāru flowers."

"Sirs," they said, "in the world of the gods you may have other flowers to wear. Give these to us."

The gods made answer, "These divine flowers are fit for those possessed of great powers: for the base, foolish, faithless and sinful beings in this world of men they are not fitted. But whosoever amongst men are endued with such and such virtues, for them they are suitable." And with these words the chief amongst these divine beings repeated the first stanza:—

He that from thievish act refrains,
His tongue from lying word restrains,
And reaching dizzy heights of fame
Still keeps his head—this flower may claim.

[88] On hearing this the family priest thought, "I own not one of these qualities, but by telling a lie I will get these flowers to wear, and thus the people will credit me with these virtues." Then he said, "I am endued with these qualities," and he had the flowers

[paragraphs]

brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the second god, who replied in a second stanza:—

He that should honest wealth pursue
And riches gained by fraud eschew,
In pleasure gross excess would shun,
This heavenly flower has duly won.

Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and put them on, and then begged of the third god, who uttered the third stanza:—

He that from purpose fixed ne’er swerves
And his unchanging faith preserves,
Choice food alone scorns to devour,
May justly claim this heavenly flower.

[89] Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the fourth god, who spoke the fourth stanza:—

He that good men will ne’er attack
When present, nor behind their back,
And all he says, fulfils in deed,
This flower may claim as his due weed.

The priest said, "I am endued with these virtues," and he had the flowers brought to him and put them on. So these divine beings gave the four wreaths of flowers to the priest and returned to the world of gods. As soon as they were gone, the priest was seized with a violent pain in the head, as if it were being pounded by a sharp spike, or crushed by an

instrument of iron. Maddened with the pain he rolled up and down, and cried out with a loud voice. When men asked, "What means this?" he said, "I claimed these virtues when I had them not, and spoke falsely and so begged these flowers of the gods: take them from off my head." They would have removed them, but could not, for they were fastened as it were with an iron band. Then they raised him up and led him home. And as he lay there crying aloud, seven days passed. The king spake to his councillors and said, "This wicked brahmin will die. What are we to do?" "My lord," they answered, "let us again celebrate a festival. The sons of the gods will come back."

[90] And the king held a festival, and the sons of the gods returned and filled all the city with the perfume of the flowers, and took their stand in the same place in the royal court. The people gathered together, and bringing that wicked brahmin they laid him down before the gods on his belly. He prayed the gods, saying, "My lords, spare my life." They said, "These flowers are not meet for a wicked and evil man. You thought in your heart to deceive us. You have received the reward of your false words."

After thus rebuking him in the presence of the people, they removed the wreath of flowers from his head and having admonished the people, they returned to their own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the brahmin, of the divine beings Kassapa

was one, Moggallāna was another, Sāriputta a third, and I myself was the chief one of all."

No. 327.

KĀKATI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Fragrant odours," etc.—This story was told by the Master while residing at Jetavana, of a certain Brother who regretted having taken orders. On this occasion the Master asked the Brother if it were true that he was discontented, and on his answering, "Yes, Holy Sir," he asked him the reason. The Brother replied, "By reason of sinful passion." The Master said, "Woman cannot be guarded. There is no keeping her safe. Sages of old placed a woman in mid ocean in a palace by the Simbalī lake [2], but failed to preserve her honour." Then he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the king by his queen-consort. And when he was grown up, at his father's death he bare rule. Kākāti was his chief queen and as lovely as an Apsara. [91] The old form of the legend will be found set forth in full in the Kunāḷa Birth. [1] Here follows a brief summary of it.

Now at this time a certain Garuḍa king came disguised as a man, and played at dice with the king of Benares. Falling in love with the chief queen Kākāti, he carried her off with him to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas and lived happily with her. The king missing her told his musician named Naṭakuvera to go in quest of her. He found the Garuḍa king lying on a bed of eraka grass in a certain lake, and just as the Garuḍa was on the point of leaving that spot, he seated himself in the midst of the royal

bird's plumage, [2] and was in this way conveyed to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas. There he enjoyed the lady's favours, and again seating himself on the bird's wing returned home. And when the time came for the Garuḍa to play at dice with the king, the minstrel took his lute and going up to the gaming board he stood before the king, and in the form of a song gave utterance to the first stanza:—

Fragrant odours round me playing
Breath of fair Kākāti's love,
From her distant home conveying
Thoughts my inmost soul to move.

On hearing this the Garuḍa responded in a second stanza:—

Sea and Kebuk stream defying
Didst thou reach my island home?
Over seven oceans flying
To the Simbal grove didst come?

[92] Naṭakuvera, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:—

’Twas through thee all space defying
I was borne to Simbal grove,
And o’er seas and rivers flying
’Twas through thee I found my love.

Then the Garuḍa king replied in the fourth stanza:—

Out upon the foolish blunder,
What a booby I have been!
Lovers best were kept asunder,
Lo! I've served as go-between.

So the Garuḍa brought the queen and gave her back to the king of Benares, and came not there any more.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:— At the conclusion of the Truths the discontented Brother attained the fruition of the First Path:— "At that time the discontented Brother was Naṭakuvera, and I myself was the king."

Footnotes

60:1Compare No. 360 *infra.*

60:2 On Mount Meru: the Garuḍas live round it.

61:1 No. 536.

61:2 Compare *Tibetan Tales,* XII. p. 231, *Suśroṇi.*

No. 328.

ANANUSOCIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Why should I shed tears," etc.—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, of a certain landowner who had lost his wife. On her death, they say, he neither washed himself nor took food, and neglected his farm duties. Overcome with grief he would wander about the cemetery lamenting, while his predestination to enter the First Path blazed forth like a halo about his head. The Master, early one morning, casting his eye upon the world and beholding him said, "Save me there is no one that can remove this man's sorrow and bestow upon him the power of entering the First Path. I will be his refuge." So when he had returned from his rounds and had eaten his meal, he took an attendant priest and went to the door of the landowner's house. [93] And he on hearing that the Master was coming went out to meet him, and with other marks of respect seated him in the prescribed seat and came and sitting on one side saluted him.

The Master asked, "Wherefore, lay brother, are you silent?"

"Reverend Sir," he replied, "I am grieving for her."

The Master said, "Lay brother, that which is breakable is broken, but when this happens, one ought not to grieve. Sages of old, when they lost a wife, knew this truth, and therefore sorrowed not." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

The old legend will be found set forth in the Cullabodhi Birth [1] in the Tenth Book. Here follows a short summary of it.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā and then returned to his parents. In this Birth the Great Being became a holy young student. Then his parents told him they would look out a wife for him.

"I have no desire for a married life," said the Bodhisatta. "When you are dead, I will adopt the religious life of an ascetic."

And being greatly importuned by them, he had a golden image [2] made,

and said, "If you can find me a maiden like unto this, I will take her to wife." His parents sent forth some emissaries with a large escort, and bade them place the golden image in a covered carriage and go and search through the plains of India, till they found just such a young brahmin girl, when they were to give this golden image in exchange, and bring the girl back with them. Now at this time a certain holy man passing from the Brahma world was born again in the form of a young girl in a town in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the house of a brahmin worth eighty crores, and the name given her was Sammillabhāsinī. At the age of sixteen she was a fair and gracious maiden, like to an Apsara, endued with all the marks of female beauty. And since no thought of evil was ever suggested to her by the power of sinful passion, she was perfectly pure. [94] So the men took the golden image and wandered about till they reached this village.

The inhabitants on seeing the image asked, "Why is Sammillabhāsinī, the daughter of such and such a brahmin, placed there?" The messengers on hearing this found the brahmin family, and chose Sammillabhāsinī for the prince's bride. She sent a message to her parents, saying, "When you are dead, I shall adopt the religious life; I have no desire for the married state." They said, "What art thou thinking of, maiden?" And accepting the golden image they sent off their daughter with a great retinue. The marriage ceremony took place against the wishes of both the Bodhisatta and Sammillabhāsinī. Though sharing the same room and the same bed they did not regard one another with the eye of sinful passion, but dwelt together like two holy men or two female saints.

By and bye the father and mother of the Bodhisatta died. He performed their funeral rites and calling to him Sammillabhāsinī, said to her, "My dear, my family property amounts to eighty crores, and yours too is worth another eighty crores. Take all this and enter upon household life. I shall become an ascetic."

"Sir," she answered, "if you become an ascetic, I will become one too. I cannot forsake you."

"Come then," he said. So spending all their wealth in almsgiving and throwing up their worldly fortune as it were a lump of phlegm, they journeyed into the Himālaya country and both of them adopted the ascetic life. There after living for a long time on wild fruits and roots, they at length came down from the Himālayas to procure salt and vinegar, and gradually found their way to Benares, and dwelt in the royal grounds. And while they were living there, this young and delicate female ascetic, from eating insipid rice of a mixed quality, was attacked by dysentery

and not being able to get any healing remedies, she grew very weak. The Bodhisatta at the time for going his rounds to beg for alms, took hold of her and carried her to the gate of the city and there laid her on a bench in a certain hall, and himself went into the city for alms. He had scarce

gone out when she expired. The people, beholding the great beauty of this female ascetic, [95] thronged about her, weeping and lamenting. The Bodhisatta after going his round of begging returned, and hearing of her death he said, "That which has the quality of dissolution is dissolved. All impermanent existences are of this kind." With these words he sat down on the bench whereon she lay and eating the mixture of food he rinsed out his mouth. The people that stood by gathered round him and said, "Reverend Sir, what was this female ascetic to you?"

"When I was a layman," he replied, "she was my wife."

"Holy Sir," they said, "while we weep and lament and cannot control our feelings, why do you not weep?"

The Bodhisatta said, "While she was alive, she belonged to me in some sort. Nothing belongs to her that is gone to another world.: she has passed into the power of others. Wherefore should I weep?" And teaching the people the Truth, he recited these stanzas:

Why should I shed tears for thee,
Fair Sammillabhāsinī?
Passed to death's majority [1]
Thou art henceforth lost to me.

Wherefore should frail man lament
What to him is only lent?
He too draws his mortal breath
Forfeit every hour to death.

Be he standing, sitting still,
Moving, resting, what he will,
In the twinkling of an eye,
In a moment death is nigh.

Life I count a thing unstable,
Loss of friends inevitable.
Cherish all that are alive,
Sorrow not shouldst thou survive.

[97] Thus did the Great Being teach the Truth, illustrating by these four stanzas the impermanence of things. The people performed funeral rites over the female ascetic. And the Bodhisatta returned to the Himālayas, and entering on the higher knowledge arising from mystic meditation was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the mother of Rāhula was Sammillabhāsinī, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

62:1 No. 443.

62:2 For the incident of the golden image and the story generally compare *Tibetan Tales,* IX. p. 186. *Mahākās`yapa* and *Bhadrā.*

64:1 Compare the classical usage of οἱ πλείους, *plures*, for the dead.

No. 329.

KĀLABĀHU-JĀTAKA.

"Once we enjoyed," etc.—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, with regard to Devadatta's loss of gains and honour. For when Devadatta had unreasonably conceived a grudge against the Buddha and suborned a band of archers to slay him, his offence became known by the letting loose of the elephant Nālāgiri [1]. Then men took away his office and the rations provided for him, and the king ceased to regard him. And having lost his source of gains and honour, he went about living on what he begged in noble families. The Brethren started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that Devadatta thought to get gain and honour, but when he had got it he could not keep it. The Master came and inquired what was the subject the Brethren sat in conclave to discuss, and on being told what it was he said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta was deprived of gains and honour." And he then told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Dhanaiñjaya was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a parrot named Rādha. He was a well-grown bird with perfectly-formed limbs. And his younger brother was called Poṭṭhapāda. A certain fowler trapped these two birds and brought them as a present to the king of Benares. The king put the pair in a golden cage [98] and took care of them and gave them honey and parched corn to eat in a golden dish and

sugar-water to drink. Great attention was paid them, and they attained to the highest degree of profit and honour. Then a certain forester brought a big black monkey, called Kālabāhu, as a present to the king, and from the fact of his coming later than the parrots, he received still greater gain and respect, while that paid to the parrots fell off. The Bodhisatta through his possession of Buddha qualities said not a word, but his younger brother, from the absence of these qualities being unable to put up with the honour paid to the monkey, said, "Brother, formerly in this royal house men gave us savoury food, but now we get nothing, and they offer it all to the monkey Kālabāhu. As we receive neither gain nor honour in this place from the king, what are we to do? Come, let us go and live in the forest." And as he talked with him, he uttered the first stanza:

Once we enjoyed of food abundant store,
This monkey now has what was ours before.
Come, Rādha, let us to the forest hie;
Such scurvy treatment what can justify?

Rādha, on hearing this, replied in the second stanza:

Gain and loss and praise and blame,
Pleasure, pain, dishonour, fame,
All as transient states conceive—
Why should Poṭṭhapāda grieve?

[99] On hearing this, Poṭṭhapāda was unable to get rid of his grudge against the monkey and repeated the third stanza:

Rādha, wisest bird alive,
Sure thou knowest things to come,
This vile creature who shall drive
From the court to his old home?

Rādha, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

Oft will his puckered face and moving ears
The royal children fill with foolish fears:
Soon Kālabāhu through some impish freak,
Far far away his food will have to seek.

In a very short time the monkey by shaking his ears and the like tricks before the young princes terrified them. In their alarm they made an outcry. The king asked what it meant, and hearing the cause, said, "Drive him away." So he had the monkey driven away, and the parrots were restored to their former condition of gain and honour.

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[100] The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time Devadatta was Kālabāhu, Ānanda was Poṭṭhapāda, and I myself was Rādha."

Footnotes

65:1 See vol. ii. p. 140, and p. 168.

No. 330.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"Power on earth," etc.—This was a story told by the Master when at Jetavana, about a brahmin who was ever proving his virtue. Two similar stories have been told before. [1] In this case the Bodhisatta was the family priest of the king of Benares.

In testing his virtue he for three days took a coin from the royal treasurer's board. They informed against him as a thief, and when brought before the king, he said:

Power on earth beyond compare,
    Virtue owns a wondrous charm:
Putting on a virtuous air
    Deadly snakes avoid all harm.

After thus praising virtue in the first stanza, he gained the king's consent and adopted the ascetic life. Now a hawk seized a piece of meat in a butcher's shop and darted up into the air. The other birds surrounded him and struck at him with feet, claws and beaks. Unable to bear the pain he dropped the piece of meat. Another bird seized it. It too in like manner being hard pressed let the meat fall. Then another bird pounced on it, and whosoever got the meat was pursued by the rest, and whosoever let it go was left in peace. The Bodhisatta on seeing this thought, "These desires of ours are like pieces of meat. To

those that grasp at them is sorrow, and to those that let them go is peace." And he repeated the second stanza:

While the hawk had aught to eat,
  Birds of prey pecked at him sore,
When perforce he dropped the meat,
  Then they pecked at him no more.

[101] The ascetic going forth from the city, in the course of his journey came to a village, and at evening lay down in a certain man's house. Now a female slave there named Piṅgalā made an assignation with a man, saying, "You are to come at such and such an hour." After she had bathed the feet of her master and his family, when they had lain down, she sat on the threshold, looking out for the coming of her lover, and passed the first and the middle watch, repeating to herself, "Now he will be coming," but at daybreak, losing hope, she said, "He will not come now," and lay down and fell asleep. The Bodhisatta seeing this happen said, "This woman sat ever so long in the hope that her lover would come, but now that she knows he will not come, in her despair, she slumbers peacefully." And with the thought that while hope in a sinful world brings sorrow, despair brings peace, he uttered the third stanza:

The fruit of hope fulfilled is bliss;
How differs loss of hope from this?
Though dull despair her hope destroys,
Lo! Piṅgalā calm sleep enjoys [1].

Next day going forth from that village he entered into a forest, and beholding a hermit seated on the ground and indulging in meditation he

thought, "Both in this world and in the next there is no happiness beyond the bliss of meditation." And he repeated the fourth stanza:

In this world and in worlds to be
    Nought can surpass ecstatic joy:
To holy calm a devotee,
    Himself unharmed, will none annoy.

[102] Then he went into the forest and adopted the ascetic life of a Rishi and developed the higher knowledge born of meditation, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-World.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the family priest."

Footnotes

66:1 No. 86, Vol. i., and No. 290, Vol. ii.

67:1 Compare *Sánkhya Aphorisms,* iv. 11. *Mahābhārata,* xii. 6447.

No. 331.

KOKĀLIKA-JĀTAKA.

"They that with speech inopportune," etc.—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Kokālika. The introductory story is told in full in the Takkārika Birth. [1]

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his valued minister. Now the king was very talkative. Thought the Bodhisatta, "I will put an end to his talkativeness," and went about looking for an apt illustration. So one day the king came to his garden and sat down on the royal slab of stone. Above his head was a mango tree and there in a crow's nest a black cuckoo had laid her egg and gone off. The female crow watched over that cuckoo's egg. By and bye a young cuckoo came forth from it The crow thinking it was her own offspring took care of it, bringing food for it in her beak. The young bird while still unfledged uttered a cuckoo cry prematurely. The crow thought, "This young bird even now utters a strange note. [103] What will it do, when it is older?" And so she killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest, and it fell at the king's feet. The king asked the

Bodhisatta, "What is the meaning of this, my friend?" Thought the Bodhisatta, "I am seeking for an illustration to teach the king a lesson, and now I have got one." So he said, "Garrulous folk, Great King, who talk too much out of season, meet with a fate like this. This young cuckoo, sire, being fostered by the crow,

while yet unfledged, uttered a premature cry. So the crow knew it was not her offspring and killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest. All those that are too talkative out of season, be they men or beasts, suffer like trouble." And with these words he recited these stanzas:

They that with speech inopportune offend
Like the young cuckoo meet untimely end.
Nor deadly poison, nor sharp-whetted sword
Is half so fatal as ill-spoken word.

The sage his measured words discreetly guides,
Nor rashly to his second self confides:
Before he speaks will prudent counsel take,
His foes to trap, as Garuḍa the snake.

[104] The king, after hearing the religious teaching of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth became more measured in his words, and increasing the glory of the Bodhisatta ever gave him more and more.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "Kokālika in those days was the young cuckoo, and I myself was the wise minister."

Footnotes

68:1 No. 481. Compare No. 215, Vol. ii.

No. 332.

RATHALAṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

"Wounding another," etc.—This story was told by the Master when he was at Jetavana, about the family priest of the king of Kosala, who, it is said, as he was driving in his chariot to a village on his estate came upon a caravan in a narrow road, and crying out once and again, "Out of the way with you," was so enraged at a cart not clearing out of his way that he threw his goad-stick at the driver of the first cart. The stick struck against the yoke of the chariot, and rebounding hit him on the forehead and raised a bump on his head. The priest turned back and went and told the king he had been wounded by some carters. The carters were summoned, and the judges examining into the case found the priest only was to blame. One day the matter was discussed in the Hall of Truth, [105]

how that the king's chaplain, who said he had been assaulted by some carters, on going to law was cast in his suit. When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this fellow acted in precisely the same way." And he then told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his lord justice. The king's chaplain drives to a village where he was headman, and acts in exactly the same way as in the other tale, but in this version, when the king heard

the priest's story, he summoned the carters and himself sat in judgment, and without examining into the matter he said, "You have beaten my priest and raised a bump on his forehead," and ordered all their property to be taken from them. Then said the Bodhisatta to him, "Sire, without even investigating the matter you order them to be mulcted of all their goods, but some men after inflicting wounds on themselves declare that they have been wounded by another. Therefore it is wrong for one who bears rule to act thus without trying the case. He ought not to act till he has heard everything." And then he recited these verses:

Wounding another, his own wound he shows,
Himself the smiter, he complains of blows.
Wise men, O king, of partial views beware,
Hear both sides first, then judgment true declare.
The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.
A bad king will a case unheard decide,
Wrath in the sage can ne’er be justified.
[106] The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

The king on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta judged righteously, and when the case was duly tried, the blame was found to rest with the brahmin alone.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The Brahmin played the same part in both stories, and I myself was the wise minister in those days."

No. 333.

GODHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Then wert thou," etc.—This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain landowner. The introductory story has been told in full before. [2] But in this case, as the husband and wife were returning home, after calling in a debt, in the course of their journey some hunters gave them a roasted lizard, bidding them both to eat of it. The man sent his wife to fetch water and ate up the whole lizard, and when she came back, he said, "My dear, the lizard has run away." "Well, my lord," she said, "what can one do with a roast lizard that runs away?" [107] She drank some water and afterwards at Jetavana when sitting in the presence of the Master, she was asked by him as follows: "Lay sister, is this man affectionate, loving and helpful to you?" She answered, "I am loving and affectionate to him, but he has no love for me." The Master said, "Well, suppose he does behave thus to you. Do not be grieved. When he recalls to mind your virtues, he will give supreme power to you alone." And at their request he related an old-world story.

This old story is just like the one given above, but in this case, as the husband and wife were on their way home, some hunters saw how distressed they were and gave them a roasted lizard and bade them share it between them. The royal lady tied it about with a creeper used as a string, and went on her way, carrying it in her hand. They came upon a lake, and leaving the

high road sat down at the foot of a Bo-tree. The prince said, "Go, my dear, and fetch water from the lake in a lotus leaf, then we will eat this meat." She hung the lizard on a bough and went to fetch water. Her companion ate up all the lizard and then sat with averted face, holding the tip of the tail in his hand. When she returned with the water, he said, "My dear, the lizard came down from the bough and made for an ant-heap. I ran and seized it by the tip of its tail. The lizard broke in two and left in my hand the part I had seized and disappeared in the hole."

"Well, my lord," she replied, "how can we deal with a roast lizard that runs away? Come, let us be off."

And so drinking the water, they journey to Benares. The prince when he came to the throne gave her the titular rank of queen consort, but no honour or respect was paid to her. The Bodhisatta, desiring to win honour for her, standing in the king's presence asked her, "Lady, is it not the case that we receive nothing at your hands? Why do you neglect us?"

"Dear sir," she said, "I get nothing from the king. How then should I give a present to you? What is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, he ate a roast lizard all by himself."

[108] "Lady," he said, "the king would not act after this sort. Do not speak thus of him."

Then the lady said to him, "Sir, this is not clear to you, but it is clear enough to the king and me," and she repeated the first stanza:—

Then wert thou first known to me,
When in forest-depths, O king,
Roasted lizard broke its string
And from Bo-tree branch got free.
Though ’neath robe of bark, I ween,
Sword and coat of mail were seen.?

Thus spake the queen, making known the king's offence in the midst of his courtiers. The Bodhisatta, on hearing her, said, "Lady, ever since the time when your husband ceased to love you, why do you go on living here, making unpleasantness for both?" and he repeated two stanzas:—

To one that honours thee, due honour show
With full requital of good service done:
No kindness on illiberal folk bestow,
Nor those affect that would thy presence shun.

Forsake the wretch who has forsaken thee,
And love not one who has for thee no love,
E’en as a bird forsakes a barren tree,
And seeks a home in some far distant grove.

[109] The king, while the Bodhisatta was yet speaking, called to mind her virtues and said, "My dear, ever so long I observed not your virtues, but through the words of this wise man, I have observed them. Bear with my offence. This whole realm of mine I give to you alone." And hereupon he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Far as in his power may be,
Gratitude a king should show:
All my realm I grant to thee,
Gifts, on whom thou wilt, bestow.

With these words the king conferred on the queen supreme power, and thinking, "It was by this man that I was reminded of her virtues," he gave great power to the wise man also.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, both husband and wife attained fruition of the First Path:—"The husband and wife of the present story played the same part in the old tale. But I myself was the wise minister."

Footnotes

71:1 Compare No. 223, Vol. ii.

71:2 See No. 320, Vol. iii.

No. 334.

RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

[110] *"The bull through floods," etc.*—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana concerning the admonition of a king. The introductory story will be found in full in the Tesakuṇa Birth. [1] But in this version of it the Master said, "Kings of old, Sire, hearkening to the words of the wise, bare rule justly and attained to the heavenly world." And at the request of the king he told a story of the olden times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he was trained in all the arts, and adopting the ascetic life he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and took up his abode in a pleasant quarter of the Himālayas, living on wild fruits and roots. At this time the king being anxious to find out his defects, went about inquiring if there was any one who would tell him his faults. And not finding any one to speak to his dispraise, either within doors or without, either within the city or outside it, he wandered about the country side in disguise, thinking, "How will it be in the country?" And not meeting with any one there to speak to his dispraise, and hearing men speak only of his merits, he thought, "How will it be in the Himālaya region?" And he went into the forest and wandered about till he reached the hermitage of the Bodhisatta, where after saluting him, and addressing him in a friendly manner he took a seat on

one side. At that moment the Bodhisatta was eating some ripe figs which he had brought front the wood. They were luscious and sweet, like powdered sugar. He addressed the king and said, "Your Excellency, pray eat this ripe fig and drink some water."

The king did so, and asked the Bodhisatta, "Why, Reverend Sir, is this ripe fig so exceedingly sweet?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the king now exercises his rule with justice and equity. That is why it is so sweet."

[111] "In the reign of an unjust king, does it lose its sweetness, Sir?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, in the time of unjust kings, oil, honey, molasses and the like, as well as wild roots and fruits, lose their sweetness and flavour, and not these only but the whole realm becomes bad and flavourless; but when the rulers are just, these things become sweet and full of flavour, and the whole realm recovers its tone and flavour."

The king said, "It must be so, Reverend Sir," and without letting him know that he was the king, he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned to Benares. And thinking to prove the words of the ascetic, he ruled unjustly, saying to himself, "Now I shall know all about it," and after the lapse of a short time he went back and saluting the Bodhisatta, sat respectfully on one side. The Bodhisatta using exactly the same words, offered him a ripe fig, which proved to be bitter to his taste. Finding it to be bitter he spat it out, saying, "It is bitter, Sir."

Said the Bodhisatta, "Your Excellency, the king must be unjust, for when rulers are unjust, everything beginning with the wild fruits in the wood, lose all their sweetness and flavour." And hereupon he recited these stanzas:—

The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake:
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

But if the bull a course direct should steer,
The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.
So should their chief to righteous ways be true,
The common folk injustice will eschew,
And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[112] The king after hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the Truth, let him know he was the king and said, "Holy Sir, formerly it was due to me alone that the figs were first sweet and then bitter, but now I will make them sweet again." Then he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned home, and ruling righteously restored everything to its original condition.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

73:1 No. 521, Vol. v.

No. 335.

JAMBUKA-JĀTAKA.

"Jackal beware," etc.—This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about the attempt of Devadatta to imitate the Buddha. The incident that gave rise to the story has been told in full before. [1] Here is a short summary of it.

When the Master asked Sāriputta what Devadatta did when he saw him, the Elder replied, "Sir, in taking you off he put a fan in my hand and lay down, and then Kokālika struck him on the breast with his knee: and so in taking you off he got into trouble." The Master said, "This happened to Devadatta before," and being pressed by the Elder, he told an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lion, and dwelt in a cave of the Himālayas, [113] and one day after killing a buffalo and eating of its flesh he took a draught of water and returned home. A jackal saw him, and being unable to escape lay down on his belly.

The lion said, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Jackal?"

"Sir," he said, "I would be your servant."

The lion said, "Well, come on then," and conducting him to the place where he dwelt, he day by day brought him meat and fed

him. When the jackal had grown fat on the lion's broken meat, one day a feeling of pride sprang up in him, and he drew nigh to the lion, and said, "My lord, I am ever a hindrance to you. You constantly bring me meat and feed me. To-day do you remain here. I will go and slay an elephant, and after eating my fill will bring some meat to you." Said the lion, "Friend jackal, let not this seem good in your eyes. You are not sprung from a stock that feeds on the flesh of the elephants that it kills. I will kill an elephant and bring its flesh to you. The elephant surely is big of body. Do not undertake what is contrary to your nature, but hearken to my words." And hereupon he spoke the first stanza:—

Jackal, beware!
  His tusks are long.
    One of thy puny race
Would scarcely dare
  So huge and strong
    A beast as this to face.

The jackal, though forbidden by the lion, issued forth from the cave and thrice uttered the cry of a jackal. And looking to the base of the mountain, he spied a black elephant moving below, and thinking to fall on his head he sprang up and turning over in the air fell at the elephant's feet. The elephant lifting up his fore foot planted it on the jackal's head and smashed his skull to pieces. [114] The jackal lay there groaning, and the elephant went off trumpeting. The Bodhisatta came and standing on the top of the precipice saw how the jackal had met his death, and said, "Through his pride was this jackal slain," and uttered three stanzas:—

A jackal once assumed the lion's pride,
And elephant as equal foe defied.
Prone on the earth, while groans his bosom rent,
He learned the rash encounter to repent.

Who thus should challenge one of peerless fame,
Nor mark the vigour of his well-knit frame,
Shares the sad fate that on the jackal came.

But who the measure of his own power knows,
And nice discretion in his language shows,
True to his duty lives and triumphs o’er his foes.

[115] Thus did the Bodhisatta in these stanzas declare the duties proper to be done in this world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the jackal, and I myself was the lion."

Footnotes

74:1 See No. 204, Vol. ii.

No. 336.

BRAHĀCHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Grass is still," etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain rogue. The incident that suggested the story has been already related.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister and temporal and spiritual adviser. The king of Benares went against the king of Kosala with a large army, and coming to Sāvatthi, after a battle entered the city and took the king prisoner. Now the king of Kosala had a son, prince Chatta by name. He made his escape in disguise, and went to Takkasilā, where he acquired the three Vedas and the eighteen liberal arts. Then he left Takkasilā, and while still studying the practical uses of science he arrived at a certain border village. In a wood near this five hundred ascetics dwelt in huts of leaves. The prince approached them, and with the idea of learning somewhat of them, he became an ascetic, and so acquired whatsoever knowledge they had to impart. By and bye he became the leader of that band of disciples.

One day he addressed his company of holy men and asked them, saying, "Sirs, why do you not go to the central region?"

"Sir," they said, "in the central region are said to be living wise men. [116] They pose one with questions, call upon one to return

thanks and to repeat a form of blessing, and reprove the incompetent. And therefore we are afraid to go there."

"Fear not," he said, "I will manage all this for you."

"Then we will go," they said. And all of them taking their various requisites in due course reached Benares. Now the king of Benares, having got all the kingdom of Kosala into his possession, set up loyal officials as governors, and himself, having collected all their available treasure, returned with his spoil to Benares. And filling iron pots with it, he buried them in the royal garden, and then continued to live there. So these holy men spent the night in the king's garden, and on the morrow went into the city to beg alms, and came to the door of the palace. The king was so charmed with their deportment that he called them up and made them sit on the dais and gave them rice and cakes, and till it was their meal-time asked them such and such questions. Chatta won the king's heart by answering all his questions, and at the close of the meal he offered up various forms of thanksgiving. The king was still more pleased, and exacting a promise from them he made them all stay in his garden.

Now Chatta knew a spell for bringing to light buried treasure, and while dwelling there he thought, "Where can this fellow have put the money which belonged to my father?" So repeating the spell and looking about him he discovered that it was buried in the garden. And thinking that with this money he would recover his kingdom also, he addressed the ascetics and said, "Sirs, I am the son of the king of Kosala. When our kingdom was seized by the king of Benares, I escaped in disguise, and so far I have saved my life. But now I have got the property which belonged

to my family. With this will I go and recover my kingdom. What will you do?"

"We too will go with you," they replied.

"Agreed," he said, and had some big leather sacks made, and at night digging a hole in the ground he pulled out the treasure-pots, [117] and putting the money into the sacks he had the pots filled with grass. Then he ordered the five hundred holy men and others as well to take the money, and fled to Sāvatthi. There he had all the king's officers seized, and recovering his kingdom he restored the walls, watch-towers and other works, and having thus made the city impregnable against the attack of any hostile king, he took up his abode there. It was told to the king of Benares, "The ascetics have carried off the treasure from your garden and are fled." He went to the garden and opening the pots found only grass in them. And by reason of his lost treasure great sorrow fell upon him. Going to the city he wandered about murmuring, "Grass, grass," and no one could assuage his grief, Thought the Bodhisatta, "The king is in

great trouble. He wanders to and fro, idly chattering. Except myself, no one has the power to drive away his sorrow. I will free him from his trouble." So one day while seated quietly with him, when the king began to chatter, he repeated the first stanza:

"Grass" is still thy constant cry;
  Who did take thy grass away?
What thy need of it, or why
  Dost thou this word only say?

The king, on hearing what he said, replied in a second stanza:

Chatta, holy man of fame,
As it happened this way came:
Him alone to blame I hold,
Substituting grass for gold.

[118] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered a third stanza:

Canny folk their rule should make,
"Little give and mickle take."
What he took was all his own,
What he left was grass alone.

On hearing this the king uttered the fourth stanza:

Virtue follows no such rules,
These are morals fit for fools.
Doubtful morals they must be,
Learning too is vanity.

While he thus blamed Chatta, the king by these words of the Bodhisatta was freed from his sorrow and ruled his kingdom righteously.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the knavish Brother was the great Chatta, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 337.

PĪṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"Alas! we offered thee," etc.—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a certain Brother. He came, it was said, from the country to Jetavana, and, after putting away his bowl and robe, he saluted the Master and inquired of the young novices, saying, "Sirs, who look after the stranger Brethren that come to Sāvatthi?" [119] "The Treasurer Anāthapiṇḍika," they said, "and the great and holy lay sister Visākhā look after the order of the Brethren, and stand in the place of father and mother to them." "Very good,"

he said, and next day quite early, before a single brother had entered the house, he came to Anāthapiṇḍika's door. From his having come at an unseasonable hour there was no one to attend to him. Without getting anything there he went off to the door of Visākhā's house. There also from having come too early, he got nothing. After wandering hither and thither he came back, and finding the rice-gruel was all finished, he went off. Again he wandered about hither and thither, and on his return, finding the rice all finished, he went back to the monastery, and said, "The brethren here speak of these two families as faithful believers, but both of them really are without faith and unbelievers." Thus did he go about abusing these families. So one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother from the country came to the door of certain households too early, and failing to obtain alms went about

reviling those families. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he called the Brother and asked him if it were true. When the Brother said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is true," the Master asked, "Why are you angry, Brother? Of old, before Buddha arose upon the world, even ascetics when they visited a household and received no alms, showed no anger." And with this he told a story of the olden days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and when he was of age he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and subsequently adopted the religious life of an ascetic. After sojourning a long time in the Himālayas he went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar, and, taking up his abode in a garden, on the next day he entered the city for alms. There was at this time a merchant at Benares, who was a faithful believer. The Bodhisatta asked which was a believing household, and on hearing of the merchant's family, he went to the door of his house. At that moment the merchant had gone to pay his respects to the king, and neither did any of his people happen to see him. So he turned back and came away.

Then the merchant who was returning from the palace saw him, [120] and saluting him took his alms-bowl and led him to his house. There he offered him a seat and comforted him with the washing and anointing of his feet, and with rice, cakes and other food, and in the course of his meal he asked him one thing and another, and after he had finished eating, he saluted him and sitting respectfully on one side, he said, "Reverend Sir, strangers who have come to our doors, whether beggars or holy priests or

brahmins, have never before gone away without receiving marks of honour and respect, but to-day owing to your not being seen by our retainers, you have gone away without being offered a seat, or water to drink, and without having your feet washed, or rice and gruel given you to eat. This is our fault. You must forgive us in this." And with these words he uttered the first stanza:

Alas! we offered thee no seat,
No water brought, nor anything to eat:
We here confess our sinfulness,
And pardon humbly, Holy Sir, entreat.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Nought have I to condone,
No anger do I feel,
The thought just once I own
Across my mind did steal,
"Habits of people here
Are just a trifle queer."

The merchant hearing this responded in two more stanzas:

The custom of our family—'twas so
Received by us from ages long ago—
Is to provide the stranger with a seat,
Supply his needs, bring water for his feet
And every guest as kinsman dear to treat.

[121] And the Bodhisatta, after sojourning there a few days, and teaching the merchant of Benares his duty, went straight back to

the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:— At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother attained fruition of the First Path:— "At that time Ānanda was the merchant of Benares, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 338.

THUSA-JĀTAKA.

"With sense so nice," etc.—This story was told by the Master while living in the Bamboo Grove, of prince Ajātasattu. At the time of his conception there arose in his mother, the daughter of the king of Kosala, a chronic longing to drink blood from the right knee of king Bimbisāra [1] (her husband). Being questioned by her attendant ladies, she told them how it was with her. The king too hearing of it called his astrologers and said, "The queen is possessed of such and such a longing. What will be the issue of it?" The astrologers said, "The child conceived in the womb of the queen will kill you and seize your kingdom." "If my son," said the king, "should kill me and seize my kingdom, what is the harm of it?" And then he had his right knee opened with a sword and letting the blood fall into a golden dish gave it to the queen to drink. She thought, "If the son that is born of me should kill his father, what care I for him? " and endeavoured to bring about a miscarriage. [122] The king hearing of it called her to him and said, "My dear, it is said, my son will slay me and seize my kingdom.

But I am not exempt from old age and death: suffer me to behold the face of my child. Henceforth act not after this manner." But she still went to the garden and acted as before. The king on hearing of it forbade her visits to the garden, and when she had gone her full time she gave birth to a son. On his naming-day, because he had been his father's enemy, while still

unborn, they called him prince Ajātasattu. As he grew up with his princely surroundings, one day the Master accompanied by five hundred Brethren came to the king's palace and sat down. The assembly of the Brethren with Buddha at their head was entertained by the king with choice food, both hard and soft. And after saluting the Master the king sat down to listen to the law. At this moment they dressed up the young prince and brought him to the king. The king welcomed the child with a strong show of affection and placed him on his lap, and fondling the boy with the natural love of a father for his child, he did not listen to the law. The Master observing his inattention said, "Great king, formerly kings when suspicious of their sons had them kept in a secret place, and gave orders that at their death they were to be brought forth and set upon the throne." And at the request of the king he told him a legend of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher at Takkasilā and trained many young princes and sons of brahmins in the arts. Now the son of the king of Benares, when he was sixteen years old, came to him and after he had acquired the three Vedas and all the liberal arts and was perfect in them, he took leave of his master. The teacher regarding him by his gift of prognostication thought, "There is danger coming to this man through his son. By my magic power I will deliver him from it." And composing four stanzas he gave them to the young prince and spoke as follows: "My son, after you are seated on the throne, when your son is sixteen years old, utter the first stanza while eating your rice; repeat the second stanza at the time of the great levée; the third, as you are ascending to the palace roof, standing at the

head of the stairs, and the fourth, [123] when entering the royal chamber, as you stand on the threshold."

The prince readily assented to this and saluting his teacher went away. And after acting as viceroy, on his father's death he ascended the throne. His son, when he was sixteen years of age, on the king's going forth to take his pleasure in the garden, observing his father's majesty and power was filled with a desire to kill him and seize upon his kingdom, and spoke to his attendants about it. They said, "True, Sir, what is the good of obtaining power, when one is old? You must by some means or other kill the king and possess yourself of his kingdom." The prince said, "I will kill him by putting poison in his food." So he took some poison and sat down to eat his evening meal with his father. The king, when the rice was just served in the bowl, spoke the first stanza:

With sense so nice, the husks from rice
    Rats keen are to discriminate:
They cared not much the husks to touch,
    But grain by grain the rice they ate.

"I am discovered," thought the prince, and not daring to administer the poison in the bowl of rice, he rose up and bowing to the king went away. He told the story to his attendants and said, "To-day I am found out. How now shall I kill him?" From this day forth they lay concealed in the garden, and consulting together in whispers said, "There is still one expedient. When it is time to attend the great levée, gird on your sword, and taking your stand amongst the councillors, when you see the king off his guard, you must strike him a blow with your sword and kill

him." Thus they arranged it. The prince readily agreed, and at the time of the great levée, he girt on his sword [124] and moving about from place to place looked out for an opportunity to strike the king. At this moment the king uttered the second stanza:

The secret counsel taken in the wood
  By me is understood:
The village plot soft whispered in the ear
  That too I hear.

Thought the prince, "My father knows that I am his enemy," and ran away and told his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days they said, "Prince, your father is ignorant of your feeling towards him. You only fancy this in your own mind. Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and stood at the top of the stairs in the royal closet. The king standing at the head of the staircase spoke the third stanza:

A monkey once did cruel measures take
His tender offspring impotent to make.

Thought the prince, "My father wants to seize me," and in his terror he fled away and told his attendants he had been threatened by his father. After the lapse of a fortnight they said, "Prince, if the king knew this, he would not have put up with it so long a time. Your imagination suggests this to you. [125] Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and entering the royal chamber on the upper floor of the palace he lay down beneath the couch, intending to slay the king, as soon as he came. At the close of the evening meal, the king sent his retinue away, wishing to lie down, and entering the royal chamber, as he stood on the threshold, he uttered the fourth stanza:

Thy cautious creeping ways
Like one-eyed goat in mustard field that strays,
And who thou art that lurkest here below,
This too I know.

Thought the prince, "My father has found me out. Now he will put me to death." And seized with fear he came out from beneath the couch, and throwing down his sword at the king's feet and saying, "Pardon me, my lord," he lay grovelling before him. The king said, "You thought, no

one knows what I am about." And after rebuking him he ordered him to be bound in chains and put into the prison house, and set a guard over him. Then the king meditated on the virtues of the Bodhisatta. And by and bye he died. When they had celebrated his funeral rites, they took the young prince out of prison and set him on the throne.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Thus, Sire, kings of old suspected in cases in which suspicion was justified," and related this incident, [126] but the king gave no heed to his words. The Master thus identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher at Takkasilā was I myself."

Footnotes

80:1 Compare *Tibetan Tales* vi. Prince Jīvaka.

No. 339.

BĀVERU-JĀTAKA.

"Before the crested peacock," etc.—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, of certain heretics who lost their former gains and glory. For the heretics who before the Birth of Buddha received gain and honour, lost the same at his Birth, becoming like fireflies at sunrise. Their fate was discussed in the Hall of Truth. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were discussing in their assembly, on being told what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too, before the appearance of those endowed with virtue, such as were without virtue attained to the highest gain and glory, but when those who were endowed with virtue appeared, such as were devoid of it lost their gain and glory." And with this he told a legend of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young peacock. And when he was fully grown, he was exceedingly beautiful and lived in a forest. At that time some merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, bringing on board ship with them a foreign crow. At this time, it is said, there were no birds in Bāveru. The natives who from time to time came and saw this bird perched on the top of the mast, said, "Mark the colour of this bird's skin. Look at its beaked mouth at the end of its throat, and its eyes like jewel-balls." Thus singing the praises of this crow they said to these merchants, "Sirs, give us this bird. We have need of it, and you can get another in your own country."

"Then take it," they said, "at a price."

p. 84

"Give it us for a single piece of money," they said.

"We will not sell it for that," said the merchants.

[127] Gradually increasing their offer the people said, "Give it us for a hundred pieces of money."

"It is very useful," they replied, "to us, but let there be friendship between us and you." And they sold it for one hundred pieces.

The natives took it and put it in a golden cage and fed it with various kinds of fish and meat and wild fruits. In a place where no other birds existed, a crow endowed with ten evil qualities attained the highest gain and glory. The next time these merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, they brought a royal peacock which they had trained to scream at the snapping of the fingers and to dance at the clapping of the hands. When a crowd had gathered together, the bird stood in the fore part of the vessel, and flapping its wings uttered a sweet sound and danced.

The people that saw it were highly delighted and said, "This king of birds is very beautiful and well-trained. Give it to us."

The merchants said, "We first brought a crow. You took that. Now we have brought this royal peacock and you beg for this too. It will be impossible to come and even mention the name of any bird in your country."

"Be content, Sirs," they said, "give this bird to us and get another in your own land."

And raising the price offered they at last bought it for a thousand pieces. Then they put it in a cage ornamented with the seven jewels and fed it on fish, flesh and wild fruits, as well as with honey, fried corn, sugar-water and the like. Thus did the royal peacock receive the highest gain and glory. From the day of his coming, the gain and honour paid to the crow fell off. And no one wanted even to look at it. The crow no longer getting food either hard or soft, with a cry of "Caw, caw," went and settled on a dunghill.

The Master, making the connexion between the two stories, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated these stanzas:

[128]

Before the crested peacock had appeared,
Crows were with gifts of fruit and meat revered:
The sweet-voiced peacock to Bāveru came,
The crow at once was stripped of gifts and fame.

So man to divers priests due honour paid,
Till Buddha the full light of Truth displayed:
But when the sweet-voiced Buddha preached the law,
From heretics their gifts and praise all men withdraw.

After uttering these four stanzas, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the Jain Nāthaputta was the crow, and I myself was the royal peacock."

No. 340.

VISAYHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Of old, Visayha," etc.—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana of Anāthapiṇḍika. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already told in full in the Khadiraṅgāra Birth. [2] On this occasion the Master addressing Anāthapiṇḍika said, "Wise men of old, my lay brother, gave alms, rejecting the counsel of Sakka, king of heaven, when he stood in mid-air and tried to prevent them, saying, "Give not alms." And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a great merchant, named Visayha, worth eighty crores. [129] And being endowed with the Five Virtues, he was liberal and fond of almsgiving. He had alms-halls built at the four city gates, in the heart of the city, and at the door of his own house. At these six points he set on foot almsgiving, and every day six hundred thousand men went forth to beg, and the food of the Bodhisatta and that of the beggars was exactly the same.

And as he thus stirred up the people of all India by his gifts, the abode of Sakka was shaken by the extraordinary efficacy of his charity, and the yellow marble throne of the king of heaven showed signs of heat. Sakka exclaimed, "Who, I wonder, would make me fall from my seat in heaven?" And looking about him he espied the great merchant and thought to himself, "This Visayha gives alms and by scattering his gifts everywhere is

stirring up all India. By means of his almsgiving, methinks, he will dethrone me and himself become Sakka. I will destroy his wealth and make him a poor man, and so bring it about that he shall no longer give alms." So Sakka caused his oil, honey, molasses, and the like, even all his treasure of grain to vanish, as well as his slaves and work people. Those who were deprived of his gifts came and said, "My lord, the alms-hall has disappeared. We do not find anything in the various places set up by you." "Take money hence," he said. "Do not cut off the giving of alms." And calling his wife, he bade her keep up her charity. She searched the whole house, and not finding a single piece of money, she said, "My lord, except the clothes we wear, I see nothing. The whole house is empty." Opening the seven jewel treasuries they found nothing, and save the merchant and his wife no one else was seen, neither slaves

nor hirelings. The Bodhisatta again addressing his wife said, "My dear, we cannot possibly cut off our charities. Search the whole house till you find something."

At that moment a certain grass-mower threw down his sickle and pole and the rope for binding the grass in the doorway, and ran away. The merchant's wife found them and said, "My lord, this is all I see," [130] and brought and gave them to him. Said the Bodhisatta, "My dear, all these years I have never mown grass before, but to-day I will mow grass and take and sell it, and by this means dispense the fitting alms." So through fear of having to cut off his charities, he took the sickle and the pole and the rope, and going forth from the city came to a place of much grass, and mowing it tied it up in two bundles, saying, "One shall

belong to us, and with the other I will give alms." And hanging the grass on the pole he took it and went and sold it at the city gate, and receiving two small coins he gave half the money to the beggars. Now there were many beggars, and as they repeatedly cried out, "Give to us also," he gave the other half of the money also, and passed the day with his wife fasting. In this way six days passed, and on the seventh day, while he was gathering the grass, as he was naturally delicate and had been fasting for seven days, no sooner did the heat of the sun strike upon his forehead, than his eyes began to swim in his head, and he became unconscious and fell down, scattering the grass. Sakka was moving about, observing what Visayha did. And at that instant the god came, and standing in the air uttered the first stanza:

Of old, Visayha, thou didst alms bestow
And to almsgiving loss of wealth dost owe.
Henceforth show self-restraint, refuse to give,
And thou midst lasting joys for aye shalt live.

[131] The Bodhisatta on hearing his words asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. The Bodhisatta replied, "Sakka himself by giving alms and taking upon him the moral duties, and keeping fast days and fulfilling the seven vows attained the office of Sakka. But now thou forbiddest the almsgiving that brought about thy own greatness. Truly thou art guilty of an unworthy deed." And so saying, he repeated three stanzas:

It is not right, men say, that deed of shame
Should stain the honour of a noble name.
O thou that dost a thousand eyes possess
Guard us from this, e’en in our sore distress.

Let not our wealth in faithless wise be spent
On our own pleasure or aggrandisement,
But as of old our stores with increase bless.
By that same road a former chariot went
A second may well go. So will we give
As long as we have wherewithal to live,
Nor at the worst each generous thought repress.

[132] Sakka being unable to stop him from his purpose asked him why he gave alms. "Desiring," he said, "neither Sakkahood nor Brahmaship, but seeking omniscience do I give." Sakka in token of his delight on hearing these words patted him on the back with his hands. At the very instant the Bodhisatta enjoyed this favour, his whole frame was filled with joy. By the supernatural power of Sakka all manner of prosperity was restored to him. "Great merchant," said Sakka, "henceforth do thou every day give alms, distributing twelve hundred thousand portions." And creating countless wealth in his house, Sakka took leave of him and returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the mother of Rāhula was the merchant's wife, and I myself was Visayha."

Footnotes

85:1 See *Jātakamālā,* no. 5, "The Story of Avishahya."

85:2 No. 40, Vol. i.

No. 341.

KAṆḌARI-JĀTAKA.

The story of this Birth will be set forth in full in the Kuṇāla Birth. [1]

No. 342.

VĀNARA-JĀTAKA. [2]

[133] *"Have I from water," etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning the going about of Devadatta to kill the Buddha. The incident that led to the story has been already given in detail.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young monkey in the Himālaya region. And when fully grown he lived on the banks of the Ganges. Now a certain female crocodile in the Ganges conceived a longing for the flesh of the Bodhisatta's heart, and told, it to her husband. He thought, "I will kill the Bodhisatta by plunging him in the water and will take his heart's flesh and give it to my wife." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "Come, my friend, we will go and eat wild fruits on a certain island."

"How shall I get there?" he said.

"I will put you on my back and bring you there," answered the crocodile.

Innocent of the crocodile's purpose he jumped on his back and sat there. The crocodile after swimming a little way began to dive. Then the monkey said, "Why, Sir, do you plunge me into the water?"

"I am going to kill you," said the crocodile, "and give your heart's flesh to my wife."

"Foolish fellow," said he, "do you suppose my heart is inside me?" "Then where have you put it?"

"Do you not see it hanging there on yonder fig-tree?"

"I see it," said the crocodile. "But will you give it me?"

"Yes, I will," said the monkey.

Then the crocodile—so foolish was he—took him and swam to the foot of the fig-tree on the river bank. The Bodhisatta springing from the crocodile's back perched on the fig-tree and repeated these stanzas:

Have I from water, fish, to dry land passed
Only to fall into thy power at last?
Of bread fruit and rose apples I am sick,
And rather figs than yonder mangoes pick.
He that to great occasion fails to rise
'Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies:
[134] One prompt a crisis in his fate to know
Needs never dread oppression from his foe.

Thus did the Bodhisatta in these four stanzas tell how to succeed in worldly affairs, and forthwith disappeared in the thicket of trees.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the crocodile, and I myself was the monkey."

Footnotes

87:1 No. 523, Vol. v.

87:2 See no. 208, Vol. ii.

No. 343.

KUNTANI-JĀTAKA.

"Long I held," etc.—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a heron that lived in the house of the king of Kosala. She carried messages, they say, for the king, and had two young ones. The king sent this bird with a letter to some other king. When she was gone away, the boys in the royal family squeezed the young birds to death in their hands. The mother bird came back and missing her young ones, asked who had killed her offspring. They said, "So and So." And at this time there was a fierce and savage tiger kept in the palace, fastened by a strong chain. Now these boys came to see the tiger and the heron went with them, thinking, "Even as my young ones were killed by them, just so will I deal with these boys," and she took hold of them and threw them down at the foot of the tiger. The tiger with a growl crunched them up. The bird said, "Now is the wish of my heart fulfilled," and flying up into the air made straight for the Himālayas. On hearing what had happened they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, [135] "Sirs, a heron, it is said, in the king's palace threw down before a tiger the boys who killed her young ones, and when she had thus brought about their death, she made off." The Master came and inquired what it was the Brethren were discussing and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also did she bring about the death of those who killed her young ones." And herewith he related a legend of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta at Benares ruled his kingdom with justice and equity. A certain heron in his house carried messages for him. And so on just as before. But the special point here is that in this case the bird, having let the tiger kill the boys, thought, "I can no longer remain here. I will take my departure, but though I am going away I will not leave without telling the king, but as soon as I have told him I will be off." And so she drew nigh and saluted the king, and standing a little way off said, "My lord, it was through your carelessness that the boys killed my young ones, and under the influence of passion I in revenge caused their death. Now I can no longer live here." And uttering the first stanza she said:

Long I held this house as mine,
  Honour great I did receive,
It is due to act of thine
  I am now compelled to leave.

The king on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Should one to retaliate,
  Wrong with equal wrong repay,
Then his anger should abate;
  So, good heron, prithee stay.

[136] Hearing this the bird spoke the third stanza:

Wronged can with wrong-doer ne’er
  As of old be made at one:
Nought, O king, can keep me here,
  Lo! from henceforth I am gone.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:

Should they wise, not foolish be,
    With the wronged wrong-doer may
Live in peace and harmony:
    So, good heron, prithee, stay.

The bird said, "As things are, I cannot stay, my lord," and saluting the king she flew up into the air and made straight for the Himālayas.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The heron in the former tale was the heron in this, but the king of Benares was myself."

No. 344.

AMBACORA-JĀTAKA.

[137] *"She that did thy mangoes eat," etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an elder who kept watch over mango fruit. When he was old, they say, he became an ascetic and built him a hut of leaves in a mango orchard on the outskirts of Jetavana, and not only himself continually ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees, but also gave some to his kinsfolk. When he had set out on his round of alms-begging, some thieves knocked down his mangoes, and ate some and went off with others. At this moment the four daughters of a rich merchant, after bathing in the river Aciravatī, in wandering about strayed into the mango orchard. When the old man returned and found them there, he charged them with having eaten his mangoes.

"Sir," they said, "we have but just come; we have not eaten your mangoes."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"We will, Sir," they said, and took an oath. The old man having thus put them to shame, by making them take an oath, let them go.

The Brethren, hearing of his action, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that an old man exacted an oath from the daughters of a merchant, who entered the mango orchard where he himself lived, and after putting them to shame by administering an oath to them, let them go. When the Master

came and on inquiring what was the topic they sat in council to discuss, heard what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this old man, when he kept watch over mangoes, made certain daughters of a rich merchant take an oath, and after thus putting them to shame let them go." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became Sakka. At that time a knavish ascetic built a hermitage of leaves in a mango orchard on a river bank near Benares, and keeping watch over the mangoes, ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees and also gave some to his kinsfolk, and dwelt there gaining his livelihood by various false practices.

At this time Sakka, king of heaven, thought "Who, I wonder, in this world of men support their parents, pay honour to the aged members of their family, give alms, keep the moral law and observe fast day? Which of them after adopting the religious life, continually devote themselves to the duties befitting priests, and which of them again are guilty of misconduct?" And exploring the world he spied this wicked ascetic keeping watch over his mangoes [138] and said, "This false ascetic, abandoning his duties as a priest, such as the process by which religious ecstasy may be induced and the like, is continually watching a mango orchard. I will frighten him soundly." So when he was gone into the village for alms, Sakka by his supernatural power knocked down the mangoes, and made as if they had been plundered by thieves. At this moment four daughters of a merchant of

Benares entered the orchard, and the false ascetic on seeing them stopped them and said, "You have eaten my mangoes."

They said, "Sir, we have but just come. We have not eaten them."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"But in that case may we go?" they asked. "Certainly, you may."

"Very well, Sir," they said, and the eldest of them sware an oath uttering the first stanza:

She that did thy mangoes eat,
  As her lord shall own some churl,
That with dye grey hairs would cheat
  And his locks with tongs would curl.

The ascetic said, "Stand thou on one side," and he made the second daughter of the merchant take an oath, and she repeated the second stanza:

Let the maid that robbed thy tree
  Vainly for a husband sigh,
Past her teens though she may be
  And on thirty verging nigh.

And after she had taken an oath and stood on one side, the third maiden uttered the third stanza:

She that thy ripe mangoes ate
  Weary path shall tread alone,

And at trysting place too late
    Grieve to find her lover gone.

When she had taken an oath and stood aside, the fourth maiden uttered the fourth stanza:

She that did thy tree despoil
    Gaily dressed, with wreath on head,
And bedewed with sandal oil
    Still shall seek a virgin bed.

The ascetic said, "This is a solemn oath you have taken; others must have eaten the mangoes. Do ye therefore now be gone." And so saying, he sent them away. Sakka then presented himself in a terrible form, and drove away the false ascetic from the place.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time this false ascetic was the old man who watched mangoes. The four merchant's daughters played the same part then as now. But Sakka was myself."

No. 345.

GAJAKUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"Should a flame sweep," etc.—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a slothful Brother. He was, it was said, of gentle birth and lived at Sāvatthi. And after giving a hearty assent to the doctrine and taking orders, he became slothful, and as regards rehearsal of the Law, catechizing, enlightened devotion and the round of priestly duties, he did not fully enter into them, being overcome by his besetting sins, and was always to be found at public lounging-places. The Brethren discussed his sloth in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Such an one, Sirs, after taking orders in so excellent a faith that leads to Salvation, is continually slothful and indolent, and overcome by his besetting sins." [140] When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were assembled to discuss, on being told what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too was he slothful." And so saying he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his valued minister. The king of Benares was of a slothful disposition, and the Bodhisatta went about considering some means to rouse the king. Now one day the king went to his garden, accompanied by his minister, and while wandering about there he espied a slothful tortoise. Lazy creatures like these, they say, though they are in motion a whole day, move only just an inch or two.

The king on seeing it asked, saying, "Friend, what is its name?"

The Bodhisatta answered, "The creature is called a tortoise, great king; and is so lazy that though it is in motion all day, it only moves just an inch or two." And addressing it he said, "Ho! Sir Tortoise, yours is a slow motion. Supposing a conflagration arose in the forest, what would you do?" And herewith he spoke the first stanza:

Should a flame sweep through the grove,
  Leaving blackened path behind,
How, Sir Waddler, slow to move,
  Way of safety couldst thou find?

The tortoise on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Holes on every side abound,
  Chinks there be in every tree,
Here a refuge will be found
  Or an end of us ’twill be.

[141] On hearing this the Bodhisatta gave utterance to two stanzas:

Whoso doth hurry when he ought to rest,
And tarries long when utmost speed is best,
Destroys the slender fabric of his weal,
As withered leaf is crushed beneath the heel.
But they who wait betimes nor haste too soon,
Fulfil their purpose, as her orb the moon.

The king, hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth was no longer indolent.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the slothful Brother was the tortoise, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 346.

KESAVA-JĀTAKA.

"Thou that of late," etc.—This story the Master while at Jetavana told concerning the Feast of Friendship.

In the house of Anāthapiṇḍika, they say, five hundred Brethren were constantly fed. [142] The house was continually like a place of refreshment for the assembly of the Brethren, bright with the sheen of their yellow robes and blown upon with saintly odours. So one day the king in making a solemn procession

round the city caught sight of the assembly of the Brethren in the Treasurer's house, and thinking, "I too will grant a perpetual alms to the assembly of saints," he went to the monastery and after greeting the Master he instituted perpetual alms for five hundred Brethren. Thenceforth there is a perpetual giving of alms in the king's house, even choice food of rice with the perfume of the rain upon it, but there are none to give it with their own hands, with marks of affection and love, but the king's ministers dispense the food, and the Brethren do not care to sit down and eat it, but taking the various dainty foods, they go each to the house of his own retainers, and giving them the food, themselves eat whatever is set before them, whether coarse or dainty.

Now one day much wild fruit was brought to the king. The king said, "Give it to the Order of the Brethren."

They went to the refectory and came and told the king, "There is not a single Brother there."

"What, is it not time yet?" said the king.

"Yes it is time," they said, "but the Brethren take the food in your house, and then go to the abode of their trusty servitors, and give the food to them, and themselves eat whatsoever is served up to them, whether it be coarse or dainty."

The king said, "Our food is dainty. Why in the world do they abstain from ours and eat some other food?" And thinking, "I will inquire of the Master," he went to the monastery and asked him.

The Master said, "The best food is that which is given in love. Owing to the absence of those who by giving in love establish friendly feeling, the Brethren take the food and eat it in some friendly place of their own. There is no flavour, Sire, equal to that of love. That which is given without love, though it be composed of the four sweet things, is not worth so much as wild rice given with love. Wise men of old, when sickness arose amongst them, though the king with his five families of leeches provided remedies, if the sickness were not thus assuaged, repaired to their intimate friends and by eating broth of wild rice and millet, without salt, or even leaves without salt, sprinkled with water only, were healed of their sickness." And with these words at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, [143] and they called him young Kappa. When he came of age, he acquired all the arts at Takkasilā and afterwards adopted

the religious life. At this time an ascetic named Kesava attended by five hundred other ascetics became the teacher of a band of disciples and abode in the Himālayas. The Bodhisatta came to him and becoming the senior of the five hundred pupils, dwelt there and shewed a friendly feeling and affection for Kesava. And they became very intimate one with another.

By and bye Kesava accompanied by these ascetics went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar and lodged in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city and came to the palace door. When the king saw the band of holy men, he invited them in and fed them in his own house, and exacting the usual promise from them, he lodged them in his garden. So when the rainy season was over, Kesava took leave of the king. The king said, "Holy Sir, you are an old man. Do you now dwell near us, and send

the young ascetics to the Himālayas." He agreed and sent them with the head disciple to the Himālayas and himself was left quite alone. Kappa went to the Himālayas and dwelt there with the ascetics. Kesava was unhappy at being deprived of the society of Kappa, and in his desire to see him got no sleep, and in consequence of losing his sleep, his food was not properly digested. A bloody flux set in, followed by severe pains. The king with his five families of leeches watched over the ascetic, but his sickness abated not.

The ascetic asked the king, "Do you, Sire, wish for me to die or to recover?"

"To recover, Sir," he answered.

"Then send me to the Himālayas," he said.

"Agreed," said the king, and sent to a minister named Nārada, and bade him go with some foresters and take the holy man to the Himālayas. Nārada took him there and returned home. But by the mere sight of Kappa, Kesava's mental disorder ceased and his unhappiness subsided. [144] So Kappa gave him broth made of millet and wild rice together with leaves sprinkled with water, without salt and spices, and at that very instant the dysentery was assuaged. The king again sent Nārada saying, "Go and learn tidings of the ascetic Kesava." He came and finding him recovered said, "Reverend Sir, the king of Benares treating you with his five families of leeches could not heal your sickness. How did Kappa treat you?" And herewith he uttered the first stanza:

Thou that of late with lord of men didst dwell,
    A king prepared to grant thy heart's desire,
What is the charm of Kappa's hermit cell
    That blessed Kesava should here retire?

Kesava on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

All here is charming: e'en the very trees
    O Nārada, my fancy take,
And Kappa's words that never fail to please
    A grateful echo in my heart awake.

After these words he said: "Kappa by way of pleasing me gave me to drink broth made of millet and wild rice mixed with leaves sprinkled with water, and without salt and spices, and therewith was my bodily sickness stayed and I was healed."

Nārada, hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

Thou that but now the purest rice didst eat
Boiled with a dainty flavouring of meat,
How canst thou relish such insipid fare
And millet and wild rice with hermits share?

[145] On hearing this Kesava uttered the fourth stanza:

The food may coarse or dainty prove,
    May scanty be or much abound,
Yet if the meal is blest with love,
    Love the best sauce by far is found.

Nārada on hearing his words returned to the king and told him, "Kesava says thus and thus."

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Nārada was Sāriputta, Kesava was Bakabrahmā, [1] Kappa was myself."

No. 347.

AYAKŪṬA-JĀTAKA. [2]

"Why in mid air," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the duty of doing good to men. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Mahākaṇha Birth. [3]

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen. And when he was of age, he was instructed in all the arts and on the death of his father was established in his kingdom and governed it righteously.

At that time men were devoted to the worship of the gods [146] and made religious offerings to them by the slaughter of many goats, rams and the like. The Bodhisatta proclaimed by beat of drum, "No living creature is to be put to death." The Yakkhas were enraged against the Bodhisatta at losing their offerings, and calling together an assembly of their kind in the Himalayās, they sent forth a certain savage Yakkha to slay the Bodhisatta. He took a huge blazing mass of iron as big as the dome of a

house, and thinking to strike a deadly blow, immediately after the mid watch, came and stood at the bed's head of the Bodhisatta. At that instant the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. After considering the matter the god discovered the cause, and grasping his thunderbolt in his hand he came and

stood over the Yakkha. The Bodhisatta on seeing the Yakkha thought, "Why in the world is he standing here? Is it to protect me, or from a desire to slay me?" And as he talked with him he repeated the first stanza:

Why in mid air, O Yakkha, dost thou stand
With yon huge bolt of iron in thy hand?
Art thou to guard me from all harm intent,
Or here to-day for my destruction sent?

Now the Bodhisatta saw only the Yakkha. He did not see Sakka. The Yakkha through fear of Sakka durst not strike the Bodhisatta. On hearing the words of the Bodhisatta the Yakkha said, "Great king, I am not stationed here to guard you; I came minded to smite you with this blazing mass of iron, but through fear of Sakka I dare not strike you." And to explain his meaning he uttered the second stanza:

As messenger of Rakkhasas, lo! here
To compass thy destruction I appear,
But all in vain the fiery bolt I wield
Against the head that Indra's self would shield.

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated two more stanzas:

If Indra, Sujā's lord, in heaven that reigns,
Great king of gods, my cause to champion deigns,
[147] With hideous howl though goblins rend the sky,
No demon brood has power to terrify.
Let mud-sprite devils gibber as they may,
They are not equal to so stern a fray.

Thus did Sakka put the Yakkha to flight. And exhorting the Great Being, he said, "Great king, fear not. Henceforth we will protect you. Be not afraid." And so saying he returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the king of Benares."

Footnotes

96:1 See no. 405.

96:2 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* iii. 336.

96:3 No. 469, Vol. iv.

No. 348.

ARAÑÑA-JĀTAKA.

"This doubt, my father," etc.—This story the Master told when dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the seduction of a youth by a certain coarse girl. The incident that led up to the story will be set forth in the Cullanāradakassapa Birth. [1]

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household. And when he grew up and was learned in all the arts at Takkasilā, his wife died and he adopted the religious life and went with his son to dwell in the Himālayas. There leaving his son in a hermitage, he went forth to gather all kinds of fruit. At that time as some brigands were harrying a border village, and were going off with their prisoners, a certain damsel fled for refuge to this hermitage [148] and by her seductions corrupted the virtue of the youth. She said to him, "Come, let us begone."

"Let my father first return," he said, "and after I have seen him, I will go with you."

"Well, when you have seen him, come to me," she said. And going out she sat herself down in the middle of the road. The young ascetic, when his father had come, spoke the first stanza:

This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;

If to some village from this wood I stray,

Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father, by way of warning him, repeated three stanzas:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne’er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey-kind
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some desert lone thy lot should be confined.

[149] On hearing this the young ascetic said, "Dear father, how shall I find a man possessed of these virtues? I will not go. With you only will I live." And so saying he turned back. Then his father taught him the

preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And both father and son, without falling away from religious ecstasy, became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the youth and the maiden were the same as in the later story. The ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

98:1 No. 477, Vol. iv.

No. 349.

SANDHIBHEDA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Nought in common," etc.—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the moral precept on slander.

Once upon a time the Master hearing that the Six [2] Priests collect slanderous tales, called them to him and asked, "Is it true, Brothers, that you collect slanderous tales of such of your brethren as are inclined to quarrelling and strife and disputation, and that quarrels therefore, that would not otherwise arise, spring up and when they so arise have a tendency to grow?" "It is true," they said. Then he reproved those brethren and said, "Brothers, backbiting speech is like to a blow with a sharp sword. A firm friendship is quickly broken up by slander and people that listen thereto become liable to be estranged from their friends, as was the case with the lion and the bull." And so saying he told an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his son, and after acquiring all the arts at Takkasilā, on his father's death, he ruled his kingdom righteously.

At that time a certain neatherd, who was tending cattle in their sheds in the forest, came home and inadvertently left behind him a cow that was in calf. Between this cow and a lioness sprang up a firm friendship. The

two animals became fast friends and went about together. So after a time the cow brought forth a calf and the lioness a cub. These two young creatures also by the force of family ties became fast friends and wandered about together. [150] Then a certain forester, after observing their affection, took such wares as are produced in the forest and went to Benares and presented them to the King. And when the king asked him, "Friend, have you seen any unusual marvel in the forest?" he made answer, "I saw nothing else that was wonderful, my lord, but I did see a lion and a bull wandering about together, very friendly one towards another."

"Should a third animal appear," said the king, "there will certainly be mischief. Come and tell me, if you see the pair joined by a third animal."

"Certainly, my lord," he answered.

Now when the forester had left for Benares, a jackal ministered to the lion and the bull. When he returned to the forest and saw this he said, "I will tell the king that a third animal has appeared," and departed for the city. Now the jackal thought, "There is no meat that I have not eaten except the flesh of lions and bulls. By setting these two at variance, I will get their flesh to eat." And he said, "This is the way he speaks of you," and thus dividing them one from another, he soon brought about a quarrel and reduced them to a dying condition.

But the forester came and told the king, "My lord, a third animal has turned up;" "What is it?" said the king. "A jackal, my lord." Said the king, "He will cause them to quarrel, and will bring about their death. We shall find them dead when we arrive." And so saying, he mounted upon his chariot and travelling on the

road pointed out by the forester, he arrived just as the two animals had by their quarrel destroyed one another. The jackal highly delighted was eating, now the flesh of the lion, and now that of the bull. The king when he saw that they were both dead, stood just as he was upon his chariot, and addressing his charioteer gave utterance to these verses:

[151]

Nought in common had this pair,
Neither wives nor food did share;
Yet behold how slanderous word,
Keen as any two-edged sword,
Did devise with cunning art
Friends of old to keep apart.
Thus did bull and lion fall
Prey to meanest beast of all:
So will all bed-fellows be
With this pair in misery,
If they lend a willing ear
To the slanderer's whispered sneer.
But they thrive exceeding well,
E’en as those in heaven that dwell,
Who to slander ne’er attend—
Slander parting friend from friend.

[152] The king spoke these verses, and bidding them gather together the mane, skin, claws, and teeth of the lion, returned straight to his own city.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the king."

Footnotes

99:1 See no. 361 *infra, Tibetan Tales,* XXXIII. p. 325, "The Jackal as Calumniator," and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

99:2 See Vol. i. no. 28, p. 71.

No. 350.

DEVATĀPANHA-JĀTAKA.

This Question will be found in the Ummagga Jātaka.

BOOK V. PAÑCANIPĀTA

No. 351.

MAṆIKUṆḌALA-JĀTAKA.

[153] *"Stript of all the joys of life," etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a councillor who was guilty of misconduct in the harem of the king of Kosala. The incident that gave rise to the story has been given in full before. [1]

Here too the Bodhisatta became king in Benares. The wicked councillor called in the king of Kosala and got him to seize upon the kingdom of Kāsi, and to throw the Bodhisatta into prison. The king of Benares developed ecstatic meditation and sat cross-legged in the air. A fierce heat sprang up in the body of the marauding king, and he drew nigh to the king of Benares and repeated the first stanza:

Stript of all the joys of life,
  Jewelled earrings, horse and car,
Robbed of child and loving wife,
  Nought thy pleasure seems to mar.

[154] On hearing him the Bodhisatta recited these verses:—

Pleasures soon make haste to leave us,
  Pleasures soon must all forego,
Sorrow has no power to grieve us,

Joy itself soon turns to woe.
Moons with new-born orb appearing
Wax awhile, to wane and die,
Suns with warmth all nature cheering,
Haste to set in yonder sky.
Change is this world's law I see,
Sorrow has no pangs for me.

p. 103

Thus now did the Great Being expound the Truth to the usurper king, and bringing his conduct to the test, repeated these stanzas [1]:—

The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.

The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

[155] The king of Kosala having thus gained the forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and given him back his kingdom, departed to his own country.

The Master, having ended his discourse, thus identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Kosala, and I myself was the king of Benares."

Footnotes

102:1 See no. 282, Vol. ii. and no. 303 *supra.*

No. 352.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"Why haste to bring," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner who had lost his father. On the death of his father, they say, he went about lamenting, quite unable to shake off his grief. The Master perceived in the man a capacity to attain to the Fruit of Salvation, and when he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, accompanied by an attendant priest, he came to his house and sitting down on the seat prepared for him he bowed to his host, who was also seated, and said, "Lay Brother, art thou grieving?" and on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, I am," he said, "Friend, sages of old hearkened to the words of Wisdom, and when they lost a father, they did not grieve." And at the request of his host he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the house of a landowner. And they called him young Sujāta. When he was grown up, his grandsire died. Then his father from the day of the old man's death was filled with sorrow, and taking his bones from the place of cremation he erected an earth-mound in his pleasure-garden, and depositing the remains there, whenever he visited

the place, adorned the tope with flowers and studiously lamented, neither bathing nor anointing himself nor eating. Neither did he attend to his business. The Bodhisatta, on

observing this, thought, "My father ever since the death of my grandfather goes about overwhelmed with grief. And no one, I am sure, except myself has power to console him. I will find a way to deliver him from his sorrow."

[156] So seeing a dead ox lying outside the city, he brought grass and water and placing them before it said, "Eat and drink, eat and drink." All that passed by on seeing this said, "Friend Sujāta, are you mad? Do you offer grass and water to a dead ox?" But he answered not a word.

So they went to his father and said, "Your son has become mad. He is giving grass and water to a dead ox." On hearing this the landowner ceased to grieve for his father, and began to grieve for his son. And he went in haste and cried, "My dear Sujāta, are you not in your sober senses? Why do you offer grass and water to the carcase of an ox?" And hereupon he spoke two stanzas:—

Why haste to bring thy new-mown grass so sweet,
And cry to lifeless beast, "Arise and eat"?

No food may raise to life an ox that's dead,
Thy words are idle and of folly bred.

Then the Bodhisatta uttered two stanzas:—

Methinks this beast may come to life again,
Both head and tail and its four feet remain.

But of my grandsire head and limbs are gone:
No fool weeps o'er his grave, but thou alone.

[157] On hearing this the father of the Bodhisatta thought: "My son is wise. He knows the right thing to be done both for this world and for the next. He did this to console me." And he said,

"My dear and wise son Sujāta, it is known to me that all existing things are impermanent. Henceforth I will not grieve. Such a son as this must be every one that would remove a father's grief." And singing the praises of his son he said .—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.
With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore,
He healed the wound and did my life restore.
The barb extracted, full of peace and joy,
I cease to grieve and hearken to my boy.
Thus kindly souls wean mortals from their grief,
As wise Sujāta brought his sire relief.

The Master having ended his discourse revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was Sujāta."

Footnotes

103:1 These stanzas occur also in no. 332 *supra.*

No. 353.

DHONASĀKHA-JĀTAKA.

"'Though thou art now," etc.—This story the Master, while living in the Bhesakalā grove near Suṁsumāragiri (Mount Crocodile) in the country of the Bhaggas, told concerning young prince Bodhi. This prince was the son of Udena, and at this time dwelt in Suṁsumāragiri. Now he summoned a very skilful artisan, and got him to build him a palace called Kokanada, and to make it unlike that of any other king. [158] And afterwards he thought, "This artisan may build a similar palace for some other king." And from a feeling of envy he plucked out his eyes. This circumstance became known in the assembly of the Brethren. Then they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, young prince Bodhi had the eyes of such and such an artisan put out. Surely he is a harsh, cruel, and violent man." The Master came and asked what was the topic the Brethren were debating as they sat together, and hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too such was his nature, and of old in like manner he put out the eyes of a thousand warriors and, after slaying them, he offered up their flesh as a religious sacrifice." And so saying he told them a story of past times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a world-renowned teacher at Takkasilā, and youths of the warrior and brahmin castes came from all India, to be taught the arts by him. The son of the king of

Benares too, prince Brahmadatta, was taught the three Vedas by him. Now he was by nature harsh, cruel, and violent. The Bodhisatta, by his power of divination knowing his character, said, "My friend, you are harsh, cruel, and violent, and verily power that is attained by a man of violence is shortlived: when his power is gone from him, he is like a ship that is wrecked at sea. He reaches no sure haven. Therefore be not of such a character." And by way of admonition he repeated two stanzas:—

Though thou art now with peace and plenty blest,
    Such happy fate may short-lived prove to be:
Should riches perish, be not sore distrest,
    Like storm-tost sailor wrecked far out at sea.

Each one shall fare according to his deed,
And reap the harvest as he sows the seed,
Whether of goodly herb, or maybe noxious weed.

[159] Then he bade his teacher farewell and returned to Benares, and after exhibiting his proficiency in the arts to his father, he was established in the viceroyalty and on his father's death he succeeded to the kingdom. His family priest, Piṅgiya by name, was a harsh and cruel man. Being greedy of fame, he thought, "What if I were to cause all the rulers of

India to be seized by this king, and if he should thus become sole monarch and I become sole priest?" And he got the king to hearken to his words.

And the king marched forth with a great army and invested the city of a certain king and took him prisoner. And by similar means he gained the sovereignty of all India, and with a

thousand kings in his train, he went to seize upon the kingdom of Takkasilā. The Bodhisatta repaired the walls of the city and made it impregnable to its enemies. And the king of Benares had a canopy set up over him and a curtain thrown round about him, at the foot of a big banyan tree on the banks of the Ganges. And having a couch spread for him, he took up his quarters there. Fighting in the plains of India he had taken captive a thousand kings, but failing in his attack on Takkasilā, he asked his priest, "Master, though we have come hither with a host of captive kings, we cannot take Takkasilā. What now are we to do?"

"Great king," he answered, "put out the eyes of the thousand kings [160] and ripping open their bellies let us take their flesh and the five sweet substances and make an offering to the guardian deity of this banyan. And surrounding the tree with a rimmed circumference let us fill it with blood five inches deep. And so shall the victory soon be ours."

The king readily assented and concealing mighty wrestlers behind the curtain, he summoned each king separately, and when the wrestlers had squeezed them in their arms till they had reduced them to a state of insensibility, he had their eyes put out, and after they were dead, he took the flesh and caused the carcases to be carried away by the Ganges. Then he made the offering, as described above, and had the drum beaten and went forth to battle. Then came a certain Yakkha from his watch-tower and tore out the right eye of the king. Severe pain set in, and maddened by the agony he suffered, he went and lay down at full length upon the couch prepared for him at the foot of the banyan tree. At this moment a vulture took a sharp-pointed bone, and perched on the top of the tree, in eating the flesh it let drop the bone, and the sharp point falling as with iron spikes on

the king's left eye, destroyed that eye too. At this moment he recalled the words of the Bodhisatta and said, "Our teacher when he said "These mortals experience results corresponding to their deeds, even as fruit corresponds with the seed," spoke, I suppose, with all this before his mind's eye." And in his lamentation he addressed Piṅgiya in two stanzas:—

Ah! now at last I recognize the truth
The Master taught me in my heedless youth:
"Sin not," he cried, "or else the evil deed
To thine own punishment may one day lead."

Beneath this tree's trim boughs and quivering shade
Libation due of sandal oil was made.
'Twas here I slew a thousand kings, and lo!
The pangs they suffered then, I now must undergo.

[161] Thus lamenting, he called to mind his queen-consort, and repeated this stanza:—

O Ubbarī, my queen of swarthy hue,
  Lithe as a shoot of fair moringa tree,
That dost thy limbs with sandal oil bedew,
  How should I live, bereft of sight of thee?
  Yea death itself than this less grievous far would be!

While he was still murmuring these words, he died and was born again in hell. The priest so ambitious of power could not save him, nor could he save himself by his own power, and as soon as he died, his army broke up and fled.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the young prince Bodhi was the marauding king, Devadatta was Piṅgiya, and I myself was the world-famed teacher."

No. 354.

URAGA-JĀTAKA.

[162] *"Man quits his mortal frame," etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner whose son had died. The introductory story is just the same as that of the man who lost both his wife and father. Here too the Master in the same way went to the man's house, and after saluting him as he was seated, asked him saying, "Pray, Sir, are you grieving?" And on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, ever since my son's death I grieve," he said, "Sir, verily that which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to destruction is destroyed [1], and this happens not to one man only, nor in one village merely, but in countless spheres, and in the three modes of existence, there is no creature that is not subject to death, nor is there any existing thing that is capable of abiding in the same condition. All beings are subject to

death, and all compounds are subject to dissolution. But sages of old, when they lost a son, said, "That which is subject to destruction is destroyed," and grieved not." And hereupon at the man's request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household, in a village outside the gates of Benares, and rearing a family he supported them by field labour. He had two children, a son and a daughter. When the son was grown up, the father brought a wife home for

him from a family of equal rank with his own. Thus with a female slave they composed a household of six: the Bodhisatta and his wife, the son and daughter, the daughter-in-law and the female slave. They lived happily and affectionately together. The Bodhisatta thus admonished the other five; "According as ye have received, give alms, observe holy days, keep the moral law, dwell on the thought of death, be mindful of your mortal state. For in the case of beings like ourselves, death is certain, life uncertain: all existing things are transitory and subject to decay. Therefore take heed to your ways day and night." They readily accepted his teaching and dwelt earnestly on the thought of death.

Now one day the Bodhisatta went with his son to plough his field. [163] The son gathered together the rubbish and set fire to it. Not far from where he was, lived a snake in an anthill. The smoke hurt the snake's eyes. Coming out from his hole in a rage, it thought, "This is all due to that fellow," and fastening upon him with its four teeth it bit him. The youth fell down dead. The Bodhisatta on seeing him fall, left his oxen and came to him, and finding that he was dead, he took him up and laid him at the foot of a certain tree, and covering him up with a cloak, he neither wept nor lamented. He said, "That which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to death is dead. All compound existences are transitory and liable to death." And recognizing the transitory nature of things he went on with his ploughing. Seeing a neighbour pass close by the field, he asked, "Friend, are you going home?" And on his answering "Yes," he said, "Please then to go to our house and say to the mistress, "You are not to-day as formerly to bring food for two, but to bring it for one only. And hitherto the female slave alone has brought the food, but to-day all four of you are to put on clean

garments, and to come with perfumes and flowers in your hands."

"All right," he said, and went and spoke these very words to the brahmin's wife.

She asked, "By whom, Sir, was this message given?"

"By the brahmin, lady," he replied.

Then she understood that her son was dead. But she did not so much as tremble. Thus showing perfect self-control, and wearing white garments and with perfumes and flowers in her hand, she bade them bring food, and accompanied the other members of the family to the field. But no one of them all either shed a tear or made lamentation. The Bodhisatta, still sitting in the shade where the youth lay, ate his food. And when his meal was finished, they all took up fire-wood and lifting the body on to the funeral pile, they made offerings of perfumes and flowers, and then set fire to it. But not a single tear was shed by any one. All were dwelling on the thought of death. Such was the efficacy of their virtue that the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. [164] Sakka said, "Who, I wonder, is anxious to bring me down from my throne?" And on reflection he discovered that the heat was due to the force of virtue existing in these people, and being highly pleased he said, "I must go to them and utter a loud cry of exultation like the roaring of a lion, and immediately afterwards fill their dwelling place with the seven treasures." And going there in haste he stood by the side of the funeral pyre and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are burning the body of a man, my lord."

"It is no man that you are burning," he said. "Methinks you are roasting the flesh of some beast that you have slain."

"Not so, my lord," they said. "It is merely the body of a man that we are burning."

Then he said, "It must have been some enemy."

The Bodhisatta said, "It is our own true son, and no enemy,"

"Then he could not have been dear as a son to you."

"He was very dear, my lord."

"Then why do you not weep?"

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain the reason why he did not weep, uttered the first stanza:—

Man quits his mortal frame, when joy in life is past,
E’en as a snake is wont its worn out slough to cast.
No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[165] Sakka on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, asked the brahmin's wife, "How, lady, did the dead man stand to you?"

"I sheltered him ten months in my womb, and suckled him at my breast, and directed the movements of his hands and feet, and he was my grown up son, my lord."

"Granted, lady, that a father from the nature of a man may not weep, a mother's heart surely is tender. Why then do you not

weep?"

And to explain why she did not weep, she uttered a couple of stanzas:—

Uncalled he hither came, unbidden soon to go;
E’en as he came, he went. What cause is here for woe?

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

On hearing the words of the brahmin's wife, Sakka asked the sister: "Lady, what was the dead man to you?"

"He was my brother, my lord."

"Lady, sisters surely are loving towards their brothers. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, repeated a couple of stanzas:—

Though I should fast and weep, how would it profit me?
My kith and kin alas! would more unhappy be.

[166] No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka on hearing the words of the sister, asked his wife: "Lady, what was he to you?"

"He was my husband, my lord."

"Women surely, when a husband dies, as widows are helpless. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, uttered two stanzas:—

As children cry in vain to grasp the moon above,
So mortals idly mourn the loss of those they love.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[167] Sakka on hearing the words of the wife, asked the handmaid, saying, "Woman, what was he to you?"

"He was my master, my lord."

"No doubt you must have been abused and beaten and oppressed by him and therefore, thinking he is happily dead, you weep not."

"Speak not so, my lord. This does not suit his case. My young master was full of long-suffering and love and pity for me, and was as a foster child to me."

"Then why do you not weep?"

And she to explain why she did not weep, uttered a couple of stanzas:—

A broken pot of earth, ah! who can piece again?
So too to mourn the dead is nought but labour vain.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka after hearing what they all had to say, was greatly pleased and said, "Ye have carefully dwelt on the thought of death. Henceforth ye are not to labour with your own hands. I am Sakka, king of heaven. I will create the seven treasures in countless abundance in your house. [168] Ye are to give alms, to keep the moral law, to observe holy days, and to take heed to your ways." And thus admonishing them, he filled their house with countless wealth, and so parted from them.

The Master having finished his exposition of the Law, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained the fruit of the First Path:—" At that time Khujjuttarā was the female slave, Uppalavaṇṇā the daughter, Rāhula the son, Khemā the mother, and I myself was the brahmin."

Footnotes

107:1 Compare the story of Epictetus as given by Bacon, *Advancement of Learning,* i. 8. The philosopher one day saw a woman weeping for a broken pitcher, and next day saw another woman weeping over her dead son. Whereupon he said, *"Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori."*

No. 355.

GHATA-JĀTAKA.

"While others weep," etc.—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a minister of the king of Kosala. The introductory story is identical with one already given. But in this case the king after bestowing great honour on a minister who served him well, gave ear to certain mischief-makers and had him seized and thrown into prison. While he was lying there, he entered upon the First Path. The king, becoming aware of his great merit, released him. He took a scented garland and coming into the presence of the Master, saluted him and sat down. Then the Master asked if some evil had not befallen him. "Yes, Reverend Sir," he answered, "but through evil good has come to me. I have entered on the First Path." "Verily," said the Master, "not you only, but sages of old got good out of evil." And herewith at his request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born to him as the son of his queen-consort. And they called him prince Ghata. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā and ruled his kingdom righteously.

Now a certain minister misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king, after witnessing the offence with his own eyes, banished him from

his kingdom. At that time a king named Vaṅka ruled in Sāvatthi. The minister went to him and entering his service, just as in the former story [1], gained the king's ear and got him to seize on the kingdom of Benares. After gaining possession of the kingdom, he had the Bodhisatta bound in chains and threw him into prison. The Bodhisatta entered on an ecstatic meditation [169] and sat cross-legged in the air. A burning heat sprang up in the body of Vaṅka. He came and beheld the countenance of the Bodhisatta radiant with the beauty of a full-blown lotus, like to a golden mirror, and in the form of a question repeated the first stanza:—

While others weep and wail, their cheeks with tears bestained,

Why still with smiling face, has Ghata ne’er complained?

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain why he did not grieve, recited the remaining stanzas:—

To change the past all sorrow is but vain,
    It has no blessing for a future state:
Why should I, Vaṅka, of my woes complain?
    Grief is no helpmeet fit with us to mate.

One that is sick with sorrow pines away,
    His food insipid and distasteful grows,
Pierced as with arrows, to his grief a prey,
    He sinks a laughing-stock to all his foes.

Whether my home be on dry land or sea,
    Be it in village, or some forest drear,
No sorrow ever shall come nigh to me,
    A soul converted can have nought to fear.

But he that lacks completion in himself
    And is with lust of things of sense a-fire,
Not the whole world, with all its sordid pelf,
    Can e’er suffice for such a man's desire.

[170] Vaṅka therefore, after hearing these four stanzas, asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta, and restored him to his kingdom and went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and retreating to the Himālayas became an ascetic, and without any break in his ecstatic meditation was destined to birth in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ananda was king Vaṅka, and I myself was king Ghata."

Footnotes

112:1 Compare No. 303 *supra.*

No. 356.

KĀRAṆḌIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Why in forest," etc.—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Captain of the Faith (Sāriputta). That elder, they say, when wicked folk came to him, such as hunters, fishermen and the like, laid down the moral law to them, and any others that he might see from time to time, saying, "Receive ye the law." Through respect for the elder, they could not disobey his words and accepted the law, but failed to keep it, and still followed each after his own business. The elder took counsel with his fellow-priests and said, "Sirs, these men receive the law from me, but keep it not." [171] They answered, "Holy Sir, you preach the law to them against their wishes, and as they dare not disobey what you tell them, they accept it. Henceforth lay not down the law to such as these." The elder was offended. On hearing of the incident they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the elder Sāriputta preached the law to any that he happened to see. The Master came and inquired what was the topic that the Brethren were debating in their assembly, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also he preached the law to any men he might chance to see, even though they did not ask for it." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born and grew up in a brahmin household, and

became the chief pupil of a world-famed teacher at Takkasilā. At that time this teacher preached the moral law to any one that he might see, fishermen and the like, even if they did not want it, repeatedly bidding them receive the law. But though they received it, they kept it not. The teacher spoke of it to his disciples. His disciples said, "Holy Sir, you preach to them against their wishes, and therefore they break the law. Henceforth preach only to those who wish to hear you, and not to those who do not wish." The teacher was filled with regret, but even so he still laid down the law to all whom he happened to see.

Now one day some people came from a certain village and invited the teacher to partake of the cakes offered to brahmins. He summoned his disciple named Kāraṇḍiya and said, "My dear son, I am not going, but you are to go there with these five hundred disciples, and receive the cakes, and bring the portion that falls to my share." So he sent him. The disciple went, and as he was returning, he spied on the road a cave, and the thought struck him, "Our master lays down the law, without being asked, to all that he sees. Henceforth I will cause him to preach only to those that wish to hear him." [172] And while the other disciples were comfortably seated,

he arose and picking up a huge stone, flung it into the cave, and again and again repeated the action. Then the disciples stood up and said, "Sir, what are you doing?" Kāraṇḍiya said not a word. And they went in haste and told their master. The master. came and in conversing with Kāraṇḍiya repeated the first stanza:—

Why in forest all alone
Seizing oft a mighty stone,

Didst thou hurl it with a will,
Mountain cave as ‘twere to fill?

On hearing his words, Kāraṇḍiya to rouse his master uttered the second stanza:—

I would make this sea-girt land
Smooth as palm of human hand:
Thus I level knoll and hill
And with stones each hollow fill.

The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:—

Ne’er a one of mortal birth
Has the power to level earth.
Scarce Kāraṇḍiya can hope
With a single cave to cope.

[173] The disciple, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:—

If a man of mortal birth
Has no power to level earth,
Heretics may well refuse,
Brahmin, to adopt thy views.

On hearing this the teacher made an appropriate reply. For he now recognized that other men might differ from him, and thinking, "I will no longer act thus," he uttered the fifth stanza:-

Friend Kāraṇḍiya, in short
For my good thou dost exhort:
Earth can never levelled be,
Neither can all men agree.

Thus did the teacher sing the praises of his disciple. And he, after he had thus admonished his teacher, conducted him home.

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[174] The Master, having ended this lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the brahmin, and I myself was the disciple Kāraṇḍiya."

No. 357.

LAṬUKIKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Elephant of sixty years," etc.—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning Devadatta. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and violent. He has not an atom of pity for mortals." When the Master came, he inquired what was the topic the Brethren were assembled to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly also he was pitiless." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young elephant, and growing up a fine comely beast, he became the leader of the herd, with a following of eighty thousand elephants, and dwelt in the Himālayas. At that time a quail laid her eggs in the feeding-ground of the elephants. When the eggs were ready to be hatched, the young birds broke the shells and came out. Before their wings had grown, and when they were still unable to fly, the Great Being with his following of eighty thousand elephants, in ranging about for food, came to this spot. On seeing them the quail thought, "This royal elephant will trample on my young ones and kill them. Lo! I will implore his righteous protection for the defence of my brood." Then she raised her two wings and standing before him repeated the first stanza:—

Elephant of sixty years,
Forest lord amongst thy peers,
I am but a puny bird,
Thou a leader of the herd;
With my wings I homage pay,
Spare my little ones, I pray.

[175] The Great Being said, "O quail, be not troubled. I will protect thy offspring." And standing over the young birds, while the eighty thousand elephants passed by, he thus addressed the quail: "Behind us comes a solitary rogue elephant. He will not do our bidding. When he comes, do thou entreat him too, and so insure the safety of thy offspring." And with these words he made off. And the quail went forth to meet the other elephant, and with both wings uplifted, making respectful salutation, she spoke the second stanza—

Roaming over hill and dale
  Cherishing thy lonely way,
Thee, O forest king, I hail,
  And with wings my homage pay.
I am but a wretched quail,
  Spare my tender brood to slay.

On hearing her words, the elephant spoke the third stanza:—

I will slay thy young ones, quail;
What can thy poor help avail?
My left foot can crush with ease
Many thousand birds like these.

[176] And so saying, with his foot he crushed the young birds to atoms, and staling over them washed them away in a flood of water, and went off loudly trumpeting. The quail sat down on the bough of a tree and said, "Then be off with you and trumpet away. You shall very soon see what I will do. You little know what a difference there is between strength of body and strength of mind. Well! I will teach you this lesson." And thus threatening him she repeated the fourth stanza:—

Power abused is not all gain,
Power is often folly's bane.
Beast that didst my young ones kill,
I will work thee mischief still.

And so saying, shortly afterwards she did a good turn to a crow, and when the crow, who was highly pleased, asked, "What can I do for you?" the quail said, "There is nothing else, Sir, to be done, but I shall expect you to strike with your beak and to peck out the eyes of this rogue elephant." The crow readily assented, and the quail then did a service to a blue fly, and when the fly asked, "What can I do for you?" she said, "When the eyes of this rogue elephant have been put out by the crow, then I want you to let fall a nit upon them." The fly agreed, and then the quail did a kindness to a frog, and when the frog asked what it was to do, she said, "When this rogue elephant becomes blind, and shall be searching for water to drink, then take your stand and utter a croak on the top of a mountain, and when he has climbed to the top, come down and croak again at the bottom of the precipice. This much I shall look for at your hands." After hearing what the quail said, the frog readily assented. [177] So one day the crow with its beak pecked out both the eyes of the elephant, and the fly dropped its eggs upon them, and the elephant being eaten

up with maggots was maddened by the pain, and overcome with thirst wandered about seeking for water to drink. At this moment the frog standing on the top of a mountain uttered a croak. Thought the elephant, "There must be water there," and climbed up the mountain. Then the frog descended, and standing at the bottom croaked again. The elephant thought, "There will be water there" and

moved forward towards the precipice, and rolling over fell to the bottom of the mountain and was killed. When the quail knew that the elephant was dead, she said, "I have seen the back of mine enemy," and in a high state of delight strutted over his body, and passed away to fare according to her deeds.

The Master said, "Brethren, one ought not to incur the hostility of anyone. These four creatures, by combining together, brought about the destruction of this elephant, strong as he was.

A quail with crow, blue fly and frog allied
    Once proved the issue of a deadly feud.
Through them king elephant untimely died:
    Therefore all quarrelling should be eschewed."

Uttering this stanza inspired by Perfect Wisdom, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the rogue elephant, and I myself was the leader of the herd of elephants."

Footnotes

115:1 For this story see Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra.*

No. 358.

CULLADHAMMAPĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen," etc.—This story the Master, when dwelling n. the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay the Bodhisatta. In all other Births Devadatta failed to excite so much as an atom of fear in the Bodhisatta, [178] but in the Culladhammapāla Birth, when the Bodhisatta was only seven months old, he had his hands and feet and head cut off and his body encircled with sword cuts, as it were with a garland. In the Daddara [1] Birth he killed him by twisting his neck, and roasted his flesh in an oven and ate it. In the Khantivādi [2] Birth he had him scourged with two thousand strokes of a whip, and ordered his hands and feet and ears and nose to be cut off, and then had him seized by the hair of his head and dragged along, and when he was stretched at full length on his back, he kicked him in the belly and made off, and that very day the Bodhisatta died. But both in the Cullanandaka and the Vevaṭiyakapi [3] Births he merely had him put to death. Thus did Devadatta for a long time go about to slay him, and continued to do so, even after he became a Buddha. So one day they raised a discussion in the Hall of

Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is continually forming plots to slay the Buddhas. Being minded to kill the Supreme Buddha, he suborned archers to shoot him, he threw down a rock upon him, and let loose the elephant Nālāgiri on him." When the Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were assembled to

discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too he went about to kill me, but now he fails to excite a particle of fear in me, though formerly when I was prince Dhammapāla he brought about my death, though I was his own son, by encircling my body with sword cuts, as it were with a garland." And so saying, he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Mahāpatāpa was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his queen-consort Candā and they named him Dhammapāla. When he was seven months old, his mother had him bathed in scented water and richly dressed and sat playing with him. The king came to the place of her abode. And as she was playing with the boy, being filled with a mother's love for her child, she omitted to rise up on seeing the king. He thought, "Even now this woman is filled with pride on account of her boy, and does not value me a straw, but as the boy grows up, she will think, "I have a man for my son," and will take no notice of me. I will have him put to death at once." So he returned home, and sitting on his throne summoned the executioner into his presence, with all the instruments of his office. [179] The man put on his yellow robe and wearing a crimson wreath laid his axe upon his shoulder, and carrying a block and a bowl in his hands, came and stood before the king, and saluting him said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?"

"Go to the royal closet of the queen, and bring hither Dhammapāla," said the king.

But the queen knew that the king had left her in a rage, and laid the Bodhisatta on her bosom and sat weeping. The executioner

came and giving her a blow in the back snatched the boy out of her arms and took him to the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king had a board brought and put down before him, and said, "Lay him down on it." The man did so. But queen Candā came and stood just behind her son, weeping. Again the executioner said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Cut off Dhammapāla's hands," said the king. Queen Candā said, "Great king, my boy is only a child, seven months old. He knows nothing. The fault is not his. If there be any fault, it is mine. Therefore bid my hands to be cut off." And to make her meaning clear, she uttered the first stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
’Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with hands of luckless me.

The king looked at the executioner. "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Without further delay, off with his hands," said the king. At this moment the executioner took a sharp axe, and lopped off the boy's two hands, as if they had been young bamboo shoots. [180] The boy, when his hands were cut off, neither wept nor lamented, but moved by patience and charity bore it with resignation. But the queen Candā put the tips of his fingers in her lap and stained with blood went about lamenting. Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his feet," said the king. On hearing this, Candā uttered the second stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
’Tis I alone to blame have been.

Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with feet of luckless me.

But the king gave a sign to the executioner, and he cut off both his feet. Queen Candā put his feet also in her lap, and stained with blood, lamented and said, "My lord Mahāpatāpa, his feet and hands are cut off. A mother is bound to support her children. I will work for wages and support my son. Give him to me." The executioner said, "Sire, is the king's pleasure fulfilled? Is my service finished?" "Not yet," said the king. "What then is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. Then Candā repeated the third stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with head of luckless me.

And with these words she offered her own head. Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. So he cut off his head and asked, "Is the king's pleasure fulfilled?" "Not yet," said the king. "What further am I to do, Sire?" "Catching him with the edge of the sword," said the king, "encircle him with sword cuts as it were with a garland." Then he threw the body of the boy up into the air, and catching it with the edge of his sword, encircled him with sword cuts, as it were with a garland, and scattered the bits on the dais. Candā placed the flesh of the Bodhisatta in her lap, and as she sat on the dais lamenting, she repeated these stanzas:—

No friendly councillors advise the king,
"Slay not the heir that from thy loins did spring":
No loving kinsmen urge the tender plea,
"Slay not the boy that owes his life to thee."

Moreover after speaking these two stanzas queen Candā, pressing both her hands upon her heart, repeated the third stanza:—

Thou, Dhammapāla, wert by right of birth
The lord of earth:
Thy arms, once bathed in oil of sandal wood,
Lie steeped in blood.
My fitful breath alas! is choked with sighs
And broken cries.

While she was thus lamenting, her heart broke, as a bamboo snaps, when the grove is on fire, and she fell dead on the spot. The king too being unable to remain on his throne fell down on the dais. An abyss was cleft asunder in the ground, and straightway he fell into it. Then the solid earth, though many myriads more than two hundred thousand leagues in thickness, being unable to bear with his wickedness, clave asunder and opened a chasm. A flame arose out of the Avīci hell, and seizing upon him, wrapped him about, as with a royal woollen garment, [182] and plunged him into Avīci. His ministers performed the funeral rites of Candā and the Bodhisatta.

The Master, having brought this discourse to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the king, Mahāpajāpatī

was Candā, and I myself was prince Dhammapāla."

Footnotes

117:1 This does not occur in either of the two Daddara-jātakas, no. 172, vol. ii. and no. 304 *supra.*

117:2 No. 313 *supra.*

117:3 These two *jātakas* do not seem to have been identified.

No. 359.

SUVAṆṆAMIGA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"O Golden foot," This was a story told by the Master while in residence at Jetavana, about a maiden of gentle birth in Sāvatthi. She was, they say, the daughter in the household of a servitor of the two chief disciples at Sāvatthi, and was a faithful believer, fondly attached to Buddha, the Law, and the Church, abounding in good works, wise unto salvation, and devoted to almsgiving and such like deeds of piety. Another family in Sāvatthi of equal rank but of heretical views chose her in marriage. Then her parents said, "Our daughter is a faithful believer, devoted to the Three Treasures, given to alms and other good works, but you hold heretical views. And as you will not allow her to give alms, or to hear the Truth, or to visit the monastery, or to keep the moral law, or to observe holy days, as she pleases, we will not give her to you in marriage. Choose ye a maiden from a family of heretical views like yourselves." When their offer was rejected, they said, "Let your daughter when she comes to our house do everything of this kind, as she pleases. We will not prevent her. Only grant us this boon." "Take her then," they answered. So they celebrated the marriage

festivity at an auspicious season and led her home. She proved faithful in the discharge of her duties, and a devoted wife, and rendered due service to her father-in-law and mother-in-law. One day she said to her husband, "I wish, my lord, to give alms to our family priests." "Very well, my dear, give them just what

you please." So one day she invited these priests, and making a great entertainment, she fed them with choice food, and taking a seat apart from them she said, "Holy Sirs, this family is heretical and unbelieving. They are ignorant of the value of the Three Treasures. Well then, Sirs, until this family understands the value of the Three Treasures, do you continue to receive your food here." The priests assented and continually ate their meals there. Again she addressed her husband, [183] "Sir, the priests constantly come here. Why do you not see them?" On hearing this he said, "Very well, I will see them." On the morrow she told him when the priests had finished their meal. He came and sat respectfully on one side, conversing affably with the priests. Then the Captain of the Faith preached the Law to him. He was so charmed with the exposition of the faith, and the deportment of the priests, that from that day forward he prepared mats for the elders to sit on, and strained water for them, and during the meal listened to the exposition of the faith. By and bye his heretical views gave way. So one day the elder in expounding the faith declared the Truths to the man and his wife, and when the sermon was ended, they were both established in the fruition of the First Path. Thenceforth all of them, from his parents down to the hired servants, gave up their heretical views, and became devoted to the Buddha, his Law, and the Church. So one day this young girl said to her husband, "What, Sir, have I to do with the household life? I wish to adopt the religious life." "Very well, my dear," he said, "I too will become an ascetic." And he conducted her with great pomp to a sisterhood, and had her admitted as a novice, and himself too went to the Master and begged to be ordained. The Master admitted him first to deacon's and afterwards to priest's orders. They both received clear spiritual vision, and shortly attained to Sainthood. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, a certain woman by

reason of her own faith and that of her husband became a novice. And both of them having adopted the religious life, and gained clear spiritual vision, attained to Sainthood." The Master, when he came, inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, did she set her husband free from the bonds of passion. Formerly too she freed even sages of old from the bonds of death." And with these words he held his peace, but being pressed by them he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young stag, and grew up a beautiful and graceful creature, of the colour of gold. His fore and hind feet were covered, as it were, with a preparation of lac. [184] His horns were like a silver wreath, his eyes resembled round jewels, and his mouth was like a ball of crimson wool. The doe that was his mate was also a handsome creature, and they lived happily and harmoniously together. Eight myriads of dappled deer followed in the train of the Bodhisatta. While they were thus living there, a certain hunter set a snare in the deer drives. So one day the Bodhisatta, while leading his herd, entangled his foot in the snare, and thinking to break the noose he tugged at it and cut the skin of his foot. Again he tugged it, and hurt the flesh, and a third time and injured the tendon. And the noose penetrated to the very bone. Not

being able to break the snare, the stag was so alarmed with the fear of death that he uttered a succession of cries. On hearing it the herd of deer fled in a panic. But the doe, as she fled, looking

amongst the deer, missed the Bodhisatta, and thought, "This panic must certainly have something to do with my lord," and flying in haste to him, with many tears and lamentations she said, "My lord, you are very strong. Why can you not get the better of the snare? Put forth your strength and break it." And thus stirring him up to make an effort, she uttered the first stanza:—

O Golden-foot, no effort spare
To loose thyself from thongéd snare.
How could I joy, bereft of thee,
To range amidst the woodland free?

[185] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, responded in a second stanza:—

I spare no effort, but in vain,
My liberty I cannot gain.
The more I struggle to get loose,
The sharper bites the thongéd noose.

Then the doe said: "My lord, fear not. By my own power will I entreat the hunter, and by giving up my own life I will gain yours in exchange." And thus comforting the Great Being, she continued to embrace the blood-stained Bodhisatta. But the hunter approached, with sword and spear in hand, like to the destroying flame at the beginning of a cycle. On seeing him, the doe said, "My lord, the hunter is coming. By my own power I will rescue you. Be not afraid." And thus comforting the stag, she went to meet the hunter, and standing at a respectful distance, she saluted him and said, "My lord, my husband is of the colour of gold, and endued with all the virtues, the king of eight myriads of deer." And thus singing the praises of the Bodhisatta,

she begged for her own death, if only the king of the herd might remain intact, and she repeated the third stanza:—

Let on the earth a leafy bed,
Hunter, where we may fall, be spread:
And drawing from its sheath thy sword,
Slay me and afterwards my lord.

The hunter, on hearing this, was struck with amazement and said, "Even human beings give not up their lives for their king; much less the beasts. What can this mean? This creature speaks with a sweet voice in the language of men. [186] This day will I grant life to her and to her mate." And greatly charmed with her, the hunter uttered the fourth stanza:—

A beast that speaks with voice of men,
Ne’er came before within my ken.
Rest thou in peace, my gentle deer, And cease,
O Golden-foot, to fear.

The doe seeing the Bodhisatta set at his ease, was highly delighted and returning thanks to the hunter, repeated the fifth stanza:—

As I to-day rejoice to see
This mighty beast at liberty,
So, hunter, that didst loose the gin,
Rejoice with all thy kith and kin.

And the Bodhisatta thought, "This hunter has granted life to me and this doe, and to eight myriads of deer. He has been my

refuge, and I ought to be a refuge to him." [187] And in his character of one supremely virtuous he thought, "One ought to make a proper return to one's benefactor," and he gave the hunter a magic jewel which he had found in their feeding ground and said: "Friend, henceforth take not the life of any creature, but with this jewel set up a household and maintain a wife and children, and give alms and do other good works." And thus admonishing him, the stag disappeared in the forest.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Channa [1] was the hunter, this female novice was the doe, and I myself was the royal stag."

Footnotes

120:1 Compare *Tibetan Tales,* xli: *The Gazelle and the Hunter.*

No. 360.

SUSSONDI-JĀTAKA. [2]

"I scent the fragrance," etc.—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked if it were true that he longed for the world, and what he had seen to make him regret having taken orders. The Brother answered, "It was all owing to the charms of a woman." The Master said, "Verily, Brother, there is no possibility of being on one's guard against womenfolk. Sages of old, though they took the precaution to dwell in the abode of the Garuḍas, failed to be on their guard against them." And being urged by him, the Master related a story of the past.

Once upon a time king Tamba reigned in Benares, and his queen-consort named Sussondī was a woman of surpassing beauty. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young Garuḍa. Now the Nāga island was then known as Seruma island, and the Bodhisatta lived on this island in the abode of the Garuḍas. And he went to Benares, disguised as a youth, and played at dice with king Tamba. Remarking his beauty they said to Sussondī, "Such and such a youth plays at dice with our king." She longed to see him, and one day she adorned herself and repaired to the dice-chamber. [188] There taking her stand amongst the attendants, she fixed her gaze on the youth. He too gazed on the queen, and the pair fell in love with one another. The Garuḍa king by an act of supernatural power stirred up a

storm in the city. The people, through fear of the house falling, fled out of the palace. By his power he caused it to be dark, and carrying off the queen with him in the air, he made his way to his own abode in Nāga island. But no one knew of the coming or going of Sussondī. The Garuḍa took his pleasure with her, and still came to play at dice with the king. Now the king had a minstrel named Sagga, and not knowing where the queen had gone, the king addressed the minstrel and said, "Go now and explore every land and sea, and discover what has become of the queen." And so saying he bade him begone.

He took what was necessary for his journey, and beginning the search from the city gate, at last came to Bhārukaccha. At that time certain merchants of Bhārukaccha were setting sail for the Golden Land. He approached them and said, "I am a minstrel. If you remit my passage money, I will act as your minstrel. Take me with you." They agreed to do so, and putting him on board weighed anchor. When the ship was fairly off, they called him and bade him make music for them. He said, "I would make music, but if I do, the fish will be so excited that your vessel will be wrecked." "If a mere mortal," they said, "make music, there will be no excitement on the part of the fish. Play to us." "Then do not be angry with me," he said, and tuning his lute and keeping perfect harmony between the words of his song and the accompaniment of the lute string, he made music for them. The fish were maddened at the sound and splashed about. And a certain sea monster leaping up fell upon the ship and broke it in two. Sagga lying on a plank was carried along by the wind till he reached a banyan tree in the Nāga island, where the Garuḍa king lived. Now queen Sussondī, whenever the Garuḍa king went to play at dice, came down from her place of abode, [189] and as she was wandering on the edge of the shore, she saw and

recognized the minstrel Sagga, and asked him how he got there. He told her the whole story. And she comforted him and said, "Do not be afraid," and embracing him in her arms, she carried him to her abode and laid him on a couch. And when he was greatly revived, she fed him with heavenly

food, bathed him in heavenly scented-water, arrayed him in heavenly raiment, and adorned him with flowers of heavenly perfume, and made him recline upon a heavenly couch. Thus did she watch over him, and whenever the Garuḍa king returned, she hid her lover, and so soon as the king was gone, under the influence of passion she took her pleasure with him. At the end of a month and a half from that time some merchants, who dwelt at Benares, landed at the foot of the banyan tree in this island, to get fire-wood and water. The minstrel went on board ship with them, and on reaching Benares, as soon as he saw the king, while he was playing at dice, Sagga took his lute, and making music recited the first stanza:—

I scent the fragrance of the timira grove,
I hear the moaning of the weary sea:
Tamba, I am tormented with my love,
For fair Sussondī dwells afar from me.

On hearing this the Garuḍa king uttered the second stanza:—

How didst thou cross the stormy main,
And Seruma in safety gain?
How didst thou Sagga, tell me, pray,
To fair Sussondī win thy way?

[190] Then Sagga repeated three stanzas:—

With trading-folk from Bhārukaccha land
  My ship was wrecked by monsters of the sea;
I on a plank did safely gain the strand,
When an anointed queen with gentle hand
  Upbore me tenderly upon her knee,
  As though to her a true son I might be.
She food and raiment brought, and as I lay
With love-lorn eyes hung o’er my couch all day.
Know, Tamba, well; this word is sooth I say.

The Garuḍa, while the minstrel thus spake, was filled with regrets and said: "Though I dwelt in the abode of the Garuḍas, I failed to guard her safely. What is this wicked woman to me?" So he brought her back and presented her to the king and departed. And thenceforth he came not there any more.

The Master, his lesson ended, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, and I myself was the Garuḍa king."

Footnotes

123:1 A Brother who was suspended for siding with heretics.

123:2 Compare No. 327 *supra.*

No. 361.

VAṆṆĀROHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[191] *"Is it thus, Sudātha," etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the two chief disciples. On a certain occasion the two chief elders resolved during the rainy season to devote themselves to solitude. So they bade the Master farewell and leaving the company of the Brethren they went forth from Jetavana, carrying their bowl and robes with their own hands, and lived in a forest near a border village. And a certain man, who waited on the elders and lived upon their broken victuals, dwelt apart in the same place. On seeing how happily these elders lived together, he thought: "I wonder if it is possible to set them at variance." So he drew nigh to Sāriputta and said, "Can it be, Reverend Sir, that there is some quarrel between you and the venerable chief elder Moggallāna?" "Why so, Sir?" he asked. "He ever, Holy Sir, speaks in your dispraise and says, "When I am gone, what is Sāriputta worth compared with me in caste, lineage, family and country, or in the power of attainments in the sacred volumes?" The elder smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Another day he drew nigh to the chief elder Moggallāna, and said the same thing. He too smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Moggallāna went to Sāriputta and asked, "Has this fellow, who lives on our leavings, said aught to you?" "Yes, friend, he has." "And he said exactly the same thing to me. We must drive him away." "Very well, friend, drive him away." The elder said, "You are not to come here," and snapping his fingers at him, he drove him away. The two elders lived happily together,

and returning to the Master, made obeisance to him and sat down. The Master spoke kindly to them and asked if they had kept their Retreat pleasantly. They said, "A certain beggar wished to set us at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." The Master said, "Verily, Sāriputta, not now only, but formerly also, he thought to set you at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." And hereupon at his request he related a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-god in a forest. [192] At that time a lion and a tiger lived in a mountain-cave in that forest. A jackal was in attendance on them, and living on their broken meats began to wax gross of body. And one day he was struck with the thought, "I have never yet eaten the flesh of a lion or a tiger. I must set these two animals by the ears, and when in consequence of their quarrel they have come by their death, I will eat their flesh." So he drew nigh to the lion and said, "Is there any quarrel, Sir, between you and the tiger?" "Why so, Sir?" "Your Reverence," he said, "he ever speaks in your dispraise and says, "When I

am gone, this lion will never attain to the sixteenth part of my personal beauty, nor of my stature and girth, nor of my natural strength and power." Then the lion said to him, "Off with you. He will never speak thus of me." Then the jackal drew nigh to the tiger also, and spoke after the same manner. On hearing him, the tiger hastened to the lion, and asked, "Friend, is it true, that you said so and so of me?" And he spoke the first stanza:—

Is it thus [1]Sudāṭha speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field,
[1]Subāhu still to me must yield."

On hearing this Sudāṭha repeated the four remaining stanzas:—

Is it thus Subāhu speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field, Sudāṭha still to me must yield."
If such injurious words are thine,
No more shalt thou be friend of mine.
The man that lends a ready ear
To any gossip he may hear,
Soon picks a quarrel with a friend,
And love in bitter hate will end.
No friend suspects without a cause,
Or carefully looks out for flaws;
[193] But on his friend in trust will rest
As child upon its mother's breast,
And ne’er will by a stranger's word
Be parted from his bosom's lord.

When the qualities of a friend had been thus set forth in these four stanzas, the tiger said, "The fault is mine," and begged pardon of the lion. And they continued to live happily together in the same place. But the jackal departed and fled elsewhere.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth:"At that time the jackal was the beggar who lived on broken meats, the lion was Sāriputta, the tiger Moggallāna, and the

deity that dwelt in that forest and saw the whole thing with his own eyes was I myself."

Footnotes

126:1 Compare no. 349 *supra, Tibetan Tales,* XXXIII: *The Jackal as Calumniator,* and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra.*

127:1 Sudāṭha (strong-tooth) is the lion, Subāhu (strong-arm) the tiger.

No. 362.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Virtue and learning," etc.—This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning a brahmin who would test the power of virtue. The king, they say, owing to his reputation for virtue, regarded him with special honour, beyond what was paid to other brahmins. He thought, "Can it be that the king regards me with special honour, because I am endowed with virtue, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning? I will just test the comparative importance of virtue and learning."

So one day he abstracted a coin from the royal treasury board. The treasurer, such was his respect for him, did not say a word. It occurred a second time, and the treasurer said nothing. But on the third occasion he had him arrested as one who lived by robbery, and brought him before the king. And when the king asked what his offence was, he charged him with stealing the king's property.

[194] "Is this true, brahmin?" said the king.

"I am not in the habit of stealing your property, Sire," he said, "but I had my doubts as to the relative importance of virtue and learning, and in testing which was the greater of the two, I thrice abstracted a coin, and then I was given into custody and brought before you. Now that I know the greater efficacy of virtue compared with learning, I no longer wish to live a layman's life. I will become an ascetic."

On obtaining leave to do so, without so much as looking back on his house door, he went straight to Jetavana and begged the Master to ordain him. The Master granted him both deacon's and priest's orders. And he had been no long time in orders, before he attained to spiritual insight and reached the highest fruition. The incident was discussed in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain brahmin, after proving the power of virtue, took orders and obtaining spiritual insight reached Sainthood. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the nature of the topic they were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he said, "Not this man now only, but sages of old also put virtue to the proof, and by becoming ascetics worked out their own salvation." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he acquired every liberal art at Takkasilā, and on his return to Benares he went to see the king. The king offered him the post of family priest, and as he kept the five moral precepts, the king looked upon him with respect as a virtuous man. "Can it be," he thought, "that the king regards me with respect as a virtuous man, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning?" And the whole story corresponds exactly with the modern instance, but in this case the brahmin said, "Now I know the great importance

of virtue compared with learning." And hereupon he spoke these five stanzas:

Virtue and learning I was fain to test;
Henceforth I doubt not virtue is the best.
Virtue excels vain gifts of form and birth,
Apart from virtue learning has no worth.
A prince or peasant, if to sin enslaved,
In neither world front misery is saved.
Men of high caste with those of base degree,
If virtuous here, in heaven will equal be.
[195] Not birth, nor lore, nor friendship aught avails,
Pure virtue only future bliss entails.

Thus did the Great Being sing the praises of virtue, and having gained the consent of the king, that very day he betook himself to the Himālaya region, and adopting the religious life of an ascetic he developed the Faculties and Attainments, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master here ended this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time it was I myself that put virtue to the test and adopted the religious life of an ascetic."

Footnotes

128:1 Compare nos. 86, vol. i., 290, vol. ii., 305, 330, vol. iii., and L. Feer, *Journal Asiat.,* 1875.

No. 363.

HIRI-JĀTAKA.

[196] *"Who spite of honour," etc.*—This story the Master, when dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a rich merchant, a friend of Anāthapiṇḍika, who lived in a border province. Both the introductory story and the story of the past are related in full in the concluding Birth of the ninth division of the first book, [1] but in this version when the merchant of Benares was told that the followers of the foreign merchant were mulcted of all their property and, after losing everything they possessed, had to take to flight, he said, "Because they failed to do what they ought for the strangers who came to them, they find no one ready to do them a good turn." And so saying he repeated these verses:

Who spite of honour, while he plays the part
Of humble servant, loathes thee in his heart,
Poor in good works and rich in words alone—
Ah! such a friend thou surely wouldst not own.

p. 130

Be thou in deed to every promise true,
Refuse to promise what thou canst not do;
Wise men on empty braggarts look askew.
No friend suspects a quarrel without cause,
For ever watching to discover flaws:
But he that trustful on a friend can rest,
As little child upon its mother's breast,
Will ne’er by any stranger's deed or word,

Be separated from his bosom's lord.
Who draws the yoke of human friendship well,
Of bliss increased and honoured life can tell:
But one that tastes the joys of calm repose,
Drinking sweet draughts of Truth—he only knows
Escape from bonds of sin and all his woes.

[197] Thus did the Great Being, disgusted by coming into contact with evil associates, through the power of solitude, bring his teaching to a climax and lead men to the eternal Nirvana.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the merchant of Benares."

Footnotes

129:1 No. 90, vol. i.

No. 364.

KHAJJOPANAKA-JĀTAKA.

This Question about a fire-fly will be set forth in full in the Mahāummagga.

No. 365.

AHIGUṆḌIKA-JĀTAKA.

"Lo! here we lie," etc.—This story the Master, whilst living at Jetavana, told concerning an aged priest. The story has been already related in full in the Sālaka Birth. [1] In this version also the old man after ordaining a village lad abuses and strikes him. The lad escaped and returned to the world. [198] The old man once more admitted him to orders, and acted just as before. The youth, after he had for the third time returned to the world, on being again solicited to come back, would not so much as look the old man in the face. The matter was talked over in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain elder could live neither with his novice nor without him, while the boy after seeing the old man's fault of temper, being a sensitive youth, would not even look at him. The Master came

and asked what was the subject of discussion. When they told him, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this same youth was a sensitive novice, who after observing the elder's faults would not so much as look at him." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a corn-factor's family. And when he was grown up, he got his living by selling corn.

Now a certain snake-charmer caught a monkey and trained him to play with a snake. And when a festival was proclaimed at Benares, he left the monkey with the corn-merchant and roamed about for seven days, making sport with the snake. The merchant meanwhile fed the monkey with food both hard and soft. On the seventh day the snake-charmer got drunk at the festival merry-making, and came back and struck the monkey three times with a piece of bamboo, and then taking him with him to a garden, he tied him up and fell asleep. The monkey got loose from his chain, and climbing up a mango tree, sat there eating the fruit. The snake-charmer on waking up saw the monkey perched on the tree and thought, "I must catch him by wheedling him." And in talking with him he repeated the first stanza:

Lo! here we lie, my pretty one,
Like gambler by the dice undone.
Let fall some mangoes: well we know,
Our living to thy tricks we owe.

The monkey, on hearing this, uttered the remaining verses:

Thy praises, friend, unmeaning sound;
A pretty monkey ne’er was found.
[199] Who in the stores, when drunk, I pray,
Did starve and beat me sore to-day?
When I, snake-charmer, call to mind
The bed of pain where I reclined,
Though I should some day be a king,
No prayer from me this boon should wring,
Thy cruelty remembering.
But if a man is known to live

Content at home, is apt to give,
And springs of gentle race, the wise
With such should form the closest ties.

With these words the monkey was lost in a crowd of fellow-monkeys. [1]

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the old man was the snake-charmer, the novice was the monkey, and I myself was the corn-merchant."

Footnotes

130:1 See No. 249, vol. ii.

131:1 Another reading gives, "was lost in a thicket of trees".

No. 366.

GUMBIYA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[200] *"Poison like honey," etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who regretted taking orders. The Master asked him if it were true that he regretted it. "It is true, Holy Sir," he said. "What have you seen to cause this feeling?" asked the Master. When the Brother replied, "It was owing to the charms of a woman," the Master said, "These five qualities of desire are like the honey sprinkled over with deadly poison, and left in the road by one Gumbika." And hereupon at the request of the Brother he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a merchant's household. And when he was grown up, he set out from Benares with merchandise on five hundred carts for trading purposes. On reaching the high road, at the entrance of a forest, he called together all the members of his caravan and said, "Lo! on this road are leaves, flowers, fruit and the like, that are poisonous. In eating see that you take no strange food, without first asking me about it: for demons set in the road baskets of fresh rice and various sweet wild fruits, and sprinkle poison over them. Be sure not to eat of them without my consent." And after uttering this warning, he proceeded on his journey.

Then a certain Yakkha, named Gumbiya, strewed leaves on a spot in the middle of the forest, and dropping some pieces of

honey, covered them with deadly poison, and himself wandered all about the road, pretending to tap the trees, as if he were looking for honey. In their ignorance men thought, "This honey must have been left here as a meritorious act," and then through eating it, they met their death. And the demons came and devoured their flesh. The men also belonging to the Bodhisatta's caravan, some of them being naturally greedy, at the sight of these dainties, could not restrain themselves, and partook of them. But those that were wise said, "We will consult the Bodhisatta before we eat," and stood holding it in their hands. And when he saw what they had in their hands, he made them throw it away. And those that had already eaten the whole of it died. But to those who had eaten only half of it, he administered an emetic, and after they had vomited, [201] he gave them the four sweet things, and so by his supernatural power they recovered. The Bodhisatta

arrived in safety at the place he wished to reach, and after disposing of his wares, he returned to his own house.

Poison like honey in look, taste, and smell,
Was laid by Gumbiya with purpose fell:
All who as honey ate the noxious food,
Through their own greed did perish in the wood.
But they who wisely from the bait abstained,
Were free from torture and at peace remained.
So lust, like poison-bait, for man is laid;
His heart's desire has oft to death betrayed.
But who, though frail, besetting sins forego,
Escape from bonds of suffering and woe.

The Master, after delivering these verses inspired by Perfect Wisdom, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—[202] At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was that merchant."

Footnotes

132:1 Compare No. 85, vol. i.

No. 367.

SĀLIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Who got his friend," etc.—This was a story told by the Master, whilst living in the Bamboo Grove, in reference to a saying that Devadatta could not even inspire alarm.

When Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a village householder, and when he was young he played with other boys at the foot of a banyan tree, at the entrance of the village. A poor old doctor at that time who had no practice strayed out of the village to this spot, and saw a snake asleep in the fork of a tree, with its head tucked in. He thought, "There is nothing to be got in the village. I will cajole these boys and make the snake bite them, and then I shall get somewhat for curing them." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "If you were to see a young hedgehog, would you seize it?" "Yes, I would," said he.

[203] "See, here is one lying in the fork of this tree," said the old man.

The Bodhisatta, not knowing it was a snake, climbed up the tree and seized it by the neck, but when he found it was a snake, he did not allow

it to turn upon him, but getting a good grip of it, he hastily flung it from him. It fell on the neck of the old doctor, and coiling

round him, it bit him so severely [1] that its teeth met in his flesh and the old man fell down dead on the spot, and the snake made its escape. People gathered together about him, and the Great Being, in expounding the Law to the assembled multitude, repeated these verses:

Who got his friend to seize
A deadly snake, as hedgehog, if you please,
By the snake's bite was killed
As one that evil to his neighbour willed.
He that to strike is fain
The man that never striketh back again,
Is struck and lieth low,
E’en as this knave sore hurt by deadly blow.
So dust that should be thrown
Against the wind, back in one's face is blown;
And ill designed to one
That holy is, and has no evil done,
On the fool's pate at last
Recoils, like dust when thrown against the blast.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the poor old doctor was Devadatta, the wise youth was myself."

No. 368.

TACASĀRA-JĀTAKA.

204] *"Fallen into hand of foes," etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. It was then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata proved himself wise and full of resources." And herewith he related an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the household of a village proprietor. The whole story runs on exactly like that of the previous birth. But in this version when the doctor was dead, his village neighbours said, "These youths have

caused the man's death. We will bring them before the king." And they bound them in fetters and led them to Benares. The Bodhisatta in the course of his journey admonished the other lads and said to them: "Do not be afraid. Even when you are brought into the presence of the king, show yourselves fearless and happy in your mind. The king will first of all talk with us, and afterwards I shall know what to do." They readily acquiesced in what he said, and acted accordingly. When the king found them calm and happy, he said, "These poor wretches have been bound in chains and brought here as murderers, and although they have come to such misery, they are without fear and even happy. I will ask them the reason why they are not troubled."

And he repeated the first stanza:

Fallen into hand of foes
And with bamboo fetters bound,
How can ye conceal your woes,
And with smiling face be found?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta uttered the remaining verses:

There is no good however slight,
That man from groans and mourning e’er will gain;
His adversaries feel delight,
When they behold a foe o’ercome with pain.
[205] But enemies with grief are filled
When with bold front he goes to meet his fate,
And blenches not, as one well-skilled
All things with judgment to discriminate.
Be it by muttered spell or charm,
By lavish gifts, or help of powerful kin,
That he may best escape from harm,
A man should strive some vantage ground to win.
But should he fail to reach success,
With others' aid or by himself alone,
He should not grieve but acquiesce;
Fate is too strong, his utmost he has done.

[206] The king on hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the law, investigated the matter, and discovering the innocence of the boys, he had their fetters removed, and bestowed much honour on the Great Being, and made him his temporal and spiritual adviser and his valued minister. He also conferred honour on the other youths and appointed them to various offices.

When the Master had brought this lesson to an end, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, the inferior clergy were the other youths, and I myself was the wise youth."

Footnotes

134:1 Reading *karakarā nikhāditvā,* cf. the Sanskrit *kaṭakaṭā.*

No. 369.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"What was the evil," etc.—This story the Master whilst living at Jetavana told concerning an unruly Brother. The incident that led to the story will be found in the Mahāmittavinda Birth.

Now this Mittavindaka, when cast into the sea, showed himself very covetous, and going on to still greater excess came to the place of torment inhabited by beings doomed to hell. And he made his way into the Ussada hell, taking it to be a city, and there he got a wheel as sharp as a razor fixed upon his head. Then the Bodhisatta in the shape of a god went on a mission to Ussada. On seeing him, Mittavindaka repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:—

What was the evil wrought by me,
  Thus to provoke the curse of heaven,
That my poor head should ever be
  With circling wheel of torture riven?

[207] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the second stanza:

Forsaking homes of joy and bliss,
That decked with pearls, with crystal *this,*
And halls of gold and silver sheen,
What brought thee to this gloomy scene?

Then Mittavindaka replied in a third stanza:

"Far fuller joys I there shall gain
  Than any these poor worlds can show."
This was the thought that proved my bane
  And brought me to this scene of woe.

The Bodhisatta then repeated the remaining stanzas:

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so
To thirty-two insatiate greed doth grow.
Thus on and on thou, greedy soul, wert led
Till doomed to wear this wheel upon thy head.
So all, pursuing covetous desire,
Insatiate still, yet more and more require:
The broadening path of appetite they tread,
And, like thee, bear this wheel upon their head.

But while Mittavindaka was still speaking, the wheel fell upon him and crushed him, so that he could say no more. But the divine being returned straight to his celestial abode.

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[208] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the unruly Brother was Mittavindaka, and I myself was the divine being."

Footnotes

136:1 See Nos. 41, 82, 104, vol. i., and *Divyāvadāna,* p. 603.

No. 370.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"The goose said to the Judas tree," etc.—This was a story told by the Master, whilst residing at Jetavana, concerning the rebuke of sin. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Paññā Birth. But on this occasion the Master addressing the Brethren said, "Brothers, sin ought to be regarded with suspicion. Though it be as small as a banyan shoot, it may prove fatal. Sages of old too suspected whatever was open to suspicion." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a golden gosling, and when he came to be a full-grown goose, he lived in a golden cave, in the Cittakūṭa mountain in the Himālaya region, and used to go constantly and eat the wild paddy that grew on a natural lake. On the way by which he went to and fro was a big Judas tree. Both in going and returning, he would always stop and rest there. So a friendship sprang up between him and the divinity that dwelt in that tree. By and bye a certain fowl, after eating the ripe fruit of a banyan, came and perched on the Judas tree, and dropped its excrement into the fork of it. Thence there sprang up a young banyan, which grew to the height of four inches and was bright with red shoots and greenery. The royal goose, on seeing this, addressed the guardian deity of the tree and said, "My good friend, every tree on which a banyan shoot springs up is destroyed by its growth. Do not suffer this to grow, or it will destroy your place of abode. Go back at once, and root it up and

throw it away. One ought to suspect that which justifies suspicion." And thus conversing with the tree-sprite the goose uttered the first stanza:

[209]

The goose said to the Judas tree,
"A banyan shoot is threatening thee:
What thou dost in thy bosom rear
Will rend thee limb from limb, I fear."

On hearing this the tree-god, not heeding his words, repeated the second stanza:

Well! let it grow, and should I be
A refuge to the banyan tree,
And tend it with a parent's love,
It will to me a blessing prove.

Then the goose uttered the third stanza:

It is a cursed shoot, I fear,
Thou dost within thy bosom rear.
I say goodbye and off I flee,
This growth alas! misliketh me.

With these words the royal goose spread out his wings and made straight for mount Cittakūṭa. Thenceforth he came not back any more. By and bye the banyan shoot grew up. This tree also had its guardian deity. And in its growth, it broke down the Judas tree, and with a branch the abode of the tree-god also fell. At this moment reflecting on the words of the royal goose, the

tree-god thought, [210] "The king of the geese foresaw this danger in the future and warned me of it, but I did not hearken unto his words." And thus lamenting, he uttered the fourth stanza:

A spectre grim like Meru's height
Has brought me to a fearful plight;
Scorning the words friend goosey said,
I now am overwhelmed with dread.

Thus did the banyan, as it grew up, break down all the Judas tree and reduce it to a mere stump, and the dwelling place of the tree-god wholly disappeared.

Wise men abhor the parasitic thing
That chokes the form to which it loves to cling.
The wise, suspecting danger from the weed,
Destroy the root before it comes to seed.

This was the fifth stanza, inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master here, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths five hundred Brethren attained Sainthood:—"At that time I myself was the golden goose."

No. 371.

DĪGHITIKOSALA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[211] *"Thou art within my power," etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning some quarrelsome folk from Kosambī. When they came to Jetavana, the Master addressed them at the time of their reconciliation and said, "Brethren, ye are my lawful sons in the faith, begotten by the words of my mouth. Children ought not to trample under foot the counsel given them by their father, but ye follow not my admonition. Sages of old, when the men who had slain their parents and seized upon their kingdom fell into their hands in the forest, did not put them to death, though they were confirmed rebels, but they said, "We will not trample on the counsel given us by our parents." And hereupon he related a story of the past. In this Birth both the incident that led up to the story and the story itself will be fully set forth in the Saṅghabhedaka Birth.

Now prince Dīghāvu, having found the king of Benares lying on his side in the forest, seized him by his top-knot and said, "Now will I cut into fourteen pieces the marauder who slew my father and mother." And at the very moment when he was brandishing his sword, he recalled the advice given him by his parents and he thought, "Though I should sacrifice my own life, I will not trample under foot their counsel. I will content myself with frightening him." And he uttered the first stanza:

Thou art within my power, O king,
As prone thou liest here:
What stratagem hast thou to bring
Deliverance from thy fear?

Then the king uttered the second stanza:

Within thy power, my friend, I lie
All helpless on the ground,
Nor know I any means whereby
Deliverance may be found.

[212] Then the Bodhisatta repeated the remaining verses:

Good deeds and words alone, not wealth, O king,
In hour of death can any comfort bring.
[2]"*This* man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,
To mitigate their wrath are ne'er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore,
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."

They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.

After these words the Bodhisatta said, "I will not do thee a wrong, Sire. But do thou slay me." And he placed his sword in the king's hand. The king too said, "Neither will I wrong thee." And

he sware an oath, and went with him to the city, and presented him to his councillors and said, "This, Sirs, is prince Dīghāvu, the son of the king of Kosala. He has spared my life. [213] I may not do him any harm." And so saying he gave him his daughter in marriage, and established him in the kingdom that had belonged to his father. Thenceforth the two kings reigned happily and harmoniously together.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "The father and mother of those days are now members of the royal household, and prince Dīghāvu was myself."

Footnotes

139:1 Compare No. 428 *infra, Dhammapada,* Comment., p. 104, and *Mahāvagga,* X. 2.

139:2 *Dhammapada* v. 3-5.

No. 372.

MIGAPOTAKA-JĀTAKA.

"To sorrow for the dead," etc.—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told about a certain elder. It is said that he admitted a youth to orders, and that this novice, after ministering to him zealously, by and bye fell sick and died. The old man overcome with grief at the youth's death went about loudly lamenting. The Brethren, failing to console him, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "A certain old man on the death of his novice goes about lamenting. By dwelling on the thought of death, he will surely become a castaway." When the Master came, he inquired of the Brethren what was the subject they had met to discuss, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly also, the old man went about lamenting, when this youth died." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Bewares, the Bodhisatta was born in the form of Sakka. At that time a man, who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, came into the Himālaya region, and

adopting the life of an ascetic lived on wild fruits. One day he found in the forest a young deer that had lost its dam. He took it home to his hermitage, and fed and cherished it. The young deer grew up a handsome and comely beast, and the ascetic took care of it and treated it as his own child. One day the young deer

died of indigestion from a surfeit of grass. The ascetic went about lamenting and said, "My child is dead." Then Sakka, king of heaven, exploring the world, saw that ascetic, [214] and thinking to alarm him, he came and took his stand in the air and uttered the first stanza:

To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, free from ties of home.

The ascetic no sooner heard this than he uttered the second stanza:

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Then Sakka repeated two stanzas:

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

While Sakka was thus speaking, the ascetic recognising that it was useless to weep, and singing the praises of Sakka, repeated three stanzas [1]:

[215]

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

After thus admonishing the ascetic, Sakka departed to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time the old man was the ascetic, the novice was the deer, and I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

141:1 These stanzas are to be found in No. 352 *supra,* and in No. 410 *infra.*

No. 373.

MŪSIKA-JĀTAKA.

"People cry "Where is she gone," etc.—This story the Master, whilst residing in the Bamboo Grove, told about Ajātasattu. The incident that led to the story has been already fully told in the Thusa Birth. [1] Here too the Master observed the king at the same moment playing with his boy and also listening to the Law. And knowing as he did that danger to the king will arise through his son, he said, "Sire, kings of old suspected what was open to suspicion, and kept their heirs in confinement, saying, "Let them bear rule, after our bodies have been burned on the funeral pyre." And with this he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and became a world-famed teacher. The son of the king of Benares, prince Yava, by name, after applying himself diligently to acquire all the liberal arts from him, being now anxious to depart, bade him good-bye. The teacher, knowing by his power of divination that danger would befall the prince through his son, considered how he might remove this danger from him, and began to look about him for an apt illustration.

[216] Now he had at this time a horse, and a sore place appeared on its foot. And in order to give proper attention to the sore the horse was kept to the stable. Now close by was a well. And a mouse used to venture out of its hole and nibble the sore place

on the horse's foot. The horse could not stop it, and one day being unable to bear the pain, when the mouse came to bite him, he struck it dead with his hoof and kicked it into the well. The grooms not seeing the mouse said, "On other days the mouse came and bit the sore place, but now it is not to be seen. What has become of it?" The Bodhisatta witnessed the whole thing and said, "Others from not knowing ask, "Where is the mouse?"' But I alone know that the mouse has been killed by the horse, and dropped into the well." And making this very fact an illustration, he composed the first stanza and gave it to the young prince.

Looking about for another illustration, he saw that same horse, when the boil was healed, go out and make his way to a barley field to get some barley to eat, and thrust his head through a hole in the fence, and taking this as an illustration he composed a second stanza and gave it to the

prince. But the third stanza he composed by his own mother-wit and gave this also to him. And be said, "My friend, when you are established in the kingdom, as you go in the evening to the bathing tank, walk as far as the front of the staircase, repeating the first stanza, and as you enter the palace in which you dwell, walk to the foot of the stairs, repeating the second stanza, and as you go thence to the top of the stairs, repeat the third stanza." And with these words he dismissed him.

The young prince returned home and acted as viceroy, and on his father's death he became king. An only son was born to him, and when he was sixteen years old he was eager to be king. And being minded to kill his father, he said to his retainers, "My

father is still young. When I come to look upon his funeral pyre I shall be a worn-out old man. What good will it be for me to come to the throne then?" "My lord," they said, "it is out of the question for you to go to the frontier and play the rebel. You must find some way or other to slay your father, and to seize upon his kingdom." [217] He readily agreed, and went in the evening, and took his sword and stood in the king's palace near the bathing tank, prepared to kill his father. The king in the evening sent a female slave called Mūsikā, saying, "Go and cleanse the surface of the tank. I shall take a bath." She went there and while she was cleaning the bath she caught sight of the prince. Fearing that what he was about might be revealed, he cut her in two with his sword and threw the body into the tank. The king came to bathe. Everybody said, "To-day the slave Mūsikā does not return. Where and whither is she gone?" The king went to the edge of the tank, repeating the first stanza:

People cry, "Where is she gone?
  Mūsikā, where hast thou fled?"
This is known to me alone:
  In the well she lieth dead.

Thought the prince, "My father has found out what I have done." And being panic-stricken he fled and told everything to his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days, they again addressed him and said, "My lord, if the king knew he would not be silent. What he said must have been a mere guess. Put him to death." So one day he stood sword in hand at the foot of the stairs, and when the king came he was looking about for an opportunity to strike him. The king came repeating the second stanza:

Like a beast of burden still
Thou dost turn and turn about,
Thou that Mūsikā [1] didst kill,
Fain wouldst Yava [1] eat, I doubt.

[218] Thought the prince, "My father has seen me," and fled in terror. But at the end of a fortnight he thought, "I will kill the king by a blow from a shovel." So he took a spoon-shaped instrument with a long handle and stood poising it. The king climbed to the top of the stair, repeating the third stanza:

Thou art but a weakling fool,
Like a baby with its toy,
Grasping this long spoon-like tool,
I will slay thee, wretched boy.

That day being unable to escape, he grovelled at the king's feet and said, "Sire, spare my life." The king after rating him had him bound in chains and cast into prison. And sitting on a magnificent royal seat shaded by a white parasol, he said, "Our teacher, a far-famed brahmin foresaw this danger to us, and gave us these three stanzas." And being highly delighted, in the intensity of his joy he gave forth the rest of the verses:

I am not free by dwelling in the sky,
Nor by some act of filial piety.
Nay when my life was sought by this my son,
Escape from death through power of verse was won.
Knowledge of every kind he apt to learn,
And what it all may signify discern:

Though thou shouldst use it not, the time will be
When what thou hearest may advantage thee.

[219] By and bye on the death of the king the young prince was established on the throne.

The Master here brought his lesson to a close, and identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher was myself."

Footnotes

142:1 No. 338 *supra.*

143:1 Mūsikā means *mouse*, Yava *barley.*

No. 374.

CULLADHANUGGAHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Since thou hast gained," etc.—This story was told by the Master whilst living at Jetavana, about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. When the Brother confessed that it was owing to the wife

that he had left, that he regretted having taken orders, the Master said, "Not now only, Brother, did this woman do you a mischief. Formerly too it was owing to her that your head was cut off." And at the request of the Brethren he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn as Sakka. At that time a certain young brahmin of Benares acquired all the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and having attained to proficiency in archery, he was known as the clever Little Archer. Then his master thought, "This youth has acquired skill equal to my own," and he gave him his daughter to wife. He took her and wishing to return to Benares he set out on the road. Half way on his journey, an elephant laid waste a certain place, and no man dared to ascend to that spot. The clever Little Archer, though the people tried to stop him, [220] took his wife and climbed up to the entrance of the forest. Then when he was in the midst of the wood, the elephant rose up to attack him. The Archer wounded him in the forehead with an arrow, which piercing him through and through came out at the

back of his head, and the elephant fell down dead on the spot. The clever Archer after making this place secure, went on further to another wood. And there fifty robbers were infesting the road. Up to this spot too, though men tried to stop him, he climbed till he found the regular place, where the robbers killed the deer and roasted and ate the venison, close to the road. The robbers, seeing him approach with his gaily attired wife, made a great effort to capture him. The robber chief, being skilled in reading a man's character, just gave one look at him, and recognizing him as a distinguished hero, did not suffer them to rise up against him, though he was single-handed. The clever Archer sent his wife to these robbers, saying, "Go and bid them give us a spit of meat, and bring it to me." So she went and said, "Give me a spit of meat." The robber chief said, "He is a noble fellow," and bade them give it her. The robbers said, "What! is he to eat our roast meat?" And they gave her a piece of raw meat. The Archer, having a good opinion of himself, was wroth with the robbers for offering him raw meat. The robbers said, "What! is he the only man, and are we merely women?" And thus threatening him, they rose up against him. The Archer wounded and struck to the ground fifty robbers save one with the same number of arrows. He had no arrow left to wound the robber chief. There had been full fifty arrows in his quiver. With one of them he had wounded the elephant, and with the rest the fifty robbers save one. So he knocked down the robber chief, and sitting on his chest bade his wife bring him his sword in her hand to cut off his head. At that very moment she conceived a passion for the robber chief [221] and placed the hilt of the

sword in his hand and the sheath in that of her husband. The robber grasping the hilt drew out the sword, and cut off the head of the Archer. After slaying her husband he took the woman with him, and as they journeyed together he inquired of her origin. "I am the daughter," she said, "of a world-famed professor at Takkasilā."

"How did he get you for his wife?" he said.

"My father," she said, "was so pleased at his having acquired from him an art equal to his own, that he gave me to him to wife. And because I fell in love with you, I let you kill my lawful husband."

Thought the robber chief, "This woman now has killed her lawful husband. As soon as she sees some other man, she will treat me too after the same sort. I must get rid of her."

And as he went on his way, he saw their path cut off by what was usually a poor little shallow stream, but which was now flooded, and he said, "My dear, there is a savage crocodile in this river. What are we to do?"

"My lord," she said, "take all the ornaments I wear, and make them into a bundle in your upper robe, and carry them to the further side of the river, and then come back and take me across."

"Very well," he said, and took all her adornments, and going down to the stream, like one in great haste, he gained the other bank, and left her and fled.

On seeing this she cried, "My lord, you go as if you were leaving me. Why do you do this? Come back and take me with you." And addressing him she uttered the first stanza:

Since thou hast gained the other side,
With all my goods in bundle tied,
Return as quickly as may be
And carry me across with thee.

The robber, on hearing her, as he stood on the further bank, repeated the second stanza: [1]

Thy fancy, lady, ever roves
From well-tried faith to lighter loves,
[222] Me too thou wouldst ere long betray,
Should I not hence flee far away.

But when the robber said, "I will go further hence: you stop where you are," she screamed aloud, and he fled with all her adornments. Such was the fate that overtook the poor fool through excess of passion. And being quite helpless she drew nigh to a clump of cassia plants and sat there weeping. At that moment Sakka, looking down upon the world, saw her smitten with desire and weeping for the loss of both husband and lover.

And thinking he would go and rebuke her and put her to shame, he took with him Mātali and Pañcasikha [1], and went and stood on the bank of the river and said, "Mātali, do you become a fish, Pañcasikha, you change into a bird, and I will become a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in my mouth, I will go and place myself in front of this woman, and when you see me there, you,

Mātali, are to leap up out of the water, and fall before me, and when I shall drop the piece of meat I have taken in my mouth, and shall spring up to seize the fish, at that moment, you, Pañcasikha, are to pounce upon the piece of meat, and to fly up into the air, and you, Mātali, are to fall into the water."

Thus did Sakka instruct them. And they said, "Good, my lord." Mātali was changed into a fish, Pañcasikha into a bird, and Sakka became a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in his mouth, he went and placed himself in front of the woman. The fish leaping up out of the water fell before the jackal. The jackal dropping the piece of meat he held in his mouth, sprang up to catch the fish. The fish jumped up and fell into the water, and the bird seized the piece of meat and flew up into the air. The jackal thus lost both fish and meat and sat sulkily looking towards the clump of cassia. The woman seeing this said, "Through being too covetous, he got neither flesh nor fish," [223] and, as if she saw the point of the trick, she laughed heartily.

The jackal, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Who makes the cassia thicket ring
With laughter, though none dance or sing,
Or clap their hands, good time to keep?
Fair one, laugh not, when thou shouldst weep.

On hearing this, she repeated the fourth stanza:

O silly jackal, thou must wish
Thou hadst not lost both flesh and fish.
Poor fool! well mayst thou grieve to see
What comes of thy stupidity.

Then the jackal repeated the fifth stanza:

Another's faults are plainly seen,
'Tis hard to see one's own, I ween.
Methinks thou too must count the cost,
When spouse and lover both are lost.

[224] On hearing his words she spoke this stanza:

King jackal, 'tis just as you say,
So I will hie me far away,
And seek another wedded love
And strive a faithful wife to prove.

Then Sakka, king of heaven, hearing the words of this vicious and unchaste woman, repeated the final stanza:

He that would steal a pot of clay
Would steal a brass one any day:
So she who was her husband's bane
Will be as bad or worse again.

Thus did Sakka put her to shame and brought her to repent, and then returned to his own abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path:—" At that time the backsliding Brother was the Archer, the wife he had left was that woman, and I myself was Sakka, king of heaven."

Footnotes

144:1 See Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* ii. 371, and *Tibetan Tales,* xii., *Susroṇi.* Compare also No. 425 *infra.*

146:1 This stanza occurs in No. 318 *supra,* with which this story may be compared.

147:1 His charioteer and a gandharva.

No. 375.

KAPOTA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"I feel quite well," etc.—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a greedy Brother. This story of the greedy Brother has already been fully told in divers ways. In this case the Master asked him if he were greedy and on his confessing that it was so, said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Brother, you were greedy, and through greed came by your death." And herewith he told a story of the past.

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[225] Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young pigeon and lived in a wicker cage, in the kitchen of a rich merchant of Benares. Now a crow hankering after fish and flesh made friends with this pigeon, and lived in the same place. One day he caught sight of a lot of fish and meat and thought, "I'll have this to eat," and lay loudly groaning in the cage. And when the pigeon said, "Come, my friend, let us sally out for our food," he refused to go, saying, "I am laid up with a fit of indigestion. Do you go." And when the pigeon was gone, he said, "My troublesome enemy is off.

p. 149

I will now eat fish and meat to my heart's content." And so thinking, he repeated the first stanza:

I feel quite well and at my ease,
Since Mr. Pigeon off is gone.

My cravings I will now appease:

Potherbs and meat should strengthen one.

So when the cook who was roasting the fish and meat came out of the kitchen, wiping away streams of sweat from his person, the crow hopped out of his basket and bid himself in a basin of spices. The basin gave forth a "click" sound, and the cook came in haste, and seizing the crow pulled out his feathers. And grinding some moist ginger and white mustard he pounded it with a rotten date, and smeared him all over with it, and rubbing it on with a potsherd [226] he wounded the bird. Then he fastened the potsherd on his neck with a string, and threw him back into the basket, and went off.

When the pigeon came back and saw him he said, "Who is this crane lying in my friend's basket? He is a hot-tempered fellow and will come and kill this stranger." And thus jesting, he spoke the second stanza:

"Child of the Clouds," [1] with tufted crest,

Why didst thou steal my poor friend's nest?

Come here, Sir Crane. My friend the crow

Has a hot temper, you must know.

The crow, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Well mayst thou laugh at such a sight,

For I am in a sorry plight.

The cook has plucked and basted me

With rotten dates and spicery.

The pigeon, still making sport of him, repeated the fourth stanza:

Bathed and anointed well, I think,
Thou hast thy fill of food and drink.
Thy neck so bright with jewel sheen,
Hast thou, friend, to Benares been?

Then the crow repeated the fifth stanza:

Let not my friend or bitterest foe
On visit to Benares go.
They plucked me bare and as a jest
Have tied a potsherd on my breast.

[227] The pigeon hearing this repeated the final stanza:

These evil habits to outgrow
Is hard with such a nature, crow.
Birds should be careful to avoid
The food they see by man enjoyed.

p. 150

After thus reproving him, the pigeon no longer dwelt there, but spread his wings and flew elsewhere. But the crow died then and there.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained fruition of the Second Path:—"At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

Footnotes

148:1 Compare No. 42, vol. i., No. 274, vol. ii.

149:1 Cranes are conceived at the sound of thunder-clouds. Cf. *Meghadūta* 9.

BOOK VI.—CHANIPĀTA.

No. 376.

AVĀRIYA-JĀTAKA.

[228] *"Ne'er be angry, etc."* The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, about a ferryman. This man, they say, was foolish and ignorant: he knew not the qualities of the Three Jewels and of all excellent beings: he was hasty, rough and violent. A certain country Brother, wishing to wait on the Buddha, came one evening to the ferry on the Aciravatī and said to the ferryman: "Lay-brother, I wish to cross, let me have your boat." "Sir, it is too late, stay here." "Lay-brother, I cannot stay here, take me across." The ferryman said angrily, "Come then, Sir Priest," and took him into the boat: but he steered badly and made the boat ship water, so that the Brother's robe was wet, and it was dark before he put him on the farther bank. When the Brother reached the monastery, he could not wait on the Buddha that day. Next day he went to the Master, saluted and sat on one side. The Master gave greeting and asked when he had come. "Yesterday." "Then why do you not wait on me till to-day?" When he heard his reason, the Master said, "Not now only, but of old also that man was rough: and he annoyed wise men of old, as he did you." And when asked he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up, he was educated in all the arts at Takkasilā [229], and became an

ascetic. After living long on wild fruits in the Himālaya, he came to Benares for salt and vinegar: he stayed in the royal garden and next day went into the city to beg. The king saw him in the palace-yard and being pleased with his deportment caused him to be brought in and fed: then he took a promise and made him dwell in the garden: and he came daily to pay respect. The Bodhisatta said to him, "O great king, a king should rule his kingdom with righteousness, eschewing the four evil courses, being zealous and full

of patience and kindness and compassion," and with such daily exhortation he spoke two stanzas:

Ne’er be angry, prince of warriors; ne’er be angry, lord of earth:
Anger ne’er requite with anger: thus a king is worship-worth.

In the village, in the forest, on the sea or on the shore,
Ne’er be angry, prince of warriors: ’tis my counsel evermore.

So the Bodhisatta spoke these stanzas to the king every day. The king was pleased with him and offered him a village whose revenue was a hundred thousand pieces: but he refused. In this way the Bodhisatta lived for twelve years. Then he thought, "I have stayed too long, I will take a journey through the country and return here": so without telling the king and only saying to the gardener, "Friend, I weary, I will journey in the country and return, pray do you tell the king," [230] he went away and came to a ferry on the Ganges. There a foolish ferryman named Avāriyapitā lived: he understood neither the merits of good men nor his own gain and loss: when folk would cross the Ganges, he first took them across and then asked for his fare; when they

gave him none, he quarrelled with them, getting much abuse and blows but little gain, so blind a fool was he.

Concerning him, the Master in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the third stanza:

The father of Avāriya,
    His boat's on Ganges wave:
He ferries first the folk across,
    And then his fare he'll crave:
And that is why he earns but strife,
    A thriftless, luckless, knave!

The Bodhisatta came to this ferryman and said, "Friend, take me to the other bank." He said, "Priest, what fare will you pay me?" "Friend, I will tell you how to increase your wealth, your welfare, and your virtue." The ferryman thought, "He will certainly give me something," so he took him across and then said, "Pay me the fare." The Bodhisatta said, "Very well, friend," and so telling him first how to increase his wealth, he spoke this stanza:

Ask your fare before the crossing, never on the further shore:
Different minds have folk you ferry, different after and before.

[231] The ferryman thought, "This will be only his admonition to me, now he will give me something else": but the Bodhisatta said, "Friend, you have there the way to increase wealth, now hear the way to increase welfare and virtue," so he spoke a stanza of admonition:

In the village, in the forest, on the sea, and on the shore,
Ne’er be angry, my good boatman; ’tis my counsel evermore.

So having told him the way to increase welfare and virtue, he said, "There you have the way to increase welfare, and the way to increase virtue." Then that stupid one, not reckoning his admonition as anything, said, "Priest, is that what you give me as my fare?" "Yes, friend." "I have no use for it, give me something else." "Friend, except that I have nothing else." "Then why did you go on my boat?" he said, and threw the ascetic down on the bank, sitting on his chest and striking his mouth.

The Master said: "So you see that when the ascetic gave this admonition to the king he got the boon of a village, and when he gave the same admonition to a stupid ferryman he got a blow in the mouth: therefore when one gives this admonition it must be given to suitable people, not to unsuitable," and so in his Perfect Wisdom he then spoke a stanza:

For counsel good the king bestowed the revenue of a town:
The boatman for the same advice has knocked the giver down.

As the man was striking the priest, his wife came with his rice, and seeing the ascetic, she said, "Husband, this is an ascetic of the king's court, do not strike him." He was angry, and saying, "You forbid me to strike this false priest!" he sprang up and struck her down. The plate of rice fell and broke, and the fruit of her womb miscarried. The people gathered round him and [232] crying, "Murdering rascal!" they bound him and brought him to the king. The king tried him and caused him to be punished.

The Master in his Perfect Wisdom explaining the matter spoke the last stanza:

The rice was spilt, his wife was struck, child killed before its birth,
To him, like fine gold to a beast, counsel was nothing worth.

When the Master had ended his lesson, he declared the Truths: —after the Truths the brother was established in the fruit of the first path: and identified the Birth: " At that time the ferryman was the ferryman of to-day, the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

No. 377.

SETAKETU-JĀTAKA.

"Friend, be not angry," etc.—The Master told this tale at Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. The occasion of the story will appear in the Uddāla [1] Birth.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher and taught the sacred texts to five hundred pupils. The senior of them, Setaketu by name, was born of a brahmin family from the north, and was very proud on account of his caste. One day he went out of the town with other pupils, and when coming in again he saw a [233] caṇḍāla. "Who are you?" he said. "I am a caṇḍāla." He feared the wind after striking the caṇḍāla's body might touch his own body, so he cried, "Curse you, you ill-omened caṇḍāla, get to leeward," and went quickly to windward, but the caṇḍāla was too quick for him and stood to windward of him. Then he abused and reviled him the more, "Curse you, ill-omened one." The caṇḍāla asked, "Who are you?" "I am a brahmin student." "Very well, if you are, you will be able to answer me a question." "Yes." "If you can't, I will put you between my feet." The brahmin, feeling confident, said, "Proceed." The caṇḍāla, making the company understand the case, asked the question, "Young brahmin, what are the quarters? " "The quarters are four, the East and the rest." The caṇḍāla said, "I am not asking about that kind of quarter: and you, ignorant even of this, loathe the wind that has struck my

body," so he took him by the shoulder and forcing him down put him between his feet. The other pupils told their teacher of the affair. He asked, "Young Setaketu, have you been put between a caṇḍāla's feet?" "Yes, teacher: the son of a slave put me between his feet, saying, "He doesn't know even the quarters"; but now I shall know what to do to him," and so he reviled the caṇḍāla angrily. The teacher admonished him: "Young Setaketu, be not angry with him, he is wise; he was asking about another kind of quarter, not this: what you have not seen, or heard, or understood is far more than what you have": and he spoke two stanzas by way of admonition:

Friend, be not angry, anger is not good:
  Wisdom is more than you have seen or heard:
[234] By "quarter" *parents* may be understood,
  And *teacher* is denoted by the word.

The *householder* who gives food, clothes and drink,
  Whose doors are open, he a "quarter" is:
And "quarter" in the highest sense, we think,
  Is that last state where misery shall be bliss. [1]

[235] So the Bodhisatta explained the quarters to the young brahmin: but he thinking, "I was put between a caṇḍāla's feet," left that place and going to Takkasilā learned all the arts from a far-famed teacher. With that teacher's permission he left Takkasilā, and wandered learning all practical arts. Coming to a frontier village he found five hundred ascetics

dwelling near it and was ordained by them. All their arts, texts and practices he learnt, and they accompanied him to Benares. Next day he went to the palace-yard begging. The king, pleased

with the ascetics' deportment, gave them food in the palace and lodging in his garden. One day he said, sending them food, "I will salute your reverences this evening in the garden." Setaketu went to the garden and collecting the ascetics, said, "Sirs, the king is coming to-day; now by once conciliating kings a man may live happily all the years of his life, so now some of you do the swinging penance, some lie on thorn-beds, some endure the five fires, some practise the mortification by squatting, some the act of diving, some repeat texts," and after these orders he set himself at the door of the hut on a chair with a head-rest, put a book with a brilliant-coloured wrapping on a painted stand, and explained texts as they were inquired about by four or five intelligent pupils. At that moment the king arrived [236] and seeing them doing these false penances he was delighted: he came up to Setaketu, saluted him and sat on one side: then talking to his family priest he spoke the third stanza:

With uncleansed teeth, and goatskin garb and hair
    All matted, muttering holy words in peace:
Surely no human means to good they spare,
    They know the Truth, and they have won Release.

The priest heard this and spoke the fourth stanza:

A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
    A learned sage may fail to follow right:
A thousand Vedas will not safety bring,
    Failing just works, or save from evil plight.

When the king heard this, he took away his favour from the ascetics. Setaketu thought: "This king took a liking to the ascetics, but this priest has destroyed it as if he had cut it with an

axe: I must talk to him": so talking to him he spoke the fifth stanza:

[237]

"A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
A learned sage may fail to follow right"
You say: then Vedas are a useless thing:
Just works with self-restraint are requisite.

The priest hearing this, spoke the sixth stanza:

Nay, Vedas are not useless utterly:
Though works with self-restraint true doctrine is:
Study of Vedas lifts man's name on high,
But ’tis by conduct that he reaches Bliss.

So the priest refuted Setaketu's doctrine. He made them all laymen, gave them shields and weapons, and appointed them to be attendants on the

king as Superior Officers: and hence they say comes the race of Superior [1] Officers.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Setaketu was the cheating priest, the caṇḍāla was Sāriputta, and the King's priest was myself."

Footnotes

153:1 No. 487, vol. iv.

154:1 This rests on fanciful puns on the names of the four quarters.

No. 378.

DARĪMUKHA-JĀTAKA.

[238] *"Pleasures of sense," etc.*—This tale was told by the Master while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Great Renunciation. The incident that led to the story has been told before.

Once upon a time the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born of his chief queen, and they called him prince Brahmadatta. On the day of his birth, the family priest also had a son: his face was very beautiful, so they called him Darīmukha [2]. Both grew up in the king's court dear friends together, and in the sixteenth year they went to Takkasilā and learned all the arts. Then, meaning to acquire all practical usages and understand country observances, they wandered through towns, villages and all the land. So they reached Benares, and staying in a temple they went into the city next day to beg. In one of the houses in the city the people of the house had cooked rice-porridge and prepared seats to feed brahmins and give them portions. These people seeing the two youths begging, thought, "The brahmins have come," and making them come in laid a white cloth on the Bodhisatta's seat and a red rug on Darīmukha's. Darīmukha observed the omen and understood that his friend should be king in Benares and himself commander of the army. They ate and took their portions, and then with a blessing left and went to the king's garden. The Bodhisatta lay on the royal stone-seat. Darīmukha sat stroking his feet. The king of Benares had been dead seven days. The family priest had performed funeral rites and sent out the

festal car for seven days as there was no heir to the throne. This ceremony of the car will be explained in the Mahājanaka Birth. This car left the city and reached the gate of the garden, [239] accompanied by an army of the four divisions and by the music of hundreds of instruments. Darīmukha, hearing the music, thought, "This car is coming for my friend, he will be king to-day and give me the commander's place, but why should I be a layman? I will go away and become an ascetic"; so without a word to the Bodhisatta he went on one side and stood concealed. The priest stayed the car at the gate of the garden, and entering saw the Bodhisatta lying on the royal seat: observing the auspicious marks on his feet, he thought, "He has merit and is worthy to be king even of the four continents with two thousand islands around them, but what is his courage?" So he made all the instruments sound their loudest. The Bodhisatta woke and taking the cloth from his face he saw the multitude: then covering his face again he lay down for a little, and rising when the car stopped sat cross-legged on the seat. The priest resting on his knee said, "Lord, the kingdom falls to you." "Why, is there no heir?" "No, lord." "Then it is well," and so he accepted, and they anointed him there in the garden. In his great glory he forgot Darīmukha. He mounted the car and drove amid the multitude in solemn form round the city: then stopping at the palace-gate he arranged the places of the courtiers and went up to the terrace. At that instant Darīmukha seeing the garden now empty came and sat on the royal seat in the garden. A withered leaf fell before him. In it he came to see the principles of decay and death, grasped the three marks of things, and making the earth re-echo with joy he entered on *paccekabodhi.* At that instant the characters of a householder vanished from him, a

miraculous bowl and frock fell from the sky and clave to his body, at once he had the eight requisites and the perfect deportment of a centenarian monk, [240] and by miracle he flew into the air and went to the cave Nandamūla [1] in the Himālaya.

The Bodhisatta ruled his kingdom with righteousness, but the greatness of his glory infatuated him and for forty years he forgot Darīmukha. In the fortieth year he remembered him, and saying, "I have a friend named Darīmukha; where is he now?" he longed to see him. Thenceforth even in the seraglio and in the assembly he would say, "Where is my friend Darīmukha? I will give great honour to the man who tells me of his abode." Another ten years passed while he remembered Darīmukha from time to time. Darīmukha, though now a paccekabuddha, after fifty years reflected and knew that his friend remembered him: and thinking, "He is now old and increased with sons and daughters, I will go and preach the law to him and ordain him," he went by miracle through

the air, and lighting in the garden he sat like a golden image on the stone seat. The gardener seeing him came up and asked, "Sir, whence come you?" "From the cave Nandamūlaka." "Who are you?" "Friend, I am Darīmukha the pacceka." "Sir, do you know our king?" "Yes, he was my friend in my layman days." "Sir, the king longs to see you, I will tell him of your coming." "Go and do so." He went and told the king that Darīmukha was come and sitting on the stone-seat. The king said, "So my friend is come, I shall see him ": so he mounted his car and with a great retinue went to the garden and saluting the paccekabuddha with kindly greeting he sat on one side. The paccekabuddha said,

"Brahmadatta, do you rule your kingdom with righteousness, never follow evil courses or oppress the people for money, and do good deeds with charity?" [241] and after kindly greeting, "Brahmadatta, you are old, it is time for you to renounce pleasures, and be ordained," so he preached the law and spoke the first stanza:

Pleasures of sense are but morass and mire:
The "triply-rooted terror" them I call.
Vapour and dust I have proclaimed them, Sire:
Become a Brother and forsake them all.

[242] Hearing this, the king explaining that he was bound by desires spoke the second stanza:

Infatuate, bound and deeply stained am I,
Brahmin, with pleasures: fearful they may be,
But I love life, and cannot them deny:
Good works I undertake continually.

[243] Then Darīmukha though the Bodhisatta said, "I cannot be ordained," did not reject him and exhorted him yet again:

He who rejects the counsel of his friend,
Who pities him, and would avert his doom,
Thinking "this world is better," finds no end,
Foolish, of long rebirths within the womb.

That fearful place of punishment is his,
Full of all filth, held evil by the good:
The greedy their desires can ne'er dismiss,
The flesh imprisons all the carnal brood.

[244] So Darīmukha the paccekabuddha showing the misery rising from conception and quickening, to show next the misery

of birth spoke a stanza and a half:

Covered with blood and with gross foulness stained,
All mortal beings issue from the birth:
Whate’er they touch thereafter is ordained
To bring them pain and sorrow on the earth.

I speak what I have seen, not what I hear
From others: I remember times of old.

[245] Now the Master in his Perfect Wisdom said, "So the paccekabuddha helped the king with good words," and at the end spoke the remaining half-stanza:

Darīmukha did to Sumedha's [1] ear
Wisdom in many a stanza sweet unfold.

The paccekabuddha, showing the misery of desires, making his words understood, said, "O king, be ordained or not, but anyhow I have told the wretchedness of desires and the blessings of ordination, be thou zealous," and so like a golden royal goose he rose in the air, and treading on clouds he reached the Nandamūlaka cave. The Great Being made on his head the salutations resplendent with the ten finger-nails put together and bowing down stood till [246] Darīmukha passed out of sight: then he sent for his eldest son and gave him the kingdom: and leaving desires, while a great multitude was weeping and lamenting, he went to the Himālaya and building a hut of leaves he was ordained as an ascetic: then in no long time he gained the Faculties and Attainments and at his life's end he went to Brahma's heaven.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the truths: then many attained the First Path and the rest:—and he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was myself."

Footnotes

156:1 Cf. Hiouen-Thsang's Life, p. 257.

156:2 "Cave-mouth": perhaps "very beautiful" should be "very wide".

157:1 This is specially the abode of paccekabuddhas.

No. 379.

NERU-JĀTAKA.

"Ravens and crows," etc.—The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning a certain Brother. The story is that he got the forms of meditation from the Master and then went to a frontier village. There the people, pleased with his deportment, fed him, built him a hut in the wood, and exacting a promise, made him live there, and gave him great honour. But they forsook him for the teachers of the permanence of matter, afterwards forsaking those for the sect who deny immortality, and those again for the sect of naked ascetics: for teachers of all these sects came among them in turn. So he was unhappy

among those people who knew not good and evil, and after the rains and the pavāraṇa [1] he went back to the Master, and at his request told him where he had stayed during the rains and that he had been unhappy among people who knew not good and evil. The Master said, "Sages of old, even when born as beasts, stayed not a day among those who knew not good and evil, why have you done so?" and so he told the tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a golden goose. Along with his younger brother [247] he lived on the hill Cittakūṭa and fed on wild paddy in the Himālaya. One day in their flight back to Cittakūṭa they saw the golden mountain Neru and settled on its summit. Around the mountain dwell birds and beasts of various kinds for

feeding ground: from the time of their coming to the mountain onwards they became golden of hue from its lustre. The Bodhisatta's brother saw this, but being ignorant of the cause said, "Now what is the cause here?" and so talking to his brother he spoke two stanzas:

Ravens and crows, and we the best of birds,
When on this mountain, all appear the same.

Mean jackals rival tigers and their lords,
The lions: what can be the mountain's name?

The Bodhisatta hearing this spoke the third stanza:

Noblest of Mountains, Neru is it hight,
All animals are here made fair to sight.

The younger one hearing this spoke the remaining three stanzas:

Where’er the good find honour small or none,
Or less than others, live not, but begone.

Dull and clever, brave and coward, all are honoured equally:
Undiscriminating Mountain, good men will not stay on thee!

[248] Best, indifferent and meanest Neru does not separate,
Undiscriminating Neru, we alas! must leave thee straight.

With this they both flew up and went to Cittakūṭa.

After the lesson, the Master proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth: at the close of the Truths, that Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path: "At that time the younger goose was Ānanda, the elder was myself."

Footnotes

159:1 If Sumedha is a proper name, this must be taken from another story: but it may mean merely "wise."

160:1 The festival at the end of the rains.

No. 380.

ĀSAṄKA-JĀTAKA.

"In heavenly garden," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his former wife. The occasion will appear in the Indriya [1] Birth. The Master found that the brother was backsliding owing to thoughts of his wife, so he said, "Sir, this woman does you harm: formerly also for her sake you sacrificed an army of the four divisions and dwelt in the Himālaya three years in much misery": so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family at a village of that country. When he grew up, he learned the arts [249] at Takkasilā, became an ascetic and reaching the Faculties and Attainments lived on roots and fruits in the Himālaya. At that time a being of perfect merit fell from the Heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived as a girl inside a lotus in a pool: and when the other lotuses grew old and fell, that one grew great and stood. The ascetic coming to bathe saw it and thought, "The other lotuses fall, but this one is grown great and stands; why is this?" So he put on his bathing-dress and crossed to it, then opening the lotus he saw the girl. Feeling towards her as to a daughter he took her to his hut and tended her. When she came to sixteen years, she was beautiful, and in her beauty excelled the hue of man, but attained not the hue of gods. Sakka came to wait on the Bodhisatta. He saw the maiden, asked and was told the way

in which she was found, and then asked, "What ought she to receive?" "A dwelling-place and supply of raiment, ornament and food, O sir." He answered, "Very well, lord," and created a crystal palace for her dwelling, made for her a bed, raiment and ornament, food and drink divine. The palace descended and rested on the ground when she was going up; when she had gone up it ascended and stayed in the air. She did various services to the Bodhisatta as she lived in the palace. A forester saw this and asked, "What is this person to you, lord?" "My daughter." So he went to Benares and told the king, "O king, I have seen in the Himālaya a certain ascetic's daughter of such beauty." The king was caught by hearing this, and making the forester his guide he went with an army of the four divisions to that place, and pitching a camp he took the forester and his retinue of ministers and entered the hermitage. [250] He saluted the Bodhisatta and said, "Lord, women are a stain to the religious life; I will tend your daughter."

p. 162

Now the Bodhisatta had given the maiden the name Āsaṅkā[e] because she was brought to him by his crossing the water[f] owing to his doubt (āsaṅkā), "What is in this lotus?" He did not[a] say to the king directly, "Take her and go," but said, "If you know[b] this maiden's name, O great king, take her and go." "Lord, if you tell[g] it, I shall know." "I shall not tell it, but when you know it take her and depart." The king agreed, and thenceforth considered[c] along with his ministers, "What may be her name?" He put forward all[d] names hard to guess and talked with the Bodhisatta, saying, "Such and such will be her name": but the Bodhisatta said nay[h] and refused him. So a year passed while the king was[c] considering. Lions and other beasts seized his elephants and[d]

horses and men, there was danger from snakes, danger from flies, and many died worn out with cold. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. The maiden Āsaṅkā stood at an open crystal window. The king seeing her said, "We cannot find your name, live here in the Himālaya, we will depart." "Great king, if you go you will never find a wife like me. In the Heaven of the Thirty-three, in the Cittalatā garden, there is a creeper named Āsāvatī: in its fruit a divine drink is born, and they who drink of it once are intoxicated for four months and lie on a divine couch: it bears fruit once in a thousand years and the sons of the gods, though given to strong drink, [251] bear with their thirst for that divine drink saying, "We shall reap fruit from this," and come constantly throughout the thousand years to watch the plant saying, "Is it well?" But you grow discontented in one year: he who wins the fruit of his hope is happy, be not discontented yet," and so she spoke three stanzas:

In heavenly garden grows Āsāvatī;
Once in a thousand years, no more, the tree
Bears fruit: for it the gods wait patiently.
Hope on, O king, the fruit of hope is sweet:
A bird hoped on and never own'd defeat.
His wish, though far away, he won complete:
Hope on, O king: the fruit of hope is sweet.

The king was caught by her words: he gathered his ministers again and guessed at the name, making ten guesses each time till another year was past. But her name was not among the ten, and so the Bodhisatta refused him. Again the king said, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. She showed herself at the window: and the king said, "You stay, we will depart." [252] "Why

depart, great king?" "I cannot find your name." "Great king, why can you not find it? Hope is not without success; a crane staying on a hill-top won his wish: why can you not win it? Endure, great king. A crane had its feeding-ground in a lotus-pool, but flying up lit on a hill-top: he stayed there that day and next day thought, "I am happily settled on this hill-top: if without going down I stay here finding food and drinking water and so dwell this day, Oh it

would be delightful." That very day Sakka, King of heaven, had crushed the Asuras and being now lord in the heaven of the Thirty-three was thinking, "My wishes have come to the pitch of fulfilment, is there any one in ṭhe forest whose wishes are unfulfilled?" So considering, he saw that crane and thought, "I will bring this bird's wishes to the pitch of fulfilment": not far from the crane's place of perch there is a stream, and Sakka sent the stream in full flood to the hill-top: so the crane without moving ate fish and drank water and dwelt there that day: then the water fell and went away: so, great king, the crane won fruition of that hope of his, and why will you not win it? Hope on," she said, with the rest of the verse. The king, hearing her tale, was caught by her beauty and attracted by her words: he could not go away, but gathering his ministers, and getting a hundred names [253] spent another year in guessing with these hundred names. At the end of three years he came to the Bodhisatta and asked, "Will that name be among the hundred, lord?" "You do not know it, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and saying, "We will go now," he took his way. The maiden Āsaṅkā again stood by a crystal window. The king saw her and said, "You stay, we will depart." "Why, great king?" "You satisfy me with words, but not with love: caught by your sweet

words I have spent here three years, now I will depart," and he uttered these stanzas:

You please me but with words and not in deed:
The scentless flower, though fair, is but a weed.
Promise fair without performance on his friends one throws away,
Never giving, ever hoarding: such is friendship's sure decay.
Men should speak when they will act, not promise what they cannot do:
If they talk without performing, wise men see them through and through.
My troops are wasted, all my stores are spent,
I doubt my life is spoilt: 'tis time I went.

[254] The maiden Āsaṅkā hearing the king's words said, "Great king, you know my name, you have just said it; tell my father my name, take me and go," so talking with the king, she said:

Prince, you have said the word that is my name:
Come, king: my father will allow the claim.

The king went to the Bodhisatta, saluted and said, "Lord, your daughter is named Āsaṅkā." "From the time you know her name, take her and go, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and coming to the crystal palace he said, "Lady, your father has given you to me, come now." "Come, great king, I will get my father's leave," she said, and coming down from the palace she saluted the Bodhisatta, got his consent and came to the king. The king took her to Benares and lived happily with her, increased with sons and daughters. The Bodhisatta continued in unbroken meditation and was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: After the Truths, the Brother was established in the Fruition of the First Path:—"Āsaṅkā was the former wife, the king was the discontented Brother, the ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

161:1 No. 423, *infra.*

No. 381.

MIGĀLOPA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[255] *"Your ways, my son," etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, of an unruly Brother. The Master asked the Brother, "Are you really unruly?" He said, "Yes, lord": and the Master saying, "You are not unruly for the first time; formerly too through unruliness you did not the bidding of the wise and met your death by the Verambha [2] winds," told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a vulture by name Aparaṇṇagijjha, and dwelt among a retinue of vultures in Gijjhapabbata (Vulture Mountain). His son, Migālopa by name, was exceedingly strong and mighty; he flew high above the reach of the other vultures. They told their king that his son flew very far. He called Migālopa, and saying, "Son, they say you fly too high: if you do, you will bring death on yourself," spoke three stanzas:

Your ways, my son, to me unsafe appear,
You soar too high, above our proper sphere.

When earth is but a square field to your sight,
Turn back, my son, and dare no higher flight.

Other birds on soaring pinions lofty flight e'er now have tried,
Struck by furious wind and tempest they have perished in their pride.

[256] Migālopa through disobedience did not do his father's bidding, but rising and rising he passed the limit his father told him, clove even the Black Winds when he met them, and flew upwards till he met the Verambha winds in the face. They struck

him, and at their mere stroke he fell into pieces and disappeared in the air.

His aged father's wise commands disdained,
Beyond the Black, Verambha Winds he gained.

His wife, his children, all his household herd,
All came to ruin through that froward bird.

So they who heed not what their elders say,
Like this proud vulture beyond bounds astray,
Meet ruin, when right rules they disobey.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Migālopa was the unruly Brother, Aparaṇṇa was myself."

Footnotes

164:1 Cf. no. 427 infra.

164:2 A wind so called from a sea of the same name, see *Divyāvadāna,* p. 105.

No. 382.

SIRIKĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA.

[257] *"Who is this," etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning Anāthapiṇḍika. From the time when he was established in the fruition of the First Path he kept all the five first commandments unbroken; so also did his wife, his sons and daughters, his hired servants and his workpeople. One day in the Hall of Truth they began to discuss whether Anāthapiṇḍika was pure in his walk and his household also. The Master came and was told their subject: so he said, "Brethren, the wise men of old had pure households," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a merchant, giving gifts, keeping the commands, and performing the fast day duties: and so his wife kept the five commands, and so also did his sons, his daughters and his servants and workpeople. So he was called the merchant Suciparivāra (pure household). He thought, "If one of purer morals than I should come, it would not be proper to give him my couch to sit on or my bed to lie on, but to give him one pure and unused": so he had an unused couch and bed prepared on one side in his presence-chamber. At that time in the Heaven of the Four Kings [1] Kālakaṇṇī, daughter of Virūpakkha, and Sirī, daughter of Dhataraṭṭha, both together took many perfumes and garlands and went on the lake Anotatta to play there. Now on that lake there are many bathing places:

the Buddhas bathe at their own place, the paccekabuddhas at theirs, [258] the Brethren at theirs, the ascetics at theirs, the gods of the six Kāma-heavens [1] at theirs, and the goddesses at theirs. These two came thither and began to quarrel as to which of them should bathe first. Kālakaṇṇī said, "I rule the world: it is proper that I bathe first." Sirī said, "I preside over the course of conduct that gives lordship to mankind: it is proper that I bathe first." Then both said, "The Four Kings will know which of us ought to bathe first": so they went to them and asked which of the two was worthy to bathe first in Anotatta. Dhataraṭṭha and Virūpakkha said, "We cannot decide," and laid the duty on Virūḷha and Vessavaṇa. They too said, "We cannot decide, we will send it to our Lord's feet": so they sent it to Sakka. He heard their tale and thought, "Those two are the daughters of my vassals; I cannot decide this case ": so he said to them, "There is in Benares a merchant called Suciparivāra; in his house are prepared an unused couch and bed: she who can first sit or lie there is the proper one to bathe first." Kālakaṇṇī hearing this on the instant put on blue [2] raiment and used blue ointment and decked herself with blue jewels: she descended from the heaven as on a stone from a catapult, and just after the mid-watch of night she stood in the air, diffusing a blue light, not far from the merchant who was lying on a couch in the presence-chamber of his mansion. The merchant [259] looked and saw her: but to his eyes she was ungracious and unlovely. Talking to her he spoke the first stanza:

Who is this so dark of hue,

So unlovely to the view?

Who are you, whose daughter, say,

How are we to know you, pray?

Hearing him, Kālakaṇṇī spoke the second stanza:

The great king Virūpakkha is my sire:
I am Misfortune, Kālakaṇṇī dire:
Give me the house-room near you I desire.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:

What the conduct, what the ways,
  Of the men with whom you dwell
This is what my question prays:
  We will mark the answer well.

Then she, explaining her own qualities, spoke the fourth stanza:

The hypocrite, the wanton, the morose,
  The man of envy, greed and treachery:
Such are the friends I love: and I dispose
  Their gains that they may perish utterly.

[260] She spoke also the fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas:

And dearer still are ire and hate to me,
Slander and strife, libel and cruelty.

The shiftless wight who knows not his own good,
Resenting counsel, to his betters rude:

The man whom folly drives, whom friends despise,
He is my friend, in him my pleasure lies.

[261] Then the Great Being, blaming her, spoke the eighth stanza:

Kāli, depart: there's naught to please you here:
To other lands and cities disappear.

Kālakaṇṇī, hearing him, was sorrowful and spoke another stanza:

I know you well: there's naught to please me here.
Others are luckless, who amass much gear;
My brother-god and I will make it disappear.

When she had gone, Sirī the goddess, coming with raiment and ointment of golden hue and ornament of golden brightness to the door of the presence-chamber, diffusing yellow light, rested with even feet on level ground and stood respectful. The Bodhisatta seeing her repeated the first stanza:

Who is this, divine of hue,
On the ground so firm and true?
Who are you, whose daughter, say,
How are we to know you, pray?

[262] Sirī, hearing him, spoke the second stanza:

The great king Dhataraṭṭha is my sire:
Fortune and Luck am I, and Wisdom men admire:
Grant me the house-room with you I desire.

Then

What the conduct, what the ways
  Of the men with whom you dwell?
This is what my question prays;
  We will mark your answer well.

He who in cold and heat, in wind and sun,
  Mid thirst and hunger, snake and poison-fly,
His present duty night and day hath done;
  With him I dwell and love him faithfully.

Gentle and friendly, righteous, liberal,
  Guileless and honest, upright, winning, bland,
Meek in high place: I tinge his fortunes all,
  Like waves their hue through ocean that expand. [1]

To friend or unfriend, better, like or worse,
  Helper or foe, by dark or open day,
Whoso is kind, [263] without harsh word or curse,
  I am his friend, living or dead, alway.

But if a fool have won some love from me,
  And waxes proud and vain,
His froward path of wantonness I flee,
  Like filthy stain.

Each man's fortune and misfortune are his own work, not another's:
Neither fortune nor misfortune can a man make for his brothers.

Such was Sirī's answer when questioned by the merchant.

[264] The Bodhisatta rejoiced at Sirī's words, and said, "Here is the pure seat and bed, proper for you; sit and lie down there." She stayed there and in the morning departed to the Heaven of the Four Great Kings and bathed first in lake Anotatta. The bed used by Sirī was called Sirisaya: hence is the origin of Sirisayana, and for this reason it is so called to this day.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the goddess Sirī was Uppalavaṇṇā, the merchant Suciparivära was

myself."

Footnotes

165:1 These are Dhataraṭṭha, King of the North, Virūḷha of the South, Virūpakkha of the West, and Vessavaṇa of the East.

166:1 Of which the Heaven of the Four Kings is the first.

166:2 Blue is the unlucky colour.

167:1 Perhaps vaṇṇam is really for the Sanskrit vṛṃhan *increasing.*

No. 383. [1]

KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA.

[265] *"Bird with wings," etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who longed for the world. The Master asked him, "Why do you long for the world?" "Lord, through passion, for I saw a woman adorned." "Brother, women are like cats, deceiving and cajoling to bring to ruin one who has come into their power," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a cock and lived in the forest with a retinue of many hundred cocks. Not far away lived a she-cat: and she deceived

by devices the other cocks except the Bodhisatta and ate them: but the Bodhisatta did not fall into her power. She thought, "This cock is very crafty, but he knows not that I am crafty and skilful in device: it is good that I cajole him, saying, "I will be your wife," and so eat him when he comes into my power." She went to the root of the tree where he perched, and praying him in a speech preceded by praise of his beauty, she spoke the first stanza:

Bird with wings that flash so gaily, crest that droops so gracefully,
I will be your wife for nothing, leave the bough and come to me.

The Bodhisatta hearing her thought, "She has eaten all my relatives; now she wishes to cajole me and eat me: I will get rid

of her." So he spoke the second stanza:

Lady fair and winning, you have four feet, I have only two:
Beasts and birds should never marry: for some other husband sue.

[266] Then she thought, "He is exceedingly crafty; by some device or other I will deceive him and eat him "; so she spoke the third stanza:

I will bring thee youth and beauty, pleasant speech and courtesy:
Honoured wife or simple slave-girl, at thy pleasure deal with me.

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "It is best to revile her and drive her away," so he spoke the fourth stanza:

Thou hast drunk my kindred's blood, and robbed and slain them cruelly:
"Honoured wife"! there is no honour in your heart when wooing me.

She was driven away and did not endure to look at him again.

So when they see a hero, women sly,
(Compare the cat and cock,) to tempt him try.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
’Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies.

[267] One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
As cock from cat, escapes his enemy.

These are stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

His lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the cock was myself."

Footnotes

168:1 See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal,* ii. p. 332.

No. 384. [1]

DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTABA.

"Practise virtue," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. He said, "Brethren, this man is not deceitful now for the first time": so he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a bird: when he grew up he lived amidst a retinue of birds on an island in the middle of the sea. Certain merchants of Kāsi got a travelled crow and started on a voyage by sea. In the midst of the sea the ship was wrecked. The crow reached that island and thought, "Here is a great flock of birds, it is good that I use deceit on them and eat their eggs and young": so he descended in their midst and opening his mouth stood with one foot on the ground. "Who are you, master?" they asked. "I am a holy person." "Why do you stand on one foot?" "If I put down the other one, [268] the earth could not bear me." "Then why do you stand with your mouth open?" "We eat no other food, we only drink the wind;" and with this he called these birds and saying, "I will give you a sermon, you listen," he spoke the first stanza by way of a sermon:

Practise virtue, brethren, bless you! practise virtue, I repeat:
Here and after virtuous people have their happiness complete.

The birds, not knowing that he said this with deceit to eat their eggs, praised him and spoke the second stanza:

Surely a righteous fowl, a blessed bird,
He preaches on one leg the holy word.

The birds, believing that wicked one, said, "Sir, you take no other food but feed on wind only: so pray watch our eggs and young," so they went to their feeding-ground. That sinner when they went away ate his bellyful of their eggs and young, and when they came again he stood calmly on one foot with his mouth open. The birds not seeing their children when they came made a great outcry, "Who can be eating them?" but saying, "This crow is a holy person," they do not even suspect him. Then one day the Bodhisatta thought, "There was nothing

wrong here formerly, it only began since this one came, it is good to try him": so making as if he were going to feed with the other birds he turned back and stood in a secret place. [269] The crow, confident because the birds were gone, rose and went and ate the eggs and young, then coming back stood on one foot with his mouth open. When the birds came, their king assembled them all and said, "I examined to-day the danger to our children, and I saw this wicked crow eating them, we will seize him": so getting the birds together and surrounding the crow he said, "If he flees, let us seize him," and spoke the remaining stanzas:

You know not his ways, when this bird you praise:
    You spoke with foolish tongue:
"Virtue," he'll say, and "Virtue" aye,
    But he eats our eggs and young.

The things he preaches with his voice
    His members never do:

His Virtue is an empty noise,
   His righteousness untrue.

At heart a hypocrite, his language charms,
   A black snake slinking to his hole is he:
He cozens by his outward coat of arms
   The country-folk in their simplicity.

Strike him down with beak and pinion,
   Tear him with your claws:
Death to such a dastard minion,
   Traitor to our cause.

[270] With these words the leader of the birds himself sprang up and struck the crow in the head with his beak, and the rest struck him with beaks and feet and wings: so he died.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the crow was the deceitful Brother, the king of the birds was myself."

Footnotes

170:1 See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal,* ii. p. 304.

No. 385.

NANDIYAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"Will you go to the King's Park," etc.—The Master told this in Jetavana, of a Brother who supported his mother. He asked the Brother, "Is it true that you support lay folk?" "Yes, lord." "What are they?" "My father and mother,

lord." "Well done, well done, Brother: you keep up the rule of the wise men of old, for they too even when born as beasts gave their life for their parents," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when the Kosala king was reigning over the Kosalas in Sāketa (Oudh), the Bodhisatta was born as a deer; when he grew up he was named Nandiyamiga, and being excellent in character and conduct he supported his father and mother. The Kosala king was intent on the chase, and went every day to hunt with a great retinue, so that his people could not follow farming and their trades. The people gathered together and consulted, saying, "Sirs, this king of ours is destroying our trades, our home-life is perishing; what if we were to enclose the Añjanavana park, providing a gate, digging a tank and sowing grass there, then go into the forest with sticks and clubs in our hands, beat the thickets, and so expelling the deer and driving them along force them into the park like cows into a pen? then we would close the gate, send word to the king and go about our trades." "That is the way," they said, and so with one will they made the park ready, and then entering the wood enclosed a

space [271] of a league each way. At the time Nandiya had taken his father and mother into a little thicket and was lying on the ground. The people with various shields and weapons in their hands encircled the thicket arm to arm; and some entered it looking for deer. Nandiya saw them and thought, "It is good that I should abandon life to-day and give it for my parents," so rising and saluting his parents he said, "Father and mother, these men will see us three if they enter this thicket; you can survive only in one way, and your life is best: I will give you the gift of your life, standing by the skirts of the thicket and going out as soon as they beat it: then they will think there can be only one deer in this little thicket and so will not enter: be heedful": so he got their permission and stood ready to run. As soon as the thicket was beaten by the people standing at its skirts and shouting he came out, and they thinking there would be only one deer there did not enter. Nandiya went among the other deer, and the people drove them along into the park; then closing the gate they told the king and went to their own homes. From that time the king always went himself and shot a deer; then he either took it and went away, or sent for it and had it fetched. The deer arranged their turns, and he to whom the turn came stood on one side: and they take him when shot. Nandiya drank water from the tank, and ate the grass, but his turn did not come yet. Then after many days his parents longing to see him thought, "Our son Nandiya, king of deer, was strong as an elephant and of perfect health: if he is alive he will certainly leap the fence and come to see us; we will send him [272] word": so they stood near the road and

seeing a brahmin they asked in human voice, "Sir, where are you going?" "To Sāketa," he said; so sending a message to their son they spoke the first stanza:

Will you go to the King's Park, brahmin, when Oudh you're travelling through?
Find out our dear son Nandiya and tell him our message true,
"Your father and mother are stricken in years and their hearts are fain for you."

The brahmin, saying, "It is well," accepted, and going to Sāketa next day entered the park, and asked "Which is Nandiya?" The deer came near him and said, "I." The brahmin told his message. Nandiya, hearing it, said, "I might go, brahmin; I might certainly leap the fence and go: but I have enjoyed regular food and drink from the king, and this stands to me as a debt: besides I have lived long among these deer, and it is improper for me to go away without doing good to this king and to them, or without showing my strength: but when my turn comes I will do good to them and come gladly": and so explaining this, he spoke two stanzas:

I owe the King my daily drink and food:
I cannot go till I have made it good.

To the King's arrows I'll expose my side:
Then see my mother and be justified.

[273] The brahmin hearing this went away. Afterwards on the day when his turn came, the king with a great retinue came into the park. The Bodhisatta stood on one side: and the king saying, "I will shoot the deer," fitted a sharp arrow to the string. The Bodhisatta did not run away as other animals do when scared by the fear of death, but fearless and making his charity his guide he stood firm, exposing his side with mighty ribs. The king owing to the efficacy of his love could not discharge the arrow. The

Bodhisatta said, "Great king, why do you not shoot the arrow? shoot!" "King of deer, I cannot." "Then see the merit of the virtuous [1], O great king." Then the king, pleased with the Bodhisatta, dropped his bow and said, "This senseless length of wood knows your merit: shall I who have sense and am a man not know it? forgive me; I give you security." "Great king, you give me security, but what will this herd of deer in the park do?" "I give it to them too." So the Bodhisatta, having gained security for all deer in the park, for birds in the air and fishes in the water, in the way described in the Nigrodha Birth, established the king in the five commands and said, "Great king, it is good for a king to rule a kingdom by forsaking the ways of wrongdoing, not offending against the ten kingly virtues and acting with just righteousness.

[274]

Alms, morals, charity, justice and penitence,
Peace, mildness, mercy, meekness, patience:

These virtues planted in my soul I feel,
Thence springs up Love and perfect inward weal."

With these words he showed forth the kingly virtues in the form of a stanza, and after staying some days with the king he sent a golden drum round the town, proclaiming the gift of security to all beings: and then saying, "O king, be watchful," he went to see his parents.

Of old in Oudh a king of deer I hight,
By name and nature, Nandiya, Delight.

To kill me in his deer-park came the King,
His bow was bent, his arrow on the string.

To the King's arrow I exposed my side;
Then saw my mother and was justified.

These were the stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

At the end, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal family, the brahmin was Sāriputta, the king Ānanda, the deer myself."

Footnotes

173:1 There is a pun here on *guṇam* which means *merit* or *string.*

No. 386.

KHARAPUTTA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[275] *"Goats are stupid," etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning temptation of a Brother by his former wife. When the Brother confessed that he was longing for the world, the Master said, "Brother, this woman does you harm: formerly also you came into the fire through her and were saved from death by sages," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when a king named Senaka was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. The king Senaka was friendly with a certain nāga-king. This nāga-king, they say, left the nāga-world and ranged the

earth seeking food. The village boys seeing him said, "This is a snake," and struck him with clods and other things. The king, going to amuse himself in his garden, saw them, and being told they were beating a snake, said, "Don't let them beat him, drive them away "; and this was done. So the nāga-king got his life, and when he went back to the nāga-world, he took many jewels, and coming at midnight to the king's bedchamber he gave them to him, saying, "I got my life through you": so he made friendship with the king and came again and again to see him. He appointed one of his nāga girls, insatiate in pleasures, to be near the king and protect him: and he gave the king a charm, saying, "If ever you do not see her, repeat this charm." One day the king went to the garden with the nāga girl and was amusing

himself in the lotus-tank. The nāga girl seeing a water-snake quitted her human shape and made love with him. The king not seeing the girl said, [276] "Where is she gone?" and repeated the spell: then he saw her in her misconduct and struck her with a piece of bamboo. She went in anger to the nāga-world, and when she was asked, "Why are you come?" she said, "Your friend struck me on the back because I did not do his bidding," shewing the mark of the blow. The nāga-king, not knowing the truth, called four nāga youths and sent them with orders to enter Senaka's bed chamber and destroy him like chaff by the breath of their nostrils. They entered the chamber at the royal bed-time. As they came in, the king was saying to the queen: "Lady, do you know where the nāga-girl has gone?" "King, I do not." "To-day when we were bathing in the tank, she quitted her shape and misconducted herself with a water-snake: I said, "Don't do that," and struck her with a piece of bamboo to give her a lesson: and now I fear she may have gone to the nāga-world and told some lie to my friend, destroying his good-will to me." The young nāgas hearing this turned back at once to the nāga-world and told their king. He being moved went instantly to the king's chamber, told him all and was forgiven: then be said, "In this way I make amends," and gave the king a charm giving knowledge of all sounds: "This, O king, is a priceless spell: if you give anyone this spell you will at once enter the fire and die." The king said, "It is well," and accepted it. From that time he understood the voice even of ants. One day he was sitting on the dais eating solid food with honey and molasses: and a drop of honey, a drop of molasses, and a morsel of cake fell on the ground. An ant seeing this comes crying, "The king's honey jar is broken on the dais, his molasses-cart [277] and cake-cart are upset; come and eat honey and molasses and cake." The king hearing the cry laughed. The queen being near him thought, "What has the king

seen that he laughs?" When the king had eaten his solid food and bathed and sat down cross-legged, a fly said to his wife, "Come, lady, let us enjoy love." She said, "Excuse me for a little, husband: they

will soon be bringing perfumes to the king; as he perfumes himself some powder will fall at his feet: I will stay there and become fragrant, then we will enjoy ourselves lying on the king's back." The king hearing the voice laughed again. The queen thought again, "What has he seen that he laughs?" Again when the king was eating his supper, a lump of rice fell on the ground. The ants cried, "A wagon of rice has broken in the king's palace, and there is none to eat it." The king hearing this laughed again. The queen took a golden spoon and helping him reflected, "Is it at the sight of me that the king laughs?" She went to the bed-chamber with the king and at bed-time she asked, "Why did you laugh, O king?" He said, "What have you to do with why I laugh?" but being asked again and again he told her. Then she said, "Give me your spell of knowledge." He said, "It cannot be given": but though repulsed she pressed him again.

The king said, "If I give you this spell, I shall die." "Even though you die, give it me." The king, being in the power of womankind, saying, "It is well," consented and went to the park in a chariot, saying, "I shall enter the fire after giving away this spell." At that moment, Sakka, king of gods, looked down on the earth and seeing this case said, "This foolish king, knowing that he will enter the fire through womankind, is on his way; I will give him his life ": so he took Sujā, daughter of the Asuras, and went to Benares. [278] He became a he-goat and made her a she-goat,

and resolving that the people should not see them, he stood before the king's chariot. The king and the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot saw him, but none else saw him. For the sake of starting talk he was as if making love with the she-goat. One of the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot seeing him said, "Friend goat, we have heard before, but not seen, that goats are stupid and shameless: but you are doing, with all of us looking on, this thing that should be done in secret and in a private place, and are not ashamed: what we have heard before agrees with this that we see:" and so he spoke the first stanza:

"Goats are stupid," says the wise man, and the words are surely true:
This one knows not he's parading what in secret he should do.

The goat hearing him spoke two stanzas:

O, sir donkey, think and realise your own stupidity,
You're tied with ropes, your jaw is wrenched, and very downcast is your eye.

When you're loosed, you don't escape, Sir, that's a stupid habit too:
And that Senaka you carry, he's more stupid still than you.

[279] The king understood the talk of both animals, and hearing it he quickly sent away the chariot. The ass hearing the goat's talk spoke the fourth stanza:

Well, Sir king of goats, you fully know my great stupidity:
But how Senaka is stupid, prithee do explain to me.

The goat explaining this spoke the fifth stanza:

He who his own special treasure on his wife will throw away,
Cannot keep her faithful ever and his life he must betray.

The king hearing his words said, "King of goats, you will surely act for my advantage: tell me now what is right for me to do." Then the goat said, "King, to all animals no one is dearer than self: it is not good [280] to destroy oneself and abandon the honour one has gained for the sake of anything that is dear": so he spoke the sixth stanza:—

A king, like thee, may have conceived desire
  And yet renounced it if his life's the cost:
Life is the chief thing: what can man seek higher?
  If life's secured, desires need ne’er be crossed.

So the Bodhisatta exhorted the king. The king, delighted, asked, "King of goats, whence come you?" "I am Sakka, O king, come to save you from death out of pity for you." "King of gods, I promised to give her the charm: what am I to do now?" "There is no need for the ruin of both of you: you say, "It is the way of the craft," and have her beaten with some blows: by this means she will not get it." The king said, "It is well," and agreed. The Bodhisatta after exhortation to the king went to Sakka's heaven. The king went to the garden, had the queen summoned and then said, "Lady, will you have the charm?" "Yes, lord." "Then go through the usual custom." "What custom?" "A hundred stripes [281] on the back, but you must not make a sound." She consented through greed for the charm. The king made his slaves take whips and beat her on both sides. She endured two or three stripes and then cried, "I don't want the charm." The king said, "You would have killed me to get the charm," and so flogging the skin off her back he sent her away. After that she could not bear to talk of it again.

At the end of the lesson the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the First Path:—"At that time the king was the discontented brother, the queen his former wife, the steed Sāriputta, and Sakka was myself."

Footnotes

174:1 For variants on this story see Benfey in *Orient and Occident,* vol. ii. pp. 133 ff., and the second story in the Arabian Nights.

No. 387.

SŪCI-JĀTAKA.

"Quickly threaded," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the perfection of wisdom. The occasion of the tale will be given in the Mahāummagga [1]. The Master addressed the brethren, "This is not the first time the Tathāgata is wise and skilled in devices," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the kingdom of Kāsi in a smith's family, and when he grew up he became excellent in the craft. His parents were poor. Not far from their village was another smith's village of a thousand houses. The principal smith of the thousand was a favourite of the king, rich and of great substance. His daughter was exceedingly beautiful, like to a nymph of heaven, with all the auspicious marks of a lady of the land. People came from the villages round to have razors, axes, ploughshares and goads made, and generally saw that maiden. When they went back to their own villages, they praised her beauty [282] in the places where men sit and elsewhere. The Bodhisatta, being attracted by merely hearing of her, thought, "I will make her my wife": so he took iron of the best kind, and made one delicate strong needle which pierced dice and floated on water: then he made a sheath for it of the same kind and pierced dice with it: and in the same way he made seven sheaths: how he made them is not to be told, for such work

prospers through the greatness of Bodhisattas' knowledge. Then he put the needle in a tube and placing it in a case he went to that village and asked for the street where the head-smith's house was: then standing at the door he said, "Who will buy for money from my hand a needle of this kind?" describing the needle, and so standing by the head-smith's house he spoke the first stanza:—

Quickly threaded, smooth and straight,
  Polished with emery,
Sharp of point and delicate,
  Needles! who will buy?

After this he praised it again and spoke the second stanza:—

Quickly threaded, strong and straight,
  Rounded properly,
Iron they will penetrate,
  Needles! who will buy?

[283] At that moment the maiden was fanning her father with a palm-leaf as he lay on a little bed to allay discomfort after his early meal, and hearing the Bodhisatta's sweet voice, as if she had been sickened by a fresh lump of meat, and had the discomfort extinguished by a thousand pots of water, she said, "Who is this hawking needles with sweet voice in a village of smiths? For what business has he come? I will find out": so laying down the palm-fan she went out and spoke with him outside, standing in the verandah. The purpose of Bodhisattas prospers: it was for her sake he had come to that village. She speaking with him said, "Young man, dwellers in all the kingdom come to

this village for needles and the like: it is in folly you wish to sell needles in a village of smiths; though you declare the praise of your needle all day no one will take it from your hand; if you wish to get a price, go to another village": so she spoke two stanzas:—

Our hooks are sold, both up and down,
  Men know our needles well:
We all are smiths in this good town:
  Needles! who can sell?

In iron-work we have renown,
  In weapons we excel:
We all are smiths in this good town:
  Needles! who can sell?

The Bodhisatta hearing her words said, "Lady, you say this not knowing and in ignorance ": and so he spoke two stanzas:—

[284]

Though all are smiths in this good town,
  Yet skill can needles sell;
For masters in the craft will own
  A first-rate article.

Lady, if once your father know
  This needle made by me;
On me your hand he would bestow
  And all his property.

The head-smith hearing all their talk called his daughter and asked, "Who is that you are talking to?" "Father, a man selling needles." "Then call him here." She went and called him. The Bodhisatta saluted the head-smith and stood by. The head-smith asked, "Of what village are you?" "I am of such a village and son of such a smith." "Why are you come here?" "To sell needles."

"Come, let us see your needle." [285] The Bodhisatta, wishing to declare his qualities among them all, said, "Is not a thing seen in the midst of all better than one seen by each singly?" "Quite right, friend." So he gathered all the smiths together and in their midst said, "Sir, take the needle." "Master, have an anvil brought and a bronze dish full of water." This was done. The Bodhisatta took the needle-tube from the wrapper and gave it to

them. The head-smith taking it asked, "Is this the needle?" "No, it is not the needle, it is the sheath." He examining could not see end nor tip. The Bodhisatta, taking it from them, drew off the sheath with his nail and showing it to the people with "This is the needle, this is the sheath," he put the needle in the master's hand and the sheath at his feet. Again when the master said, "This is the needle, I suppose," he answered, "This too is a needle-sheath": then he struck it off with his nail, and so he laid six sheaths in succession at the head-smith's feet and saying, "Here is the needle," laid it on his hand. The thousand smiths snapped their fingers in delight, and the waving of cloths began; then the head-smith asked, "Friend, what is the strength of this needle?" "Master, have this anvil raised up by a strong man and a water-vessel set under the anvil: then strike the needle straight into the anvil." He had this done and struck the needle by the point into the anvil. The needle [1] piercing the anvil lay across on the surface of the water not moving a hair's breadth up or down. All the smiths said, "We have never heard all this time even by rumour that there are such smiths as this:" so they snapped their fingers and waved a thousand cloths. [286] The head-smith called his daughter and in the midst of the assembly saying, "This maiden is a suitable match for you," he poured water on [2]

them and gave her away. And afterwards when the head-smith died the Bodhisatta became head-smith in the village.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "The smith's daughter was Rāhula's mother, the clever young smith was myself."

Footnotes

178:1 No. 546, vol. VI.

No. 388.

TUṆḌILA-JĀTAKA.

"Something strange to-day," etc. The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a brother who feared death. He was born in Sāvatthi of good family and was ordained in the Faith: but he feared death and when he heard even a little moving of a bough, or falling of a stick or voice of bird or

beast or any such thing, he was frightened by the fear of death, and went away shaking like a hare wounded in the belly. The Brethren in the Hall of Truth began to discuss, saying, "Sirs, they say a certain Brother, fearing death, runs away shaking when he hears even a little sound: now to beings in this world death is certain, life uncertain, and should not this be wisely borne in mind?" The Master found that this was their subject and that the Brother allowed he was afraid of death: so he said, "Brethren, he is not afraid of death for the first time," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by a wild sow: in due time she brought forth two male young. One day she took them and lay down in a pit. An old woman of a village at the gate of Benares was coming home with a basket-full of cotton from the cotton field [287] and tapping the ground with her stick. The sow heard the sound, and in fear of death left her young and ran away. The old woman saw the young pigs, and feeling towards them as to children of her

own she put them in the basket and took them home: then she called the elder Mahātuṇḍila (Big-snout), the younger Cullatuṇḍila (Little-snout), and reared them like children. In time they grew up and became fat. When the old woman was asked to sell them for money, she answered, "They are my children," and would not sell them. On a certain feast-day some lewd fellows were drinking strong drink, and when their meat was done they considered where they could get meat: finding out that there were pigs in the old woman's house, they took money and going there, said, "Mother, take this money and give us one of those pigs." She said, "Enough, young men: are there people who would give their children to buyers to eat their flesh?" and so refused them. The fellows said, "Mother, pigs cannot be children of men, give them to us": but they could not get this though they asked again and again. Then they made the old woman drink strong drink, and when she was drunk, saying, "Mother, what will you do with the pigs? take the money and spend it," they put pieces of money in her hand. She took the pieces saying, "I cannot give you Mahātuṇḍila, take Cullatuṇḍila." "Where is he?" "There he is in that bush." "Call him." "I don't see any food for him." The fellows sent for a vessel of rice at a price. The old woman took it, and filling the pig's trough which stood at the door she waited by it. Thirty fellows stood by with nooses in their hands. The old woman called him, "Come, little Cullatuṇḍila, come." [288] Mahātuṇḍila, hearing this, thought, "All this time mother has never given the call to Cullatuṇḍila, she always calls me first; certainly some danger must have arisen for us to-day." He told his younger brother, saying, "Brother, mother is calling you, go and find out." He went out, and seeing them standing by the food-trough he thought, "Death is come upon me to-day,"

and so in fear of death he turned back shaking to his brother; and when he came back he could not contain himself but reeled about shaking. Mahātuṇḍila seeing him said, "Brother, you are shaking to-day and reeling and watching the entrance: why are you doing so?" He, explaining the thing that he had seen, spoke the first stanza:—

Something strange to-day I fear:
The trough is full, and mistress by;
Men, noose in hand, are standing near:
To eat appears a jeopardy.

Then the Bodhisatta hearing him said, "Brother Cullatuṇḍila, the purpose for which my mother rears pigs all this time [289] has to-day come to its fulfilment: do not grieve," and so with sweet voice and the ease of a Buddha he expounded the law and spoke two stanzas:—

You fear, and look for aid, and quake,
But, helpless, whither can you flee?
We're fattened for our flesh's sake:
Eat, Tuṇḍila, and cheerfully.

Plunge bold into the crystal pool,
Wash all the stains of sweat away:
You'll find our ointment wonderful,
Whose fragrance never can decay.

As he considered the Ten Perfections, setting the Perfection of Love before him as his guide, and uttered the first line, his voice reached and extended to Benares over the whole twelve leagues. At the instant of hearing it, the people of Benares from

kings and viceroys downwards came, and those who did not come stood listening in their houses. The king's men breaking down the bush levelled the ground and scattered sand. The drunkenness left the lewd fellows, and throwing away the nooses they stood listening to the law: and the old woman's drunkenness left her also. The Bodhisatta began to preach the law to Cullatuṇḍila among the multitude.

[290] Cullatuṇḍila hearing him, thought, "My brother says so to me: but it is never our custom to plunge into the pool, and by bathing to wash away sweat from our bodies and after taking away old stain to get new ointment: why does my brother say so to me?" So he spoke the fourth stanza:—

But what is that fair crystal pool,
    And what the stains of sweat, I pray?
And what the ointment wonderful,
    Whose fragrance never can decay?

The Bodhisatta hearing this said, "Then listen with attentive ear," and so expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha he spoke these stanzas:—

p. 183

The law is the fair crystal pool,
    Sin is the stain of sweat, they say:
Virtue's the ointment wonderful,
    Whose fragrance never will decay.

Men that lose their life are glad,
    Men that keep it feel annoy:
Men should die and not be sad,
    As at mid-month's festal joy.

[292] So the Great Being expounded the law in a sweet voice with a Buddha's charm. The multitude by thousands snapped their fingers and waved their cloths, and the air was full of the cry, "Good, good." The king of Benares honoured the Bodhisatta with royal place, and giving glory to the old woman he caused both pigs to be bathed in perfumed water, and clothed with robes, and ornamented with jewels on the neck, and put them in the position of his sons in the city: so he guarded them with a great retinue. The Bodhisatta gave the five commands to the king, and all the inhabitants of Benares and Kāsi kept the commands. The Bodhisatta preached the law to them on the holy days (new and full moon), and sitting in judgment decided cases: while he lived there were no bringers of unjust suits. Afterwards the king died. The Bodhisatta did the last honours to his body: then he caused a book of judgments to be written and said, "By observing this book ye should settle suits ": so having expounded the Law to the people and preached to them with zeal, he went to the forest with Cullatuṇḍila while they all wept and lamented. Then the Bodhisatta's preaching went on for sixty thousand years.

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[293] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths the Brother who feared death was established in the fruition of the first Path: —"In those days the king was Ānanda, Cullatuṇḍila was the Brother who fears death, the multitude was the Congregation, Mahātuṇḍila myself."

Footnotes

180:1 Reading *adhikaraṇim:* but we are not certain of the meaning.

180:2 See Colebrooke's *Essays,* vol. I. p. 232.

No. 389.

SUVAṆṆAKAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

"Gold-clawed creature," etc.—The Master told this tale when dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, of Ānanda's dying for his sake. The occasion is told in the Khandahāla [1] Birth about the hiring of bowmen, and in the Cullahaṃsa [2] Birth

about the roar of the elephant Dhanapāla [1]. Then they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, has the Elder Ānanda, Treasurer of the Law, who attained all the wisdom possible to one still under discipline, given up his life for the Perfect Buddha when Dhanapāla came?" The Master came and was told the subject of their discussion: he said, "Brother, in former times also Ānanda gave up his life for me:" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time there was a brahmin village called Sālindiya on the east side of Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born there in that village in a Brahmin farmer's family. When he grew up he settled down and worked a farm of a thousand karīsas [2]2 in a district of Magadha to the north-east of the village. One day he had gone to the field with his men, and giving them orders to plough he went to a great pool at the end of the field to wash his face. In that pool there lives a crab of golden hue, beautiful and charming. The Bodhisatta having chewed his toothpick went down into the pool. When he was washing his mouth [294], the crab came near. Then he lifted up the crab and taking it laid it in his outer garment: and after doing his work in the field he put

the crab again in the pool and went home. From that time when going to the field he always went first to that pool, laid the crab in his outer garment and then went about his work. So a strong feeling of confidence arose between them. The Bodhisatta came to the field constantly. Now in his eyes were seen the five graces and the three circles very pure. A she-crow in a nest on a palm in that corner of the field saw his eyes, and wishing to eat them said to the he-crow, "Husband, I have a longing." "Longing for what?" "I wish to eat the eyes of a certain brahmin." "Your longing is a bad one: who will be able to get them for you!" "I know that you can't: but in the ant-hill near our tree there lives a black snake: wait on him: he will bite the brahmin and kill him, then you will tear out his eyes and bring them to me." He agreed and afterwards waited on the black snake. The crab was grown great at the time when the seed sown by the Bodhisatta was sprouting. One day the snake said to the crow, "Friend, you are always waiting on me: what can I do for you?" "Sir, your female slave has taken a longing for the eyes of the master of this field: I wait on you in hopes of getting his eyes through your favour." The snake said, "Well, that is not difficult, you shall get them," and so encouraged him. Next day the snake lay waiting for the brahmin's coming, hidden [295] in the grass, by the boundary of the field where he came The Bodhisatta

entering the pool and washing his mouth felt a return of affection for the crab, and embracing it laid it in his outer garment and went to the field. The snake saw him come, and rushing swiftly forward bit him in the flesh of the calf and having made him fall on the spot fled to his ant-hill. The fall of the Bodhisatta, the spring of the golden crab from the garment, and

the perching of the crow on the Bodhisatta's breast followed close on each other. The crow perching put his beak into the Bodhisatta's eyes. The crab thought, "It was through this crow that the danger came on my friend: if I seize him the snake will come," so seizing the crow by the neck with its claw firmly as if in a vice, he got weary and then loosed him a little. The crow called on the snake, "Friend, why do you forsake me and run away? this crab troubles me, come ere I die," and so spoke the first stanza:—

Gold-clawed creature with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me: hear my woeful cries!
Why do you leave a mate that loves you well?

The snake hearing him, made its hood large and came consoling the crow.

The Master explaining the case in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the second stanza—

[296]

The snake fell on the crab amain, his friend he'd not forsake:
Puffing his mighty hood he came: but the crab turned on the snake.

The crab being weary then loosed him a little. The snake thinking, "Crabs do not eat the flesh of crows nor of snakes, then for what reason does this one seize us?" in enquiry spoke the third stanza:—

’Tis not for the sake of food
Crabs would seize a snake or crow:
Tell me, you whose eyes protrude,
Why you take and grip us so?

Hearing him, the crab explaining the reason spoke two stanzas:—

This man took me from the pool,
Great the kindness he has done;
If he dies, my grief is full:
Serpent, he and I are one.

Seeing I am grown so great
All would kill me willingly:
Fat and sweet and delicate,
Crows at sight would injure me!

[297] Hearing him, the snake thought: "By some means I must deceive him and free myself and the crow." So to deceive him he spoke the sixth stanza:—

If you have seized us only for his sake,
I'll take the poison from him: let him rise:
Quick! from the crow and me your pincers take;
Till then the poison's sinking deep, he dies.

Hearing him the crab thought, "This one wishes to make me let these two go by some means and then run away, he knows not my skill in device; now I will loosen my claw so that the snake can move, but I will not free the crow," so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

[298]

I'll free the snake, but not the crow;
The crow shall be a hostage bound:
Never shall I let him go
Till my friend be safe and sound.

So saying he loosened his claw to let the snake go at his ease. The snake took away the poison and left the Bodhisatta's body free from it. He rose up well and stood in his natural hue. The crab thinking, "If these two be well there will be no prosperity for my friend, I will kill them," crushed both their heads like lotus-buds with his claws and took the life from them. The she-crow fled away from the place. The Bodhisatta spiked the snake's body with a stick and threw it on a bush, let the golden crab go free in the pool, bathed and then went to Sālindiya. From that time there was still greater friendship between him and the crab.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identifying the Birth spoke the last stanza:—

"Māra, was the dusky serpent, Devadatta was the crow,
Good Ānanda was the crab, and I the brahmin long ago."

At the end of the Truths many reached the First Path and the other Paths. The female crow was Cińcamānavikā, though this is not mentioned in the last stanza.

Footnotes

183:1 No. 542, vol. VI.

183:2 No. 533, vol. v.

184:1 See introductory story to No. 21, Vol. i.; *Milindapañho,* p. 207.

184:2 2 According to Childers, *Pali Dictionary* s.v. ammaṇam, this would be about eight thousand acres.

No. 390.

MAYHAKA-JĀTAKA.

[299] *"Did we joy," etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, of a stranger merchant. There was in Sāvatthi a stranger merchant, rich and of great substance: he did not enjoy his wealth himself nor give it to others: if choice food of fine flavours was served he would not eat it, eating only broth of

rice-dust with sour gruel; if silken clothes perfumed with incense were brought him he had them removed, and wore clothes of coarse hair-cloth for sugar; if a chariot adorned with jewels and gold and drawn by high-bred horses were brought him, he had it taken away and went in a broken-down old chariot with a parasol of leaves overhead. All his life he did nothing with gifts or the other merits, and when he died he was born in the hell Roruva. His substance was heirless: and the king's men carried it into the palace in seven days and nights. When it was carried in, the king went after breakfast to Jetavana, and saluted the Master. When he was asked why lie did not wait regularly on Buddha, he answered, "Lord, a stranger merchant has died at Sāvatthi: seven days have been spent in carrying his wealth, to which he left no heir, into my house: but though he had all that wealth he neither enjoyed it himself nor gave it to others: his wealth was like lotus-tanks guarded by demons. One day he fell into the jaws of death after refusing to enjoy the flavour of choice meats and the like. Now why did that selfish and undeserving man gain all that wealth, and for what reason did

he not incline his thoughts to the enjoyment of it?" This was the question he put to the Master. "Great king, the reason why he gained his wealth and yet did not enjoy it, was this," and so at his request the Master told a tale of old times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there was an unbelieving selfish merchant in Benares: he gave nothing to any one, he provided for no one. One day going to wait on the king he saw a paccekabuddha, named Tagarasikhi, begging, and saluting him he asked, "Sir, have you got alms?" The paccekabuddha said, "Am I not begging, merchant?" [300] The merchant gave orders to his man, "Go, take him to my house, set him on my seat and give him his bowl-full of the food prepared for me." The man took him to the house, set him down, and told the merchant's wife: she gave him his bowl full of food of excellent flavours. He taking the food and leaving the house went along the street. The merchant, returning from court, saw him and saluting asked him if he had got food. "I have, merchant." The merchant, looking at his bowl, could not reconcile his will to it, but thinking, "Had my slaves or work-people eaten this food of mine they would have done me hard service: alas, it is a loss for me!" and he could not make the after-thought perfect. Now giving is rich in fruit only to one who can make the three thoughts perfect:—

Did we joy to feel the wish to give,
  Give the gift, and give it cheerfully,
Ne'er regret the giving while we live,
  Children born of us would never die.
Joy before the bounty's given, giving cheerfully,
Pleasure at the thought thereafter, that is perfect charity.

So the stranger merchant gained much wealth, by reason of his giving alms to Tagarasikhi, but he could not enjoy his wealth because he could not make his after-thought pure. "Lord, why did he have no son?" The Master said, "O king, this was the cause of his having no son": and so at his request he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant's family worth eighty crores. When he grew up, at his parents' death he provided for his younger brother and carried on the house: he made an alms-chamber at the house-door and lived as a householder giving much in alms. One son was born to him; and when the son could walk on his feet, he saw the misery of desires and the blessing of renunciation, so handing over all his substance [301] together with his wife and child to his younger brother, he exhorted him

to continue almsgiving with diligence; then he became an ascetic, and gaining the Faculties and Attainments he dwelt in the Himālaya. The younger brother took that one son: but seeing him grow up he thought, "If my brother's son lives, the estate will be divided into two parts, I will kill my brother's son." So one day, sinking him in a river, he killed him. After he had bathed and come home, his brother's wife asked him, "Where is my boy?" "He was disporting himself in the river: I looked for him but could not see him." She wept and said nothing. The Bodhisatta, knowing of this matter, thought, "I will make this business public"; and so going through the air and lighting at Benares in fair raiment under and upper, he stood at the door: not seeing

the alms-chamber, he thought, "That wicked man has destroyed the chamber." The younger brother, hearing of his coming, came and saluted the Bodhisatta and taking him up to the roof gave him good food to eat. And when the meal was over, seated for friendly talk he said, "My son does not appear: where is he?" "Dead, my lord." "In what way?" "At a bathing place: but I do not know the exact way." "Not know, thou wicked man! your deed was known to me: did you not kill him in that way? will you be able to keep that wealth when destroyed by kings and others? What difference is there, between you and the Mayha bird?" So the Bodhisatta expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha spoke these stanzas:—

There is a bird called Mayhaka, in mountain cave it lives:
On pipal trees with ripening fruit, "mine," "mine" the cry it gives.

[302] The other birds, while thus he plains, in flocks about him fly:
They eat the fruit, but still goes on the Mayha's plaintive cry.

And even so a single man enormous wealth may win,
And yet may not divide it fair between himself and kin.

Not once enjoyment does he reap, of raiment or of food,
Of perfumes or of garlands gay; nor does his kinsfolk good.

"Mine, mine," he whimpers as he guards his treasures greedily:
But kings, or robbers, or his heirs that wish to see him die
Pillage his wealth: yet still goes on the miser's plaintive cry.

A wise man, gaining riches great, is helpful to his kin:
'Tis thus he'll win repute on earth and heaven hereafter win.

[303] So the Great Being expounding to him the law made him renew the alms-giving, and going to the Himālaya pursued meditation without interruption and so went to the Brahmaloka heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, great king, the stranger merchant had neither son nor daughter for all that time because he killed his brother's son," and then he identified the Birth: "The younger brother was the stranger merchant, the elder was myself."

No. 391.

DHAJAVIHEṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"Noble of face," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning his going about for the whole world's good. The occasion will appear in the Mahākaṇha Birth. [1] Then the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathāgata has gone about for the world's good," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. At that time a wizard, using his magic, came at midnight and corrupted the chief queen of Benares. Her handmaids knew of this. She herself went to the king and said, "Your majesty, some man enters the royal chamber at midnight and corrupts me." "Could you make any mark on him?" "I can." So she got a bowl of real vermilion, and when the man came at night and was going away after enjoyment, she set the mark of her five fingers on his back and in the morning told the king. The king gave orders to his men to go and looking everywhere bring a man with a vermilion mark on his back.

Now the wizard after his misconduct at night stands by day in a cemetery on one foot worshipping the sun. The king's men saw him and surrounded him: but he, thinking that his action had become known to them, [304] used his magic and flew away in the air. The king asked his men when they came back from seeing this, "Did you see him?" "Yes, we saw him." "Who is he?" "A Brother, your majesty." For after his misconduct at night he

lived by day in disguise of a Brother. The king thought, "These men go about by day in ascetic's garb and misconduct themselves at night;" so being angry with the Brethren, he adopted heretical views, and sent round a proclamation by drum that all the Brethren must depart from his kingdom and that his men would punish them wherever found. All the ascetics fled from the kingdom of Kāsi, which was three hundred leagues in extent, to other royal cities, and there was no one, righteous Buddhist or Brahmin, to preach to the men of all Kāsi; so that the men without preaching became savage, and being averse to charity and the commandments were born in a state of punishment for the most part as they died, and never got birth in heaven. Sakka, not

seeing any new gods, reflected on what the reason might be, and saw that it was the expulsion of the Brethren from the kingdom by the king of Benares owing to his adopting heretical views in anger about the wizard: then he thought, "Except myself there is no one who can destroy this king's heresy; I will be the helper of the king and his subjects," so he went to the paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave and said, "Sirs, give me an old paccekabuddha, I wish to convert the kingdom of Kāsi." He got the senior among them. When he took his bowl and robes Sakka set him before and came himself after, making respectful salutation and venerating the paccekabuddha: himself becoming a beautiful young Brother he went thrice round the whole city from end to end, and then coming to the king's gate he stood in the air. They told the king, "Your majesty, there is a beautiful young Brother with a priest standing in the air [305] at the king's gate." The king rose from his seat and standing at the

lattice said, "Young Brother, why do you, who are beautiful, stand venerating that ugly priest and holding his bowl and robes?" and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Noble of face, you make obeisance low;
Behind one mean and poor to sight you go:
Is he your better or your equal, say,
Declare to us your name and his, we pray.

The Sakka answered, "Great king, priests are in the place of teacher [1]; therefore it is not right that I should utter his name: but I will tell you my own name," so he spoke the second stanza:—

Gods do not tell the lineage and the name
  Of saints devout and perfect in the way:
As for myself, my title I proclaim,
  Sakka, the lord whom thirty gods obey.

The king hearing this asked in the third stanza what was the blessing of venerating the Brother:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  And walks behind him with obeisance low:
[306] I ask, O king of gods, what he inherits,
  What blessings will another life bestow?

Sakka replied in the fourth stanza:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  Who walks behind him with obeisance low:
Great praise from men in this world he inherits,
  And death to him the path of heaven will show.

The king hearing Sakka's words gave up his own heretical views, and in delight spoke the fifth stanza:—

p. 191

Oh, fortune's sun on me to-day doth rise,
    Our eyes have seen thy majesty divine:
Thy saint appears, O Sakka, to our eyes,
    And many a virtuous deed will now be mine.

Sakka, hearing him praising his master, spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely ’tis good to venerate the wise,
    To knowledge who their learned thoughts incline:
Now that the saint and I have met thine eyes,
    O king, let many a virtuous deed be thine.

[301] Hearing this the king spoke the last stanza:—

From anger free, with grace in every thought,
    I'll lend an ear whenever strangers sue:
I take thy counsel good, I bring to nought
    My pride and serve thee, Lord, with homage due.

Having said so he came down from the terrace, saluted the paccekabuddha and stood on one side. The paccekabuddha sat cross-legged in the air and said, "Great king, that wizard was no Brother: henceforward recognise that the world is not vanity, that there are good Buddhists and Brahmins, and so give gifts, practise morality, keep the holy-days," preaching to the king. Sakka also by his power stood in the air, and preaching to the townsfolk, "Henceforward be zealous," he sent round proclamation by drum that the Buddhists and Brahmins who had

fled should return. Then both went back to their own place. The king stood firm in the admonition and did good works.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time the paccekabuddha reached Nirvāna, the king was Ānanda, Sakka was myself."

Footnotes

189:1 No. 469, vol. iv.

190:1 It is wrong to tell the name of a saintly teacher, cf. Mahāvagga i. 74. 1.

No. 392.

BHISAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA.

"You were never," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain Brother. The story is that the Brother had left Jetavana and dwelt in the Kosala kingdom near a certain wood: one day he went down into a lotus-pool [308], and seeing a lotus in flower he stood to leeward and smelt

it. Then the goddess who dwelt in that part of the forest frightened him saying, "Sir, you are a thief of odours, this is a kind of theft." He went back in a fright to Jetavana, and saluted the Master and sat down. "Where have you been staying, Brother?" "In such and such a wood, and the goddess frightened me in such and such a way." The Master said, "You are not the first who have been frightened by a goddess when smelling a flower; sages of old have been frightened in like manner," and at the Brother's request he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of a village in Kāsi: when he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards became an ascetic and lived near a lotus-pool. One day he went down into the pool and stood smelling a lotus in full flower. A goddess who was in a hollow in a trunk of a tree alarming him spoke the first stanza:—

You were never given that flower you smell, though it's only a single bloom;
'Tis a species of larceny, reverend sir, you are stealing its perfume.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

I neither take nor break the flower: from afar I smell the bloom.
I cannot tell on what pretence you say I steal perfume.

At the same moment a man was digging in the pool for lotus-fibres and breaking the lotus-plants. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "You call a man thief if he smells the flower from afar: [309] why do you not speak to that other man?" So in talk with her he spoke the third stanza:—

A man who digs the lotus-roots and breaks the stalks I see:
Why don't you call the conduct of that man disorderly?

The goddess, explaining why she did not speak to him, spoke the fourth and fifth stanzas:—

Disgusting like a nurse's dress are men disorderly:
I have no speech with men like him, but I deign to speak to thee.

When a man is free from evil stains and seeks for purity,
A sin like a hair-tip shows on him like a dark cloud in the sky.

So alarmed by her the Bodhisatta in emotion spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely, fairy, you know me well, to pity me you deign:
If you see me do the like offence, pray speak to me again.

Then the goddess spoke to him the seventh stanza:—

I am not here to serve you, no hireling folk are we:
Find, Brother, for yourself the path to reach felicity.

[310] So exhorting him she entered her own abode. The Bodhisatta entered on high meditation and was born in the Brahmaloka world.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic myself."

No. 393.

VIGHĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"Happy life is theirs," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in the East Garden, concerning some Brethren who were given to amusement. The great Moggallāna had shaken their dwelling and alarmed them. The Brethren sat discussing their fault in the Hall of Truth. The Master being told this said to them, "They are not given to amusement for the first time," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. Seven brothers in a certain village of Kāsi seeing the evil of desires had renounced them and become ascetics: they dwelt in Mejjhārañña but lived in various kinds of amusement, not practising devotion diligently and being of full habit of body. Sakka, king of gods, said, "I will alarm them;" and so he became a parrot, came to their dwelling-place and perching on a tree spoke the first stanza to alarm them:—

[311]

Happy life is theirs who live on remnants left from charity:
Praise in this world is their lot, and in the next felicity.

Then one of them hearing the parrot's words called to the rest, and spoke the second stanza:—

Should not wise men listen when a parrot speaks in human tongue:
Hearken, brethren: ’tis our praises clearly that this bird has sung.

Then the parrot denying this spoke the third stanza:—

Not your praises I am singing, carrion-eaters: list to me,
Refuse is the food you eat, not remnants left from charity.

When they heard him, they all together spoke the fourth stanza:—

Seven years ordained, with duly tonsured hair,
  In Mejjhārañña here we spend our days,
Living on remnants: if you blame our fare,
  Who is it then you praise?

The Great Being spoke the fifth stanza, putting them to shame:—

Leavings of the lion, tiger, ravening beast, are your supply:
Refuse truly, though ye call it remnants left from charity.

[312] Hearing him the ascetics said, "If we are not eaters of remnants, then who pray are?" Then he telling them the true meaning spoke the sixth stanza:—

They who giving alms to priests and brahmins, wants to satisfy
Eat the rest, ’tis they who live on remnants left from charity.

So the Bodhisatta put them to shame and went to his own place.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the seven brothers were the sportive Brethren, Sakka was myself."

No. 394.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"Oil and butter," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. Finding that he was greedy the Master said to him, "This is not the first time you are greedy: once before through greed in Benares you were not satisfied with carcases of elephants, oxen, horses and men; and in hopes of getting better food you went to the forest;" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a quail and lived in the forest on rude grass and seeds. At the time there was in Benares a greedy crow who, not content with carcases of elephants and other animals, went to the forest in hopes of better food: eating wild fruits there he saw the Bodhisatta and thinking "This quail is very fat: I fancy he eats sweet food, I will ask

him of his food and eating it become fat myself," he perched on a bough above the Bodhisatta. The Bodhisatta [313], without being asked, gave him greeting and spoke the first stanza:—

Oil and butter are your victuals, nuncle; rich your food, I trow:
Tell me then what is the reason of your leanness, master crow.

Hearing his words the crow spoke three stanzas:—

I dwell in midst of many foes, my heart goes pit-a-pat

In terror as I seek my food: how can a crow be fat?

Crows spend their lives in fear, their wits for mischief ever keen;
The bits they pick are not enough; good quail, that's why I'm lean.

Rude grass and seeds are all your food: there's little richness there:
Then tell me why you're fat, good quail, on such a scanty fare.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke these stanzas, explaining the reason of his fatness:—

I have content and easy mind, short distances to go,

I live on anything I get, and so I'm fat, good crow.

Content of mind, and happiness with little care of heart,
A standard easily attained: that life's the better part.

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[314] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path: "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the quail was myself."

No. 395.

KĀKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Our old friend," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. The occasion is as above.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a pigeon and lived in a nest-basket in the kitchen of a

Benares merchant. A crow became intimate with him and lived there also. Here the story is to be expanded. The cook pulled out the crow's feathers and sprinkled him with flour, then piercing a cowrie he hung it on the crow's neck and threw him into a basket. The Bodhisatta came from the wood, and seeing him made a jest and spoke the first stanza:—

Our old friend! look at him!
A jewel bright he wears;
His beard in gallant trim,
How gay our friend appears!

[315] The crow hearing him spoke the second stanza:—

My nails and hair had grown so fast,
They hampered me in all I did:
A barber came along at last,
And of superfluous hair I'm rid.

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Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:—

Granted you got a barber then,
  Who has cropped your hair so well:
Round your neck, will you explain,
  What's that tinkling like a bell?

Then the crow uttered two stanzas:—

Men of fashion wear a gem
  Round the neck: it's often done:
I am imitating them:
  Don't suppose it's just for fun.

If you're really envious
  Of my beard that's trimmed so true:
I can get you barbered thus;
  You may have the jewel too.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke the sixth stanza:—

Nay, ’tis you they best become,
  Gem and beard that's trimmed so true.
I find your presence troublesome:
  I go with a good-day to you.

[316] With these words he flew up and went elsewhere; and the crow died then and there.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruition of the Third Path: "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

Footnotes

195:1 Cf. no. 42, vol. i.; no. 274, vol. ii.

BOOK VII. SATTANIPĀTA.

No. 396.

KUKKU-JĀTAKA.

[317] *"The peak's a cubit," etc*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. The occasion will appear in the Tesakuṇa-Birth. [1]

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his councillor in things temporal and spiritual. The king was set on the way of the evil courses, ruled his kingdom unrighteously and collected wealth by oppressing the people. The Bodhisatta wishing to admonish him goes about looking for a parable. Now the king's bedchamber was unfinished and the roof was not complete upon it: the rafters supported a peak but were only just set in position. The king had gone and taken his pleasure in the park: when he came to his house he looked up and saw the round peak: fearing it would fall upon him he went and stood outside, then looking up again he thought "How is that peak resting so? and how are the rafters?" and asking the Bodhisatta he spoke the first stanza:—

[318]

The peak's a cubit and a half in height,
    Eight spans will compass it in circuit round,

Of simsapa and sāra built aright:
Why does it stand so sound?

Hearing him the Bodhisatta thought "I have now got a parable to admonish the king," and spoke these stanzas:—

The thirty rafters bent, of sāra wood,
Set equally, encompass it around,
They press it tightly, for their hold is good:
'Tis set aright and sound.

So is the wise man, girt by faithful friends,
By steadfast counsellors and pure:
Never from height of fortune he descends:
As rafters hold the peak secure.

[319] While the Bodhisatta was speaking, the king considered his own conduct, "If there is no peak, the rafters do not stand fast; the peak does not stand if not held by the rafters; if the rafters break, the peak falls: and even so a bad king, not holding together his friends and ministers, his armies, his brahmins and householders, if these break up, is not held by them but falls from his power: a king must be righteous." At that instant they brought him a citron as a present. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Friend, eat this citron." The Bodhisatta took it and said, "O king, people who know not how to eat this make it bitter or acid: but wise men who know take away the bitter, and without removing the acid or spoiling the citron-flavour they eat it," and by this parable he showed the king the means of collecting wealth, and spoke two stanzas:—

The rough-skinned citron bitter is to eat,
If it remain untouched by carver's steel:
Take but the pulp, O king, and it is sweet:
You spoil the sweetness if you add the peel.

Even so the wise man without violence,
Gathers king's dues in village and in town,
Increases wealth, and yet gives no offence:
He walks the way of right and of renown.

[320] The king taking counsel with the Bodhisatta went to a lotus-tank, and seeing a lotus in flower, with a hue like the new-risen sun, not defiled by the water, he said: "Friend, that lotus grown in the water stands undefiled by the water." Then the Bodhisatta said, "O king, so should a king be," and spoke these stanzas in admonition:—

Like the lotus in the pool,
White roots, waters pure, sustain it;
In the sun's face flowering full,
Dust nor mud nor wet can stain it.

So the man whom virtues rule,
Meek and pure and good we style him:
Like the lotus in the pool
Stain of sin cannot defile him.

[321] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's admonition afterwards ruled his kingdom righteously, and doing good actions, charity and the rest, became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the wise minister

myself."

Footnotes

197:1 No. 521, vol. v.

No. 397.

MANOJA-JĀTAKA.

"The bow is bent," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning a Brother who kept bad company. The occasion was given at length in the Mahilāmukhata Birth. [1] The Master said, "Brethren, he is not keeping bad company for the first time," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a lion and living with a lioness had two children, a son and a daughter. The son's name was Manoja. When he grew up he took a young lioness to wife: and so they became five. Manoja killed wild buffaloes and other animals, and so got flesh to feed his parents, sister and wife. [322] One day in his hunting ground he saw a jackal called Giriya, unable to run away and lying on his belly. "How now, friend?" he said. "I wish to wait on you, my lord." "Well, do so." So he took the jackal to his den. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "Dear Manoja, jackals are wicked and sinners, and give wrong advice; don't bring this one near you:" but could not hinder him. Then one day the jackal wished to eat horseflesh, and said to Manoja, "Sir, except horseflesh there is nothing we have not eaten; let us take a horse." "But where are there horses, friend?" "At Benares by the river bank." He took this advice and went with him there when the horses bathe in the river; he took one horse, and throwing it on his back he came with speed to the mouth of his den. His

father eating the horseflesh said, "Dear, horses are kings' property, kings have many stratagems, they have skilful archers to shoot; lions who eat horseflesh don't live long, henceforward don't take horses." The lion not following his father's advice went on taking them. The king, hearing that a lion was taking the horses, had a bathing-tank for horses made inside the town: but the lion still came and took them. The king had a stable made, and had fodder and water given them inside it. The lion came over the wall and took the horses even from the stable. The king had an archer called who shot like lightning, and asked if he could shoot a lion. He said he could, and making a tower near the wall where the lion came he waited there. The lion came and, posting the jackal in a cemetery outside, sprang into the town to take the horses. The

archer thinking "His speed is very great when he comes," did not shoot him, but when he was going away after taking a horse, hampered by the heavy weight, he hit him with a sharp arrow in the hind quarters. The arrow came out at his front quarters and flew in the air. [323] The lion yelled "I am shot." The archer after shooting him twanged his bow like thunder. The jackal hearing the noise of lion and bow said to himself, "My comrade is shot and must be killed, there is no friendship with the dead, I will now go to my old home in the wood," and so he spoke two stanzas:—

The bow is bent, the bowstring sounds amain;

Manoja, king of beasts, my friend, is slain.

Alas, I seek the woods as best I may:
Such friendship's naught; others must be my stay.

The lion with a rush came and threw the horse at the den's mouth, falling dead himself. His kinsfolk came out and saw him blood-stained, blood flowing from his wounds, dead from following the wicked; and his father, mother, sister and wife seeing him spoke four stanzas in order:—

His fortune is not prosperous whom wicked folk entice;
Look at Manoja lying there, through Giriya's advice.

No joy have mothers in a son whose comrades are not good:
Look at Manoja lying there all covered with his blood.

And even so fares still the man, in low estate he lies,
Who follows not the counsel of the true friend and the wise.

This, or worse than this, his fate
Who is high, but trusts the low:
[324] See, ‘tis thus from kingly state
He has fallen to the bow.

Lastly, the stanza of the Perfect Wisdom:—

Who follows outcasts is himself out cast,
Who courts his equals ne’er will be betrayed,
Who bows before the noblest rises fast;
Look therefore to thy betters for thine aid.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the brother who kept bad company was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the jackal was Devadatta, Manoja was the keeper of bad company, his sister was Uppalavaṇṇā, his wife the Sister Khemā, his mother the mother of Rāhula, his father myself."

Footnotes

199:1 No. 26, vol. i. p. 185.

No. 398.

SUTANO-JĀTAKA.

"The King has sent," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother. The occasion will appear in the Sāma [1] Birth.

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[325] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a poor householder: they called his name Sutana. When he grew up he earned wages and supported his parents: when his father died, he supported his mother. The king of that day was fond of hunting. One day he went with a great retinue to a forest a league or two in extent, and made proclamation to all, "If a deer escape by any man's post, the man is fined the value of the deer." The ministers having made a concealed hut by the regular road gave it to the king. The deer were roused by the crying of men who had surrounded their lairs, and one antelope came to the king's post. The king thought, "I will hit him," and sent an arrow. The animal, who knew a trick, saw that the arrow was coming to his broadside, and wheeling round fell as if wounded by the arrow. The king thought, "I have hit him," and rushed to seize him. The deer rose and fled like the wind. The ministers and the rest mocked the king. He pursued the deer and when it was tired he cut it in two with his sword: hanging the pieces on one stick he came as if carrying a pole and saying, "I will rest a little," he drew near to a banyan tree by the road and lying down

fell asleep. A yakkha called Makhādeva was reborn in that banyan, and got from Vessavaṇa [2] all living things who came to it as his food. When the king rose he said, "Stay, you are my food," and took him by the hand. "Who are you?" said the king. "I am a yakkha born here, I get all men who come to this place as my food." The king, taking good heart, asked, "Will you eat to-day only or continually?" "I will eat continually what I get." "Then eat this deer to-day and let me go; from to-morrow I will send you a man with a plate of rice every day." "Be careful then: on the day when no one is sent [326] I will eat you." "I am king of Benares: there is nothing I cannot do." The yakkha took his promise and let him go. When the king came to the town, he told the case to a minister in attendance and asked what was to be done.

"Was a limit of time fixed, O king?" "No." "That was wrong when you were about it: but never mind, there are many men in the jail." "Then do you manage this affair, and give me life." The minister agreed, and taking a man from the jail every day sent him to the yakkha with a plate of rice without telling him anything. The yakkha eats both rice and man. After a time the jails became empty. The king finding no one to carry the rice shook with fear of death. The minister comforting him said, "O king, desire of wealth is stronger than desire of life: let us put a packet of a thousand pieces on an elephant's back and make proclamation by drum, "Who will take rice and go to the yakkha and get this wealth?" and he did so. The Bodhisatta thought, "I get pence and halfpence for my wages and can hardly support my mother: I will get this wealth and give it her, and then go to the yakkha: if I can get the better of him, well, and if I cannot she will live comfortably": so he told his mother, but she said, "I have

enough, dear, I don't need wealth," and so forbade him twice; but the third time without asking her, he said, "Sirs, bring the thousand pieces, I will take the rice." So he gave his mother the thousand pieces and said, "Don't fret, dear; I will overcome the yakkha and give happiness to the people: I will come making your tearful face to laugh," and so saluting her he went to the king with the king's men, and saluting him stood there. The king said, "My good man, will you take the rice?" "Yes, O king." "What should you take with you?" [327] "Your golden slippers, O king." "Why?" "O king, that yakkha gets to eat all people standing on the ground at the foot of the tree: I will stand on slippers, not on his ground." "Anything else?" "Your umbrella, O king." "Why so?" "O king, the yakkha gets to eat all people standing in the shade of his own tree: I will stand in the shade of the umbrella, not of his tree." "Anything else?" "Your sword, O king." "For what purpose?" "O king, even goblins fear those with weapons in their hands." "Anything else?" "Your golden bowl, O king, filled with your own rice." "Why, good man?" "It is not meet for a wise man like me to take coarse food in an earthen dish." The king consented and sent officers to give him all he asked. The Bodhisatta said, "Fear not, O great king, I will come back today having overcome the yakkha and caused you happiness," and so taking the things needful and going to the place, he set men not far front the tree, put on the golden slippers, girt the sword, put the white umbrella over his head, and taking rice in a gold dish went to the yakkha. The yakkha watching the road saw him and thought, "This man comes not as they came on the other days, what is the reason?" The Bodhisatta drawing near the tree pushed the plate of rice in the shadow with the sword-point, and standing near the shadow spoke the first stanza:—

The king has sent thee rice prepared and seasoned well with meat:
If Makhādeva is at home, let him come forth and eat!

[328] Hearing him the yakkha thought, "I will deceive him, and eat him when he comes into the shadow," and so he spoke the second stanza:—

Come inside, young man, with your seasoned food,
Both it and you, young man, to eat are good.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke two stanzas:—

Yakkha, you'll lose a great thing for a small,
Men fearing death will bring no food at all.

You'll have good supply of cheer,
Pure and sweet and flavoured to your mind:
But a man to bring it here,
If you eat me, will be hard to find.

[329] The yakkha thought, "The young man speaks sense," and being well disposed spoke two stanzas:—

Young Sutana, my interests are clearly as you show:
Visit your mother then in peace, you have my leave to go.

Take sword, and parasol, and dish, young man, and go your ways,
Visit your mother happily and bring her happy days.

Hearing the yakkha's words the Bodhisatta was pleased, thinking, "My task is accomplished, the yakkha overcome, much wealth won and the king's word made good," and so returning thanks to the yakkha he spoke a final stanza:—

With all thy kith and kin, yakkha, right happy may you be:

The king's command has been performed, and wealth has come to me.

So he admonished the yakkha, saying, "Friend, you did evil deeds of old, you were cruel and harsh, you ate the flesh and blood of others and so were born as a yakkha: from henceforth do no murder or the like:" so telling the blessings of virtue and the misery of vice, he established the yakkha in the five virtues: then he said, "Why dwell in the forest? come, I will settle you by the city gate and make you get the best rice." So he went away with the yakkha, making him take the sword and the other things, and came to Benares. They told the king that Sutana was come with the yakkha. The king with his ministers [330] went out to meet the Bodhisatta, settled the yakkha at the city gate and made him get the best rice: then he entered the town, made proclamation by drum, and calling a meeting of the townsfolk spoke the praises of the Bodhisatta and gave him the command of the army: himself was established in the Bodhisatta's teaching, did the good works of charity and the other virtues, and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the Yakkha was Aṅgulimāla, the king Ānanda, the youth myself."

Footnotes

201:1 No. 540, vol. vi.

201:2 King of the yakkhas.

No. 399.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA.

"How will the old folks," etc.—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a vulture. When he grew up he put his parents, now old and dim of eye, in a vulture's cave and fed them by bringing them flesh of cows and the like. At the time a certain hunter laid snares for vultures all about a Benares cemetery. One day the Bodhisatta seeking for flesh came to the cemetery and caught his foot in the snares. He did not think of himself, but remembered his old parents. "How will my parents live now? I think they will die, ignorant that I am caught, helpless and destitute, wasting away in that hill-cave:" so lamenting he spoke the first stanza:—

How will the old folks manage now within the mountain cave?
For I am fastened in a snare, cruel Nilīya's slave.

[331] The son of a hunter, hearing him lament, spoke the second stanza, the vulture spoke the third, and so on alternately:—

Vulture, what strange laments of yours are these my ears that reach?
I never heard or saw a bird that uttered human speech.

I tend my aged parents within a mountain cave,
How will the old folks manage now that I've become your slave?

Carrion a vulture sights across a hundred leagues of land;
Why do you fail to see a snare and net so close at hand?

When ruin comes upon a man, and fates his death demand,
He fails to see a snare or net although so close at hand.

Go, tend your aged parents within their mountain-cave,
Go, visit them in peace, you have from me the leave you crave.

O hunter, happiness be thine, with all thy kith and kin:
I'll tend my aged parents their mountain-cave within.

Then the Bodhisatta, freed from the fear of death, joyfully gave thanks and speaking a final stanza took his mouthful of meat, and went away and gave it to his parents.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—[332] "At that time, the hunter was Channa, the parents were king's kin, the vulture-king myself."

No. 400.

DABBHAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Friend Anutīracārī," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Upananda, of the Sakya tribe. He was ordained in the faith, but forsook the virtues of contentment and the rest and became very greedy. At the beginning of the rains he tried two or three monasteries, leaving at one an umbrella or a shoe, at one a walking-stick or a water-pot, and dwelling in one himself. He began the rains in a country-monastery, and saying, "The Brethren must live contentedly," explained to the Brethren, as if he were making the moon rise in the sky, the way to the noble state of content, praising contentment with the necessaries. Hearing him the Brethren threw away their pleasant robes and vessels, and took pots of clay and robes of dust-rags. He put the others in his own lodging, and when the rains and the pavāraṇā festival were over he filled a cart and went to Jetavana. On the way, behind a monastery in the forest, wrapping his feet with creepers and saying, "Surely something can be got here," he entered the monastery. Two old Brethren had spent the rains there: they had got two coarse cloaks and one fine blanket, and, as they could not divide them, they were pleased to see him, thinking, "This Elder will divide these between us," and said, "Sir, we cannot divide this which is raiment for the rains; we have a dispute about it, do you divide it between us." He consented and giving the two coarse cloaks to them he took the blanket, saying, "This falls to me who know the rules of discipline," and went away. These Elders, who loved the blanket, went with him to

Jetavana, and told the matter to the Brethren who knew the rules, saying, "Is it right for those who know the rules to devour plunder thus?" The Brethren seeing the pile of robes and bowls brought by the Elder Upananda, said, "Sir, you have great merit, you have gained much food and raiment." He said, "Sirs, where is my merit? I gained this in such and such a manner," telling them all. In the Hall of Truth they raised a talk, saying, "Sirs, Upananda, of the Sakya tribe, is very covetous and greedy." [333] The Master, finding their subject, said, "Brothers, Upananda's deeds are not suited for progress; when a Brother explains progress to another he should first act suitably himself and then preach to others."

Yourself first stablish in propriety,

Then teach; the wise should not self-seeking be.

By this stanza of the Dhammapada he showed the law and said, "Brothers, Upananda is not covetous for the first time; he was so before and he plundered men's property before": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit by a river-bank. A jackal, named Māyāvī, had taken a wife and lived in a place by that river-bank. One day his mate said to him, "Husband, a longing has come upon me: I desire to eat a fresh rohita fish." He said, "Be easy, I will bring it you," and

going by the river he wrapt his feet in creepers, and went along the bank. At the moment, two otters, Gambhīracārī and

Anutīracārī, were standing on the bank looking for fish. Gambhīracārī saw a great rohita fish, and entering the water with a bound he took it by the tail. The fish was strong and went away dragging him. He called to the other, "This great fish will be enough for both of us, come and aid me," speaking the first stanza:—

Friend Anutīracārī, rush to my aid, I pray:
I've caught a great fish: but by force he's carrying me away.

[334] Hearing him, the other spoke the second stanza:—

Gambhīracārī, luck to you! your grip be firm and stout,
And as a roc would lift a snake, I'll lift the fellow out.

Then the two together took out the rohita fish, laid him on the ground and killed him: but saying each to the other, "You divide him," they quarrelled and could not divide him: and so sat down, leaving him. At the moment the jackal came to the spot. Seeing him, they both saluted him and said, "Lord of the grey grass-colour, this fish was taken by both of us together: a dispute arose because we could not divide him: do you make an equal division and part it," speaking the third stanza:—

A strife arose between us, mark! O thou of grassy hue,
Let our contention, honoured sir, be settled fair by you.

The jackal hearing them, said, declaring his own strength:—

I've arbitrated many a case and done it peacefully:
Let your contention, honoured sirs, be settled fair by me.

Having spoken that stanza, and making the division, he spoke this stanza:—

Tail, Anutīracārī; Gambhīracārī, head:

The middle to the arbiter will properly be paid.

[335] So having divided the fish, he said, "You eat head and tail without quarrelling," and seizing the middle portion in his mouth he ran away before their eyes. They sat downcast, as if they had lost a thousand pieces, and spoke the sixth stanza:—

But for our strife, it would have long sufficed us without fail:

But now the jackal takes the fish, and leaves us head and tail.

The jackal was pleased and thinking "Now I will give my wife rohita fish to eat," he went to her. She saw him coming and saluting him spoke a stanza:—

Even as a king is glad to join a kingdom to his rule,

So I am glad to see my lord to-day with his mouth full.

Then she asked him about the means of attainment, speaking a stanza:—

How, being of the land, have you from water caught a fish?

How did you do the feat, my lord? pray answer to my wish.

The jackal, explaining the means to her, spoke the next stanza:—

By strife it is their weakness comes, by strife their means decay:

By strife the otters lost their prize: Māyāvi, eat the prey.

[336] There is another stanza uttered by the Perfect Wisdom of Buddha:—

Even so when strife arises among men,
They seek an arbiter: he's leader then:
Their wealth decays, and the king's coffers gain.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the, Birth:—"At that time the jackal was Upananda, the otters the two old men, the tree-spirit who witnessed the cause was myself."

Footnotes

205:1 Cf. *Folk-lore Journal,* iv. 52, *Tibetan Tales,* p. 332.

No. 401.

DASAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

"Dasanna's good sword," etc.—The Master told this, when living in Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his wife when a layman. The Brother confessed that he was backsliding for this reason. The Master said, "That woman does you harm: formerly too you were dying of mental sickness owing to her, and got life owing to wise men," and so he told a tale of old.

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[337] Once upon a time when the great king Maddava was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta wan born in a brahmin household. They called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the sciences at Takkasilā, and coming back to Benares he became king Maddava's counsellor in things temporal and spiritual, and being called wise Senaka he was looked upon in all the city as the sun or the moon. The son of the king's household priest came to wait on the king and seeing the chief queen adorned with all ornaments and exceedingly beautiful, he became enamoured, and

when he went home lay without taking food. His comrades enquired of him and he told them the matter. The king said, "The household priest's son does not appear, how is this?" When he heard the cause, he sent for him and said, "I give her to you for seven days, spend those days at your house and on the eighth send her back." He said, "Very well," and taking her to his house took delight with her. They became enamoured of each other,

and keeping it secret they fled by the house door and came to the country of another king. No man knew the place they went to, and their path was like the way of a ship. The king made proclamation by drum round the city, and though he sought in many ways he did not find the place whither she had gone. Then great sorrow for her fell upon him: his heart became hot and poured out blood: after that blood flowed from his entrails, and his sickness became great. The great royal physicians could not cure him. The Bodhisatta thought, "The disease is not in the king, he is touched by mental sickness because he sees not his wife: I will cure him by a certain means"; so he instructed the king's wise counsellors, Āyura and Pukkusa by name, saying, "The king has no sickness, except mental sickness because he sees not the queen: now he is a great helper to us and we will cure him by a certain means: [338] we will have a gathering in the palace-yard and make a man who knows how to do it swallow a sword: we will put the king at a window and make him look down on the gathering: the king seeing the man swallow a sword will ask, "Is there anything harder than that?" Then, my lord Āyura, you should make answer, "It is harder to say "I give up so and so": then he will ask you, my lord Pukkusa, and you should make answer, "O king, if a man says, "I give up so and so" and does not give it, his word is fruitless, no men live or eat or drink by such words; but they who do according to that word and give the thing according to their promise, they do a thing harder than the other: then I will find what to do next." So he made a gathering. Then these three wise men went and told the king, saying, "O great king, there is a gathering in the palace-yard; if men look down on it their sorrow becomes joy, let us go thither": so they took the king, and opening a window made him look down on the gathering. Many people were showing off each his own art which he knew: and a man was swallowing a good

sword of thirty-three inches and sharp of edge. The king seeing him thought, "This man is swallowing the sword, I will ask these wise men if there is anything harder than that": so he asked Āyura, speaking the first stanza:—

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Dasanna's good sword thirsts for blood, its edge is sharpened perfectly:
Yet ’midst the crowd he swallows it: a harder feat there cannot be:
I ask if anything is hard compared to this: pray answer me.

[339] Then he spoke the second stanza in answer:—

Greed may lure a man to swallow swords though sharpened perfectly:
But to say, "I give this freely," that a harder feat would be;
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

When the king heard wise Āyura's words, he thought, "So then it is harder to say, "I give this thing," than to swallow a sword: I said, "I give my queen to the priest's son": I have done a very hard thing": and so his sorrow at heart became a little lighter. Then thinking, "Is there anything harder than to say, "I give this thing to another"?" he talked with wise Pukkusa and spoke the third stanza:—

Āyura has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Pukkusa I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

The wise Pukkusa in answer to him spoke the fourth stanza:—

Not by words men live, and not by language uttered fruitlessly:
But to give and not regret it, that a greater feat would be:
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

[340] The king, hearing this, considered, "I first said, "I will give the queen to the priest's son," and then I did according to my word and gave her: surely I have done a hard thing": so his sorrow became lighter. Then it came into his mind, "There is no one wiser than wise Senaka, I will ask this question of him": and asking him he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Pukkusa has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Senaka I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

So Senaka spoke the sixth stanza in answer to him:—

If a man should give a gift, or small or great, in charity,
Nor regret the giving after: that a harder feat would be:
All things else are easy: royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

The king, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, reflected: "I gave the queen to the priest's son of my own thought: [341] now I cannot control my thought, I sorrow and pine: this is not worthy of me. If she loved me she would not forsake her kingdom and flee away: what have I to do with her when she has not loved me but fled away?" As he thought thus, all his sorrow rolled away and departed like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. That instant his entrails were at rest. He became well and happy, and praised the Bodhisatta, speaking the final stanza:—

Āyura answered question, good Pukkusa as well:
The words of Senaka the wise all answers do excel.

And after this praise he gave him much wealth in his delight

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the queen was the wife of his layman days, the king the backsliding Brother, Āyura was Moggallāna, Pukkusa was Sāriputta, and the wise Senaka was myself."

Footnotes

208:1A kingdom in Central India, apparently a seat of the sword-making art.

No. 402.

SATTUBHASTA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Thou art confused," etc.—The Master told this when staying in Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The occasion of the story will appear in the Ummagga-Birth. [2]

Once upon a time a king called Janaka was reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and they called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and returning to Benares saw the king. The king set him in the place of minister and gave him great glory. [342] He taught the king things temporal and spiritual. Being a pleasant preacher of the law he established the king in the five precepts, in alms-giving, in keeping the fasts, in the ten ways of right action, and so established him in the path of virtue. Throughout the kingdom it was as it were the time of the appearing of the Buddhas. On the fortnightly fast the king, the viceroys and others would all assemble and decorate the place of meeting. The Bodhisatta taught the law in a decorated room in the middle of a deer-skin-couch with the power of a Buddha, and his word was like the preaching of Buddhas. Then a certain old brahmin begging for money-alms got a thousand pieces, left them in a brahmin family and went to seek alms again. When he had gone, that family spent all his pieces. He came back and would have his pieces brought him. The brahmin, being unable to give them to him, gave him his daughter to wife. The other brahmin took her and made his dwelling in a brahmin village not far from Benares. Because of her youth his wife was

unsatisfied in desires and sinned with another young brahmin. There are sixteen things that cannot be satisfied: and what are these sixteen? The sea is not satisfied with all rivers, nor

the fire with fuel, nor a king with his kingdom, nor a fool with sins, nor a woman with three things, intercourse, adornment and child-bearing, nor a brahmin with sacred texts, nor a sage with ecstatic meditation, nor a sekha [1] with honour, nor one free from desire with penance, nor the energetic man with energy, nor the talker with talk, nor the politic man with the council, nor the believer with serving the church, nor the liberal man with giving away, nor the learned with hearing the law, nor the four congregations [2] with seeing the Buddha. So this brahmin woman [343], being unsatisfied with intercourse, wished to put her husband away and do her sin with boldness. So one day in her evil purpose she lay down. When he said, "How is it, wife?" she answered, "Brahmin, I cannot do the work of your house, get me a maid." "Wife, I have no money, what shall I give to get her?" "Seek for money by begging for alms and so get her." "Then, wife, get ready something for my journey." She filled a skin-bag with baked meal and unbaked meal, and gave them to him. The brahmin, going through villages, towns and cities, got seven hundred pieces, and thinking, "This money is enough to buy slaves, male and female," he was returning to his own village: at a certain place convenient for water he opened his sack, and eating some meal he went down to drink water without tying the mouth. Then a black snake in a hollow tree, smelling the meal, entered the bag and lay down in a coil eating the meal. The brahmin came, and without looking inside fastened the sack and putting it on his shoulder went his way. Then a spirit living in a

tree, sitting in a hollow of the trunk, said to him on the way, "Brahmin, if you stop on the way you will die, if you go home to-day your wife will die," and vanished. He looked, but not seeing the spirit was afraid and troubled with the fear of death, and so came to the gate of Benares weeping and lamenting. It was the fast on the fifteenth day, the day of the Bodhisatta's preaching, seated on the decorated seat of the law, and a multitude with perfumes and flowers and the like in their hands came in troops to hear the preaching. The brahmin said, "Where are ye going?" and was told, "O brahmin, to-day wise Senaka preaches the law with sweet voice and the power of a Buddha: do you not know?" He thought, "They say he is a wise preacher, and I am troubled with the fear of death: wise men [344] are able to take away even great sorrow: it is right for me too to go there and hear the law." So he went with them, and when the assembly and the king among them had sat down round about the Bodhisatta, he stood at the outside, not far from the seat of the law, with his mealsack on his shoulder, afraid with the fear of death. The Bodhisatta preached as if he were bringing down the river of heaven or showering ambrosia. The multitude became well pleased, and making applause listened to the

preaching. Wise men have far sight. At that moment the Bodhisatta, opening his eyes gracious with the five graces, surveyed the assembly on every side and, seeing that brahmin, thought, "This great assembly has become well pleased and listens to the law, making applause, but that one brahmin is ill pleased and weeps: there must be some sorrow within him to cause his tears: as if touching rust with acid, or making a drop of water roll from a lotus leaf, I will teach him the law, making him

free from sorrow and well pleased in mind." So he called him, "Brahmin, I am wise Senaka, now will I make thee free from sorrow, speak boldly," and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Thou art confused in thought, disturbed in sense,
Tears streaming from thine eyes are evidence;
What hast thou lost, or what dost wish to gain
By coming hither? Give me answer plain.

[345] Then the brahmin, declaring his cause of sorrow, spoke the second stanza:—

If I go home my wife it is must die,
If I go not, the yakkha said, 'tis I;
That is the thought that pierces cruelly:
Explain the matter, Senaka, to me.

The Bodhisatta, hearing the brahmin's words, spread the net of knowledge as if throwing a net in the sea, thinking, "There are many causes of death to beings in this world: some die sunk in the sea, or seized therein by ravenous fish, some falling in the Ganges, or seized by crocodiles, some falling from a tree or pierced by a thorn, some struck by weapons of divers kinds, some by eating poison or hanging or falling from a precipice or by extreme cold or attacked by diseases of divers kinds, so they die: now among so many causes of death from which cause shall this brahmin die if he stays on the road to-day, or his wife if he goes home?" As he considered, he saw the sack on the brahmin's shoulder and thought, "There must be a snake who has gone into that sack, and entering he must have gone in from the smell of the meal when the brahmin at his breakfast had eaten some meal and gone to drink water without fastening the sack's

mouth: the brahmin coming back after drinking water must have gone on after fastening and taking up the sack without seeing that the snake had entered: [346] if he stays on the road, he will say at evening when he rests, "I will eat some meal," and opening the sack will put in his hand: then the snake will bite him in the hand and destroy his life: this will be the cause of his death if he stays on the road: but if he goes home the sack will come into his wife's hand; she will say, "I will look at the ware within," and opening the sack put in her hand, then the snake will bite her and destroy her life, and this will be the cause of her death if he goes home to-day." This he knew by his knowledge of expedients. Then this

came into his mind, "The snake must be a black snake, brave and fearless; when the sack strikes against the brahmin's broadside, he shows no motion or quivering; he shows no sign of his being there amidst such an assembly: therefore he must be a black snake, brave and fearless:" from his knowledge of expedients he knew this as if he was seeing with a divine eye. So as if he had been a man who had stood by and seen the snake enter the sack, deciding by his knowledge of expedients, the Bodhisatta answering the brahmin's question in the royal assembly spoke the third stanza:—

First with many a doubt I deal,
  Now my tongue the truth declares;
Brahmin, in your bag of meal
  A snake has entered unawares.

[347] So saying, he asked, "O brahmin, is there any meal in that sack of yours?" "There is, O sage." "Did you eat some meal to-day

at your breakfast time?" "Yes, O sage." "Where were you sitting?" "In a wood, at the root of a tree." "When you ate the meal, and went to drink water, did you fasten the sack's mouth or not?" "I did not, O sage." "When you drank water and came back, did you fasten the sack after looking in?" "I fastened it without looking in, O sage." "O brahmin, when you went to drink water, I think the snake entered the sack owing to the smell of the meal without your knowledge: such is the case: therefore put down your sack, set it in the midst of the assembly and opening the mouth, stand back and taking a stick beat the sack with it: then when you see a black snake coming out with its hood spread and hissing, you will have no doubt:" so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Take a stick and beat the sack,
    Dumb and double-tongued is he;
Cease your mind with doubts to rack;
  Ope the sack, the snake you'll see.

The brahmin, hearing the Great Being's words, did so, though alarmed and frightened. The snake came out of the sack when his hood was struck with the stick, and stood looking at the crowd.

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[348] The Master, explaining the matter, spoke the fifth stanza:

Frightened, ‘midst the assembled rout,
    String of meal-sack he untied;
Angry crept a serpent out,
    Hood erect, in all his pride.

When the snake came out with hood erect, there was a forecast of the Bodhisatta as the omniscient Buddha. The multitude began waving cloths and snapping fingers in thousands, the showers of the seven precious stones were as showers from a thick cloud, cries of "good" were raised in hundreds of thousands,

and the noise was like the splitting of the earth. This answering of such a question with the power of a Buddha is not the power of birth, nor the power of men rich in gifts and high family: of what is it the power then? Of knowledge: the man of knowledge makes spiritual insight to increase, opens the door of the noble Paths, enters the great and endless nirvāna and masters the perfection of disciple-hood, pacceka-buddha-hood, and perfect buddha-hood: knowledge is the best among the qualities that bring the great and endless nirvana, the rest are the attendants of knowledge: and so it is said:—

"Wisdom is best," the good confess,
  Like the moon in starry skies;
Virtue, fortune, righteousness,
  Are the handmaids of the wise.

When the question had been so answered by the Bodhisatta, a certain snake-charmer made a mouth-band for the snake, caught him and let him loose in the forest. The brahmin, coming up to the king, saluted him and made obeisance, and praising him spoke half a stanza:—

Great, king Janaka, thy gain,

Seeing Senaka the wise.

[349] After praising the king, he took seven hundred pieces from the bag and praising the Bodhisatta, he spoke a stanza and a half wishing to give a gift in delight:—

Dread thy wisdom; veils are vain,

Brahmin, to thy piercing eyes.

These seven hundred pieces, see,
Take them all, I give them thee;
'Tis to thee I owe my life,
And the welfare of my wife.

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta spoke the eighth stanza:—

For reciting poetry

Wise men can't accept a wage;

Rather let us give to thee,

Ere thou take the homeward stage.

So saying, the Bodhisatta made a full thousand pieces to be given to the brahmin, and asked him, "By whom were you sent to beg for money?" "By my wife, O sage." [350] "Is your wife old or young?" "Young, O sage." "Then she is doing sin with another, and sent you away thinking to do so in security: if you take these pieces home, she will give to her lover the pieces won by your labour: therefore you should not go home straight, but only after leaving the pieces outside the town at the root of a tree or somewhere:" so he sent him away. He, coming near the village, left his pieces at the root of a tree, and came home in the evening. His wife at that moment was seated with her lover. The

brahmin stood at the door and said, "Wife." She recognise his voice, and putting out the light

opened the door: when the brahmin came in, she took the other and put him at the door: then coming back and not seeing anything in the sack she asked, "Brahmin, what alms have you got on your journey?" "A thousand pieces." "Where is it?" "It is left at such and such a place: never mind, we will get it to-morrow." She went and told her lover. He went and took it as if it were his own treasure. Next day the brahmin went, and not seeing the pieces came to the Bodhisatta, who said, "What is the matter, brahmin?" "I don't see the pieces, O sage." "Did you tell your wife?" "Yes, O sage." Knowing that the wife had told her lover, the Bodhisatta asked, "Brahmin, is there a brahmin who is a friend of your wife's?" "There is, O sage." "Is there one who is a friend of yours?" "Yes, O sage." Then the Great Being caused seven days' expenses to be given him and said, "Go, do you two invite and entertain the first day fourteen brahmins, seven for yourself and seven for your wife: from next day onwards take one less each day, till on the seventh day you invite one brahmin and your wife one: then if you notice that the brahmin your wife asks on the seventh day has come every time, tell me." [351] The brahmin did so, and told the Bodhisatta, "O sage, I have observed the brahmin who is always our guest." The Bodhisatta sent men with him to bring that other brahmin, and asked him, "Did you take a thousand pieces belonging to this brahmin from the root of such and such a tree?" "I did not, O sage." "You do not know that I am the wise Senaka; I will make you fetch those pieces." He was afraid and confessed, saying, "I took them." "What did you do?" "I put them in such and such a place, O

sage." The Bodhisatta asked the first brahmin, "Brahmin, will you keep your wife or take another?" "Let me keep her, O sage." The Bodhisatta sent men to fetch the pieces and the wife, and gave the brahmin the pieces from the thief's hand; he punished the other, removing him from the city, punished also the wife, and gave great honour to the brahmin, making him dwell near himself.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, many attained the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the brahmin was Ānanda, the spirit Sāriputta, the assembly was the church of Buddha, and wise Senaka was myself."

Footnotes

210:1 See *Folk-lore Journal,* iv. 175, *Tibetan Tales,* viii.

210:2 No. 546, vol. vi.

211:1 A holy man who has not attained sainthood.

211:2 Brethren, Sisters, laymen and laywomen.

No. 403.

AṬṬHISENA-JĀTAKA.

"Aṭṭhisena, many beggars," etc.—The Master told this when dwelling in the shrine called Aggāḷava near Āḷavi, concerning the regulations for the building of cells. [1] The occasion was told in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth [2] above. The Master addressed the Brethren, saying, "Brethren, formerly [352] before Buddha was born in the world, priests of other religions, even though offered their choice by kings, never asked for alms, holding that begging from others was not agreeable or pleasant," and so he told the tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household in a certain village, and they called his name young Aṭṭhisena. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards seeing the misery of desires he took the religious life, and reaching the higher Faculties and Attainments, he dwelt long in the Himālaya: then coming down among men to get salt and vinegar, he reached Benares, and after staying in a garden he came begging next day to the king's court. The king, being pleased with his bearing and manner, sent for him, and set him on a seat on the terrace, giving him good food: then receiving his thanks he was pleased, and exacting a promise made the Bodhisatta dwell in the royal garden, and went to wait on him two or three times each day. One day, being pleased with his preaching of the law,

he gave him a choice, saying, "Tell me whatever you desire, beginning from my kingdom." The Bodhisatta did not say, "Give me so and so." Others ask for whatever they desire, saying, "Give me this," and the king gives it, if not attached to it. One day the king thought, "Other suitors and mendicants ask me to give them so and so; but the noble Aṭṭhisena, ever since I offered him a choice, asks for nothing; he is wise and skilful in device: I will ask him." So one day after the early meal he sat on one side, and asking him as to the cause of other men's making suits and his own making none, he spoke the first stanza:—

Aṭṭhisena, many beggars, though they're strangers utterly,
Throng to me with their petitions: why hast thou no suit to me?

[353] Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

Neither suitor, nor rejector of a suit, can pleasant be:
That's the reason, be not angry, why I have no suit to thee.

Hearing his words the king spoke three stanzas:—

He who lives by sueing, and has not at proper season sued,
Makes another fall from merit, fails to gain a livelihood.

He who lives by sueing, and has aye at proper season sued,
Makes another man win merit, gains himself a livelihood.

Men of wisdom are not angry when they see the suitors throng;
Speak, my holy friend; the boon thou askest never can be wrong.

[354] So the Bodhisatta, even though given the choice of the kingdom, made no suit. When the king's wish had been so expressed, the Bodhisatta to show him the priests' way said, "O

great king, these suits are preferred by men of worldly desires and householders, not by priests: from their ordination priests must have a pure life unlike a householder: " and so showing the priests' way, he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Sages never make petitions, worthy laymen ought to know:
Silent stands the noble suitor: sages make petition so.

[355] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's words said, "Sir, if a wise attendant of his own knowledge gives what ought to be given to his friend, so I give to you such and such a thing," and so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
  Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd:
Hearing but now those generous deeds of thine,
  I too in turn to generous deeds am stirred.

When he said this, the Bodhisatta refused, saying, "Great king, I took the religious life free from defilement: I have no need of cows." The king abode by his admonition; doing alms and other good works he became destined for heaven, and not falling away from his meditation, was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths many were established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, Aṭṭhisena was myself."

Footnotes

216:1 See above, p. 52.

216:2 No. 253, vol. ii.

No. 404.

KAPI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Let not the wise man," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Devadatta being swallowed up by the earth. Finding that the Brethren were talking about this in the Hall of Truth, he said, "Devadatta has not been destroyed with his company now for the first time: he was destroyed before," and he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the womb of a monkey, and lived in the king's garden with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. [356] Devadatta was also born in the womb of a monkey, and lived there also with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. Then one day when the king's family priest had gone to the garden, bathed and adorned himself, one tricky monkey going ahead of him sat above the gateway arch of the garden, and let excrement fall on the priest's head as he went out. When the priest looked up, he let it fall again in his mouth. The priest turned back, saying in threat to the monkeys, "Very well, I shall know how to deal with you," and went away after washing. They told the Bodhisatta that he had been angry and threatened the monkeys. He made announcement to the thousand monkeys, "It is not well to dwell near the habitation of the angry; let the whole troop of monkeys flee and go elsewhere." A disobedient monkey took his own retinue and did not flee, saying, "I will see about it afterwards."

The Bodhisatta took his own retinue and went to the forest. One day a female slave pounding rice had put some rice out in the sun and a goat was eating it: getting a blow with a torch and running away on fire, he was rubbing himself on the wall of a grass-hut near an elephant-stable. The fire caught the grass-hut and from it the elephant-stable; in it the elephants' backs were burnt, and the elephant doctors were attending the elephants. The family priest was always going about watching for an opportunity of catching the monkeys. He was sitting in attendance on the king, and the king said, "Sir, many of our elephants have been injured, and the elephant doctors do not know how to cure them; do you know any remedy?" "I do, great king." "What is it?" "Monkey's fat, great king." "How shall we get it?" "There are many monkeys in the garden." The king said, "Kill monkeys in the garden and get their fat." The archers went and killed five hundred monkeys with arrows. One old

monkey fled although wounded by an arrow, and though he did not fall on the spot [357], fell when he came to the Bodhisatta's place of abode. The monkeys said, "He has died when he reached our place of abode," and told the Bodhisatta that he was dead from a wound he had got. He came and sat down among the assembly of monkeys, and spoke these stanzas by way of exhorting the monkeys with the exhortation of the wise, which is "Men dwelling near their enemies perish in this way:"—

Let not the wise man dwell where dwells his foe:

One night, two nights, so near will bring him woe.

A fool's a foe to all who trust his word:
One monkey brought distress on all the herd.

A foolish chief, wise in his own conceit,
Comes ever, like this monkey, to defeat.

A strong fool is not good to guard the herd,
Curse to his kindred, like the decoy-bird.

One strong and wise is good the herd to guard,
Like Indra to the Gods, his kin's reward.

Who virtue, wisdom, learning, doth possess,
His deeds himself and other men will bless.

Therefore virtue, knowledge, learning, and himself let him regard,
Either be a lonely Saint or o'er the flock keep watch and ward.

[358] So the Bodhisatta, becoming king of monkeys, explained the way of learning the Discipline.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the disobedient monkey was Devadatta, his troop was Devadatta's company and the wise king was myself."

Footnotes

218:1 Cf. *Kākajātaka,* no. 140, vol. i. and *Tibetan Tales,* xliii.

No. 405.

BAKA-BRAHMA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Seventy and two," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the brahma [2] Baka. In him a false doctrine arose, namely, "This present existence is perpetual, permanent, eternal, unchanging: apart from it there is no salvation or release at all." In a former birth this brahma had once

practised meditation, so he was born in the Vehapphala heaven. Having spent there an existence of five hundred kalpas, he was born in the Subhakiṇṇa heaven; after sixty-four kalpas there he passed and was born in the Ābhassara heaven, where existence is for eight kalpas. It was there that this false doctrine arose in him. He forgot that he had passed from higher Brahmaloka heavens and had been born in that heaven, and perceiving neither of these things had taken up the false doctrine. The Lord, understanding his reflections, [359] as easily as a strong man can extend his bent arm or bend his extended arm, disappearing from Jetavana, appeared in that Brahmaloka. The brahma, seeing the Lord, said, "Come hither, my lord; welcome, my lord; it is a long time, my lord, since thou hast taken this opportunity, even for coming hither; this world, my lord, is perpetual, it is permanent, it is eternal, it is absolute, it is unchanging; this world is not born, it decays not, it dies not, it passes not away, it is not born again: apart from this world there is no other salvation beyond." When this was said, the Lord said to Baka the brahma, "Baka the brahma has come to ignorance, he has come

to ignorance, when he will say that a thing which is not permanent is permanent, and so on, and that there is no other salvation apart from this when there is another salvation." Hearing this the brahma thought, "This one presses me hard, finding out exactly what I say," and as a timid thief, after receiving a few blows, says, "Am I the only thief? so and so and so and so are thieves too," showing his associates; so he, in fear of the Lord's questioning, showing that others were his associates, spoke the first stanza:—

Seventy and two, O Gotama, are we
Righteous and great, from birth and age we're free:
Our heaven is wisdom's home, there's nought above:
And many others will this view approve.

Hearing his words, the Master spoke the second stanza:—

[360]

Short your existence in this world: ’tis wrong,
Baka, to think existence here is long:
A hundred thousand aeons past and gone
All your existence well to me is known.

Hearing this, Baka spoke the third stanza:—

Of wisdom infinite, O Lord, am I:
Birth, age, and sorrow, all beneath me lie:
What should I do with good works, long ago?
Yet tell me something, Lord, that I should know.

Then the Lord, relating and showing him things of past time, spoke four stanzas:—

To many a man of old thou gavest drink
For thirst and parching drought ready to sink:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[361] By Eṇi's bank thou sett'st the people free
When chained and held in close captivity:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

By Ganges' stream the man thou didst set free,
Whose boat was seized by nāga, cruelly
Lusting for flesh, and save him mightily:
That virtuous deed of thine, so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

And I was Kappa, thy disciple true,
Thy wisdom and thy virtues all I knew:
And now those deeds of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[363] Hearing his own deeds from the Master's discourse, Baka gave thanks and spoke this last stanza:—

Thou knowest every life that hath been mine:
Buddha thou art, all wisdom sure is thine:
And sure thy glorious majesty and state
Even this Brahma world illuminate.

So the Master, making known his quality as Buddha and expounding the Law, shewed forth the Truths. At the end the thoughts of ten thousand brahmas were freed from attachments and sins. So the Lord became the refuge of many brahmas, and going back from Brahmaloka to Jetavana preached the law in the

way described and identified the Birth: "At that time Baka the brahma was the ascetic Kesava, Kappa the disciple was myself."

Footnotes

219:1 Cf. Hardy, *Manual of Budhism,* p. 348.

219:2 A brahma means an angel in one of the Brahma-loka heavens, three of which are mentioned below.

No. 406.

GANDHĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"Villages full sixteen thousand," etc.—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the precept on the storing up of medicines [1]. The occasion however arose in Rājagaha. When the venerable Pilindiyavaccha went to the king's dwelling to set free the park-keeper's family [2], he made the palace all of gold by magic power: and the people in their delight brought to that elder the five kinds of medicine. He gave them away to the congregation of Brethren. So the congregation abounded in medicines, [364] and as they received the medicines, they filled pots and jars and bags in this way and laid them aside. People seeing this murmured, saying, "Those greedy priests are hoarding in their houses." The Master, hearing this thing, declared the precept, "Whatever medicines for sick brethren [sc. are received, must be used within seven days]," and said, "Brethren, wise men of old, before the Buddha appeared, ordained in heresy and keeping only the five precepts, used to chide those who laid aside even salt and sugar for the next day; but you, though ordained in such a rule of salvation, make a hoard for the second and the third day," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was the king's son of the Gandhāra kingdom; at his father's death he became king and ruled with righteousness.

In the Central Region, in the kingdom of Videha a king named Videha was ruling at the time. These two kings had never seen each other, but they were friends and had great trust the one in the other. At that time men were long-lived: their life was for thirty thousand years. Then once, on the fast day of the full moon, the king of Gandhāra had taken the vow of the commands [1], and on the dais in the middle of a royal throne prepared for him, looking through an open window on the eastern quarter, he sat giving to his ministers a discourse on the substance of the law. At that moment Rāhu was covering the moon's orb which was full and spreading over the sky. The moon's light vanished. The ministers, not seeing the moon's brightness, told the king that the moon was seized by Rāhu. The king, observing the moon, thought, "That moon has lost its light, being marred by some trouble from outside; now my royal retinue is a trouble, and it is not meet that I should lose my light like the moon seized by Rāhu: I will leave my kingdom like the moon's orb shining in a clear sky and become an ascetic: why should I admonish another? I will go about, detached from kin and people, admonishing myself alone: that is meet for me." So he said, "As ye please [365] so do," and gave over the kingdom to his ministers. When he gave up his kingdom in the two kingdoms of Kashmir and Gandhāra, he took the religious life, and attaining the transcendental faculty he passed the rains in the Himālaya region devoted to the delight of meditation. The king of Videha, having asked of merchants, "Is it well with my friend?" heard that he had taken the religious life, and thought, "When my friend has taken the religious life, what should I do with a kingdom?" So he gave up the rule in his city of Mithila, seven leagues in extent, and his kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, with sixteen thousand villages, storehouses filled, and sixteen thousand dancing girls, and

without thinking of his sons and daughters he went to the Himālaya region and took the religious life. There he lived on fruits only, dwelling in a state of quietude. Both of them following this quiet life afterwards met, but did not recognise each other: yet they lived together in this quiet life in friendliness. The ascetic of Videha waited upon the ascetic of Gandhāra. On a day of full moon as they were sitting at the root of a tree and talking on things relating to the law, Rāhu covered the moon's orb as it was shining in the sky. The ascetic of Videha looked up, saying, "Why is the moon's light destroyed?" And seeing that it was seized by Rāhu, he asked, "Master, why has he covered the moon and made it dark?" "Scholar, that is the moon's one trouble, Rāhu by name; he binders it from shining: I, seeing the moon's orb struck by Rāhu, thought, "There is the moon's pure orb become dark by trouble from outside; now this kingdom is a trouble to

me: I will take the religious life so that the kingdom does not make me dark as Rāhu does the moon's orb": and so taking the moon's orb seized by Rāhu as my theme, I forsook my great kingdom and took the religious life." "Master, were you king of Gandhāra?" [366] "Yes, I was." "Master, I was the king Videha in the kingdom of Videha and city of Mithila: were we not friends though we never saw each other?" "What was your theme?" "I heard that you had taken the religious life and thinking, "Surely he has seen the good of that life," I took you as my theme, and leaving my kingdom took the religious life." From that time they were exceedingly intimate and friendly, and lived on fruits only. After a long time's dwelling there they came down from Himālaya for salt and vinegar, and came to a frontier village. The

people, being pleased with their deportment, gave them alms and taking a promise made for them houses for the night and the like in the forest, and made them dwell there, and built by the road a room for taking their meals in a pleasant watered spot. They, after going their rounds for alms in the frontier village, sat and ate the alms in that hut of leaves and then went to their dwelling-house. The people who gave them food one day put salt on a leaf and gave it them, another day gave them saltless food. One day they gave them a great deal of salt in a leaf basket. The ascetic of Videha took the salt, and coming gave enough to the Bodhisatta at the meal time and took to himself the proper measure: then putting up the rest in a leaf basket he put it in a roll of grass, saying, "This will do for a saltless day." Then one day when saltless food was received, the man of Videha, giving the alms-food to the man of Gandhāra, took the salt from the roll of grass and said, "Master, take salt." "The people gave no salt to-day, where have you got it?" "Master, the people gave much salt one day before: then I kept what was over, saying, "This will do for a saltless day." "Then the Bodhisatta chid him, saying, "O foolish man, you forsook the kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, took the religious life and attained freedom from attachments, and now you get a desire for salt and sugar." And so admonishing him he spoke the first stanza:—

[367]

Villages full sixteen thousand with their wealth you threw away,
Treasuries with wealth in plenty: and you're hoarding here to-day!

Videha, being thus chidden, did not endure the chiding but became estranged, saying, "Master, you see not your own fault,

though you see mine; did you not leave your kingdom and become religious, saying, "Why should I admonish another? I will admonish myself alone": why then are you now admonishing me?" So he spoke the second stanza:—

Candahar and all its province, all its wealth, you threw away,
Giving no more royal orders: and you're ordering me to-day!

Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:—

It is righteousness I'm speaking, for I hate unrighteousness:
Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me leaves no impress.

The ascetic of Videha, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, said, "Master, it is not meet for one to speak after annoying and angering another, even though he speaks to the point: [368] you are speaking very harshly to me, as if shaving me with blunt steel," and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Whatsoever words, if spoken, would to others cause offence,
Wise men leave those words unspoken, though of mighty consequence.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the fifth stanza:—

Let my hearer scatter chaff, or let him take offence or not,
Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me can leave no spot.

Having so said, he went on, "I will not work with you, O Ānanda [1], as a potter with raw clay only: I will speak chiding again and again; what is truth, that will abide." And so being steadfast in conduct suitable to that admonition of the Blessed One, as a potter among his vessels, after beating them often, takes not the

raw clay, but takes the baked vessel only, so preaching and chiding again and again he takes a man like a good vessel, and preaching to show him this, he spoke this pair of stanzas:—

Were not wisdom and good conduct trained in some men's lives to grow,
Many would go wandering idly like the blinded buffalo.

But since some are wisely trained in moral conduct fair to grow,
Thus it is that disciplined in paths of virtue others go.

[369] Hearing this, the Videha ascetic said, "Master, from this time admonish me; I spoke to you with peevish natural temper, pardon me," and so paying respect he gained the Bodhisatta's pardon. So they dwelt together in peace and went again to Himālaya. Then the Bodhisatta told the Videha ascetic how to attain to mystic meditation. He did so and reached the higher Faculties and Attainments. So both, never leaving off meditation, became destined for the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Videha ascetic was Ānanda, the Gandhāra king was myself."

Footnotes

221:1 *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 10.

221:2 See *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 1—

222:1 A vow to keep the five moral precepts.

224:1 The ascetic is addressed by this name, as if his future re-birth as Ānanda was foreseen.

No. 407.

MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"You made yourself," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning good works towards one's relatives. The occasion will appear in the Bhaddasāla Birth [2]. They began talking in the Hall of Truth, saying, "The supreme Buddha does good works towards his relatives." [370] When the Master had asked and been told their theme, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time a Tathāgata has done good works towards his relatives," and so he told a tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a monkey's womb. When he grew up and attained stature and stoutness, he was strong and vigorous, and lived in the Himālaya with a retinue of eighty thousand monkeys. Near the Ganges bank there was a mango tree (others say it was a banyan), with branches and forks, having a deep shade and thick leaves, like a mountaintop. Its sweet fruits, of divine fragrance and flavour, were as large as waterpots: from one branch the fruits fell on the ground, from one into the Ganges water, from two into the main trunk of the tree. The Bodhisatta, while eating the fruit with a troop of monkeys, thought, "Someday danger will come upon us owing to the fruit of this tree falling on the water"; and so, not to leave one fruit on the branch which grew over the water, he made them eat or throw down the flowers at their season from the time they were

of the size of a chick-pea. But notwithstanding, one ripe fruit, unseen by the eighty thousand monkeys, hidden by an ant's nest, fell into the river, and stuck in the net above the king of Benares, who was bathing for amusement with a net above him and another below. When the king had amused himself all day and was going away in the evening, the fishermen, who were drawing the net, saw the fruit and not knowing what it was, shewed it to the king. The king asked, "What is this fruit?" "We do not know, sire." "Who will know?"The foresters, sire." He had the foresters called, and learning from them that it was a mango, he cut it with a knife, and first making the foresters eat of it, he ate of it himself [371] and had some of it given to his seraglio and his ministers. The flavour of the ripe mango remained pervading the king's whole body. Possessed by desire of the flavour, he asked the foresters where that tree stood, and hearing that it was on a river bank in the

Himālaya quarter, he had many rafts joined together and sailed upstream by the route shewn by the foresters. The exact account of days is not given. In due course they came to the place, and the foresters said to the king, "Sire, there is the tree." The king stopped the rafts and went on foot with a great retinue, and having a bed prepared at the foot of the tree, he lay down after eating the mango fruit and enjoying the various excellent flavours. At each side they set a guard and made a fire. When the men had fallen asleep, the Bodhisatta came at midnight with his retinue. Eighty thousand monkeys moving from branch to branch ate the mangoes. The king, waking and seeing the herd of monkeys, roused his men and calling his archers said, "Surround these monkeys that eat the mangoes so that they

may not escape, and shoot them: tomorrow we will eat mangoes with monkey's flesh." The archers obeyed, saying, "Very well," and surrounding the tree stood with arrows ready. The monkeys seeing them and fearing death, as they could not escape, came to the Bodhisatta and said, "Sire, the archers stand round the tree, saying, "We will shoot those vagrant monkeys:" what are we to do?" and so stood shivering. The Bodhisatta said, "Do not fear, I will give you life;" and so comforting the herd of monkeys, he ascended a branch that rose up straight, went along another branch that stretched towards the Ganges, and springing from the end of it, he passed a hundred bow-lengths and lighted on a bush on the bank [1]. Coming down, he marked the distance, saying, "That will be the distance I have come:" [372] and cutting a bamboo shoot at the root and stripping it, he said, "So much will be fastened to the tree, and so much will stay in the air," and so reckoned the two lengths, forgetting the part fastened on his own waist. Taking the shoot he fastened one end of it to the tree on the Ganges bank and the other to his own waist, and then cleared the space of a hundred bow-lengths with the speed of a cloud torn by the wind. From not reckoning the part fastened to his waist, he failed to reach the tree: so seizing a branch firmly with both hands he gave signal to the troop of monkeys, "Go quickly with good luck, treading on my back along the bamboo shoot." The eighty thousand monkeys escaped thus, after saluting the Bodhisatta and getting his leave. Devadatta was then a Monkey and among that herd: he said, "This is a chance for me to see the last of my enemy," so climbing up a branch he made a spring and fell on the Bodhisatta's back. The Bodhisatta's heart broke and great pain came on him. Devadatta having caused that maddening pain went away: and the Bodhisatta was alone. The king being awake saw all that was done by the monkeys and the Bodhisatta: and he lay down thinking, "This

animal, not reckoning his own life, has caused the safety of his troop." When day broke, being pleased with the Bodhisatta, he thought, "It is not right to

destroy this king of the monkeys: I will bring him down by some means and take care of him:" so turning the raft down the Ganges and building a platform there, he made the Bodhisatta come down gently, and had him clothed with a yellow robe on his back and washed in Ganges water, made him drink sugared water, and had his body cleansed and anointed with oil refined a thousand times; then he put an oiled skin on a bed and making him lie there, he set himself on a low seat, and spoke the first stanza:—

[373]

You made yourself a bridge for them to pass in safety through:
What are you then to them, monkey, and what are they to you?

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta instructing the king spoke the other stanzas:—

Victorious king, I guard the herd, I am their lord and chief,
When they were filled with fear of thee and stricken sore with grief.

I leapt a hundred times the length of bow outstretched that lies,
When I had bound a bamboo-shoot firmly around my thighs:

I reached the tree like thunder-cloud sped by the tempest's blast;
I lost my strength, but reached a bough: with hands I held it fast.

And as I hung extended there held fast by shoot and bough,
My monkeys passed across my back and are in safety now.

Therefore I fear no pain of death, bonds do not give me pain,
The happiness of those was won o’er whom I used to reign.

A parable for thee, O king, if thou the truth would’st read:
The happiness of kingdom and of army and of steed
And city must be dear to thee, if thou would’st rule indeed.

[374] The Bodhisatta, thus instructing and teaching the king, died. The king, calling his ministers, gave orders that the monkey-king should have obsequies like a king, and he sent to the seraglio, saying, "Come to the cemetery, as retinue for the monkey-king, with red garments, and dishevelled hair, and torches in your hands." [375] The ministers made a funeral pile with a hundred waggon loads of timber. Having prepared the Bodhisatta's obsequies in a royal manner, they took his skull, and came to the king. The king caused a shrine to be built at the Bodhisatta's burial-place, torches to be burnt there and offerings of incense and flowers to be made; he had the skull inlaid with gold, and put in front raised on a spear-point: honouring it with incense and flowers, he put it at the king's gate when he came to Benares, and having the whole city decked out he paid honour to it for seven days. Then taking it as a relic and raising a shrine, he honoured it with incense and garlands all his life; and established in the Bodhisatta's teaching he did alms and other good deeds, and ruling his kingdom righteously became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the monkey's retinue the assembly, and the monkey-king myself."

Footnotes

225:1 This story is figured in Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut,* plate XXXIII, fig. 4 (explained by Mr. Tawney in *Proc. As. Soc. of Bengal* for Aug. 1891). Cf. *Jātakamālā,* no. 27 (*The Great Monkey*).

225:2 No. 444, vol. iv.

226:1 From the figure on the Bharhut Stūpa, it appears that he jumped across the Ganges.

No. 408.

KUMBHAKĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"A mango in a forest," etc. The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The occasion will appear in the Pānīya Birth [1]. At that time in Sāvatthi five hundred friends, who had become ascetics, dwelling in the House of the Golden Pavement, had lustful thoughts at midnight. The Master regards his disciples three times a night and three times a day, six times every night and day, as a jay guards her egg, or a yak-cow her tail, or a mother her beloved son, or a one-eyed man his eye; so in the very instant he rebukes a sin which is beginning. He was observing Jetavana on that midnight and knowing the Brethren's conduct of their thoughts, he considered, "This sin among these brethren if it grows will destroy the cause of Sainthood. I will this moment rebuke their sin and show them Sainthood": so leaving the perfumed chamber he called: Ānanda [376], and bidding him collect all the brethren dwelling in the place, he got them together and sat down on the seat prepared for Buddha. He said, "Brethren, it is not right to live in the power of sinful thoughts; a sin if it grows brings great ruin like an enemy: a Brother ought to rebuke even a little sin: wise men of old seeing even a very slight cause, rebuked a sinful thought that had begun and so brought about paccekabuddha-hood": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a potter's family in a suburb of Benares: when he grew up he became a householder, had a son and daughter, and supported his wife and children by his potter's handicraft. At that time in the Kaliṅga kingdom, in the city of Dantapura, the king named Karaṇḍu, going to his garden with a great retinue, saw at the garden-gate a mango tree laden with sweet fruit: he stretched out his hand from his seat on the elephant and seized a bunch of mangoes: then entering the garden he sat on the royal seat and ate a mango, giving some to those worthy of favours. From the time when the king took one, ministers, brahmins, and householders, thinking that others should also do so, took down and ate mangoes from that tree. Coming again and again they climbed the tree, and beating it with clubs and breaking the branches down and off, they ate the fruit, not leaving even the unripe. The king amused himself in the garden for the day, and at evening as he came by on the royal elephant he dismounted on seeing the tree, and going to its root he looked up and thought, "In the morning this tree stood beautiful with its burden of fruit and the gazers could not be satisfied: now it stands not beautiful with its fruit broken down and off." Again looking from another place

he saw another mango tree barren, and thought, "This mango tree stands beautiful in its barrenness like a bare mountain of jewels; the other from its fruitfulness [377] fell into that misfortune: the householder's life is like a fruitful tree, the religious life like a barren tree: the wealthy have fear, the poor have no fear: I too would be like the barren tree." So taking the fruit-tree as his subject, he stood at the root; and considering the

three [1] properties and perfecting spiritual insight, he attained paccekabuddha-hood, and reflecting, "The envelop of the womb is now fallen from me, re-birth in the three existences is ended, the filth of transmigration is cleansed, the ocean of tears dried up, the wall of bones broken down, there is no more re-birth for me," he stood as if adorned with every ornament. Then his ministers said, "You stand too long, O great king." "I am not a king, I am a paccekabuddha." "Paccekabuddhas are not like you, O king." "Then what are they like?" "Their hair and beards are shaved, they are dressed in yellow robes, they are not attached to family or tribe, they are like clouds torn by wind or the moon's orb freed from Rāhu, and they dwell on Himālaya in the Nandamūla cave: such, O king, are the paccekabuddhas." At that moment the king threw up his hand and touched his head, and instantly the marks of a householder disappeared, and the marks of a priest came into view:—

Three robes, bowl, razor, needles, strainer, zone,
A pious Brother those eight marks should own,

the requisites, as they are called, of a priest became attached to his body. Standing in the air he preached to the multitude, and then went through the sky to the mountain cave Nandamūla in the Upper Himālaya.

In the kingdom of Candahar in the city Takkasilā, the king named Naggaji on a terrace, in the middle of a royal couch, saw a woman who had put a jewelled bracelet on each hand and was grinding perfume as she sat near: he thought, "These jewelled bracelets do not rub or jingle when separate," and so sat watching. Then she, putting the bracelet from the right hand [378] on the left hand and collecting perfume with the right,

began to grind it. The bracelet on the left hand rubbing against the other made a noise. The king observed that these two bracelets made a sound when rubbing against each other, and he thought, "That bracelet when separate touched nothing, it now touches the second and makes a noise: just so living beings when separate do not touch or make a noise, when they become two or three they rub against each other and make a din: now I rule the inhabitants in the two kingdoms of Cashmere and Candahar, and I too ought to dwell like the single bracelet ruling myself and not ruling another ": so making the rubbing of the bracelets his topic, seated as he

was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and gained paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Videha, in the city of Mithila, the king, named Nimi, after breakfast, surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down at the street through an open window of the palace. A hawk, having taken some meat from the meat-market, was flying up into the air. Some vultures or other birds, surrounding the hawk on each side, went on pecking it with their beaks, striking it with their wings and beating it with their feet, for the sake of the meat. Not enduring to be killed, the hawk dropt the flesh, another bird took it: the rest leaving the hawk fell on the other: when he relinquished it, a third took it: and they pecked him also in the same way. The king seeing those birds thought, "Whoever took the flesh, sorrow befel him: whoever relinquished it, happiness befel him: whoever takes the five pleasures of sense, sorrow befals him, happiness the other man: these are common to many: now I have sixteen thousand women: I ought

to live in happiness leaving the five pleasures of sense, as the hawk relinquishing the morsel of flesh." Considering this wisely, [379] standing as he was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Uttarapañcāla, in the city of Kampilla, the king, named Dummukha, after breakfast, with all his ornaments and surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down on the palace-yard from an open window. At the instant they opened the door of a cow-pen: the bulls coming from the pen set upon one cow in lust: and one great bull with sharp horns seeing another bull coming, possessed by the jealousy of lust, struck him in the thigh with his sharp horns. By the force of the blow his entrails came out, and so he died. The king seeing this thought, "Living beings from the state of beasts upwards reach sorrow from the power of lust: this bull through lust has reached death: other beings also are disturbed by lust: I ought to abandon the lusts that disturb those beings:" and so standing as he was he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

Then one day those four paccekabuddhas, considering that it was time for their rounds, left the Nandamūla cave, having cleansed their teeth by chewing betel in the lake Anotatta, and having attended to their needs in Manosilā, they took the bowl and robe, and by magic flying in the air, and treading on clouds of the five colours, they alighted not far from a suburb of Benares. In a convenient spot they put on the robes, took the bowl, and entering the suburb they went the rounds for alms till they came to the Bodhisatta's house-door. The Bodhisatta seeing

them was delighted and making them enter his house he made them sit on a seat prepared, he

gave them water of respect and served them with excellent food, hard and soft. Then sitting on one side he saluted the eldest of them, saying, "Sir, your religious life appears very beautiful: your senses are very calm, your complexion is very clear: what topic of thought [380] made you take to the religious life and ordination?" and as he asked the eldest of them, so also he came up to the others and asked them. Then those four saying, "I was so and so, king of such and such a city in such and such a kingdom" and so on, in that way each told the causes of his retiring from the world and spoke one stanza each in order:—

A mango in a forest did I see
Full-grown, and dark, fruitful exceedingly:
And for its fruit men did the mango break,
’Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bracelet, polished by a hand renowned,
A woman wore on each wrist without sound:
One touched the other and a noise did wake:
’Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

Birds in a flock a bird unfriended tore,
Who all alone a lump of carrion bore:
The bird was smitten for the carrion's sake
’Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bull in pride among his fellows paced;
High rose his back, with strength and beauty graced:
From lust he died: a horn his wound did make:
’Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

The Bodhisatta, hearing each stanza, said, "Good, sir: your topic is suitable," and so commended each paccekabuddha: and having listened to the discourse delivered by those four, he became disinclined to a householder's life. When the paccekabuddhas went forth, after breakfast seated at his ease, he called his wife and said, "Wife, those four paccekabuddhas left kingdoms to be Brethren and now live without sin, without hindrance, in the bliss of the religious life: while I make a livelihood by earnings: what have I to do with a householder's life? do you take the children and stay in the house ": and he spoke two stanzas:—

Kalṅga's king Karaṇḍu, Gandhāra's Naggaji,
Pañcāla's ruler Dummukha, Videha's great Nimi,
Have left their thrones and live the life of Brothers sinlessly.

Here their godlike forms they show
  Each one like a blazing fire:
Bhaggavi, I too will go,
  Leaving all that men desire.

[382] Hearing his words she said, "Husband, ever since I heard the discourse of the paccekabuddhas I too have no content in the house," and she spoke a stanza:—

p. 232

'Tis the appointed time, I know:
Better teachers may not be:
Bhaggava, I too will go,
Like a bird from hand set free.

The Bodhisatta hearing her words was silent. She was deceiving the Bodhisatta, and was anxious to take the religious life before

him: so she said, "Husband, I am going to the water-tank, do you look after the children," and taking a pot as if she had been going there, she went away and coming to the ascetics outside the town she was ordained by them. The Bodhisatta finding that she did not return attended to the children himself. Afterwards when they grew up a little and could understand for themselves, in order to teach them [383], when cooking rice he would cook one day a little hard and raw, one day a little underdone, one day well-cooked, one day sodden, one day without salt, another with too much. The children said, "Father, the rice to-day is not-boiled, to-day it is sodden, to-day well cooked: to-day it is without salt, to-day it has too much salt." The Bodhisatta said, "Yes, dears," and thought, "These children now know what is raw and what is cooked, what has salt and what has none: they will be able to live in their own way: I ought to become ordained." Then showing them to their kinsfolk he was ordained to the religious life, and dwelt outside the city. Then one day the female ascetic begging in Benares saw him and saluted him, saying, "Sir, I believe you killed the children." The Bodhisatta said, "I don't kill children: when they could understand for themselves I became ordained: you were careless of them and pleased yourself by being ordained": and so he spoke the last stanza:—

Having seen they could distinguish salt from saltless, boiled from raw,
I became a Brother: leave me, we can follow each the law.

So exhorting the female ascetic he took leave of her. She taking the exhortation saluted the Bodhisatta and went to a place that pleased her. After that day they never saw each other. The Bodhisatta reaching supernatural knowledge became destined to the Brahma heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: —After the Truths five hundred Brothers were established in Sainthood:—"At that time the daughter was Uppalavaṅṅā, the son was Rāhula, the female ascetic Rāhula's mother, and the ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

228:1 No. 459, vol. iv.

229:1 Impermanence, suffering, unreality.

No. 409.

DAḶHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

[384] *"I carried for the king," etc.* The Master told this when dwelling in the Ghosita forest near Kosambī, concerning Bhaddavatikā, king Udena's she-elephant. Now the way in which this elephant was adorned and the royal lineage of Udena will be set forth in the Mātaṅga [1] Birth. One day this elephant going out of the city in the morning saw the Buddha surrounded by a multitude of saints, in the incomparable majesty of a Buddha, entering the city for alms, and falling at the Tathāgata's feet, with lamentation she prayed to him, saying, "Lord who knowest all, saviour of the whole world, when I was young and able to do work, Udena, the rightful king, loved me, saying, "My life and kingdom and queen are all due to her," and gave me great honour, adorning me with all ornaments; he had my stall smeared with perfumed earth, and coloured hangings put round it, and a lamp lit with perfumed oil, and a dish of incense set there, he had a golden pot set on my dunghill, and made me stand on a coloured carpet, and gave me royal food of many choice flavours: but now when I am old and cannot do work, he has cut off all that honour; unprotected and destitute I live by eating ketaka fruit in the forest; I have no other refuge: make Udena think on my merits and restore me again my old honour, O Lord." The Master said, "Go thou, I will speak to the king and get thy old honour restored," and he went to the door of the king's dwelling. The king made Buddha enter, and gave great entertainment in the palace to the assembly of brethren

following Buddha. When the meal was over, the Master gave thanks to the king and asked, "O king, where is Bhaddavatikā?" "Lord, I know not." "O king, after giving honour to servants, it is not right to take it away in their old age, it is right to be grateful and thankful; Bhaddavatikā is now old, she is worn with age and unprotected, and she lives by eating ketaka fruit in the wood: it is not meet for you to leave her unprotected in her old age": so telling Bhaddavatikā's merits and saying, "Restore all her former honours," [385] he departed. The king did so. It was spread over the whole city that the former honour was restored because the Buddha had told her merits. This became known in the assembly of the Brethren, and the Brethren discussed it in their meeting. The Master, coming and hearing that this was their subject, said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that the Buddha has by telling her merits got her former honours restored": and he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time there was a king named Daḷhadhamma reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a minister's family, and when he grew up he served the king. He received much honour from the king, and stood in the place of the most valued minister. The king had a certain she-elephant [2], endowed with might and very strong. She went a hundred leagues in one day, she did the duties of messenger

for the king, and in battle she fought and crushed the enemy. The king said, "She is very serviceable to me," gave her all ornaments and caused all honour to be given her such as Udena gave to Bhaddavatikā. Then when she was weak from age the

king took away all her honour. From that time she was unprotected and lived by eating grass and leaves in the forest. Then one day when the vessels in the king's court were not sufficient, the king sent for a potter, and said, "The vessels are not sufficient." "O king, I have no oxen to yoke in carts to bring cow-dung (for baking clay)." The king hearing this tale said, "Where is our she-elephant?" "O king, she is wandering at her own will." The king gave her to the potter, saying, "Henceforth do thou yoke her and bring cow-dung." The potter said, "Good, O king," and did so. Then one day she, coming out of the. city, saw the Bodhisatta coming in, and falling at his feet, she said, lamenting: " Lord, the king in my youth considered me very serviceable and gave me great honour: [386] now that I am old, he has cut it all away and takes no thought of me; I am unprotected and live by eating grass and leaves in the forest; in this misery he has now given me to a potter to yoke in a cart; except thee I have no refuge: thou knowest my services to the king; restore me now the honour I have lost": and she spoke three stanzas:—

I carried for the king of old: was he not satisfied?
With weapons at my breast I faced the fight with mighty stride.

My feats in battle done of old does not the king forget,
And such good services I did for couriers as are set?

Helpless and kinless now am I: surely my death is near,
To serve a potter when I'm come as his dung-carrier.

[387] The Bodhisatta, hearing her tale, comforted her, saying, "Grieve not, I will tell the king and restore thy honour": so entering the city, he went to the king after his morning meal and took up the talk, saying, "Great king, did not a she-elephant, named so and so, enter battle at such and such places with

weapons bound on her breast, and on such a day with a writing on her neck did she not go a hundred leagues on a message? Thou gavest her great honour: where is she now?" "I gave her to a potter for carrying dung." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Is it right, great king, for thee to give her to a potter to be yoked in a cart?" And for admonition he spoke four stanzas:—

By selfish hopes men regulate the honours that they pay:
As you the elephant, they throw the outworn slave away.

Good deeds and services received whenever men forget,
Ruin pursues the business still on which their hearts are set.

Good deeds and services received if men do not forget,
Success attends the business still on which their hearts are set.

p. 235

To all the multitude around this blessed truth I tell:
Be grateful all, and for reward you long in heaven shall dwell.

[388] With this beginning the Bodhisatta gave instruction to all gathered there. Hearing this the king gave the old elephant her former honour, and established in the Bodhisatta's instruction gave alms and did works of merit and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth:—"At that time the she-elephant was Bhaddavatikā, the king Ānanda, the minister was I myself."

Footnotes

233:1 No. 497, vol. iv.

233:2 Morris, *Journ. Pali Text Soc. for* 1887, p. 150: but possibly the word means *she-camel.*

No. 410.

SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"Deep in the wood," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain old Brother. The story was that this Brother ordained a novice, who waited on him but soon died of a fatal disease. The old man went about weeping and wailing for his death. Seeing him, the Brethren began to talk in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, this old Brother goes about weeping and wailing for the novice's death: he must surely have neglected the meditation on death." The Master came, and hearing the subject of their talk, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time this man is weeping for the other's death," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. A certain wealthy brahmin, living in Benares, left the world, and became an ascetic in the Himālaya, [389] living by picking up roots and fruits in the forest. One day, searching for wild fruits, he saw an elephant-calf, and took it to his hermitage: he made as if it were his own son, calling it Somadatta, and tended it with food of grass and leaves. The elephant grew up to be great: but one day he took much food and fell sick of a surfeit. The ascetic took him inside the hermitage, and went to get wild fruits: but before he came back the young elephant died. Coming back with his fruits, the ascetic thought, "On other days my child comes to meet me, but not to-day; what is the matter with him?" So he lamented and spoke the first stanza:—

Deep in the wood he'd meet me: but to-day
No elephant I see: where does he stray?

With this lament, he saw the elephant lying at the end of the covered walk and taking him round the neck he spoke the second stanza in lamentation:—

'Tis he that lies in death cut down as a tender shoot is shred;
Low on the ground he lies: alas, my elephant is dead.

At the instant, Sakka, surveying the world, thought, "This ascetic left wife and child for religion, now he is lamenting the young elephant whom he called his son, I will rouse him and make him think," and so coming to the hermitage he stood in the air and spoke the third stanza:—

[390]

To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, freed from ties of home.

Hearing this, the ascetic spoke the fourth stanza:—

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Sakka uttered two stanzas, admonishing him:—

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep, the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

Hearing Sakka's words, the ascetic took thought and comfort, dried his tears, and uttered the remaining stanzas in praise of Sakka:—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

[391] The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

These were given above. [1]

After admonishing the ascetic, Sakka went to his own place.

The Master, after the lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the young elephant was the novice, the ascetic the old Brother, Sakka was I myself."

Footnotes

236:1 See *supra,* p. 214.

No. 411.

SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA.

"Heretofore the hairs," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation. The Brethren were sitting in the Hall of Truth, praising the Buddha's renunciation. The Master, finding that this was their topic, said, "Brethren, it is not strange that I should now make the Great Renunciation and retirement from the world, I who have for many hundred thousand ages exercised perfection: of old also I gave up the reign over the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, and made the renunciation," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of his priest's chief wife. On the day of his birth, the king also had a son born. On the naming day they called the Great Being Susīma-Kumāra, and the king's son Brahmadatta-Kumāra. The king, seeing the two were born on the same day, had the Bodhisatta given to the nurse and brought up together with his own son. They both grew up fair, like sons of gods: [392] they both learned all sciences at Takkasilā and came home again. The prince became viceroy, eating, drinking, and living along with the Bodhisatta: at his father's death he became king, giving great honour to the Bodhisatta and making him his priest: one day he adorned the city, and decked like Sakka, king of gods, he went round the city

in procession, seated on the shoulder of a royal elephant in his pride, equal to Erāvaṇa [1], with the Bodhisatta behind on the elephant's back. The queen-mother, looking out from the royal window to see her son, saw the priest behind him as he came back from the procession: she fell in love with him and entering her chamber thought, "If I cannot win him, I shall die here ": so she left her food and lay there. The king, not seeing her, asked after her: when he heard she was ill, he went to her, and asked with respect what ailed her. She would not tell for shame. He sat on the royal throne, and sent his own chief queen to find what ailed his mother. She went and asked, stroking the queen-mother's back. Women do not hide secrets from women: and the secret was told. The queen went and told the king. He said, "Well, go and comfort her: I will make the priest king, and make her his chief queen." She went and comforted her. The king sent for the priest and told him the matter, "Friend, save my mother's life: thou shalt be

king, she thy chief queen, I viceroy." The priest said, "It cannot be " but being asked again he consented: and the king made the priest king, the queen-mother chief queen, and himself viceroy. They lived all in harmony together, but the Bodhisatta pined amid a householder's life: he left desires and leaned to a religious life: careless of the pleasures of sense he stood and sat and lay alone, like a man bound in jail or a cock in a cage. [393] The chief queen thought, "The king avoids me, he stands and sits and lies alone; he is young and fresh, I am old and have grey hairs: what if I were to tell him a story that he has one grey hair, make him believe it and seek my company? " One day, as if cleaning the king's head, she said, "Your majesty is getting old,

there is a grey hair on your head." "Pull it out and put it in my hand." She pulled a hair out, but threw it away and put into his hand one of her own grey hairs. When he saw it, fear of death made the sweat start from his forehead, though it was like a plate of gold. He admonished himself, saying, "Susīma, you have become old in your youth; all this time sunk in the mud of desire, like a village pig wallowing in filth and mire, you cannot leave it: quit desires, and become an ascetic in the Himālaya: it is high time for the religious life," and with this thought, he uttered the first stanza:—

Heretofore the hairs were dark
  Clustering about my brow;
White to-day: Susīma, mark!
  Time for religion now!

So the Bodhisatta praised the religious life: but the queen saw she had caused him to leave her instead of loving her, and in fear, wishing to keep him from the religious life by praising his body, she uttered two stanzas:—

[374]

Mine, not thine, the silvered hair;
  Mine the head from which it came:
For thy good the lie I dare:
  One such fault forbear to blame!

Thou art young, and fair to see,
  Like a tender plant in spring!
Keep thy kingdom, smile on me!
  Seek not now what age will bring!

But the Bodhisatta said, "Lady, you tell of what must come: as age ripens, these dark hairs must turn and become pale like betel: I see the change and breaking up of body that comes in years, in the ripening of age, to royal maids and all the rest, though they are tender as a wreath of blue lotus-flowers, fair as gold, and drunken with the pride of their glorious youth: such, lady, is the dreary end of living beings," and, moreover, showing the truth with the charm of a Buddha, he uttered two stanzas:—

[395]

I have marked the youthful maid,
  Swaying like the tender stalk,
In her pride of form arrayed;
  Men are witched where'er she walk.

'Tis the same one I have scanned
  (Eighty, ninety, years have passed),
Quivering, palsied, staff in hand,
  Bent like rafter-tree at last.

In this stanza the Great Being showed the misery of beauty, and now declared his discontent with the householder's life:—

[396]

Such the thoughts I ponder o'er;
  Lonely nights the thoughts allow:
Layman's life I love no more:
  Time for religion now!

Delight in layman's life is a weak stay:
The wise man cuts it off and goes his way,
Renouncing joys of sense and all their sway.

Thus declaring both the delight and misery of desires, he showed the truth with all a Buddha's charm, he sent for his friend and made him take the kingdom again: he left his majesty and power amid the loud lamentations of kinsmen and friends; he became an ascetic sage in the Himālaya, and entering on the ecstasy of meditation, became destined for the world of Brahma.

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[397] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and giving the drink of ambrosia to many, he identified the Birth: "At that time the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, the king was Ānanda, and king Susīma was I myself."

Footnotes

237:1 Sakka's elephant.

No. 412.

KOṬISIMBALI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"I bore with me," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The incident leading to the tale will appear in the Paññā [2] Birth. On this occasion the Master, perceiving that five hundred Brethren were overcome by thoughts of desire in the House of the Golden Pavement,

gathered the assembly and said, "Brethren, it is right to distrust where distrust is proper; sins surround a man as banyans and such plants grow up around a tree: in this way of old a spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree saw a bird voiding the banyan seeds it had eaten among the branches of the cotton-tree, and became terrified lest her abode should thereby come to destruction:" and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree. A king of the rocs assumed a shape a hundred and fifty leagues in extent, and dividing the water in the great ocean by the blast of his wings, he seized by the tail a king of snakes a thousand fathoms long, and making the snake disgorge what he had seized in his mouth, he flew along the tree tops towards the cotton-tree. The snake-king thought, "I will make him drop me and let me go," so he stuck his hood into a banyan-tree and wound himself round it firmly. Owing to the roe-king's strength and the great size of the snake-king the banyan was uprooted.

But the snake-king would not let go the banyan. The roc-king took the snake-king, banyan-tree and all, to the cotton-tree, laid him on the trunk, opened his belly [398] and ate the fat. Then he threw the rest of the carcase into the sea. Now in that banyan there was a certain bird, who flew up when the banyan was thrown away, and perched in one of the boughs high on the cotton-tree. The tree-spirit seeing the bird shook and trembled with fear, thinking, "This bird will let its droppings fall on my trunk; a growth of banyan or of fig will arise and go spreading all over my tree: so my home will be destroyed." The tree shook to the roots with the trembling of the spirit. The roc-king perceived the trembling, and spoke two stanzas in enquiry as to the reason:—

I bore with me the thousand fathoms length of that king-snake:
His size and my huge bulk you bore and yet you did not quake.

But now this tiny bird you bear, so small compared to me:
You shake with fear and tremble; but wherefore, cotton-tree?

Then the deity spoke four stanzas in explanation of the reason:—

Flesh is thy food, O king: the bird's is fruit:
Seeds of the banyan and the fig he'll shoot
And bo-tree too, and all my trunk pollute;

They will grow trees in shelter of my stem,
And I shall be no tree, thus hid by them.

[399]

Other trees, once strong of root and rich in branches, plainly show
How the seeds that birds do carry in destruction lay them low.

Parasitic growths will bury e’en the mighty forest tree:
This is why, O king, I quiver when the fear to come I see.

Hearing the tree-spirit's words, the roc-king spoke the final stanza:—

Fear is right if things are fearful: ’gainst the coming danger guard:
Wise men look on both worlds calmly if they present fears discard.

So speaking, the roc-king by his power drove the bird away from that tree.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, beginning with the words: "It is right to distrust where distrust is proper," and identified the Birth:—after the Truths [400] five hundred Brethren were established in Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the roc-king and I myself the tree-spirit."

Footnotes

239:1 Compare No. 370, *supra.*

239:2 Not known.

No. 413.

DHŪMAKĀRI-JĀTAKA.

"The righteous king," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Kosala king's favour to a stranger. At one time, the story goes, that king showed no favour to his old warriors who came to him in the usual way, but gave honour and hospitality to strangers coming for the first time. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but his old warriors would not fight, thinking that the new-corners who were in favour would do so; and the new-corners would not, thinking that the old warriors would. The rebels prevailed. The king, knowing that his defeat was owing to the mistake he had made in showing favour to new-comers, returned to Sāvatthi. He resolved to ask the Lord of Wisdom whether he was the only king who had ever been defeated for that reason: so after the morning meal he went to Jetavana and put the question to the Master. The Master answered, "Great King, yours is not the only case: former kings also were defeated by reason of the favour they showed to new-corners," and so, at the king's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in the city of Indapattana, in the kingdom of the Kurus, a king was reigning named Dhanañjaya, of the race of Yudhiṭṭhila. The Bodhisatta was born in the house of his family priest. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā. He returned to Indapattana, and at his father's death he became family priest to the king and his counsellor in things temporal and spiritual. His name was called Vidhūrapaṇḍita.

King Dhanañjaya disregarded his old soldiers and showed favour to new-comers. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but neither his old warriors nor the new-comers would fight, each thinking the other party would see to the matter. The king was defeated. On his return to Indapattana he reflected that his defeat was due to the favour he had shown to new-comers. [401] One day he thought, "Am I the only king who has ever been defeated through favour shown to new-corners, or have others had the same fate before? I will ask Vidhūrapaṇḍita." So he put the question to Vidhūrapaṇḍita when he came to the king's levee.

The Master, declaring the reason of his question, spoke half a stanza:

The righteous king Yudhiṭṭhila once asked Vidhūra wise,
"Brahmin, dost know in whose lone heart much bitter sorrow lies?"

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta said, "Great king, your sorrow is but a trifling sorrow. Of old, a brahmin goatherd, named Dhūmakāri, took a great flock of goats, and making a pen in the forest kept them there: he had a smoking fire and lived on milk and the like, tending his goats. Seeing some deer of golden hue who had come, he felt a love for them, and disregarding his goats he paid the honour due to them to the deer. In the autumn the deer moved away to the Himālaya: his goats were dead and the deer gone from his sight: so for sorrow he took jaundice and died. He paid honour to new-comers and perished, having sorrow and

misery a hundred, a thousand times more than you." Bringing forward this instance, he said,

A brahmin with a flock of goats, of high Vasiṭṭha's race,
Kept smoking fire by night and day in forest dwelling-place.

Smelling the smoke, a herd of deer, by gnats sore pestered, come
To find a dwelling for the rains near Dhūmakāri's home.

The deer have all attention now; his goats receive no care,
They come and go untended all, and so they perish there.

[402] But now the gnats have left the wood, the autumn's clear of rain:
The deer must seek the mountain-heights and river-springs again.

The brahmin sees the deer are gone and all his goats are dead:
Jaundice attacks him worn with grief, and all his colour's fled.

So he who disregards his own, and calls a stranger dear,
Like Dhūmakāri, mourns alone with many a bitter tear.

Such was the tale told by the Great Being to console the king. The king was comforted and pleased, and gave him much wealth. From that time onward he showed favour to his own people, and doing deeds of charity and virtue, he became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Kuru king was Ānanda, Dhūmakāri was Pasenadi, king of Kosala, and Vidhūrapaṇḍita was myself."

No. 414.

JĀGARA-JĀTAKA.

[403] *"Who is it that wakes," etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain lay-brother. He was a disciple who had entered on the First Path. He set out by a forest road from Sāvatthi with a caravan of carts. At a certain pleasant watered spot the leader of the caravan unyoked five hundred carts, and arranging for food, both hard and soft, he took up his lodging there. The men lay down here and there to sleep. The lay-brother practised perambulation at the root of a tree near the leader of the caravan. Five hundred robbers planned to plunder the caravan: with various weapons in their hands they surrounded it and waited. Seeing the lay-brother at his walk they stood waiting to begin plundering when he should go to sleep. He went on walking all night. At dawn the robbers threw away the sticks and stones and other weapons they had picked up: they went away, saying, "Master Caravan-leader, you are owner of your property because you have got your life owing to that man who keeps awake so diligently: you should pay honour to him." The caravan-men rising betimes saw the stones and other things thrown away by the robbers and gave honour to the lay-brother, recognising that they owed their lives to him. The lay-brother went to his destination and did his business: then he returned to Sāvatthi and went on to Jetavana: there he saluted and did homage to the Tathāgata and sat at his feet, and on his invitation to declare himself, he told the tale. The Master said, "Lay-brother, it is not you alone who have gained special merit by waking and watching, wise men of old did the same." And so at the lay-brother's request, he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and then returning lived as a householder. After a time he left his house and became an ascetic: soon he reached the Faculty of Meditation, and living in the Himālaya quarter in the standing and walking attitudes only, he walked all night without sleeping. [404] A spirit who lived in a tree at the end of his walk was pleased with him and spoke the first stanza, putting a question to him from a hole in the trunk:—

Who is it that wakes when others sleep and sleeps while others wake?
Who is it can read my riddle, who to this will answer make?

p. 244

The Bodhisatta, hearing the spirit's voice, spoke this stanza:—

I am he who wakes while others sleep, and sleeps while others wake.
I am he can read your riddle, I to you can answer make.

The spirit put a question again in this stanza:—

How is it you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake?
How is it you read my riddle, how this answer do you make?

He explained the point:—

Some men forget that virtue lies in stern sobriety,
When such are sleeping I'm awake, O spirit of the tree.

Passion and vice and ignorance in some have ceased to be:
When such are waking then I sleep, O spirit of the tree.

So it is I wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake:
So it is I read your riddle, so to you I answer make.

[405] When the Great Being gave this answer, the spirit was pleased and spoke the last stanza in his praise:—

Good it is you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake
Good your reading of my riddle, good the answer that you make.

And so making the Bodhisatta's praises, the spirit entered its abode in the tree.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time, the tree-spirit was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic was myself."

No. 415.

KUMMĀSAPIṆḌA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Service done," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning queen Mallikā. She was the daughter of the chief of the garland-makers of Sāvatthi, extremely beautiful and very good. When she was sixteen years of age, as she was going to a flower-garden with some other girls, she had three portions of sour gruel in a flower-basket. As she was leaving the town, she saw the Blessed One entering it, diffusing radiance and surrounded by the assembly of the Brethren: and she brought him the three portions of gruel.

The Master accepted, holding out his royal bowl. She saluted the Tathāgata's feet with her head, and taking her joy as subject of meditation, stood on one side. Observing her the Master smiled. The Venerable Ānanda wondered why the Tathāgata smiled and asked him the question. The Master told him the reason, "Ānanda, this girl will be to-day the chief queen of the Kosala king through the fruit of these portions of gruel." The girl went on to the flower-garden. [406] That very day the Kosala king fought with Ajātasattu and fled away in defeat. As he came on his horse he heard the sound of her singing, and being attracted by it he rode towards the garden. The girl's merit was ripe: so when she saw the king she came without running away, and seized at the bridle by the horse's nose. The king from horseback asked if she was married or no. Hearing that she was not, he dismounted, and being wearied with wind and sun rested for a

little time in her lap: then he made her mount, and with a great army entered the town and brought her to her own house. At evening he sent a chariot and with great honour and pomp brought her from her house, set her on a heap of jewels, anointed her and made her chief queen. From that time onward she was the dear, beloved and devoted wife of the king, possessed of faithful servants and the five feminine charms: and she was a favourite of the Buddhas. It became noised abroad through the whole city that she had attained such prosperity because she had given the three portions of gruel to the Master.

One day they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, queen Mallikā gave three portions of gruel to the Buddhas, and as the fruit of that, on the very same day she was anointed queen: great indeed is the virtue of Buddhas." The Master came, asked and was told the subject of the Brethren's talk: he said, "It is not strange, Brethren, that Mallikā has become chief queen of the Kosala king by giving three portions of gruel to the omniscient Buddha alone: for why? It is because of the great virtue of Buddhas: wise men of old gave gruel without salt or oil to paccekabuddhas, and owing to that attained in their next birth the glory of being kings in Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent": and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a poor family: when he grew up he made a living by working for wages with a certain rich man. One day he got four portions of sour gruel from a shop, thinking, "This will do for my breakfast," and so went on to his farming-work. Seeing four paccekabuddhas coming towards Benares to collect alms, he thought, "I have these four portions of gruel,

[407] what if I were to give them to these men who are coming to Benares for alms?" So he came up and saluting them said, "Sirs, I have these four portions of gruel in hand: I offer them to you: pray accept them, good sirs, and so I shall gain merit to my lasting good and welfare." Seeing that they accepted, he spread sand and arranged four seats and strewed broken branches on them: then he set the paccekabuddhas in order; bringing water in a leaf-basket, he poured the water of donation, and then set the four portions of gruel in four bowls with salutation and the words, "Sirs, in consequence of these may I not be born in a poor family; may this be the cause of my attaining omniscience." The paccekabuddhas ate and then gave thanks and departed to the Nandamūla cave. The Bodhisatta, as he saluted, felt the joy of association with paccekabuddhas, and after they had departed

from his sight and he had gone to his work, he remembered them always till his death: as the fruit of this, he was born in the womb of the chief queen of Benares. His name was called prince Brahmadatta. From the time of his being able to walk alone, he saw clearly by the power of recollecting all that he had done in former births, like the reflexion of his own face in a clear mirror, that he was now born in that state because he had given four portions of gruel to the paccekabuddhas when he was a servant and going to work in that same city. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā: on his return his father was pleased with the accomplishments he displayed, and appointed him viceroy: afterwards, on his father's death, he was established in the kingdom. Then he married the exceedingly beautiful daughter of the Kosala king, and made her his chief

queen. On the day of his parasol-festival they decorated the whole city as if it were a city of the gods. He went round the city in procession; [408] then he ascended the palace, which was decorated, and on the dais mounted a throne with the white parasol erected on it; sitting there he looked down on all those that stood in attendance, on one side the ministers, on another the brahmins and householders resplendent in the beauty of varied apparel, on another the townspeople with various gifts in their hands, on another troops of dancing-girls to the number of sixteen thousand like a gathering of the nymphs of heaven in full apparel. Looking on all this entrancing splendour he remembered his former estate and thought, "This white parasol with golden garland and plinth of massive gold, these many thousand elephants and chariots, my great territory full of jewels and pearls, teeming with wealth and grain of all kinds, these women like the nymphs of heaven, and all this splendour, which is mine alone, is due only to an alms-gift of four portions of gruel given to four paccekabuddhas: I have gained all this through them ": and so remembering the excellence of the paccekabuddhas he plainly declared his own former action of merit. As he thought of it his whole body was filled with delight. Delight melted his heart and amid the multitude he uttered two stanzas of joyous song:—

Service done to Buddhas high
  Ne’er, they say, is reckoned cheap:
Alms of gruel, saltless, dry,
  Bring me this reward to reap.

Elephant and horse and kine,
  Gold and corn and all the land,
Troops of girls with form divine:
  Alms have brought them to my hand.

[409] So the Bodhisatta in his joy and delight on the day of his parasol-ceremony sang the song of joy in two stanzas. From that time onward they were called the king's favourite song, and all sung them—the Bodhisatta's dancing girls, his other dancers and musicians, his people in the palace, the townsfolk and those in ministerial circles.

[410] After a long time had passed, the chief queen became anxious to know the meaning of the song, but she durst not ask the Great Being. One day the king was pleased with some quality of hers and said, "Lady, I will give you a boon; accept a boon." "It is well, O king, I accept." "What shall I give you, elephants, horses or the like?" "O king, through your grace I lack nothing, I have no need of such things: but if you wish to give me a boon, give it by telling me the meaning of your song." "Lady, what need have you of that boon? Accept something else." "O king, I have no need of anything else: it is that I will accept." "Well, lady, I will tell it, but not as a secret to you alone: I will send a drum round the whole twelve leagues of Benares, I will make a jewelled pavilion at my palace-door and arrange there a jewelled throne: on it I will sit amidst ministers, brahmins and other people of the city, and the sixteen thousand women, and there tell the tale." She agreed. The king had all done as he said, and then sat on the throne amidst a great multitude, like Sakka amidst the company of the gods. The queen too with all her ornaments set a golden chair of ceremony and sat in an appropriate place on one side, and looking with a side glance she said, "O king, tell and explain to me, as if causing the moon to arise in the sky, the meaning of the song of joy you sang in your delight"; and so she spoke the third stanza:—

Glorious and righteous king,

Many a time the song you sing,

In exceeding joy of heart:

Pray to me the cause impart.

[411] The Great Being declaring the meaning of the song spoke four stanzas:—

This the city, but the station different, in my previous birth:

Servant was I to another, hireling, but of honest worth.

Going from the town to labour four ascetics once I saw,
Passionless and calm in bearing, perfect in the moral law.

All my thoughts went to those Buddhas: as they sat beneath the tree,
With my hands I brought them gruel, offering of piety.

Such the virtuous deed of merit: lo! the fruit I reap to-day
All the kingly state and riches, all the land beneath my sway.

[412] When she heard the Great Being thus fully explaining the fruit of his action, the queen said joyfully, "Great king, if you discern so visibly the fruits of charitable giving, from this day forward take a portion of rice and do not eat yourself until you have given it to righteous priests and brahmins"; and she spoke a stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:—

Eat, due alms remembering,

  Set the wheel of right to roll:

Flee injustice, mighty king,

  Righteously thy realm control.

The Great Being, accepting what she said, spoke a stanza:—

Still I make that road my own
    Walking in the path of right,
Where the good, fair queen, have gone:
    Saints are pleasant to my sight.

[413] After saying this, he looked at the queen's beauty and said, "Fair lady, I have told fully my good deeds done in former time, but amongst all these ladies there is none like you in beauty or charming grace: by what deed did you attain this beauty?" And he spoke a stanza:—

Lady, like a nymph of heaven,
    You the crowd of maids outshine:
For what gracious deed was given
    Meed of beauty so divine?

Then she told the virtuous deed done in her former birth, and spoke the last two stanzas:—

I was once a handmaid's slave
    At Ambaṭṭha's royal court,
To modesty my heart I gave,
    To virtue and to good report.

In a begging Brother's bowl
    Once an alms of rice I put;
Charity had filled my soul:
    Such the deed, and lo! the fruit.

She too, it is said, spoke with accurate knowledge and remembrance of past births.

[414] So both fully declared their past deeds, and from that day they had six halls of charity built, at the four gates, in the centre of the city and at the palace-door, and stirring up all India they

gave great gifts, kept the moral duties and the holy days, and at the end of their lives became destined for heaven.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the birth: "At that time the queen was the mother of Rāhula, and the king was myself."

Footnotes

244:1 Compare *Jātakamālā* No. 3, *Kathāsaritsāgara* No. xxvii. 79.

No. 416.

PARANTAPA-JĀTAKA.

"Terror and fear," etc.—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, concerning Devadatta's going about to kill him. They were discussing it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, Devadatta [415] is going about to kill the Tathāgata, he has hired bowmen, thrown down a rock, let loose Nālāgiri, and uses special means for the destruction of the Tathāgata." The Master came and asked the subject of their discussion as they sat together: when they told him, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time he has gone about to kill me: but he could not even make me afraid, and gained only sorrow for himself:"and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and acquired a spell for the understanding of all animals' cries. After listening duly to his teacher, he returned to Benares. His father appointed him viceroy: but though he did so, he became anxious to kill him and would not even see him.

A she-jackal with two cubs entered the city at night by a sewer, when men were retired to rest. In the Bodhisatta's palace, near his bed-room, there was a chamber, where a single traveller, who had taken his shoes off and put them by his feet on the floor, was lying down, not yet asleep, on a plank. The jackal-cubs were

hungry and gave a cry. Their mother said in the speech of jackals, "Do not make a noise, dears: there is a man in that chamber who has taken his shoes off and laid them on the floor: he is lying on a plank, but is not asleep yet: when he falls asleep, I will take his shoes and give you food." By the power of the spell the Bodhisatta understood her call, and leaving his bedroom he opened a window and said, "Who is there?" "I, your majesty, a traveller." "Where are your shoes?" "On the floor." "Lift them and bang them up." Hearing this the jackal was angry with the Bodhisatta. One day she entered the city again by the same way. That day a drunken man [416] went down to drink in a lotus-tank: falling in, he sank and was drowned. He possessed the two garments he was wearing, a thousand pieces in his under-garment, and a ring on his finger. The jackal-cubs cried out for hunger, and the mother said, "Be quiet, dears: there is a dead man in this lotus-tank, he had such and such property: he is lying dead on the tank-stair, I will give you his flesh to eat." The Bodhisatta, hearing her, opened the window and said, "Who is in the chamber?" One rose and

said, "I." "Go and take the clothes, the thousand pieces and the ring from the man who is lying dead in yonder lotus-tank, and make the body sink so that it cannot rise out of the water." The man did so. The jackal was angry again: "The other day you prevented my children eating the shoes; to-day you prevent them eating the dead man. Very well: on the third day from this a hostile king will come and encompass the city, your father will send you to battle, they will cut off your head: I will drink your throat's blood and satisfy my enmity: you make yourself an enemy of mine and I will see to it:" so she cried abusing the

Bodhisatta. Then she took her cubs and went away. On the third day the hostile king came and encompassed the city. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Go, dear son, and fight him." "O king, I have seen a vision: I cannot go, for I fear I shall lose my life." "What is your life or death to me? Go." The Great Being obeyed: taking his men he avoided the gate where the hostile king was posted, and went out by another which he had opened. As he went the whole city became as it were deserted, for all men went out with him. He encamped in a certain open space and waited. The king thought, "My viceroy has emptied the city and fled with all my forces: the enemy is lying all round the city: [417] I am but a dead man." To save his life he took his chief queen, his family priest, and a single attendant named Parantapa: with them he fled in disguise by night and entered a wood. Hearing of his flight, the Bodhisatta entered the city, defeated the hostile king in battle and took the kingdom. His father made a hut of leaves on a river bank and lived there on wild fruits. He and the family priest used to go looking for wild fruits: the servant Parantapa stayed with the queen in the hut. She was with child by the king: but owing to being constantly with Parantapa, she sinned with him. One day she said to him, "If the king knows, neither you nor I would live: kill him." "In what way?" "He makes you carry his sword and bathing-dress when he goes to bathe: take him off his guard at the bathing-place, cut off his head and chop his body to pieces with the sword and then bury him in the ground." He agreed. One day the priest had gone out for wild fruits: he had climbed a tree near the king's bathing-place and was gathering the fruit. The king wished to bathe, and came to the water-side with Parantapa carrying his sword and bathing-dress. As he was going to bathe, Parantapa, meaning to kill him when off his guard, seized him by the neck and raised the sword. The king cried out in fear of death. The priest heard the cry and saw from

above that Parantapa was murdering him: but he was in great terror and slipping down from his branch in the tree, he hid in a thicket. Parantapa heard the noise he made as he slipped down, and after killing and burying the king he thought, "There was a noise of slipping from a branch thereabouts; who is there?" But seeing no man he bathed and went away.

Then the priest came out of his hiding-place; [418] knowing that the king had been cut in pieces and buried in a pit, he bathed and in fear of his life he pretended to be blind when he came back to the hut. Parantapa saw him and asked what had happened to him. He feigned not to know him and said, "O king, I am come back with my eyes lost: I was standing by an ant-hill in a wood full of serpents, and the breath of some venomous serpent must have fallen on me." Parantapa thought the priest was addressing him as king in ignorance, and to put his mind at rest he said, "Brahmin, never mind, I will take care of you," and so comforted him and gave him plenty of wild fruits. From that time it was Parantapa who gathered the fruits. The queen bore a son. As he was growing up, she said to Parantapa one day at early morning when seated comfortably, "Some one saw you when you were killing the king?" "No one saw me: but I heard the noise of something slipping from a bough: whether it was man or beast I cannot tell: but whenever fear comes on me it must be from the cause of the boughs creaking," and so in conversation with her he spoke the first stanza:—

Terror and fear fall on me even now,

For then a man or beast did shake a bough.

They thought the priest was asleep, but he was awake and heard their talk. One day, when Parantapa had gone for wild fruits, the priest remembered his brahmin-wife and spoke the second stanza in lamentation:—

[419]

My true wife's home is near at hand: my love will make me be
Pale like Parantapa and thin, at quivering of a tree.

The queen asked what he was saying. He said, "I was only thinking:" but one day again he spoke the third stanza:—

My dear wife's in Benares: her absence wears me now
To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

Again one day he spoke a fourth stanza:—

Her black eye's glow, her speech and smiles in thought do bring me now
To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

In time the young prince grew up and reached the age of sixteen. Then the brahmin made him take a stick, and going with him to the bathing-place opened his eyes and looked. [420] "Are you not blind, brahmin?" said the prince. "I am not, but by this means I have saved my life: do you know who is your father?" "Yes." "That man is not your father: your father was king of Benares: that man is a servant of your house, he sinned with your mother and in this spot killed and buried your father"; and so saying he pulled up the bones and showed them to him. The prince grew very angry, and asked, "What am I to do?" "Do to that man what he did to your father here," and showing him the

whole matter he taught him in a few days how to handle a sword. Then one day the prince took sword and bathing-dress and said, "Father, let us go and bathe." Parantapa consented and went with him. When he went down into the water, the prince took his top-knot in the left hand and the sword in the right, and said, "At this spot you took my father by the top-knot and killed him as he cried out: even so will I do to you." Parantapa wailed in fear of death and spoke two stanzas:—

Surely that sound has come to you and told you what befel:
Surely the man who bent the bough has come the tale to tell.

The foolish thought that once I had has reached your knowledge now:
That day a witness, man or beast, was there and shook the bough.

Then the prince spoke the last stanza:—

'Twas thus you slew my father with trait'rous word, untrue;
You hid his body in the boughs: now fear has come to you.

[421] So saying, he slew him on the spot, buried him and covered the place with branches: then washing the sword and bathing, he went back to the hut of leaves. He told the priest how he had killed Parantapa: he censured his mother, and saying, "What shall we do now?" the three went back to Benares. The Bodhisatta made the young prince viceroy and doing charity and other good works passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the old king, I myself was the young one."

BOOK VIII.—AṬṬHA-NIPĀTA.

No. 417.

KACCĀNI-JĀTAKA. [1]

[422] *"Robed in white," etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a man who supported his mother. The story is that the man was of good family and conduct in Sāvatthi: on his father's death he became devoted to his mother and tended her with the services of mouth-washing, teeth-cleansing, bathing, feet-washing and the like, and also by giving her gruel, rice and other food. She said to him, "Dear son, there are other duties in a householder's life: you must marry a maid of a suitable family, who will attend to me, and then you can do your proper work." "Mother, it is for my own good and pleasure that I wait on you: who else would wait on you so well?" "Son, you ought to do something to advance the fortune of our house." "I have no care for a householder's life; I will wait on you, and after you are dead and burned I will become an ascetic." She pressed him again and again: and at last, without winning him over or gaining his consent, she brought him a maid of a suitable family. He married and lived with her, because he would not oppose his mother. She observed the great attention with which her husband waited on his mother, and desirous of imitating it she too waited on her with care. Noticing his wife's devotion, he gave her thenceforth all the pleasant food he could get. As time went on she foolishly thought in her pride, "He gives me all the pleasant food he gets: he must be anxious to get rid

[423] of his mother and I will find some means for doing so." So one day she said, "Husband, your mother scolds me when you leave the house." He said nothing. She thought, "I will irritate the old woman and make her disagreeable to her son": and thenceforth she gave her rice-gruel either very hot or very cold or very salt or saltless. When the old woman complained that it was too hot or too salt, she threw in cold water enough to fill the dish: and then on complaints of its being cold and saltless, she would make a great outcry, "Just now you said it was too hot and too salt: who can satisfy you?" So at the bath she would throw very hot water on the old woman's back: when she said, "Daughter, my back is burning," the other would throw some very cold water on her, and on complaints of this, she would make a story to the neighbours, "This woman said just now it was too hot, now she screams "it is too cold": who can endure her impudence?" If the old woman complained that her bed was full of fleas, she would take the bed out and shake her own bed over it and then bring it back declaring, "I've given it a shake": the good old lady, having twice as many fleas biting her

now, would spend the night sitting up and complain of being bitten all night; the other would retort, "Your bed was shaken yesterday and the day before too: who can satisfy all such a woman's needs?" To set the old woman's son against her, she would scatter phlegm and mucus and grey hairs here and there, and when he asked who was making the whole house so dirty, she would say, "Your mother does it; but if she is told not to do so, she makes an outcry: I can't stay in the same house with such an old witch: you must decide whether she stays or I." He hearkened to her and said, "Wife, you are yet young and can get

a living wherever you go: but my mother is weak and I am her stay: go and depart to your own kin." When she heard this, she was afraid and thought, "He cannot break with his mother who is so very dear to him: but if I go to my old home, I shall have a miserable life of separation: I will conciliate my mother-in-law and tend her as of old": [424] and thenceforth she did so. One day that lay brother went to Jetavana to hear the law: saluting the Master he stood on one side. The Master asked him if he were not careless of his old duties, if he were dutiful in tending his mother. He answered, "Yes, Lord: my mother brought me a maid to wife against my will, she did such and such unseemly things," telling him all, "but the woman could not make me break with my mother, and now she tends her with all respect." The Master heard the story and said, "This time you would not do her bidding: but formerly you cast out your mother at her bidding and owing to me took her back again to your house and tended her": and at the man's request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a young man of a certain family on his father's death devoted himself to his mother and tended her as in the introductory story: the details are to be given in full as above. But in this case, when his wife said she could not live with the old witch and he must decide which of them should go, he took her word that his mother was in fault and said, "Mother, you are always raising strife in the house: henceforth go and live in some other place, where you choose." She obeyed, weeping, and going to a certain friend's house, she worked for wages and with difficulty made a living. After she left, her daughter-in-law conceived a child, and went about saying to her husband and the neighbours that such a thing could never have happened as long as the old witch was

in the house. After the child was born, she said to her husband, "I never had a son while your mother stayed in the house, but now I have: so you can see what a witch she was." The old woman heard that the son's birth was thought to be due to her leaving the house, and she thought, "Surely Right must be dead in the world: [425] if it were not so, these people would not have got a son and a comfortable life after beating and casting out their mother: I will make an offering for the dead Right." So one day she took ground sesame and rice and a little pot and a spoon: she went to a cemetery of corpses and kindled a fire under an oven made with three human skulls: then she went down into the water, bathed herself head and all, washed her garment and coming back to her fireplace, she loosened her hair and began to wash the rice.

The Bodhisatta was at that time Sakka, king of heaven; and the Bodhisattas are vigilant. At the instant he saw, in his survey of the world, that the poor old woman was making a death-offering to Right as if Right were dead. Wishing to shew his power in helping her, he came down disguised as a brahmin travelling on the high road: at sight of her he left the road and standing near her, began a conversation by saying, "Mother, people do not cook food in cemeteries: what are you going to do with this sesame and rice when cooked?" So he spoke the first stanza:—

Robed in white, with dripping hair,
  Why, Kaccāni [1], boil the pot?
Washing rice and sesame there,
  Will you use them when they're hot?

She spoke the second stanza to give him information:—

Brahmin, not for food will I
Use the sesame and the rice:
Right is dead; its memory
I would crown with sacrifice.

[426] Then Sakka spoke the third stanza:—

Lady, think ere you decide:
Who has told you such a lie?
Strong in might and thousand-eyed
Perfect Right can never die.

Hearing him, the woman spoke two stanzas:—

Brahmin, I have witness strong,
"Right is dead" I must believe:
All men now who follow wrong
Great prosperity receive.

Barren once, my good son's spouse
Beats me, and she bears a son:
She is lady of our house,
I an outcast and undone.

Then Sakka spoke the sixth stanza:—

[2]Nay, I live eternally;
'Twas for your sake that I came:
She beat you; but her son and she
Shall be ashes in my flame.

[427] Hearing him, she cried, "Alas, what say you? I will try to save my grandson from death," and so she spoke the seventh stanza:—

King of gods, your will be done:
    If for me you left the sky,
May my children and their son
    Live with me in amity.

Then Sakka spoke the eighth stanza:—

Kātiyāni's will be done:
    Beaten, you still on Right rely:
With your children and their son
    Share one home in amity.

After saying this, Sakka, now in all his divine apparel, stood in the air by his supernatural power and said, "Kaccāni, be not afraid: by my power your son and daughter-in-law will come, and after getting your forgiveness on the way will take you back with them: dwell with them in peace:" then he went to his own place. By Sakka's power they bethought themselves of her goodness, and making enquiry through the village they found she had gone towards the cemetery. They went along the road calling for her: when they saw her they fell at her feet, and asked and obtained her pardon for their offence. She welcomed her grandson. So they all went home in delight and thenceforth dwelt together.

Joyful with her good son's wife
    Kātiyāni then did dwell:
Indra pacified their strife,
    Son and grandson tend her well.

This stanza is inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

[428] After the lesson the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: after the Truths that lay brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the man who supported his mother was the man who is supporting his mother to-day, the wife of that time was the wife of today, and Sakka was myself."

Footnotes

253:1 See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal,* ii. p. 306.

255:1 She is called Kātiyāni in the eighth stanza.

255:2 Sakka identifies himself with Right.

No. 418.

AṬṬHASADDA-JĀTAKA.

"A pool so deep," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an indistinguishable terrific sound heard at midnight by the king of Kosala. The occasion is like that already described in the Lohakumbhi Birth [1]. At this time however, when the king said, "Lord, what does the hearing of these sounds import to me?" the Master answered, "Great king, be not afraid: no danger shall befal you owing to these sounds: such terrible indistinguishable

sounds have not been heard by you alone: kings of old also heard like sounds, and meant to follow the advice of brahmins to offer in sacrifice four animals of each species, but after hearing what wise men had to say, they set free the animals collected for sacrifice and caused proclamation by drum against all slaughter": and at the king's request, he told the old tale.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family worth eighty crores. When he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā. After his parents' death he reviewed all their treasures, got rid of all his wealth by way of charity, forsook desires, went to the Himālaya and became an ascetic and entered on mystic meditation. After a time he came to the haunts of men for salt and vinegar, and reaching Benares dwelt in a garden. At that time the king of Benares when seated on his royal bed at midnight heard eight

sounds:—first, a crane made a noise in a garden near the palace; second, immediately after the crane, a female crow made a noise from the gateway of the elephant-house; [429] third, an insect settled on the peak of the palace made a noise; fourth, a tame cuckoo in the palace made a noise; fifth, a tame deer in the same place; sixth, a tame monkey there; seventh, a gnome living in the palace; eighth, immediately after the last, a paccekabuddha, passing along the roof of the king's habitation to the garden, uttered a sound of ecstatic feeling. The king was terrified at hearing these eight sounds, and next day consulted the brahmins. The brahmins said, "Great king, there is danger for you: let us offer sacrifice out of the palace;" and getting his leave to do their pleasure, they came in joy and delight and began the work of sacrifice. Now a young pupil of the oldest sacrificial brahmin was wise and learned: he said to his master, "Master, do not cause such a harsh and cruel slaughter of so many creatures." "Pupil, what do you know about it? even if nothing else happens, we shall get much fish and flesh to eat." "Master, do not, for the belly's sake, an action which will cause rebirth in hell." Hearing this, the other brahmins were angry with the pupil for endangering their gains. The pupil in fear said, "Very well, devise a means then of getting fish and flesh to eat," and left the city looking for some pious ascetic able to prevent the king from sacrificing. He entered the royal garden and seeing the Bodhisatta, he saluted him and said, "Have you no compassion on creatures? The king has ordered a sacrifice which will bring death on many creatures: ought you not to bring about the release of such a multitude?" "Young brahmin, I do not know the king of this land, nor he me." "Sir, do you know what will be the consequence of those sounds the king heard?" "I do." "If you know, [430] why do you not tell the king?" "Young brahmin, how can I go with a horn fastened [1] on my

forehead to say, "I know?" If the king comes here to question me, I will tell him." The young brahmin went swiftly to the king's court, and when he was asked his business, he said, "Great king, a certain ascetic knows the issue of those sounds you heard: he is sitting on the royal seat in your garden, and says he will tell you if you ask him: you should do so." The king went swiftly, saluted the ascetic, and after friendly greeting he sat down and asked, "Is it true that you know the issue of the sounds I have heard?" "Yes, great king." "Then pray tell me." "Great king, there is no danger connected with those sounds: there is a certain crane in your old garden; it was without food, and half dead with hunger made the first sound:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the crane's meaning he uttered the first stanza:—

A pool so deep and full of fish they called this place of yore,
The crane-king's residence it was, my ancestors' before:
And though we live on frogs to-day, we never leave its shore.

"That, great king, was the sound the crane made in the pangs of hunger: if you wish to set it free from hunger, have the garden cleaned and fill the tank with water." The king told a minister to have this done. "Great king, there is a female crow who lives in the doorway of your elephant house: she made the second sound, grieving for her son: you need have no fear from it," and so he uttered the second stanza:—

Oh! who of wicked Bandhura? the single eye will rend
My nest, my nestlings and myself oh! who will now befriend?

[431] Then he asked the king for the name of the chief groom in the elephant-house. "His name, sir, is Bandhura." "Has he only

one eye, O king?" "Yes, sir." "Great king, a certain crow has built her nest over the doorway of your elephant-house; there she laid her eggs, there her young in due time were hatched: every time the groom enters or leaves the stable on his elephant, he strikes with his hook at the crow and her nestlings, and destroys the nest: the crow in this distress wishes to tear his eye and spoke as she did. If you are well-disposed to her, send for Bandhura and prevent him from destroying the nest." The king sent for him, rebuked and removed him, and gave the elephant to another.

"On the peak of your palace-roof, great king, there is a wood-insect; it bad eaten all the fig-wood there and could not eat the harder wood: lacking food and unable to get away, it made the third sound in lamentation: you need have no fear from it:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the insect's meaning he spoke the third stanza:—

I've eaten all the fig-wood round as far as it would go:
Hard wood a weevil liketh not, though other food runs low.

The king sent a servant and by some means had the weevil set free.

p. 259

"In your habitation, great king, is there a certain tame cuckoo?" "There is, sir." "Great king, that cuckoo was pining for the forest when it remembered its former life, "How can I leave this cage, and go to my dear forest?" and so made the fourth sound: you need have no fear from it: " and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[432]

Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Glad at heart to roam the wood, and build my nest upon the tree.

So saying, he added, "The cuckoo is pining, great king, set her free." The king did so.

"Great king, is there a tame deer in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of the herd: remembering his hind and pining for love of her he made the fifth sound: you need have no fear from it:" and he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Drink pure water of the fountain, lead the herd that followed me!

The Great Being caused this deer too to be set free and went on, "Great king, is there a tame monkey in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of a herd in the Himālaya, and he was fond of the society of female monkeys: he was brought here by a hunter named Bharata: pining and longing for his old haunts he made the sixth sound: you need have no fear from it," and he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Filled and stained was I with passions, with desire infatuate,
Bharata the hunter took me; may I bring you happy fate!

The Great Being caused the monkey too to be set free, and went on, "Great king, is there a gnome living in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He is thinking of what he did with his sylph [433] and in the pain of desire made the seventh sound. One day he had climbed the peak of a high mountain with her: they plucked and decked themselves with many flowers of choice hue and scent, and never noticed that the sun was setting; darkness fell as they were descending. The sylph said, "Husband, it is dark,

come down carefully without stumbling," and taking him by the hand, she led him down. It was in memory of her words that he made the sound: you need have no fear from it." By his knowledge he stated and made known the circumstance precisely, and spoke the seventh stanza:—

When the darkness gathered thickly on the mountain summit lone,
"Stumble not," she gently warned me, "with thy foot against a stone."

So the Great Being explained why the gnome had made the sound, and caused him to be set free, and went on, "Great king, there was an eighth sound, one of ecstasy. A certain paccekabuddha in the Nandamūla cave knowing that the conditions of life were now at an end for him came to

the abode of man, thinking, "I will enter into Nirvāna in the king of Benares' park: his servants will bury me, and hold sacred festival and venerate my relics and so attain heaven:" he was coming by his supernatural power and just as he reached your palace-roof, he threw off the burden of life and sung in ecstasy the song that lights up the entrance into the city of Nirvāna:" and so he spoke the stanza uttered by the paccekabuddha:

[434]

Surely I see the end of birth,
    I ne’er again the womb shall see:
My last existence on the earth
    Is o’er, and all its misery.

"With these words of ecstasy he reached your park and passed into Nirvāna at the foot of a sál-tree in full flower: come, great king, and perform his funeral rites." So the Great Being took the king to the place where the paccekabuddha entered into Nirvāna and shewed him the body. Seeing the body, the king with a great army paid honour with perfumes and flowers and the like. By the Bodhisatta's advice he stopped the sacrifice, gave all the creatures their lives, made proclamation by drum through the city that there should be no slaughter, caused sacred festival to be held for seven days, had the paccekabuddha's body burnt with great honour on a pyre heaped with perfumes and made a stupa where four high roads meet. The Bodhisatta preached righteousness to the king and exhorted him to diligence: then he went to the Himālaya and there did works in the Perfect States, and without a break in his meditations became destined for the Brahma Heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "Great king, there is no danger at all to you from that sound, stop the sacrifice and give all these creatures their lives": and having caused proclamation to be made by drum that their lives were spared, he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the pupil was Sāriputta, and the ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

256:1 See *supra,* p. 29.

257:1 As an emblem of pride, as in the Bible.

No. 419.

SULASĀ-JĀTAKA.

[435] *"Here is a golden necklace," etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a female servant of Anāthapiṇḍika. The story is that one feast-day, when she was going with a number of fellow-servants to a pleasure-garden, she asked her mistress Paṇṇalakkhaṇadevī for an ornament to wear.

Her mistress gave her an ornament of her own, worth a hundred thousand pieces. She put it on and went along with the other servants to the pleasure-garden. A certain thief coveted the ornament, and with the design of killing her and taking it he began talking to her, and in the garden he gave her fish, flesh and strong drink. "He does it, I suppose, because he desires me," she thought, and at evening when the others lay down to rest after their sports, she rose and went to him. He said, "Mistress, this place is not private; let us go a little farther." She thought, [1]"Anything private can be done in this place: no doubt he must be anxious to kill me and take what I am wearing: I'll teach him a lesson:" so she said, "Master, I am dry owing to the strong drink: get me some water," and taking him to a well asked him to draw some water, shewing him the rope and bucket. The thief let down the bucket. Then as he was stooping to draw up the water, the girl, who was very strong, pushed him hard with both hands and threw him into the well. "You won't die that way," she said, and threw a large brick upon his head. He died on

the spot. When she came back to the town and gave her mistress the ornament, she said, "I have very nearly been killed to-day for that ornament," and told the whole story. The mistress told Anāthapiṇḍika, and he told the Tathāgata. The Master said, "Householder, this is not the first time that servant girl has been endowed with wits rising to the occasion; she was so before also: it is not the first time she killed that man; she did it once before," and at Anāthapiṇḍika's request, he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a beautiful woman of the town, called Sulasā, who had a train of five-hundred courtesans, and whose price was a thousand pieces a night. There was in the same city a robber named Sattuka, [436] as strong as an elephant, who used to enter rich men's houses at night and plunder at will. The townsmen assembled and complained to the king. The king ordered the city-watch to post bands here and there, have the robber caught and cut off his head. They bound his hands behind his back and led him to the place of execution, scourging him in every square with whips. The news that he was taken excited the whole city. Sulasā was standing at a window, and looking down on the street she saw the robber, loved him at sight and thought, "If I can free that stout fighting-man, I will give up this bad life of mine and live respectably with him." In the way described in the Kaṇavera Birth [2] she gained his freedom by sending a thousand pieces to the chief constable of the city and then lived with him in delight and harmony. The robber after three or four months thought, "I shall never be able to stay in this one place: but one can't go empty-handed: Sulasā's ornaments are worth a hundred thousand pieces: I will kill her and take them." So he said to her one day, "Dear, when I was

being hauled along by the king's men, I promised an offering to a tree-deity on a mountaintop, who is now threatening me because I have not paid it: let us make an offering." "Very well, husband, prepare and send it." "Dear, it will

not do to send it: let us both go and present it, wearing all our ornaments and with a great retinue." "Very well, husband, we'll do so." He made her prepare the offering and when they reached the mountain-foot, he said, "Dear, the deity, seeing this crowd of people, will not accept the offering; let us two go up and present it." She consented, and he made her carry the vessel. He was himself armed to the teeth, and when they reached the top, he set the offering [437] at the foot of a tree which grew beside a precipice a hundred times as high as a man, and said, "Dear, I have not come to present the offering, I have come with the intention of killing you and going away with all your ornaments: take them all off and make a bundle of them in your outer garment." "Husband, why would you kill met" "For your money." "Husband, remember the good I have done you: when you were being hauled along in chains, I gave up a rich man's son for you and paid a large sum and saved your life: though I might get a thousand pieces a day, I never look at another man: such a benefactress I am to you: do not kill me, I will give you much money and he your slave." With these entreaties she spoke the first stanza:—

Here is a golden necklace, and emeralds and pearls,
Take all and welcome: give me place among thy servant girls.

When Sattuka had spoken the second stanza in accordance with his purpose, to wit—

Fair lady, lay thy jewels down and do not weep so sore
I'll kill thee: else I can't be sure thou’lt give me all thy store:—

Sulasā's wits rose to the occasion, and thinking, "This robber will not give me my life, but I'll take his life first by throwing him down the precipice in some way," she spoke the two stanzas:—

Within my years of sense, within my conscious memory,
No man on earth, I do protest, have I loved more than thee.

Come hither, for my last salute, receive my last embrace:
For never more upon the earth shall we meet face to face.

Sattuka could not see her purpose, so he said, "Very well, dear; come and embrace me." Sulasā walked round him in respectful salutation three times, kissed him, and saying, "Now, husband, I am going [438] to make obeisance to you on all four sides," she put her head on his foot, did obeisance at his sides, and went behind him as if to do obeisance there: then with the strength of an elephant she took him by the hinder parts and threw him head over heels down that place of destruction a hundred times as high as a man. He was crushed to pieces and died on the spot. Seeing this deed, the deity who lived on the mountain-top spoke these stanzas:—

Wisdom at times is not confined to men
A woman can chew wisdom now and then.

Wisdom at times is not confined to men:
Women are quick in counsel now and then.

How quick and keen she was the way to know,
She slew him like a deer with full-stretched bow.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
Falls, like that dull thief from the precipice.

One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
Like her, is saved from threatening enemy.

So Sulasā killed the robber. When she descended from the mountain and came among her attendants, they asked where her husband was. "Don't ask me," she said, and mounting her chariot she went on to the city.

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[439] After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the two then were the same two now, the deity was myself."

Footnotes

261:1 Omitting *na,* with other MSS.

261:2 See *supra,* p. 40.

No. 420.

SUMAṄGALA-JĀTAKA.

"Conscious of an angry frown," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. On this occasion the Master, at the king's request, told the tale of old.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he became king on his father's death and gave abundant alms. He had a park-keeper named Sumaṅgala. A certain paccekabuddha left the Nandamūla cave on a pilgrimage for alms, and coming to Benares stayed in the park. Next day he went into the town to beg. The king saw him with favour, made him come up into the palace and sit on the throne, waited on him with various delicate kinds of food, both hard and soft, and received his thanks: being pleased that the paccekabuddha should stay in his park, he exacted a promise and sent him back thither: after his morning meal he went there in person, arranged the places for his habitation by night

and day, gave him the park-keeper Sumaṅgala as attendant, and went back to the town. After that the paccekabuddha had meals constantly in the palace and lived there a long time: Sumaṅgala respectfully attended on him. One day he went away, saying to Sumaṅgala, "I am going to such and such a village for a few days, but will come back: inform the king." Sumaṅgala informed

the king. After a few days' stay in that village the paccekabuddha came back to the park in the evening after sunset. [440] Sumaṅgala, not knowing of his arrival, had gone to his own house. The paccekabuddha put away his bowl and robe, and after a little walk sat down on a stone-slab. That day some strange guests had come to the park-keeper's house. To get them soup and curry he had gone with a bow to kill a tame deer in the park: he was there looking for a deer when he saw the paccekabuddha and thinking he was a great deer, he aimed an arrow and shot him. The paccekabuddha uncovered his head and said, "Sumaṅgala." Greatly moved Sumaṅgala said, "Sir, I knew not of your coming and shot you, thinking you were a deer: forgive me." "Very well, but what will you do now? Come, pull out the arrow." He made obeisance and pulled it out. The paccekabuddha felt great pain and passed into nirvāna then and there. The park-keeper thought the king would not pardon him if he knew: he took his wife and children and fled. By supernatural power the whole city heard that the paccekabuddha had entered nirvāna, and all were greatly excited. Next day some men entered the park, saw the body and told the king that the park-keeper had fled after killing the paccekabuddha. The king went with a great retinue and for seven days paid honour to the body: then with all ceremony he took the relics, built a shrine, and doing honour to it went on ruling his kingdom righteously. After a year, Sumaṅgala determined to find out what the king thought: he came and asked a minister whom he saw to find out what the king thought of him. The minister praised Sumaṅgala before the king: but he was as if he heard not. The minister said no more, but told Sumaṅgala that the king was not pleased with him. After another year he came, and again in the third year he brought his wife and children. The minister knew the king was appeased [441], and setting Sumaṅgala at the palace-door told the king of

his coming. The king sent for him, and after greeting said, "Sumaṅgala, why did you kill that paccekabuddha, through whom I was gaining merit?" "O king, I did not mean to kill him, but it was in this way that I did the deed," and he told the story. The king bade him have no fear, and reassuring him made him park-keeper again. Then the minister asked, "O king, why did you make no answer when you heard Sumaṅgala's praises twice, and on the third hearing why did you send for him and forgive him?" The king said, "Dear sir, it is wrong for a king to do anything hastily in his anger: therefore I was silent at first and the third time when I

knew I was appeased I sent for Sumaṅgala": and so he spoke these stanzas to declare the duty of a king:—

Conscious of an angry frown,
    Ne’er let king stretch out his rod:
Things unworthy of a crown
    Then would follow from his nod.

Conscious of a milder mood,
    Let him judgments harsh decree,
When the case is understood,
    Fix the proper penalty:

Self nor others will he vex,
    Clearly parting right from wrong:
Though his yoke is on men's necks,
    Virtue holds him high and strong.

Princes reckless in their deed
    Ply the rod remorselessly,
Ill repute is here their meed,
    Hell awaits them when they die.

[442] They who love the saintly law,
Pure in deed and word and thought,
Filled with kindness, calm and awe,
Pass through both worlds as they ought.

King am I, my people's lord;
Anger shall not check my bent:
When to vice I take the sword,
Pity prompts the punishment.

[443] So the king declared his own good qualities in six stanzas: his whole court were pleased and declared his merits in the words, "Such excellence in moral practices and qualities is worthy of your majesty." Sumaṅgala, after the court had finished speaking, saluted the king, and after obeisance spoke three stanzas in the king's praise:—

Such thy glory and thy power;
Ne’er resign them for an hour:
Free from anger, free from fears,
Reign in joy a hundred years.

Prince, whom all those virtues bless,
Mild and bland, but firm in worth,
Rule the world with righteousness,
Pass to heaven when freed from earth.

True in word, in action good,
Take the means thy end to gain:
Calm the troubled multitude,
As a cloud with genial rain.

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[444] After the lesson connected with the admonition of the Kosala king, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha passed into nirvāna, Sumaṅgala was Ānanda, the king was myself."

No. 421.

GAṄGAMĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"The earth's like coals," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the keeping of the weekly holy days. One day the Master was addressing the lay-brethren who were keeping the holy days and said, "Lay-brethren, your conduct is good; when men keep the holy days they should give alms, keep the moral precepts, never show anger, feel kindness and do the duties of the day: wise men of old gained great glory from even a partial keeping of the holy days: " and at their request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a rich merchant in that city named Suciparivāra, whose wealth reached eighty crores and who took delight in charity and other good works. His wife and children and all his household and servants down to the calf-herds kept six holy days every month. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain poor family and lived a hard life on workman's wages. Hoping to get work he came to Suciparivāra's house: saluting and sitting on one side, he was asked his errand and said, "It was to get work for wages in your house. [1]" When other workmen came to him, the merchant used to say to them, "In this house the workmen keep the moral precepts, if you can keep them you may work for me:" but to the Bodhisatta he made no hint in the way of mentioning moral precepts but said, [445] " Very well, my

good man, you can work for me and arrange about your wages." Thenceforth the Bodhisatta did all the merchant's work meekly and heartily, without a thought of his own weariness; he went early to work and came back at evening. One day they proclaimed a festival in the city. The merchant said to a female servant, "This is a holy day: you must cook some rice for the workpeople in the morning: they will eat it early and fast the rest of the day." The Bodhisatta rose early and went to his work: no one had told him to fast that day. The other workpeople ate in the morning and then fasted: the merchant with his wife, children and attendants kept the fast: all went, each to his own abode, and sat there meditating on the moral precepts. The Bodhisatta worked all day and came home at sunset. The cook-maid gave him water for his hands, and offered him in a dish rice taken from the boiler. The Bodhisatta said, "At this hour there is a great noise on ordinary days: where have they all gone to-day?" "They are all keeping the fast, each in his own abode." He thought, "I will not be the only person misconducting himself among so

many people of moral conduct:" so he went and asked the merchant if the fast could be kept at all by undertaking the duties of the day at that hour. He told him that the whole duty could not be done, because it had not been undertaken in the morning; but half the duty could be done. "So far be it," he answered, and undertaking the duty in his master's presence he began to keep the fast, and going to his own abode he lay meditating on the precepts. He had taken no food all day, and in the last watch he felt pain like a spear-wound. The merchant brought him various remedies and told him to eat them: but he

said, "I will not break my fast: I have undertaken it though it cost my life." [446] The pain became intense and at sunrise he was losing consciousness. They told him he was dying, and taking him out they set him in a place of retirement. At this moment the king of Benares in a noble chariot with a great retinue bad reached that spot in a progress round the city. The Bodhisatta, seeing the royal splendour, felt a desire for royalty and prayed for it. Dying, he was conceived again, in consequence of keeping half the fast-day, in the womb of the chief queen. She went through the ceremony of pregnancy, and bore a son after ten months. He was named prince Udaya. When he grew up he became perfect in all sciences: by his memory of previous births he knew his former action of merit, and thinking it was a great reward for a little action he sang the song of ecstasy again and again. At his father's death he gained the kingdom, and observing his own great glory he sang the same song of ecstasy. One day they made ready for a festival in the city. A great multitude were intent on amusement. A certain water-carrier who lived by the north gate of Benares had hid a half-penny in a brick in a boundary wall. He cohabited with a poor woman who also made her living by carrying water. She said to him, "My lord, there is a festival in the town: if you have any money, let us enjoy ourselves." "I have, dear." "How much?" "A half-penny." "Where is it?" "In a brick by the north gate, twelve leagues from here I leave my treasure: but have you got anything in hand?" "I have." "How much?" "A half-penny." "So yours and mine together make a whole penny: we'll buy a garland with one part of it, perfume with another, and strong drink with a third: go and fetch your half-penny from where you put it." [447] He was delighted to catch the idea suggested by his wife's words, and saying, "Don't trouble, dear, I will fetch it," he set out. The man was as strong as an elephant: he went more than six leagues, and though it was

mid-day and he was treading on sand as hot as if it were strewn with coals just off the flame, he was delighted with the desire of gain and in [1] old yellow clothes with a palm-leaf fastened in his ear he went by the palace court in pursuit of his purpose, singing a

song. King Udaya stood at an open window, and seeing him coming wondered who it was, who disregarding such wind and heat went singing for joy, and sent a servant to call him up. "The king calls for you," he was told: but he said, "What is the king to me? I don't know the king." He was taken by force and stood on one side. Then the king spoke two stanzas in enquiry:—

The earth's like coals, the ground like embers hot:
You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.

The sun on high, the sand below are hot:
You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.

Hearing the king's words he spoke the third stanza:—

'Tis these desires that burn, and not the sun:
'Tis all these pressing tasks that must be done.

[448] The king asked what his business was. He answered, "O king, I was living by the south gate with a poor woman: she proposed that she and I should amuse ourselves at the festival and asked if I had anything in hand: I told her I had a treasure stored inside a wall by the north gate: she sent me for it to help us to amuse ourselves: those words of hers never leave my heart and as I think of them hot desire burns me: that is my business." "Then what delights you so much that you disregard wind and

sun, and sing as you go?" "O king, I sing to think that when I fetch my treasure I shall amuse myself along with her." "Then, my good man, is your treasure, hidden by the north gate, a hundred thousand pieces?" "Oh no." Then the king asked in succession if it were fifty thousand, forty, thirty, twenty, ten, five, four, three, two gold pieces, one piece, half a piece, a quarter piece, four pence, three, two, one penny. The man said "No" to all these questions and then, "It is a half-penny: indeed, O king, that is all my treasure: but I am going in hopes of fetching it and then amusing myself with her: and in that desire and delight the wind and sun do not annoy me." The king said, "My good man, don't go there in such a heat: I will give you a half-penny." "O king, I will take you at your word and accept it, but I won't lose the other: I won't give up going there and fetching it too." "My good man, stay here: I'll give you a penny, two pence:" then offering more and more he went on to a crore, a hundred crores, boundless wealth, if the man would stay. But he always answered, "O king, I'll take it, but I'll fetch the other too." Then he was tempted by offers of posts as treasurer and posts of various kinds and the position of viceroy: at last he was offered half the kingdom [449] if he would stay. Then he consented. The king said to his ministers, "Go, have my friend shaved and bathed and adorned, and bring him back." They did so. The king divided his kingdom in two and gave him half: but they say that he took the northern half from

love of his half-penny. He was called king Half-penny. They ruled the kingdom in friendship and harmony. One day they went to the park together. After amusing themselves, king Udaya lay down with his head in king Half-penny's lap. He fell asleep, while

the attendants were going here and there enjoying their amusements. King Half-penny thought, "Why should I always have only half the kingdom? I will kill him and be sole king:" so he drew his sword, but thinking to strike him remembered that the king had made him, when poor and mean, his partner and set him in great power, and that the thought which had risen in his mind to kill such a benefactor was a wicked one: so he sheathed the sword. A second and a third time the same thought rose. Feeling that this thought, rising again and again, would lead him on to the evil deed, he threw the sword on the ground and woke the king. "Pardon me, O king," he said and fell at his feet. "Friend, you have done me no wrong." "I have, O great king: I did such and such a thing." "Then, friend, I pardon you: if you desire it, be sole king, and I will serve under you as viceroy." He answered, "O king, I have no need of the kingdom, such a desire will cause me to be reborn in evil states: the kingdom is yours, take it: I will become an ascetic: I have seen the root of desire, it grows from a man's wish, [450] from henceforth I will have no such wish," and so in ecstasy he spoke the fourth stanza:—

I have seen thy roots, Desire: in a man's own will they lie.
I will no more wish for thee, and thou, Desire, shalt die.

So saying, he spoke the fifth stanza declaring the law unto a great multitude devoted to desires:—

Little desire is not enough, and much but brings us pain:
Ah! foolish men: be sober, friends, if ye would wisdom gain.

So declaring the law unto the multitude, he entrusted the realm to king Udaya: leaving the weeping multitude with tears on their faces, he went to the Himālaya, became an ascetic and reached perfect insight. At the time of his becoming an ascetic, king

Udaya spoke the sixth stanza in complete expression of ecstasy: —

Little desire has brought me all the fruit,
  Great is the glory Udaya acquires;
Mighty the gain if one is resolute
  To be a Brother and forsake desires.

[451] No one knew the meaning of this stanza. One day the chief queen asked him the meaning of it. The king would not tell. There was a certain court-barber, called Gangamāla, who when attending to the king used to use the razor first, and then grasp the hairs with his tweezers. [1]

The king liked the first operation, but the second gave him pain: at the first he would have given the barber a boon, at the second he would have cut his head off. One day he told the queen about it, saying that their court-barber was a fool: when she asked what he ought to do, he answered, "Use the tweezers first and the razor afterwards." She sent for the barber and said, "My good man, when you are trimming the king's beard you ought to take his hairs with your tweezers first and use the razor afterwards: then if the king offers you a boon, you must say you don't want anything else, but wish to know the meaning of his song: if you do, I will give you much money." He agreed. On the next day when he was trimming the king's beard, he took the tweezers first. The king said, "Gangamāla, is this a new fashion of yours?" "O king," he answered, "barbers have got a new fashion;" and he grasped the king's hair with the tweezer first, using the razor afterwards. The king offered him a boon. "O king, I do not want anything else; tell me the meaning of your song."

The king was ashamed to tell what his occupation had been in his days of poverty, and said, "My good man, what is the use of such a boon to you? Choose something else:" but the barber begged for it. The king feared to break his word and agreed. As described in the Kummāsapiṇḍa Birth [1] he made all arrangements and seated on a jewelled throne, told the whole story of his former act of merit in his last existence in that city. " That explains," he said, "half the stanza: for the rest, my comrade became an ascetic: I in my pride am sole king now [452], and that explains the second half of my song of ecstasy." Hearing him the barber thought, "So the king got this glory for keeping half a fast day: virtue is the right course: what if I were to become an ascetic and work out my own salvation?" He left all his relatives and worldly goods, gained the king's permission to become religious and going to the Himālaya he became an ascetic, realised the three qualities of mundane things, gained perfect insight, and became a paccekabuddha. He had a bowl and robes made by supernatural power. After spending five or six years on the mountain Gangamāla he wished to see the king of Benares, and passing through the air to the royal park there, he sat on the royal stone seat. The park-keeper told the king that Gangamāla, now a paccekabuddha, had come through the air and was sitting in the park. The king went at once to salute the paccekabuddha: and the queen-mother went out with her son. The king entered the park, saluted him and sat on one side with his retinue. The paccekabuddha spoke to him in a friendly manner, "Brahmadatta" (calling him by the name of the family), "are you diligent, ruling the kingdom righteously, doing charitable and other good works?" The queen-mother was angry. "This low-caste shampooing son of a

barber does not know his place: he calls my kingly high-descended son Brahmadatta," and she spoke the seventh stanza:—

Penance forsooth makes men forsake their sins,
  Their barber's, potter's, stations every one:
Through penance Gangamāla glory wins,
  And "Brahmadatta" now he calls my son.

[453] The king checked his mother and declaring the qualities of the paccekabuddha, he spoke the eighth stanza:—

Lo! how, e'er his death befall,
  Meekness brings a man its fruit!
One who bowed before us all,
  Kings and lords must now salute.

Though the king checked his mother, the rest of the multitude rose up and said, "It is not decent that such a low-caste person should speak to you by name in that way." The king rebuked the multitude, and spoke the last stanza to declare the virtues of the paccekabuddha:—

Scorn not Gangamāla so,
  Perfect in religion's ways:
He has crossed the waves of woe,
  Free from sorrow now he strays.

So saying the king saluted the paccekabuddha and asked him to forgive the queen-mother. The paccekabuddha did so and the king's retinue also gained his forgiveness. The king wished him to promise that he would stay in the neighbourhood: but he

refused, and standing in the air before the eyes of the whole court he admonished the king and went away to Gandhamādana

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[454] After the lesson the Master said, "Lay-brethren, you see how keeping the fast is proper to be done," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha entered into nirvāna, king Half-penny was Ānanda, the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, king Udaya was myself."

Footnotes

266:1 The Pali text here is wrongly punctuated.

267:1 *nantaka* as in p. 22. 1: the palm-leaf is used as an ear-ornament.

269:1 Cf. *Cullavagga,* v. 27.

270:1 See *supra,* p. 247.

No. 422.

CETIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Injured Right can injure sorely," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning Devadatta's being swallowed up by the earth. On that day they were discussing in the Hall of Truth how Devadatta had spoken

falsely, had sunk into the ground and become destined to the hell Avīci. The Master came and, hearing the subject of their talk, said, "This is not the first time he sank into the earth," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time, in the first age, there was a king named Mahāsammata, whose life was an asaṅkheyya [1] long. His son was Roja, his son Vararoja, and then the succession was Kalyāṇa, Varakalyāṇa, Uposatha, Mandhātā, Varamandhātā, Cara, Upacara, who was also called Apacara. He reigned over the kingdom of Ceti, in the city of Sotthivati; he was endowed with four supernatural faculties—he could walk aloft and pass through the air, he had four angels in each of the four quarters to defend him with drawn swords, he diffused the fragrance of sandalwood from his body, he diffused the fragrance of the lotus from his mouth. His family priest was named Kapila. This brahmin's younger brother, Korakalamba, had been taught along with the king by the same teacher and was the king's playmate. When Apacara was prince, [455] he promised to make Korakalamba his family priest when he became king. At his

father's death he became king, but he could not depose Kapila from the position of family priest: and when Kapila came to wait on him, he shewed him special forms of honour. The brahmin observed this and considered that a king manages best with ministers of his own age, and that he himself might get leave from the king to become an ascetic, so he said, "O king, I am getting old; I have a son at home: make him family priest and I will become an ascetic." He got the king's leave and had his son appointed family priest: then he went to the king's park, became an ascetic, reached transcendent knowledge and lived there, near his son. Korakalambaka felt a grudge against his brother because he had not got him his post when he became an ascetic. One day the king said to him in friendly conversation, "Korakalambaka, you are not family priest?" "No, O king: my brother has managed it." "Has not your brother become an ascetic?" "He has, but he got the post for his son." "Then do you manage it." "O king, it is impossible for me to set aside my brother and take a post which has come by descent." "If so, I will make you senior and the other your junior." "How, O king?" "By a lie [2]." "O king, do you not know that my brother is a magician, endowed with great supernatural power? He will deceive you with magical illusions: he will make your four angels disappear, and make as it were an evil odour come from your body and mouth, he will make you come down from the sky and stand on the ground: you will be as if swallowed up by the earth, and you will not be able to abide by your story." "Do not trouble; I will manage it."

"When will you do it, O king?" [456] "On the seventh day from this." The story went round the city, "The king is going by a lie to

make the senior the junior, and will give the post to the junior: what kind of a thing is a lie? is it blue or yellow or some other colour?" The multitude thought greatly about it. It was a time, they say, when the world told the truth: men did not know what the word "lie" might mean. The priest's son heard the tale and told his father, "Father, they say the king is going by a lie to make you junior and to give our post to my uncle." "My dear, the king will not be able even by a lie to take our post from us: on what day is he going to do it?" "On the seventh day from this, they say." "Let me know when the time comes." On the seventh day a great multitude gathered in the king's courtyard sitting in rows above rows, hoping to see a lie. The young priest went and told his father. The king was ready in full dress, he appeared and stood in the air in the courtyard amid the multitude The ascetic came through the air, spread his skin-seat before the king, sat on his throne in the air and said, "Is it true, O king, that you wish by a lie to make the junior senior and to give him the post?" "Master, I have done so." Then he admonished the king, "O great king, a lie is a grievous destruction of good qualities, it causes rebirth in the four evil states; a king who makes a lie destroys right, and by destroying right he is himself destroyed:" and he spoke the first stanza:—

Injured Right can injure sorely, and requite with injury;

Therefore Right should ne’er be injured, lest the harm recoil on thee

[457] Admonishing him farther he said, "Great king, if you make a lie, your four supernatural powers will disappear," and he spoke the second stanza:—

The powers divine forsake and leave the man who tells a lie,

Ill smells his mouth, he cannot keep his foothold in the sky:

Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Hearing this, the king in fear looked to Korakalambaka. He said, "Be not afraid, O king; did I not tell you so from the first?" and so forth. The king, though he heard Kapila's words, still put forward his statement, "Sir, you are the younger, Korakalambaka is the elder." At the moment when he uttered this lie, the four angels said they would guard such a liar no longer, threw their swords at his feet and disappeared; his mouth was fetid like a broken rotten egg and his body like an open drain; and falling from the air he lighted on the earth: so all his four supernatural powers disappeared. His chief priest said, "Great king, be not afraid: if you will speak the truth, I will restore you everything," and so he spoke the third stanza:—

A word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will fix thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

[458] He said, "Look, O great king: those four supernatural powers of yours disappeared first by your lie: consider, for it is possible now to restore them." But the king answered, "You wish to deceive me in this," and so telling a second lie he sank in the earth up to the ankles. Then the brahmin said once more, "Consider, O great king," and spoke the fourth stanza:—

Drought comes on him in time of rain, rain when it should be dry,
Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Then once again he said, "Owing to your lying you are sunk in the earth up to the ankles: consider, O great king," and spoke the fifth stanza:—

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:

A lie will sink thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

But for the third time the king said, "You are junior and Korakalambaka is elder," and at this lie he sank in the ground up to the knees. Once more the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, the man is forked of tongue, and like a serpent sly,

Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

adding, "Even now all may be restored." The king, not heeding his words, repeated the lie for the fourth time, "You are junior, Sir, and Korakalambaka is elder," [459] and at these words he sank up to the hips. Again the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, that man is like a fish, and tongueless he shall be,

Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

For the fifth time the king repeated the lie, and as he did so he sank up to the navel. The brahmin once more appealed to him to consider, and spoke two stanzas:—

Girls only shall be born of him, no man-son shall he see,

Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

The king paid no heed, and repeating the lie for the sixth time sank up to the breast. The brahmin made his appeal once more and spoke two stanzas:—

His children will not stay with him, on every side they flee,
Whoe’er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

p. 275

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

Owing to association with a wicked friend, he disregarded the words and repeated the same lie for the seventh time. Then the earth opened and the flames of Avīci leapt up and seized him.

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[460]

Cursed by a sage, the king who once could walk the air, they say,
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

Wherefore the wise do not approve at all
When that desire into the heart doth fall:
He that is free from guile, whose heart is pure,
All that he says is ever firm and sure.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The multitude said in fear, "The king of Ceti reviled the sage, and told a lie; so he has entered Avīci." The king's five sons came to the brahmin and said, "Be thou our helper." The brahmin answered, "Your father destroyed Right, he lied and reviled a sage: therefore he has entered Avīci. If Right is destroyed, it

destroys. You must not dwell here." To the eldest he said, "Come, dear: leave the city by the eastern gate and go straight on: you will see a white royal elephant prostrate, touching the earth in seven places [1]: that will be a sign for you to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and the name of it will he Hatthipura." To the second prince he said, "You leave by the south gate and go straight on till you see a royal horse pure white: that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Assapura." To the third prince he said, "You leave by the west gate and go straight on till you see a maned lion; that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Sīhapura." To the fourth prince he said, "You leave by the north gate and go straight on till you see a wheel-frame [2] all made of jewels: that will be a sign [461] that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Uttarapañcāla." To the fifth he said, "You cannot dwell here: build a great shrine in this city, go out towards the north-west, and go straight on till you see two mountains striking against each other and making the sound of *daddara*: that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Daddarapura." All the five princes went, and following the signs laid out cities there and dwelt in them.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has told a lie and sunk in the earth," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Ceti was Devadatta, and the brahmin Kapila was myself."

Footnotes

272:1 In years, 1 followed by 140 ciphers.

272:2 A lie was a new thing in the first age.

275:1 With tusks, trunk, and four legs.

275:2 Another reading is *pañcacakkam,* "five wheels."

No. 423.

INDRIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Who through desire," etc. The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning temptation by the wife of one's former days. The story is that a young man of good family at Sāvatthi heard the Master's preaching, and thinking it impossible to lead a holy life, perfectly complete and pure, as a householder, he determined to become an ascetic under the saving doctrine and so make an end of misery. So he gave up his house and property to his wife and children, and asked the Master to ordain him. The Master did so. As he was the junior in his going about for alms with his teachers and instructors, and as the Brethren were many, he got no chair either in laymen's houses or in the refectory, but only a stool or a bench at the end of the novices, his food was tossed him hastily on a ladle, he got gruel made of broken lumps of rice, solid food stale or decaying, or sprouts dried and burnt; and this was not enough to keep him alive. [462] He took what he had got to the wife he had left: she took his bowl, saluted him, emptied it and gave him instead well-cooked gruel and rice with sauce and curry. The Brother was captivated by the love of such flavours and could not leave his wife. She thought she would test his affection. One day she had a countryman cleansed with white clay and set down in her house with some others of his people whom she had sent for, and she gave them something to eat and drink. They sat eating and enjoying it. At the house-door she had some bullocks bound to wheels and a cart set ready. She herself sat in a back room cooking cakes. Her husband came and stood at the door. Seeing him, one old servant told his mistress that there was an elder at

the door. "Salute him and bid him pass on." But though he did so repeatedly, he saw the priest remaining there and told his mistress. She came, and lifting up the curtain to see, she cried, "This is the father of my sons." She came out and saluted him: taking his bowl and making him enter she gave him food: when he had eaten she saluted again and said, "Sir, you are a saint now: we have been staying in this house all this time; but there can be no proper householder's life without a master, so we will take another house and go far into the country: be zealous in your good works, and forgive me if I am doing wrong." For a time her husband was as if his heart would break. Then he said, "I cannot leave you: do not go, I will come back to my worldly life: send a layman's garment to such and such a place, I will give up my bowl and robes and come back to you." She agreed. The Brother went to his monastery, and giving up his bowl and robes to his teachers and instructors he explained, in answer to their questions, that he could not leave his wife and was going back to worldly life. Against his will they took him to the Master and told him that he was backsliding and wished to go back to worldly life. The Master said, "Is this tale true?" "It is, Lord." "Who causes you to backslide?" "My wife." "Brother, that woman is the cause of evil to you: formerly also through her you fell from the four stages of mystic meditation

and became very miserable: then through me you were delivered from your misery and regained the power of meditation you had lost," and then he told the tale of old.

[463] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of the king's family priest and his brahmin wife. On the day of his birth there was a blazing of weapons all over the city, and so they called his name young Jotipāla. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā and showed his skill in them to the king: but he gave up his position, and without telling anyone he went out by the back door, and entering a forest became an ascetic in the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage, called Sakkadattiya. He attained perfection in meditation. As he dwelt there many hundreds of sages waited on him. He was attended by a great company and had seven chief disciples. Of them the sage Sālissara left the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage for the Suraṭṭha country, and dwelt on the banks of the river Sātodikā with many thousand sages in his company: Meṇḍissara with many thousand sages dwelt near the town of Lambacūḷaka in the country of king Pajaka: Pabbata with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain forest-country: Kāḷadevala with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain wooded mountain in Avantī and the Deccan: Kisavaccha dwelt alone near the city of Kumbhavatī in the park of king Daṇḍaki: the ascetic Anusissa was attendant on the Bodhisatta and stayed with him: Nārada, the younger brother of Kāḷadevala, dwelt alone in a cave-cell amid the mountainous country of Arañjara in the Central Region. Now not far from Arañjara there is a certain very populous town. In the town there is a great river, in which many men bathe: and along its banks sit many beautiful courtesans tempting the men. The ascetic Nārada saw one of them and being enamoured of her, forsook his meditations and [464] pining away without food lay in the bonds of love for seven days. His brother Kāḷadevala by reflection knew the cause of this, and came flying through the air into the cave. Nārada saw him and asked why he had come. "I knew you were ill and have come to

tend you." Nārada repelled him with a falsehood, "You are talking nonsense, falsehood, and vanity." The other refused to leave him and brought Sālissara, Meṇḍissara, and Pabbatissara. He repelled them all in the same way. Kāḷadevala went flying to fetch their master Sarabhaṅga and did fetch him. When the Master came, he saw that Nārada had fallen into the power of the senses, and asked if it were so. Nārada rose at the words and saluted, and confessed. The Master said, "Nārada, those who fall into the power of the senses waste away in misery in this life, and in their next existence are born in hell:" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Who through desire obeys the senses' sway,
Loses both worlds and pines his life away.

Hearing him, Nārada answered, "Teacher, the following of desires is happiness: why do you call such happiness misery?" Sarabhaṅga said, "Listen, then," and spoke the second stanza:—

Happiness and misery ever on each other's footsteps press:
Thou hast seen their alternation: seek a truer happiness.

[465] Nārada said, "Teacher, such misery is hard to bear, I cannot endure it." The Great Being said, "Nārada, the misery that comes has to be endured," and spoke the third stanza:—

He who endures in troublous time with troubles to contend
Is strong to reach that final bliss where all our troubles end.

But Nārada answered, "Teacher, the happiness of love's desire is the greatest happiness: I cannot abandon it." The Great Being

said, "Virtue is not to be abandoned for any cause," and spoke the fourth stanza:—

[466]

For love of lusts, for hopes of gain, for miseries, great and small,
Do not undo your saintly past, and so from virtue fall.

Sarabhaṅga having thus shown forth the law in four stanzas, Kāḷadevala in admonition of his younger brother spoke the fifth stanza:—

Know [1] the worldly life is trouble, victual should be freely lent.
No delight in gathering riches, no distress when they are spent.

The sixth stanza is one spoken by the Master in his Perfect Wisdom concerning Devala's admonition of Nārada:

So far Black [2] Devala most wisely spoke:
"None worse than he who bows to senses' yoke."

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[467] Then Sarabhaṅga spoke in warning, "Nārada, listen to this: he who will not do at first what is proper to be done, must weep and lament like the young man who went to the forest," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in a certain town of Kāsi there was a certain young brahmin, beautiful, strong, stout as an elephant. His thoughts were, "Why should I keep my parents by working on a farm, or have a wife and children, or do good works of charity

and so forth? I won't keep anybody nor do any good work; but I will go into the forest and keep myself by killing deer." So with

the five kinds of weapons he went to the Himālaya and killed and ate many deer. In the Himālaya region he found a great defile, surrounded by mountains, on the banks of the river Vidhavā, and there he lived on the flesh of the slain deer, cooked on hot coals. He thought, "I shall not always be strong; when I grow weak I shall not be able to range the forest: now I will drive many kinds of wild animals into this defile, close it up by a gate, and then without roaming the forest I shall kill and eat them at my pleasure:" and so he did. As time passed over him, that very thing came to pass, and the experience of all the world befell him: he lost control over his hands and feet, he could not move freely here and there, he could not find his food or drink, his body withered, he became the ghost of a man, he showed wrinkles furrowing his body like the earth in a hot season; ill-favoured and ill-knit, he became very miserable. In like manner as time passed, the king of Sivi, named Sivi, had a desire to eat flesh roasted on coals in the forest: so he gave over his kingdom to his ministers, and with the five kinds of weapons he went to the forest and ate the flesh of the deer he slew: in time he came to that spot and saw that man. Although afraid, he summoned courage to ask who he was. "Lord, I am the ghost of a man, reaping the fruit of the deeds I have done: who are you?" "The king of Sivi." "Why have you come hither?" [468] "To eat the flesh of deer." He said, "Great king, I have become the ghost of a man because I came here with that object," and telling the whole story at length and explaining his misfortune to the king, he spoke the remaining stanzas:—

King, ’tis with me as if I'd been with foes in bitter strife,

Labour, and skill in handicraft, a peaceful home, a wife,

All have been lost to me: my works bear fruit in this my life.

Worsted a thousandfold I am, kinless and reft of stay,
Strayed from the law of righteousness, like ghost I'm fallen away.

This state is mine because I caused, instead of joy, distress:
Girt as it were with flaming fire, I have no happiness.

[469] With that he added, "O king, through desire of happiness I caused misery to others and have even in this life become the ghost of a man: do not thou commit evil deeds, go to thine own city and do good deeds of charity and the like." The king did so and completed the path to heaven.

The ascetic was roused by the teacher Sarabhaṅga's account of this case. He became agitated, and after saluting and gaining his teacher's pardon, by the proper processes he regained the power of meditation he had lost. Sarabhaṅga refused him leave to stay there, and took him back with him to his own hermitage.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Nārada was the backsliding Brother, Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata was Anuruddha, Kāḷadevala was Kaccāna, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha was Moggallāna, and Sarabhaṅga was myself."

Footnotes

278:1 The Scholiast takes *sadha* with all the clauses: the meaning then would be

Good are the cares of household life, ’tis good to give away,
Not to be proud when riches grow, nor grieved when they decay.

278:2 Both *kāḷo* and *asito* mean *black*: this person is the Asita, the Simeon of the Buddhist nativity; cf. vol. I. 54.

No. 424.

ĀDITTA-JĀTAKA.

"Whate'er a man can save," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an incomparable gift. The incomparable gift must be described in full from the commentary on the Mahāgovindasutta. On the day after that on which it had been given, they were talking of it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, the Kosala king [470] after examination found the proper field of merit, and gave the great gift to the assembly with Buddha at its head." The Master came and was told what the subject of their talk was as they sat together: he said, "Brethren, it is not strange that the king after examination has undertaken great gifts to the supreme field of merit: wise men of old also after examination gave such gifts," and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time a king named Bharata reigned at Roruva in the kingdom of Sovīra. He practised the ten royal virtues, won the people by the four elements of popularity, stood to the multitude like father and mother and gave great gifts to the poor, the wayfarers, the beggars, the suitors and the like. His chief queen Samuddavijayā was wise and full of knowledge. One day he looked round his alms-hall and thought, "My alms are devoured by worthless greedy people: I don't like this: I should like to give alms to the virtuous paccekabuddhas who deserve the best of gifts: they live in the Himālaya region: who will bring

them here on my invitation and whom shall I send on this errand?" He spoke to the queen, who said, "O king, be not concerned: sending flowers by the force of our giving suitable things, and of our virtue and truthfulness, we will invite the paccekabuddhas, and when they come we will give them gifts with all things requisite." The king agreed. He made proclamation by drum that all the townspeople should undertake to keep the precepts; he himself with his household undertook all the duties for the holy days and gave great gifts in charity. He had a gold box brought, full of jasmine flowers, came down from his palace and stood in the royal courtyard. There prostrating himself on the ground with the five contacts, he saluted towards the eastern quarter and threw seven handfuls of flowers, with the words, "I salute the saints in the eastern quarter: if there is any merit in us, shew compassion on us and receive our alms." As there are no paccekabuddhas in the eastern quarter, they did not come next day. On the second day he paid respects to the south quarter: but none came from thence. On the third day he paid respects to the west quarter [471], but none came. On the fourth day he paid respects to the north quarter, and after paying respects he threw seven handfuls of flowers with the

words, "May the paccekabuddhas who live in the north district of Himālaya receive our alms." The flowers went and fell on five hundred paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave. On reflection they understood that the king had invited them; so they called seven of their number and said, "Sirs, the king invites you; shew him favour." These paccekabuddhas came through the air and lighted at the king's gate. Seeing them the king saluted them

with delight, made them come up into the palace, shewed them great honour and gave them gifts. After the meal he asked them for next day and so on until the fifth day, feeding them for six days: on the seventh day he made ready a gift with all the requisites, arranged beds and chairs inlaid with gold, and set before the seven paccekabuddhas sets of three robes and all other things used by holy men. The king and queen formally offered these things to them after their meal, and stood in respectful salutation. To express their thanks the Elder of the assembly spoke two stanzas:—

Whate’er a man can save from flames that burn his dwelling down,
Not what is left to be consumed, will still remain his own.

The world's on fire, decay and death are there the flame to feed;
Save what you can by charity, a gift is saved indeed.

[472] Thus expressing thanks the Elder admonished the king to be diligent in virtue: then lie flew up in the air, straight through the peaked roof of the palace and lighted in the Nandamūla cave: along with him all the requisites that had been given him flew up and lighted in the cave: and the bodies of the king and queen became full of joy. After his departure, the other six also expressed thanks in a stanza each:—

He who gives to righteous men,
  Strong in holy energy,
Crosses Yama's flood, and then
  Gains a dwelling in the sky.

Like to war is charity:
  Hosts may flee before a few:
Give a little piously:
  Bliss hereafter is your due.

Prudent givers please the Lord,
   Worthily they spend their toil.
Rich the fruit their gifts afford,
   Like a seed in fertile soil.

They who never rudely speak,
   Wrong to living things abjure:
Men may call them timid, weak:
   For ’tis fear that keeps them pure.

Lower duties win for man, reborn on earth, a princely fate,

Middle duties win them heaven, highest win the Purest State.

[1]

p. 282

Charity is blest indeed,

[473] Yet the Law gains higher meed:

Ages old and late attest,

Thus the wise have reached their Rest.

So they also went with the requisites given them.

[474] The seventh paccekabuddha in his thanks praised the eternal nirvāna to the king, and admonishing him carefully went to his abode as has been said. The king and queen gave gifts all their lives and passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So wise omen of old gave gifts with discrimination," and identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha reached nirvāna, Samuddavijayā was the mother of Rāhula, and the king Bharata was myself."

Footnotes

281:1 The higher heavens in the Buddhist Cosmogony.

No. 425. [1]

AṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"Make Ganges calm," etc.—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked him, "Is the story true, Brother, that you are backsliding?" "Yes, lord." "What is the cause?" "The power of desire." "Brother, womankind are ungrateful, treacherous, untrustworthy: of old wise men could not satisfy a woman, even by giving her a thousand pieces a day: and one day when she did not get the thousand pieces she had them taken by the neck and cast out: [475] so ungrateful are womankind: do not fall into the power of desire for such a cause," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, his son, young Brahmadatta, and young Mahādhana, son of a rich merchant of Benares, were comrades and playfellows, and were educated in the same teacher's house. The prince became king at his father's death: and the merchant's son abode near him. There was in Benares a certain courtesan, beautiful and prosperous. The merchant's son gave her a

thousand pieces daily, and took pleasure with her constantly: at his father's death he succeeded to the rich merchant's position, and did not forsake her, still giving her a thousand pieces daily. Three times a day he went to wait upon the king. One day he went to wait upon him in the evening. As he was talking with the king, the sun set, and it became dark. As he left the palace, he

thought, "There is no time to go home and come back again: I will go straight to the courtesan's house:" so he dismissed his attendants, and entered her house alone. When she saw him, she asked if he had brought the thousand pieces. "Dear, I was very late to-day; so I sent away my attendants without going home, and have come alone; but to-morrow I will give you two thousand pieces." She thought, "If I admit him to-day, he will come empty-handed on other days, and so my wealth will be lost: I won't admit him this time." So she said, "Sir, I am but a courtesan: I do not give my favours without a thousand pieces: you must bring the sum." "Dear, I will bring twice the sum to-morrow," and so he begged her [476] again and again. The courtesan gave orders to her maids, "Don't let that man stand there and look at me: take him by the neck, and cast him out, and then shut the door." They did so. He thought, "I have spent on her eighty crores of money; yet on the one day when I come empty-handed, she has me seized by the neck and cast out: Oh, womankind are wicked, shameless, ungrateful, treacherous:" and so he pondered and pondered on the bad qualities of womankind, till he felt dislike and disgust, and became discontented with a layman's life. "Why should I lead a layman's life? I will go this day and become an ascetic," he thought: so without going back to his house or seeing the king again, he left the city and entered the forest: he made a hermitage on the Ganges bank, and there made his abode as an ascetic, reaching the Perfection of Meditation, and living on wild roots and fruits.

The king missed his friend and asked for him. The courtesan's conduct had become known throughout the city: so they told the king of the matter, adding, "O king, they say that your friend through shame did not go home, but has become an ascetic in the forest." The king summoned the courtesan, and asked if the

story were true about her treatment of his friend. She confessed. "Wicked, vile woman, go quickly to where my friend is and fetch him: if you fail, your life is forfeit." She was afraid at the king's words; she mounted a chariot and drove out of the city with a great retinue; she sought for his abode and hearing of it by report, went there and saluted and prayed, "Sir, bear with the evil I did in my blindness and folly: I will never do so again." "Very well, I forgive you; I am not angry with you." "If you forgive me, mount the chariot with me: we will drive to the city, and as soon as we enter it [477] I will give you all the money in my house.". When he heard her,

he replied, "Lady, I cannot go with you now: but when something that cannot happen in this world will happen, then perhaps I may go;" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Make Ganges calm like lotus-tank, cuckoos pearl-white to see,
Make apples bear the palm-trees' fruit: perchance it then might be.

But she said again, "Come; I am going." He answered, "I will go." "When?" "At such and such a time," he said and spoke the remaining stanzas:—

When woven out of tortoise-hair a triple cloth you see,
For winter wear against the cold, perchance it then may be.

When of mosquito's teeth you build a tower so skilfully,
That will not shake or totter soon, perchance it then may be.

When out of horns of hare you make a ladder skilfully,
Stairs that will climb the height of heaven, perchance it then may be.

When mice to mount those ladder-stairs and eat the moon agree,
And bring down Rāhu from the sky, the thing perchance may be.

When swarms of flies devour strong drink in pitchers full and free,
And house themselves in burning coals, the thing perchance may be.

When asses get them ripe red lips and faces fair to see,
And shew their skill in song and dance, the thing perchance may be.

When crows and owls shall meet to talk in converse privily,
And woo each other, lover-like, the thing perchance may be.

[478] When sun-shades, made of tender leaves from off the forest tree,
Are strong against the rushing rain, the thing perchance may be.

When sparrows take Himālaya in all its majesty,
And bear it in their little beaks, the thing perchance may be.

And when a boy can carry light, with all its bravery,
A ship full-rigged for distant seas, the thing perchance may be.

So the Great Being spoke these eleven stanzas to fix impossible *(aṭṭhāna)* conditions. The courtesan, hearing him, won his forgiveness and went back to Benares. She told the matter to the king, and begged for her life, which was granted.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, womankind are ungrateful and treacherous"; then he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

282:1 Cf. *Tibetan Tales,* no. 12 *Sušroni,* and *supra,* no. 374.

No. 426.

DĪPI-JĀTAKA. [1]

[479] *"How fares it with you," etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain she-goat. At one time the Elder Moggallāna lived in a dwelling with one door, in a mountain enclosure, surrounded by hills. His covered walk was close by the door. Some goatherds thought the enclosure would be a good place for their goats, so they drove them in and lived there at their pleasure. One day they came in the evening, took all the goats, and went away: but one she-goat had wandered far, and not seeing the goats departing, she was left behind. Later, as she was departing, a certain panther saw her, and thinking to eat her stood by the door of the enclosure. She looked all round, and saw the panther. "He is there because he wishes to kill and eat me," she thought; "if I turn and run, my life is lost; I must play the man," and so she tosses her horns, and sprang straight at him with all her might. She escaped his grip, though he was quivering with the thought of catching her: then running at full speed she came up with the other goats. The Elder observed how all the animals had behaved: next day he went and told the Tathāgata, "So, lord, this she-goat performed a feat by her readiness in device, and escaped from the panther." The Master answered, "Moggallāna, the panther failed to catch her this time, but once before he killed her though she cried out, and ate her." Then at Moggallāna's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village of the Magadha kingdom, in a wealthy family. When he grew up, he renounced desires and adopted the religious life, reaching the perfection of meditation. After dwelling long in the Himālaya, he came to Rājagaha for salt and vinegar, and dwelt in a hut of leaves which he made in a mountain enclosure. Just as in the introductory story, the goatherds drove their goats thither: and in the same way, one day as a single she-goat was going out later than the rest, a panther waited by the door, thinking to eat her. When she saw him, she thought, "My life is forfeit: by some means I must get him into pleasant and kindly talk, and so soften his heart [480] and save my life." Beginning a friendly talk with him from some distance, she spoke the first stanza:—

How fares it with you, uncle? and is it well with you?
My mother sends her kind regards: and I'm your friend so true.

Hearing her, the panther thought, "This baggage would beguile me by calling me "uncle": she does not know how hard I am;" and so he spoke the second stanza:—

You've trod upon my tail, miss goat, and done me injury:
And you think by saying "Uncle" that you can go scot-free.

When she heard him, she said, "O uncle, don't talk in that way," and spoke the third stanza:—

I faced you as I came, good Sir, you face me as you sit:
Your tail is all behind you: how could I tread on it?

He answered, "What do you say, she-goat? is there any place where my tail might not be?" and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[481]

As far as four great continents with seas and mountains spread,
My tail extends: how could you fail on such a tail to tread?

The she-goat; when she heard this, thought, "This wicked one is not attracted by soft words: I will answer him as an enemy," and so she spoke the fifth stanza:—

Your villain's tail is long, I know, for I had warning fair:
Parents and brothers told me so: but I flew through the air.

Then he said, "I know you came through the air: but as you came, you spoilt my food by your way of coming," and so he spoke the sixth stanza:—

The sight of you, miss goat, on high, the air a-flying through,
Frightened a herd of deer: and so my food was spoilt by you.

Hearing this, the goat in fear of death could bring no other excuse, but cried out, "Uncle, do not commit such cruelty; spare my life." But though she cried out, the other seized her by the shoulder, killed her and ate her.

’Twas thus the she-goat cried for grace: but blood must satisfy
The beast that grips her throat; the bad will shew no courtesy.

Conduct, nor right, nor courtesy, the bad man will display;
He hates the good: to face him then ’tis best in open fray.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

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[482]

A holy ascetic saw the whole matter of the two animals.

After this lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the she-goat and the panther were the she-goat and the panther of to-day, the holy ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

285:1 Cf. *Tibetan Tales,* no. 29, and *Folk-lore Journal,* vol. iv. p. 45.

BOOK IX. NAVANIPĀTA.

No. 427.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[483] *"Formed of rough logs;" etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana concerning a, disobedient Brother. He was, they say, of gentle birth, and though ordained in the doctrine that leads to Salvation, was admonished by his well-wishers, masters, teachers, and fellow-students to this effect: "Thus must you advance and thus retreat; thus look at or away from objects; thus must the arm be stretched out or drawn back; thus are the inner and outer garment to be worn; thus is the bowl to be held, and when you have received sufficient food to sustain life, after self-examination, thus are you to partake of it, keeping guard over the door of the senses; in eating you are to be moderate and exercise watchfulness; you are to recognize such and such duties towards Brethren who come to or go from the monastery; these are the fourteen [2] sets of priestly duties, and the eighty great duties to duly performed; these are the thirteen [3] Dhuta practices; all these are to be scrupulously performed." Yet was he disobedient and impatient, and did not receive instruction respectfully, but refused to listen to them, saying, "I do not find fault with you. Why do you speak thus to me? I shall know what is for my good, and what is not." Then the Brethren, hearing of his disobedience, sat in the Hall of Truth, telling of his faults. The Master came and asked them what it was they were discussing, and sent for the Brother and said, "Is it true, Brother, that you

are disobedient?" And when he confessed that it was so, the Master said, "Why, Brother, after being ordained in so excellent a doctrine that leads to Salvation, [484] do you not listen to the voice of your well-wishers? Formerly too you disobeyed the voice of the wise, and were blown into atoms by the Veramba wind." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young vulture on Vulture Mountain. Now his offspring Supatta, the king of the vultures,

was strong and lusty and had a following of many thousands of vultures, and he fed the parent birds. And owing to his strength he used to fly to a very great distance. So his father admonished him and said, "My son, you must not go beyond such and such a point." He said, "Very good," but one day when it rained, he flew up with the other vultures, and leaving the rest behind, and going beyond the prescribed limit, he came within the range of the Veramba wind, and was blown into atoms.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, to illustrate this incident, uttered these verses:

Formed of rough logs, an ancient pathway led
To dizzy heights, where a young vulture fed
The parent birds. Lusty and strong of wing
He oft to them would fat of serpents bring;
And when his father saw him flying high
And venturing far afield, he thus would cry,

"My son, when thou canst scan from thy look out
Earth's rounded sphere by ocean girt about,
No farther go, but straight return, I pray."
Then would this king of birds speed on his way,
And bending o’er the earth, with piercing sight
He viewed below forest and mountain height:
And earth would, as his sire described, appear
Amid the encircling sea a rounded sphere.
But when beyond these limits he had passed,
Strong bird though he might be, a raging blast
Swept him away to an untimely death,
Powerless to cope with storm-wind's fiery breath.
[485] Thus did the bird by disobedience prove
Fatal to those dependent on his love:
So perish all that scornful of old age
Deride the warnings uttered by the sage,
As the young vulture Wisdom's voice defied
And scorned the limits set to bound his pride.

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[486] " Therefore, Brother, be not like unto this vulture, but do the bidding of your well-wishers." And being thus admonished by the Master, he thenceforth became obedient.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The disobedient vulture of those days is now the disobedient Brother. The parent vulture was myself."

Footnotes

287:1 See No. 381 *supra.*

287:2 Called *Khandakavattāni* because contained in the *Khandaka* division of the *Vinaya.*

287:3 Hardy's *Eastern Monachism,* p. 9.

No. 428.

KOSAMBĪ-JĀTAKA.

"Whene'er the Brotherhood," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling in the Ghosita park near Kosambī, told concerning certain quarrelsome folk at Kosambī. The incident that led to the story is to be found in the section of the Vinaya relating to Kosambī [1]. Here is a short summary of it. At that time, it is said, two Brothers lived in the same house, the one versed in the Vinaya, the other in the Sūtras. The latter of these one day having occasion to visit the lavatory went out leaving the surplus water for rinsing the mouth in a vessel. Afterwards the one versed in the Vinaya went in and seeing the water came out and asked his companion if the water had been left there by him. He answered, "Yes, Sir." "What! do you not know that this is sinful?" "No, I was not aware of it." "Well, Brother, it is sinful." "Then I will atone for it." "But if you did it inadvertently and heedlessly, it is not sinful." So he became as one who saw no sin in what was sinful. The Vinaya scholar said to his pupils, "This Sutra scholar, though falling into sin, is not aware of it." They on seeing the other Brother's pupils said, "Your master though falling into sin does not recognize its sinfulness." They went and told their master. He said, "This Vinaya scholar before said it was no sin, and now says it is a sin: he is a liar." They went and told the others, "Your master is a liar." Thus they stirred up a quarrel, one with another. Then the Vinaya scholar, finding an opportunity, went through the form of excommunication of the Brother for refusing to see his offence. Thenceforth even the laymen who

provided necessaries for the priests were divided into two factions. The sisterhoods too that accept their admonitions, and tutelary gods, with their friends and intimates and deities from those that rest in space [2] [487] to those of the Brahma World, even all such as were unconverted, formed two parties, and the uproar reached to the abode of the Sublime gods [2].

Then a certain Brother drew nigh to the Tathāgata, and announced the view of the excommunicating party who said, "The man is excommunicated in orthodox form," and the view of the followers of the excommunicated one, who said, "He is illegally excommunicated," and the practice of those who though forbidden by the excommunicating party, still gathered round in support of him. The Blessed One said, "There is a schism, yea, a schism in the Brotherhood," and he went to them and pointed out the misery involved in excommunication to those that excommunicated, and the misery following upon the concealment of sin to the opposite party, and so departed. Again when they were holding the Uposatha and similar services in the same place, within the boundary, and were quarrelling in the refectory and elsewhere, he laid down the rule that they were to sit down together, one by one from each side alternately. And hearing that they were still quarrelling in the monastery he went there and said, "Enough, Brothers, let us have no quarrelling." And one of the heretical side [3], not wishing to annoy the Blessed One, said, "Let the Blessed Lord of Truth stay at home. Let the Blessed One dwell quietly at ease, enjoying the bliss he has already obtained in this life. We shall make ourselves notorious by this quarrelling, altercation, disputing and contention."

But the Master said to them, "Once upon a time, Brethren, Brahmadatta reigned as king of Kāsi in Benares, and he robbed Dīghati, king of Kosala, of his kingdom, and put him to death, when living in disguise, and when prince Dīghāvu spared the life of Brahmadatta, they became thenceforth close friends. And since such must have been the long-suffering and tenderness of these sceptred and sword-bearing kings, verily, Brethren, you ought to make it clear that you too, having embraced the religious life according to so well-taught a doctrine and discipline, can be forgiving and tender-hearted." And thus admonishing them for the third time he said, "Enough, Brothers, let there be no quarrelling." And when he saw that they did not cease at his bidding, he went away, saying, "Verily, these foolish folk are like men possessed, they are not easy of persuasion." Next day returning from the collection of alms he rested awhile in his perfumed chamber, and put his room in order, and then taking his bowl and robe he stood poised in the air and delivered these verses in the midst of the assembly:

[488]

Whene'er the Brotherhood in twain is rent,
The common folk to loud-mouthed cries give vent:
Each one believes that he himself is wise,
And views his neighbour with disdainful eyes.
Bewildered souls, puffed up with self-esteem,
With open mouth they foolishly blaspheme;
And as through all the range of speech they stray,
They know not whom as leader to obey.
"*This* [1] man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,

To mitigate their wrath are ne’er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."
They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.
Some men the law of self-restraint despise,
But who make up their quarrels, *they* are wise.
If men all scarred with wounds in deadly strife,
Reivers and robbers, taking human life,
Nay those that plunder a whole realm, may be
Friends with their foes, should Brethren not agree?
Shouldst thou a wise and honest comrade find,
A kindred soul, to dwell with thee inclined,
All dangers past, with him thou still wouldst stray,
In happy contemplation all the day.
But shouldst thou fail to meet with such a friend,
Thy life ’twere best in solitude to spend,
Like to some prince that abdicates a throne,
Or elephant that ranges all alone.
For choice adopt the solitary life,
Companionship with fools but leads to strife;
In careless innocence pursue thy way,
Like elephant in forest wild astray.

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[489] When the Master had thus spoken, as he failed to reconcile these Brethren, he went to Bālakaloṇakāragāma (the village of Bālaka, the salt-maker),

and discoursed to the venerable Bhagu of the blessings of solitude. Thence he repaired to the abode of three youths of gentle birth and spoke to them of the bliss to be found in the sweets of concord. Thence he journeyed to the Pārileyyaka forest, [490] and after dwelling there three months, without returning to Kosambī, he went straight to Sāvatthi. And the lay folk of Kosambī consulted together and said, "Surely these reverend Brothers of Kosambī have done us much harm; worried by them the Blessed One is gone away. We will neither offer salutation nor other marks of respect to them, nor give alms to them when they visit us. So they will depart, or return to the world, or will propitiate the Blessed One." And they did so. And these Brethren overwhelmed by this form of punishment went to Sāvatthi and begged forgiveness of the Blessed One.

The Master thus identified the Birth: "The father was the great king Suddhodana, the mother was Mahāmāyā, prince Dīghāvu was myself."

Footnotes

289:1 *Mahāvagga,* x. 1-10.

289:2 These include all gods except those in the four highest heavens *(arūpa-brahmalokas)*. Hardy, *Manual of Budhism,* p. 26.

289:3 Reading *adhammavādinā* as in the parallel passage of the *Mahāvagga,* p. 341.

290:1 *Dhammapada,* v. 3-5. See also No. 371 *supra.*

No. 429.

MAHĀSUKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Wherever fruitful trees," etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain Brother. The story goes that he lived in a forest near a border village in the Kosala country, and received instruction in forms of meditation from the Master. The people made him a dwelling-place on a site where men continually passed to and fro, providing him with day and night quarters, and attentively ministered to him. In the very first month after he had entered upon the rainy season the village was burned down and the people had not so much as a seed left and were unable to supply his alms-bowl with savoury food; and though he was in a pleasant place of abode, he was so distressed for alms that he could not enter upon the Path or its Fruition. So when at the end of three months he went to visit the Master, after words of kindly greeting the Master hoped that though distressed for alms he had a pleasant place to live in. The Brother told him how matters stood. The Master on hearing that he had pleasant quarters said, "Brother, if this is so, an ascetic ought to lay aside covetous ways, and be content to eat whatever food he can get, and to fulfil all the duties of a priest. Sages of old when born into the world as animals, [491] though they lived on the powdered dust of the decayed

tree in which they had their abode, laid aside greedy desires and were contented to stay where they were, and fulfilled the law of love. Why then do you abandon a pleasant dwelling-place,

because the food you receive is scanty and coarse?" And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time many myriads of parrots lived in the Himālaya country on the banks of the Ganges in a grove of fig-trees. A king of the parrots there, when the fruit of the tree in which he dwelt had come to an end, ate whatever was left, whether shoot or leaf or bark or rind, and drank of water from the Ganges, and being very happy and contented he kept where he was. Owing to his happy and contented state the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka reflecting on the cause saw the parrot, and to test his virtue, by his supernatural power he withered up the tree, which became a mere stump perforated with holes, and stood to be buffeted by every blast of wind, and from the holes dust came out. The parrot king ate this dust and drank the water of the Ganges, and going nowhere else sat perched on the top of the fig-stump, reeking nought of wind and sun.

Sakka noticed how very contented the parrot was, and said, "After hearing him speak of the virtue of friendship, I will come and give him his choice of a boon, and cause the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit." So he took the form of a royal goose, and preceded by Sujā in the shape of an Asura nymph, he went to the grove of fig-trees, and perching on the bough of a tree close by, he entered into conversation with the parrot and spoke the first stanza:

Wherever fruitful trees abound,
A flock of hungry birds is found:
But should the trees all withered be,
Away at once the birds will flee.

[492] And after these words, to drive the parrot thence, he spoke the second stanza:

Haste thee, Sir Redbeak, to be gone;
Why dost thou sit and dream alone?
Come tell me, prithee, bird of spring,
To this dead stump why dost thou cling?

Then the parrot said, "O goose, from a feeling of gratitude, I forsake not this tree," and he repeated two stanzas:

They who have been close friends from youth,
Mindful of goodness and of truth,
In life and death, in weal and woe
The claims of friendship ne’er forego.

I too would fain be kind and good
To one that long my friend has stood;
I wish to live, but have no heart
From this old tree, though dead, to part.

Sakka on hearing what he said was delighted, and praising him wished to offer him a choice, and uttered two stanzas:

[493]

I know thy friendship and thy grateful love,
Virtues that wise men surely must approve.

I offer thee whate’er thou wilt for choice;
Parrot, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

On hearing this, the king parrot making his choice spoke the seventh stanza:

If thou, O goose, what most I crave wouldst give,
Grant that the tree I love, again may live.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

Then Sakka, granting the boon, spoke the eighth stanza:

Lo! friend, a fruitful and right noble tree,
Well fitted for thy dwelling-place to be.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

[494] With these words Sakka quitted his present form, and manifesting the supernatural power of himself and Sujā, he took up water from the Ganges in his hand and dashed it against the fig-tree stump. Straightway the tree rose up rich in branch, and stem, and with honey-sweet fruit, and stood a charming sight, like unto the bare Jewel-Mount. The parrot king on seeing it was highly pleased, and singing the praises of Sakka he spoke the ninth stanza:

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blesséd be,
As I to-day am blest this goodly sight to see!

Sakka, after granting the parrot his choice, and causing the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit, returned with Sujātā to his own abode.

In illustration of this story these stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom were added at the close:

Soon as king parrot wisely made his choice,
The tree once more put forth its fruit again;
Then Sakka with his queen did fly amain
To where in Nandana the gods rejoice.

The Master, his lesson ended, said, "Thus, Brother, sages of old though born in animal forms were free from covetousness. Why then do you, after being ordained under so excellent a dispensation, follow greedy ways? So and dwell in the same place." And he gave him a form of meditation, and thus identified the Birth:—The Brother went back and by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sakka was Anuruddha, and the parrot king was myself."

Footnotes

291:1 Morris, *Folk Lore Journal,* iii. 67.

No. 430.

CULLASUKA-JĀTAKA.

"Lo! countless trees," etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Verañjā section [1]. When the Master after passing the rainy season at Verañjā in due course arrived at Sāvatthi, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth raised a discussion saying, "Sirs, a Tathāgata, a delicately nurtured kshatriya and Buddha, though possessed of supernatural powers, at the invitation of a brahmin of Verañjā stayed three ṃonths with him, and when owing to the temptation of Māra he failed to receive an alms at the hands of the brahmin, even for a single day, he gave up all covetous ways, and keeping in the same place for three months lived on water and a modicum of the ground flour of roots. [4951 Oh the contented nature of Tathāgatas!" When the Master came and on inquiry learned the nature of their discussion he said, "It is no marvel, Brethren, that a Tathāgata now has lost all covetousness, seeing that formerly when born in an animal form he forsook covetousness." And hereupon he told a story of the past. The whole story is now to be related in detail in exactly the same way as in the preceding tale.

Lo! countless trees are here, all green and fruitful see!
Why, parrot, dost thou cling to this poor withered tree?

Long years we have enjoyed the luscious fruit it bare,
And tho’ it now has none, it still should claim our care.

Nor leaves nor fruit it yields, alas! the tree is dead:
Why blame thy fellow-birds, that they should all have fled?

They loved it for its fruit, and now that it has none,
Poor selfish fools! their love and gratitude is gone.

Thy gratitude I own, thy true and constant love,
Sure virtue such as this the wise will aye approve.

I offer thee, O bird, whate'er thou wilt for choice;
Tell me, I pray, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

Would that this tree alight bear fresh leaves and fruit again;
I would be glad as they that treasure trove obtain.

Then was the tree by Sakka with ambrosia sprinkled o'er,
And boughs sprang up with cooling shade, as lovely as before.

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blesséd be,
As I to-day am blest this joyous sight to see.

Thus was the tree made fruitful by the parrot's grateful choice,
And Sakka and his queen in groves of Nandana rejoice.

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[496] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "In those days Sakka was Anuruddha, the parrot king was myself."

Footnotes

294:1 See *Vinaya, Pār.* i. 1-4.

No. 431.

HĀRITA-JĀTAKA.

"Friend Hārita," etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a discontented Brother. Now this Brother after seeing a smartly attired woman grew discontented and allowed his hair and nails to grow long, and wished to return to the world. And when he was brought against his will by his teachers and preceptors to the Master, and was asked by him, if it were true that he was a backslider, and if so why, he said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is owing to the power of sinful passion, after seeing a beautiful woman." [497] The Master said, "Sin, Brother, is destructive of virtue, and insipid withal, and causes a man to be re-born in hell; and why should not this sin prove your destruction? For the hurricane that smites Mount Sineru is not ashamed to carry off a withered leaf. But owing to this sin men who walk according to knowledge and wisdom, and have acquired the five Faculties and the eight Attainments, though they were great and holy men, being unable to fix their thoughts, fell away from mystic meditation." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village in a brahmin family worth eighty crores, and from his golden complexion they called him Harittacakumāra (Young Goldskin). When he was grown up, and had been educated at Takkasilā, he set up as a householder,

and on the death of his father and mother he made inspection of his treasures and thought, "The treasure only continues to exist, but they who produced it cease to exist: I too must be reduced to atoms by means of death," and alarmed by the fear of death he gave great gifts, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered upon the Faculties and Attainments. There for a long time he lived on wild fruit and roots, and going down from the mountain to procure salt and vinegar, he in due course reached Benares. There he abode in the royal park, and on the next day in going his round for alms he came to the door of the king's palace. The king was so glad to see him that he sent for him and made him sit on the royal couch beneath the shade of the white umbrella, and fed him on all manner of dainties, and on his returning thanks the king being exceedingly pleased asked him, "Reverend Sir, where are you going?" "Great king, we are looking out for a dwelling-place for the rainy season." "Very well, Reverend Sir," he said, and after the early meal he went with him to the park, and had quarters both for the day and night built for him, and, assigning the keeper of the park as his attendant, he saluted him and departed. The Great Being from that time fed continually in the palace, and lived there twelve years.

Now one day the king went to quell a disturbance on the frontier, [498] and committed the Bodhisatta to the care of the queen, saying, "Do not neglect our "Field of Merit." Thenceforth she ministered to the Great Being with her own hands.

Now one day she had prepared his food, and as he delayed his coming, she bathed in scented water, and put on a soft tunic of

fine cloth, and opening the lattice lay down on a small couch, and let the wind play upon her body. And the Bodhisatta later on in the day, dressed in a goodly inner and outer robe, took his alms-bowl and walking through the air came to the window. As the queen rose up in haste, at the rustling sound of his bark garments, her robe of fine cloth fell from off her. An extraordinary object struck upon the eye of the Great Being. Then the sinful feeling, that had been dwelling for countless aeons in his heart, rose up like a snake lying in a box, and put to flight his mystic meditation. Being unable to fix his thoughts he went and seized the queen by the hand, and forthwith they drew a curtain round them. After misconducting himself with her, he partook of some food and returned to the park. And every day thenceforth he acted after the same manner.

His misconduct was blazed abroad throughout the whole city. The king's ministers sent a letter to him, saying, "Hārita, the ascetic, is acting thus and thus."

The king thought, "They say this, being eager to separate us," and disbelieved it. When he had pacified the border country he returned to Benares, and after marching in solemn procession round the city, he went to the queen and asked her, "Is it true that the holy ascetic Hārita mis-conducted himself with you?" "It is true, my lord." He disbelieved her also, and thought, "I will ask the man himself," and going to the park he saluted him, and sitting respectfully on one side he spoke the first stanza in the form of a question:

Friend Hārita, I oft have heard it said
A sinful life is by your Reverence led;

I trust there is no truth in this report,
And thou art innocent in deed and thought?

[499] He thought, "If I were to say I am not indulging in sin, this king would believe me, but in this world there is no sure ground like speaking the truth. They who forsake the truth, though they sit in the sacred enclosure of the Bo tree, cannot attain to Buddhahood. I must needs just speak the truth." In certain cases a Bodhisatta may destroy life, take what is not given him, commit adultery, drink strong drink, but he may not tell a lie, attended by deception that violates the reality of things. Therefore speaking the truth only he uttered the second stanza:

In evil ways, great king, as thou hast heard,
Caught by the world's delusive arts, I erred.

Hearing this the king spoke the third stanza:

Vain is man's deepest wisdom to dispel
The passions that within his bosom swell.

Then Hārita pointed out to him the power of sin and spoke the fourth stanza:

There are four passions in this world, great king,
That in their power are over-mastering:
Lust, hate, excess and ignorance their name;
Knowledge can here no certain footing claim.

[500] The king on hearing this spoke the fifth stanza:

Endowed with holiness and intellect
The saintly Hārita wins our respect.

Then Hārita spoke the sixth stanza:

Ill thoughts, with pleasant vices if combined,
Corrupt the sage to saintliness inclined.

Then the king, encouraging him to throw off sinful passion, spoke the seventh stanza:

The beauty that from purest hearts doth shine
  Is marred by lust, born of this mortal frame;
Away with it, and blessings shall be thine,
  And multitudes thy wisdom shall proclaim.

Then the Bodhisatta recovered the power to concentrate his thoughts, and observing the misery of sinful desire, he spoke the eighth stanza:

Since blinding passions yield a bitter fruit,
All growth of lust I cut down to the root.

[501] So saying he asked the king's leave, and having gained his consent he entered his hermit hut, and fixing his gaze on the mystic circle he entered into a trance, and came forth from the hut, and sitting cross-legged in the air he taught the king the true doctrine and said, "Great king, I have incurred censure in the midst of the people by reason of my dwelling in a place where I ought not. But be thou vigilant. Now will I return to some forest free from all taint of womankind." And amidst the tears and lamentations of the king he returned to the Himālaya,

and without falling away from mystic meditation he entered the Brahma world.

The Master knowing the whole story said:

Thus Hārita for truth right stoutly did contend,
And lust forsaking did to Brahma world ascend.

And having in his Perfect Wisdom spoken this stanza, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"At that time the king was Ānanda Hārita was myself."

No. 432.

PADAKUSALAMĀṆAVA-JĀTAKA.

"O Pāṭala, by Ganges," etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain boy. He was, they say, the son of a householder at Sāvatthi, just seven years old, and skilled in recognizing footsteps. Now his father being minded to prove him went without his knowing it to a friend's house. The boy, without even asking where his father had gone, by tracing his footsteps, came and stood before him. So his father one day asked him saying, "When I went off without telling you, how did you know where I was gone?" [502] "My dear father, I recognized your footsteps. I am skilled in this way." Then his father, to prove him, went out of his house after the early meal, and going into his next-door neighbour's house, from it passed into another, and from this third house again returned to his own home, and thence made his way to the North gate, and passing out by it made a circuit of the city from right to left. And coming to Jetavana he saluted the Master and sat down to listen to the Law. The boy asked where his father was, and when they said, "We do not know," by tracing his father's steps, and starting from the next-door neighbour's house he went by the same road by which his father had travelled to Jetavana, and after saluting the Master stood in the presence of his father, and when asked by him, how he knew that he had come here, he said, "I recognized your footsteps and following in your track came hither." The Master asked, "Lay Brother, what are you saying?" He answered, "Your Reverence, this boy is skilled in knowing footsteps. To test

him I came hither in such and such a manner. Not finding me at home, by following in my footsteps, he arrived here." "There is no marvel," said the Master, "in recognizing steps upon the ground. Sages of old recognized steps in the air," and on being asked, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, his queen-consort after falling into sin was questioned by the king, and taking an oath she said, "If I have sinned against you, I shall become a female Yakkha with a face like a horse." After her death she became a horse-faced Yakkha and dwelt in a rock-cave in a vast forest at the foot of a mountain, and used to catch and devour the men that frequented the road leading from the East to the Western border. After serving Vessavaṇa [1] three years, it is said, she got leave to eat people in a certain space, thirty leagues long by five leagues broad. Now one day a rich, wealthy, handsome brahmin, accompanied by a large suite, ascended that road. The Yakkha, on seeing him, with a loud laugh rushed upon him, and his attendants all fled. With the speed of the wind she seized the brahmin [503] and threw him on her back, and in entering the cave, through coming into contact with the man, under the influence of passion she conceived an affection

for him, and instead of devouring him she made him her husband, and they lived harmoniously together. And thenceforth the Yakkha whenever she captured men, also took their clothes and rice and oil and the like, and serving him with various dainty food she herself would eat man's flesh. And whenever she went away, for fear of his escaping, she closed the mouth of the cave

with a huge stone before leaving. And while they were thus living amicably together, the Bodhisatta passing from his former existence was conceived in the womb of the Yakkha by the brahmin. After ten months she gave birth to a son, and filled with love for the brahmin and her child, she fed them both. By and bye when the boy was grown up, she put him also inside the cave with his father, and closed the door. Now one day the Bodhisatta knowing she had gone away removed the stone and let his father. out. And when she asked on her return who had removed the stone, he said, "I did, mother: we cannot sit in darkness." And through love for her child she did not say another word. Now one day the Bodhisatta asked his father, saying, "Dear father, your mouth is different from my mother's; what is the reason?" "My son, your mother is a Yakkha and lives on man's flesh, but you and I are men." "If so, why do we live here? Come, we will go to the haunts of men." "My dear boy, if we shall try to escape, your mother will kill us both." The Bodhisatta reassured his father and said, "Do not be afraid, dear father; that you shall return to the haunts of men shall be my charge." And next day when his mother had gone away, he took his father and fled. When the Yakkha returned and missed them, she rushed forward with the swiftness of the wind and caught them and said, "O brahmin, why do you run away? Is there anything that you want here?" "My dear," he said, "do not be angry with me. [504] Your son carried me off with him." And without another word, owing to her love for her child, she comforted them and making for her place of abode she brought them back after a flight of some days. The Bodhisatta thought, "My mother must have a limited sphere of action. Suppose I were to ask her the limits of space over which her authority extends. Then I will escape by going beyond this." So one day sitting respectfully near his mother he said, "My dear, that which

belongs to a mother comes to the children; tell me now what is the boundary of our ground." She told him all the landmarks, mountains and such like in all directions, and pointed out to her son the space, thirty leagues long and five leagues broad, and said, "Consider it to be so much, my son." After the lapse of two or three days, when his mother had gone to the forest, he put his father on his shoulder and rushing on with the swiftness of the wind, by the hint given him by his mother, he reached the bank of the river that was the limit. The mother too, when on her return she missed them, pursued after them. The Bodhisatta carried his father into the middle of the river, and she

came and stood on the river bank, and when she saw that they had passed beyond the limits of her sphere, she stopped where she was, and cried, "My dear child, come here with your father. What is my offence? In what respect do not things go well with you? Come back, my lord." Thus did she beseech her child and husband. So the brahmin crossed the river. She prayed to her child also, and said, "Dear son, do not act after this sort: come back again." "Mother, we are men: you are a Yakkha. We cannot always abide with you." "And will you not return?" "No, mother." "Then if you refuse to return—as it is painful to live in the world of men, and they who know not any craft cannot live—I am skilled in the lore of the philosopher's stone: by its power, one can follow after the lapse of twelve years in the steps of those that have gone away. This will prove a livelihood to you. Take, my child, this invaluable charm." And though overcome by such great sorrow, through love of her child, she gave him the charm. [505] The Bodhisatta, still standing in the river, folded his hands tortoise-wise and took the charm, and saluting his mother cried,

"Good-bye, mother." The Yakkha said, "If you do not return, my son, I cannot live," and she smote upon her breast, and straightway in sorrow for her son her heart was broken and she fell down dead on the spot. The Bodhisatta, when he knew his mother was dead, called to his father and went and made a funeral pile and burned her body. After extinguishing the flames, he made offerings of various coloured flowers, and with weeping and lamentation returned with his father to Benares.

It was told the king, "A youth skilled in tracking footsteps is standing at the door." And when the king bade him enter, he came in and saluted the king. "My friend," he said, "do you know any craft?" "My lord, following on the track of one who has stolen any property twelve years ago, I can catch him." "Then enter my service," said the king. "I will serve you for a thousand pieces of money daily." "Very well, friend, you shall serve me." And the king had him paid a thousand pieces of money daily. Now one day the family priest said to the king, "My lord, because this youth does nothing by the power of his art, we do not know whether he has any skill or not: we will now test him." The king readily agreed, and the pair gave notice to the keepers of the various treasures, and taking the most valuable jewels descended from the terrace, and after groping their way three times round the palace, they placed a ladder on the top of the wall and by means of it descended to the outside. Then they entered the Hall of Justice, and after sitting there they returned and again placing the ladder on the wall descended by it into the city. Coming to the edge of a tank they thrice marched solemnly round it, and then dropped their treasure in the tank, and climbed back to the terrace. [506] Next day there was a great outcry and men said, "Treasure has been stolen from the palace." The king pretending ignorance summoned

the Bodhisatta and said, "Friend, much valuable treasure has been stolen from the palace: we must trace it." "My lord, for one who is able to follow the traces of robbers and recover treasure stolen twelve years ago, there is nothing marvellous in his recovering stolen property after a single day and night. I will recover it; do not be troubled." "Then recover it, friend." "Very well, my lord," he said, and went and saluting his mother's memory he repeated the spell, still standing on the terrace, and said, "My lord, the steps of two thieves are to be seen." And following in the steps of the king and the priest he entered the royal closet, and issuing thence he descended from the terrace, and after thrice making a circuit of the palace he drew near the wall. Standing on it he said, "My lord, starting in this place from the wall I see footsteps in the air: bring me a ladder." And having had a ladder placed for him against the wall, he descended by it, and still following in their track he came to the Hall of Justice. Then returning to the palace he had the ladder planted against the wall, and descending by it he came to the tank. After thrice marching round it he said, "My lord, the thieves went down into this tank," and taking out the treasure, as if he had deposited it there himself, he gave it to the king and said, "My lord, these two thieves are men of distinction: by this way they climbed up into the palace." The people snapped their fingers in a high state of delight, and there was a great waving of cloths. The king thought, "This youth, methinks, by following in their steps knows the place where the thieves put the treasure, but the thieves he cannot catch." Then he said, "You at once brought us the property carried off by the thieves, but will you be able to catch the thieves and bring them to us?" "My lord, the thieves are here: they are not far off." [507] "Who are they?" "Great king, let any

one that likes be the thief. From the time you recovered your treasure, why should you want the thieves? Do not ask about that." "Friend, I pay you daily a thousand pieces of money: bring the thieves to me." "Sire, when the treasure is recovered, what need of the thieves?" "It is better, friend, for us to catch the thieves than to recover the treasure." "Then, sire, I will not tell you, "So and so are the thieves," but I will tell you a thing that happened long ago. If you are wise, you will know what it means." And herewith he told an old tale.

Once upon a time, sire, a certain dancer named Pāṭala lived not far from Benares, in a village on the river's bank. One day he went into Benares with his wife and after gaining money by his singing and dancing, at the end of the fēte he procured some rice and strong drink. On his way to his own village he came to the bank of the river, and sat down watching the freshly flowing stream, to drink his strong drink. When he was drunk and unconscious of his weakness, he said, "I will fasten my big lute about my neck and go down into the river." And he took his

wife by the hand and went down into the river. The water entered into the holes of the lute, and then the weight of his lute made him begin to sink. But when his wife saw he was sinking, she let go of him and went up out of the river and stood upon the bank. The dancer Pāṭala now rises and now sinks, and his belly became swollen from swallowing the water. So his wife thought, "My husband will now die: I will beg of him one song, and by singing this in the midst of the people, I shall earn my living." And saying, "My lord, you are sinking in the water: give

me just one song, and I will earn my living by it," she spoke this stanza:

[508]

O Pāṭala, by Ganges swept away,
Famous in dance and, skilled in roundelay,
Pāṭala, all hail! as thou art borne along,
Sing me, I pray, some little snatch of song.

Then the dancer Pāṭala said, "My dear, how shall I give you a little song? The water that has been the salvation of the people is killing me," and he spoke a stanza:

Wherewith are sprinkled fainting souls in pain,
I straight am killed. My refuge proved my bane.

The Bodhisatta in explanation of this stanza said: "Sire, even as water is the refuge of the people, so also is it with kings. If danger arises from them, who shall avert that danger? This, sire, is a secret matter. I have told a story intelligible to the wise: understand it, sire." "Friend, I understand not a hidden story like this. Catch the thieves and bring them to me." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Hear then this, sire, and understand." And he told yet another tale.

"My lord, formerly in a village outside the city gates of Benares, a potter used to fetch clay for his pottery, and constantly getting it in the same place he dug a deep pit inside a mountain-cave. Now one day while he was getting the clay, an unseasonable storm-cloud sprang up, and let fall a heavy rain, and the flood overwhelmed and threw down the side of the pit, and the man's head was broken by it. Loudly lamenting he spoke this stanza:

That by which seeds do grow, man to sustain,
Has crushed my head. My refuge proved my bane.

"For even as the mighty earth, sire, which is the refuge of the people, broke the potter's head, even so when a king, who like the mighty earth is the refuge of the whole world, rises up and plays the thief, who shall avert the danger? Can you, sire, [509] recognize the thief hidden under the guise of this story?" "Friend, we do not want any hidden meaning. Say, "Here is the thief," and catch him and hand him over to me."

Still shielding the king and without saying in words, "Thou art the thief," he told yet another story.

In this very city, sire, a certain man's house was on fire. He ordered another man to go into the house and bring out his property. When this man had entered the house and was bringing out his goods, the door was shut. Blinded with smoke and unable to find his way out and tormented by the rising flame, he remained inside lamenting, and spoke this stanza:

That which destroys the cold, and parches grain,
Consumes my limbs. My refuge proves my bane.

"A man, O king, who like fire was the refuge of the people, stole the bundle of jewels. Do not ask me about the thief." "Friend, just bring me the thief." Without telling the king that he was a thief, he told yet another story.

Once, sire, in this very city a man ate to excess and was unable to digest his food. Maddened with pain and lamenting he spoke

this stanza:

Food on which countless brahmins life sustain
Killed me outright. My refuge proved my bane.

"One, who like rice, sire, was the refuge of the people, stole the property. When that is recovered, why ask about the thief?" "Friend, if you can, bring me the thief." To make the king comprehend, he told yet another story.

[510] Formerly, sire, in this very city a wind arose and broke a certain man's limbs. Lamenting he spoke this stanza:

Wind that in June wise men by prayer would gain,
My limbs doth break. My refuge proved my bane.

"Thus, sire, did danger arise from my refuge. Understand this story." "Friend, bring me the thief." To make the king understand, he told him yet another story.

Once upon a time, sire, on the side of the Himālayas grew a tree with forked branches, the dwelling-place of countless birds. Two of its boughs rubbed against one another. Hence arose smoke, and sparks of fire were let fall. On seeing this the chief bird uttered this stanza:

Flame issues from the tree where we have lain:
Scatter, ye birds. Our refuge proves our bane.

"For just as, sire, the tree is the refuge of birds, so is the king the refuge of his people. Should he play the thief, who shall avert the danger? Take note of this, sire." "Friend, only bring me the thief." Then he told the king yet another story.

In a village of Benares, sire, on the western side of a gentleman's house was a river full of savage crocodiles, and in this family was an only son, who on the death of his father watched over his mother. His mother against his will brought home a gentleman's daughter as his wife. At

first she showed affection for her mother-in-law, but afterwards when blest with numerous sons and daughters of her own, she wished to get rid of her. Her own mother also lived in the same house. In her husband's presence she found all manner of fault with her mother-in-law, to prejudice him against her, saying, "I cannot possibly support your mother: you must kill her." [511] And when he answered, "Murder is a serious matter: how am I to kill her? " she said, "When she has fallen asleep, we will take her, bed and all, and throw her into the crocodile river. Then the crocodiles will make an end of her." "And where is your mother?" he said. "She sleeps in the same room as your mother." "Then go and set a mark on the bed on which she lies, by fastening a rope on it." She did so, and said, "I have put a mark on it." The husband said, "Excuse me a moment; let the people go to bed first." And he lay down pretending to go to sleep, and then went and fastened the rope on his mother-in-law's bed. Then he woke his wife, and they went together and lifting her up, bed and all, threw her into the river. And the crocodiles there killed and ate her. Next day she found out what had happened to her own mother and said, "My lord, my mother is dead, now let us kill yours." "Very well then," he said, "we will make a funeral pile in the cemetery, and cast her into the fire and kill her." So the man and his wife took her while she was asleep to the cemetery, and deposited her there. Then the husband said to his wife, "Have

you brought any fire?" "I have forgotten it, my lord." "Then go and fetch it." "I dare not go, my lord, and if you go, I dare not stay here: we will go together." When they were gone, the old woman was awakened by the cold wind, and finding it was a cemetery, she thought, "They wish to kill me: they are gone to fetch fire. They do not know how strong I am." And she stretched a corpse on the bed and covered it over with a cloth, and ran away and hid herself in a mountain cave in that same place. The husband and wife brought the fire and taking the corpse to be the old woman they burned it and went away. A certain robber had left his bundle in this mountain cave and coming back to fetch it he saw the old woman and thought, "This must be a Yakkha: my bundle is possessed by goblins," and he fetched a devil-doctor. The doctor uttered a spell and entered the cave. Then she said to him, "I am no Yakkha: come, we will enjoy this treasure together." "How is this to be believed?" "Place your tongue on my tongue." He did so, and she bit a piece off his tongue and let it drop to the ground. The devil-doctor thought, "This is certainly a Yakkha," and he cried aloud and fled away, with the blood dripping from his tongue. [512] Next day the old woman put on a clean undergarment and took the bundle of all sorts of jewels and went home. The daughter-in-law on seeing her asked, "Where, mother, did you get this?" "My dear, all that are burned on a wooden pile in this cemetery receive

the same." "My dear mother, can I too get this?" "If you become like me, you will." So without saying a word to her husband, in her desire for a lot of ornaments to wear, she went there and burned herself. Her husband next day missed her and said, "My dear mother, at this time of day is not your daughter-in law

coming?" Then she reproached him saying, "Fie! you bad man, how do the dead come back?" And she uttered this stanza:

A maiden fair, with wreath upon her head,
Fragrant with sandal oil, by me was led
A happy bride within my home to reign:
She drove me forth. My refuge proved my bane.

"As the daughter-in-law, sire, is to the mother-in-law, so is the king a refuge to his people. If danger arises thence, what can one do? take note of this, sire." "Friend, I do not understand the things you tell me: only bring me the thief." He thought, "I will shield the king," and he told yet another story.

Of old, sire, in this very city a man in answer to his prayer had a son. At his birth the father was full of joy and gladness at the thought of having got a son, and cherished him. When the boy was grown up, he wedded him to a wife, and by and bye he himself grew old and could not undertake any work. So his son said, "You cannot do any work: you must go from hence," and he drove him out of the house. [513] With great difficulty he kept himself alive on alms, and lamenting he uttered this stanza:

He for whose birth I longed, nor longed in vain,
Drives me from home. My refuge proved my bane.

"Just as an aged father, sire, ought to be cared for by an able-bodied son, so too ought all the people to be protected by the king, and this danger now present has arisen from the king, who is the guardian of all men. Know, sire, from this fact that the thief is so and so." "I do not understand this, be it fact or no fact: either bring me the thief, or you yourself must be the thief." Thus did the king again and again question the youth. So he said

to him, "Would you, sire, really like the thief to be caught?" "Yes, friend." "Then I will proclaim it in the midst of the assembly, So and So is the thief." "Do so, friend." On hearing his words he thought, "This king does not allow me to shield him: I will now catch the thief." And when the people had gathered together, he addressed them and spoke these stanzas:

Let town and country folk assembled all give ear,
Lo! water is ablaze. From safety cometh fear.
The plundered realm may well of king and priest complain;
Henceforth protect yourselves. Your refuge proves your bane.

p. 306

[514] When they heard what he said, people thought, "The king, though he ought to have protected others, threw the blame on another. After he had with his own hands placed his treasure in the tank, he went about looking for the thief. That he may not in future go on playing the part of a thief, we will kill this wicked king." So they rose up with sticks and clubs in their hands, and then and there beat the king and the priest till they died. But they anointed the Bodhisatta and set him on the throne.

The Master, after relating this story to illustrate the Truths, said, "Lay Brother, there is nothing marvellous in recognizing footsteps on the earth: sages of old recognized them in the air," and he identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the lay Brother and his son attained to fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the father was Kassapa, the youth skilled in footsteps was myself."

Footnotes

298:1 The lord of Yakkhas.

No. 433.

LOMASAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA.

"A king like Indra," etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a worldly-minded Brother. The Master asked him if he were longing for the world, and when he admitted that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, even men of the highest fame sometimes incur infamy. Sins like these defile even pure beings; much more one like you." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time prince Brahmadatta, son of Brahmadatta king of Benares, and the son of his family priest named Kassapa [515], were schoolmates and learned all the sciences in the house of the same teacher. By and bye the young prince on his father's death was established in the kingdom. Kassapa thought, "My friend has become king: he will bestow great power on me: what have I to do with power? I will take leave of the king and my parents, and become an ascetic." So he went into the Himālayas and adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered on the Faculties and Attainments, and gained his living by what he gleaned in the fields. And men nicknamed the ascetic Lomasakassapa (Hairy Kassapa). With his senses mortified he became an ascetic of

grim austerity. And by virtue of his austerity the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, reflecting on the cause, observed him and thought, "This ascetic, by the exceedingly fierce fire of his virtue, would make me fall even from the abode of Sakka. After a secret

interview with the king of Benares, I will break down his austerity." By the power of a Sakka he entered the royal closet of the king of Benares at midnight and illuminated all the chamber with the radiance of his form, and standing in the air before the king he woke him up and said, "Sire, arise," and when the king asked, "Who are you?" he answered, "I am Sakka." "Wherefore are you come?" "Sire, do you desire or not sole rule in all India?" "Of course I do." So Sakka said, "Then bring Lomasakassapa here and bid him offer a sacrifice of slain beasts, and you shall become, like Sakka, exempt from old age and death, and exercise rule throughout all India," and he repeated the first stanza:

A king like Indra thou shalt be,
Ne'er doomed old age or death to see,
Should Kassapa by thy advice
Offer a living sacrifice.

On hearing his words the king readily assented. Sakka said, "Then make no delay," and so departed. [516] Next day the king summoned a councillor named Sayha and said, "Good sir, go to my dear friend Lomasakassapa and in my name speak thus to him: "The king by persuading you to offer a sacrifice will become sole ruler in all India, and he will grant you as much land as you desire: come with me to offer sacrifice." He answered, "Very well, sire," and made proclamation by beat of drum to learn the place where the ascetic dwelt, and when a certain forester said, I know," Sayha went there under his guidance with a large following, and saluting the sage sat respectfully on one side and delivered his message. Then he said to him, "Sayha, what is this you say?" and refusing him he spoke these four stanzas:

[1]

No island realm, safe-guarded in the sea,
Shall tempt me, Sayha, to this cruelty.
A curse upon the lust of fame and gain,
Whence spring the sins that lead to endless pain.
Better, as homeless waif, to beg one's bread
Than by a crime bring shame upon my head.
Yea better, bowl in hand, to flee from sin
Than by such cruelty a kingdom win.

The councillor, after hearing what he said, went and told the king. Thought the king, "Should he refuse to come, what can I do?" and kept silent. [517] But Sakka at midnight came and stood in the air and said,

"Why, sire, do you not send for Lomasakassapa and bid him offer sacrifice?" When he is sent for, he refuses to come." "Sire, adorn your daughter, princess Candavatī, and send her by the hand of Sayha and bid him say, "If you will come and offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife." Clearly he will be struck with love of the maiden and will come." The king readily agreed, and next day sent his daughter by the hand of Sayha. Sayha took the king's daughter and went there, and after the usual salutation and compliments to the sage, he presented to him the princess, as lovely as a celestial nymph, and stood at a respectful distance. The ascetic losing his moral sense looked at her, and with the mere look he fell away from meditation. The councillor seeing that he was smitten with love said, "Your Reverence, if you will offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife." He trembled with the power of passion and said, "Will he surely

give her to me?" "Yes, if you offer sacrifice, he will." "Very well," he said, "If I get her, I will sacrifice," and taking her with him, just as he was, ascetic locks and all, he mounted a splendid chariot and went to Benares. But the king, as soon as he heard he was certainly coming, prepared for the ceremony in the sacrificial pit. So when he saw that he was come, he said, "If you offer sacrifice, I shall become equal to Indra, and when the sacrifice is completed, I will give you my daughter." Kassapa readily assented. So the king next day went with Candavatī to the sacrificial pit. There all four-footed beasts, elephants, horses, bulls and the rest were placed in a line. Kassapa essayed to offer sacrifice by killing and slaying them all. Then the people that were gathered together there said, [518] "This is not proper or befitting you, Lomasakassapa: why do you act thus ?" And lamenting they uttered two stanzas:

Both sun and moon bear potent sway,
And tides no power on earth can stay,
Brahmins and priests almighty are,
But womankind is mightier far.

E'en so Candavatī did win
Grim Kassapa to deadly sin,
And urged him by her sire's device
To offer living sacrifices.

[1]

At this moment Kassapa, to offer sacrifice, lifted up his precious sword to strike the royal elephant on the neck. The elephant at the sight of the sword, terrified with the fear of death, uttered a loud cry. On hearing his cry the other beasts too, elephants, horses, and bulls through fear of death uttered loud cries, and the people also cried aloud. Kassapa, on hearing these loud

cries, grew excited and reflected on his matted hair. Then he became conscious of matted locks and beard, and the hair upon his body

and breast. Full of remorse he cried, "Alas! I have done a sinful deed, unbecoming my character," and showing his emotion he spoke the eighth stanza:

[519]

This cruel act is of desire the fruit;
The growth of lust I'll cut down to the root.

Then the king said, "Friend, fear not: offer the sacrifice, and I will now give you the princess Candavatī, and my kingdom and a pile of the seven treasures." On hearing this Kassapa said, "Sire, I do not want this sin upon my soul," and spoke the concluding stanza:

Curse on the lusts upon this earth so rife,
Better by far than these the ascetic life;
I will forsaking sin a hermit be:
Keep thou thy realm and fair Candavatī.

With these words he concentrated his thoughts on the mystic object, and recovering the lost idea sat cross-legged in the air, teaching the law to the king, and, admonishing him to be zealous in good works, he bade him destroy the sacrificial pit and grant an amnesty to the people. And at the king's request, flying up into the air he returned to his own abode. And as long

as he lived, he cultivated the Brahma perfections and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

The Master having ended his lesson revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"In those days the great councillor Sayha was Sāriputta, Lomasakassapa was myself."

Footnotes

307:1 These stanzas occur in No. 310 *supra,* in a different context.

308:1 See Weber, *Ind. Stud.* x. 348.

No. 434.

CAKKAVĀKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[520] *"Twin pair of birds," etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a greedy Brother. He was, it was said, greedy after the Buddhist requisites and casting off all duties of master and pastor, entered Sāvatthi quite early, and after drinking excellent rice-gruel served with many a kind of solid food in the house of Visākhā, and after eating in the daytime various dainties, paddy, meat and boiled rice, not satisfied with this he goes about thence

to the house of Culla-Anāthapiṇḍika, and the king of Kosala, and various others. So one day a discussion was raised in the Hall of Truth concerning his greediness. When the Master heard what they were discussing, he sent for that Brother and asked him if it were true that he was greedy. And when he said "Yes," the Master asked, "Why, Brother, are you greedy? Formerly too through your greediness, not being satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants, you left Benares and wandering about on the bank of the Ganges, entered the Himālaya country." And hereupon he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a greedy crow went about eating the bodies of dead elephants, and not satisfied with them he thought, "I will eat the fat of fish on the bank of the Ganges," and after staying a few days there eating dead fish he went into the Himālaya and lived on various

kinds of wild fruits. Coming to a large lotus-tank abounding in fish and turtles, he saw there two golden-coloured geese who lived on the sevāla plant. He thought, "These birds are very beautiful and well-favoured: their food must be delightful. I will ask them what it is, and by eating the same I too shall become golden-coloured." So he went to them, and after the usual kindly greetings to them as they sat perched on the end of a bough, he spoke the first stanza in connexion with their praises:

Twin pair of birds in yellow dressed,
So joyous roaming to and fro;
What kind of birds do men love best?
This is what I am fain to know.

[521] The ruddy goose on hearing this spoke the second stanza:

O bird, of human kind the pest,
We above other birds are blest.
All lands with our "devotion [1]" ring
And men and birds our praises sing.
Know then that ruddy geese are we,
And fearless wander o'er the seat [2].

Hearing this the crow spoke the third stanza:

What fruits upon the sea abound,
And whence may flesh for geese be found?
Say on what heavenly food ye live,
Such beauty and such strength to give.

[522] Then the ruddy goose spoke the fourth stanza:

No fruits are on the sea to eat,

And whence should ruddy geese have meat?

Sevāla plant, stript of its skin,

Yields food without a taint of sin.

Then the crow spoke two stanzas:

I like not, goose, the words you use:

I once believed the food we choose

To nourish us, ought to agree

With what our outward form might be.

But now I doubt it, for I eat
Rice, salt, and oil, and fruit, and meat:
As heroes feast returned from fight,
So I too in good cheer delight.
But though I live on dainty fare,
My looks with yours may not compare.

[523] Then the ruddy goose told the reason why the crow failed to attain to personal beauty, while he himself attained to it, and spoke the remaining stanzas:

Not satisfied with fruit, or garbage found

Within the precincts of the charnel ground,

The greedy crow pursues in wanton flight

The casual prey that tempts his appetite.

But all that thus shall work their wicked will,
And for their pleasure harmless creatures kill,
Upbraided by their conscience pine away,
And see their strength and comeliness decay.

So happy beings that no creatures harm
In form gain vigour and in looks a charm,

For beauty surely be it understood
Depends not wholly on the kind of food.

[524] Thus did the ruddy goose in many ways reproach the crow. And the crow having brought this reproach upon himself said, "I want not your beauty." And with a cry of "Caw, Caw," he flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained to fruition of the Second Path:—"In those days the crow was the greedy Brother, the she-goose was the mother of Rāhula, the he-goose myself."

Footnotes

309:1 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* iii. 69.

310:1 The ruddy goose, in the poetry of the Hindus, is their turtle-dove. See Wilson's *Meghadūta,* p. 77.

310:2 By the word "sea" the Ganges is here intended.

No. 435.

HALIDDIRĀGA-JĀTAKA.

"In lonesome forest," etc.—This story the Master at Jetavana told about a youth who was tempted by a certain coarse maiden. The introductory story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Cullanārada Birth [1].

Now in the old legend this maiden knew that if the young ascetic should break the moral law, he would be in her power, and thinking to cajole him and bring him back to the haunts of men, she said, "Virtue that is safe-guarded in a forest, where the qualities of sense such as beauty and the like have no existence, does not prove very fruitful, but it bears abundant fruit in the haunts of men, in the immediate presence of beauty and the like. So come with me and guard your virtue there. What have you to do with a forest?" And she uttered the first stanza:

In lonesome forest one may well be pure,
'Tis easy there temptation to endure;
But in a village with seductions rife,
A man may rise to a far nobler life.

On hearing this the young ascetic said, "My father is gone into the forest. When he returns, I will ask his leave and then accompany you." She thought, [525] "He has a father, it seems; if he should find me here, he will strike me with the end of his carrying-pole and kill me: I must be off beforehand." So she said

to the youth, "I will start on the road before you, and leave a trail behind me: you are to follow me." When she had left him, he neither fetched wood, nor brought water to drink, but just sat meditating, and when his father arrived, he did not go out to meet him. So the father knew that his son had fallen into the power of a woman and he said, "Why, my son, did you neither fetch wood nor bring me water to drink, nor food to eat, but why do you do nothing but sit and meditate?" The youthful ascetic said, "Father, men say that virtue that has to be guarded in a forest is not very fruitful, but that it brings forth much fruit in the haunts of men. I will go and guard my virtue there. My companion has gone forward, bidding me follow: so I will go with my companion. But when I am dwelling there, what manner of man am I to affect?" And asking this question he spoke the second stanza:

[1]

This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;
If to some village from this wood I stray,
Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father spoke and repeated the rest of the verses:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne’er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey kind,
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some wilderness thy lot's confined.

Eschew foul ways, e’en as thou would'st keep clear
Of angry serpent, or as charioteer
[526] Avoids a rugged road. Sorrows abound
Whene’er a man in Folly's train is found:
Consort not thou with fools—my voice obey—
The fool's companion is to grief a prey.

Being thus admonished by his father, the youth said, "If I should go to the haunts of men, I should not find sages like you. I dread going thither. I will dwell here in your presence." Then his father admonished him still further and taught him the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And before long, the son developed the Faculties and Attainments, and with his father became destined to birth in the Brahma World.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother who longed for the world attained to fruition of the First Path:—" In those days the young ascetic was the worldly-minded Brother, the maiden then is the maiden now, but the father was myself."

Footnotes

311:1 No. 477, Vol. iv.

312:1 This stanza and the first seven of the following verses are to be found in No. 348 *supra.*

No. 436.

SAMUGGA-JĀTAKA.

[527] *"Whence come ye, friends," etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of a worldly-minded Brother. The Master, they say, asked him if it were true that he was hankering after the world, and on his confessing that it was so, he said, "Why, Brother, do you desire a woman? Verily woman is wicked and ungrateful. Of old Asura demons swallowed women, and though they guarded them in their belly, they could not keep them faithful to one man. How then will you be able to do so?" And hereupon he related an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta foregoing sinful pleasures entered the Himālayas and adopted the religious life. And he dwelt there living on wild fruits, and developed the Faculties and Attainments. Not far from his hut of leaves lived an Asura demon. From time to time he drew nigh to the Great Being and

listened to the Law, but taking his stand in the forest on the high road where men gathered together, he caught and ate them. At this time a certain noble lady in the kingdom of Kāsi, of exceeding beauty, settled in a frontier village. One day she went to visit her parents, and as she was returning this demon caught sight of the men that formed her escort and rushed upon them in a terrible form. The men let fall the weapons in their hands and took to flight. The demon on seeing a lovely woman seated

in the chariot, fell in love with her, and carrying her off to his cave made her his wife. Thenceforth he brought her ghee, husked rice, fish, flesh, and the like, as well as ripe fruit to eat, and arrayed her in robes and ornaments, and in order to keep her safe he put her in a box which he swallowed, and so guarded her in his belly. One day he wished to bathe, and coming to the tank he threw up the box and taking her out of it he bathed and anointed her, and when he had dressed her he said, "For a short time enjoy yourself in the open air," and without suspecting any harm he went a little distance and bathed. [528] At this time the son of Vāyu, who was a magician, girt about with a sword, was walking through the air. When she saw him, she put her hands in a certain position and signed to him to come to her. The magician quickly descended to the ground. Then she placed him in the box, and sat down on it, waiting the approach of the Asura, and as soon as she saw him coming, before he had drawn near to the box, she opened it, and getting inside lay over the magician, and wrapped her garment about him. The Asura came and without examining the box, thought it was only the woman, and swallowed the box and set out for his cave. While on the road he thought, "It is a long time since I saw the ascetic: I will go to-day and pay my respects to him." So he went to visit him. The ascetic, spying him while he was still a long way off, knew that there were two people in the demon's belly, and uttering the first stanza, he said:

Whence come ye, friends?
    Right welcome all the three!
Be pleased to rest with me awhile,
I pray: I trust you live at ease and happily;
    'Tis long since any of you passed this way.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "I have come quite alone to see this ascetic, and he speaks of three people: what does he mean? Does he speak from knowing the exact state of things, or is he mad and talking foolishly?" Then he drew nigh to the ascetic, and saluted him, and sitting at a respectful distance he conversed with him and spoke the second stanza:

[529]

I've come to visit thee alone to-day,
    Nor does a creature bear me company.
Why dost thou then, O holy hermit, say,
"Whence come ye, friends?
    Right welcome, all the three."

Said the ascetic, "Do you really wish to hear the reason?" "Yes, holy Sir." "Hear then," he said, and spoke the third stanza:

Thyself and thy dear wife are twain, be sure;
Enclosed within a box she lies secure:
Safe-guarded ever in thy belly, she
With Vāyu's son doth sport her merrily.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "Magicians surely are full of tricks: supposing his sword should be in his hand, he will rip open my belly and make his escape." And being greatly alarmed he threw up the box and placed it before him.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom to make the matter clear, repeated the fourth stanza:

The demon by the sword was greatly terrified,
And from his maw disgorged the box upon the ground;
[530] His wife, with lovely wreath adorned as if a bride,
With Vāyu's son disporting merrily was found.

No sooner was the box opened than the magician muttered a spell and seizing his sword sprang up into the air. On seeing this, the Asura was so pleased with the Great Being that he repeated the remaining verses, inspired mainly with his praises:

O stern ascetic, thy clear vision saw
How low poor man, a woman's slave, may sink;
As life itself tho’ guarded in my maw,
The wretch did play the wanton, as I think.

I tended her with care both day and night,
As forest hermit cherishes a flame,
And yet she sinned, beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Methought within my body, hid from sight,
She must be mine—but "Wanton" was her name—
And so she sinned beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Man with her thousand wiles doth vainly cope,
In vain he trusts that his defence is sure;
Like precipices down to Hell that slope,
Poor careless souls she doth to doom allure.

The man that shuns the path of womankind
Lives happily and from all sorrow free;
He his true bliss in solitude will find,
Afar from woman and her treachery.

[531] With these words the demon fell at the feet of the Great Being, and praised him, saying, "Holy Sir, through you my life was saved. Owing to that wicked woman I was nearly killed by the magician." Then the Bodhisatta expounded the Law to him, saying, "Do no harm to her:

keep the commandments," and established him in the five moral precepts. The Asura said, "Though I guarded her in my belly, I could not keep her safe. Who else will keep her?" So he let her go, and returned straight to his forest home.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the ascetic with supernatural powers of sight was myself."

No. 437.

PŪTIMAṄSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[532] *"Why thus does Pūtimaṅsa," etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while at Jetavana concerning the subjugation of the senses. For at one time there were many Brethren who kept no guard over the avenues of the senses. The Master said to the elder Ānanda, "I must admonish these Brethren," and owing to their want of self-restraint he called together the assembly of the Brethren, and seated in the middle of a richly-adorned couch he thus addressed them: "Brethren, it is not right that a Brother under the influence of personal beauty should set his affections on mental or physical attributes, for should he die at such a moment, he is re-born in hell and the like evil states; therefore set not your affections on material forms and the like. A Brother ought not to feed his mind on mental and physical attributes. They who do so even in this present condition of things are utterly ruined. Therefore it is good, Brethren, that the eye of the senses should be touched with a red-hot iron pin." And here he gave other details, adding, "There is a time for you to regard beauty, and a time to disregard it: at the time of regarding it, regard it not under the influence of what is agreeable, but of what is disagreeable. Thus will ye not fall away from your proper sphere. What then is this sphere of yours? Even the four earnest meditations, the holy eight-fold path, the nine transcendent conditions. If ye walk in this your proper domain, Māra will not find an entrance, but if ye are subject to passion and regard things under the influence of personal beauty, like the jackal Pūtimaṅsa, ye will fall away from your true sphere," and with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, many hundreds of wild goats dwelt in a mountain-cave in a wooded district on

the slopes of the Himālayas. Not far from their place of abode a jackal named Pūtimaṅsa with his wife Veṇī lived in a cave. One day as he was ranging about with his wife, he spied those goats and thought, "I must find some means to eat the flesh of these goats," and by some device he killed a single goat. Both he and his wife by feeding on goat's flesh waxed strong and gross of body. Gradually the goats diminished in number. [533] Amongst them was a wise she-goat named Meḷamātā. The jackal though skilful in devices could not kill her, and taking counsel with his wife he said, "My dear, all the goats have died out. We must devise how to eat this she-goat. Now here is my plan. You are to go by yourself, and become friendly with her, and when confidence has sprung up between you, I will lie down and pretend to be dead. Then you are to draw nigh to the goat and say, "My dear, my husband is dead and I am desolate; except you I have no friend: come, let us weep and lament, and bury his body." And with these words come and bring her with you. Then I will spring up and kill her by a bite in the neck." She readily agreed and after making friends with the goat, when confidence was established, she addressed her in the words suggested by her husband. The goat replied, "My dear, all my kinsfolk have been eaten by your husband. I am afraid; I cannot come." "Do not be afraid; what harm can the dead do you?" "Your husband is cruelly-minded; I am afraid." But afterwards being repeatedly importuned the goat thought, "He certainly must be dead," and

consented to go with her. But on her way there she thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and being suspicious she made the she-jackal go in front, keeping a sharp look-out for the jackal. He heard the sound of their steps and thought, "Here comes the goat," and put up his head and rolling his eyes looked about him. The goat on seeing him do this said, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in and kill me: he lies there making a pretence of being dead," and she turned about and fled. When the she-jackal asked why she ran away, the goat gave the reason and spoke the first stanza:

[534]

Why thus does Pūtimaiṅsa stare?
    His look misliketh me:
Of such a friend one should beware,
    And far away should flee.

With these words she turned about and made straight for her own abode. And the she-jackal failing to stop her was enraged with her, and went to her husband and sat down lamenting. Then the jackal rebuking her spoke the second stanza:

Veṇī, my wife, seems dull of wit,
    To boast of friends that she has made;
Left in the lurch she can but sit
    And grieve, by Meḷa's art betrayed.

On hearing this the she jackal spoke the third stanza:

You too, my lord, were hardly wise,
And, foolish creature, raised your head,
Staring about with open eyes,
Though feigning to be dead.

At fitting times they that are wise
Know when to ope or close their eyes,
Who look at the wrong moment, will,
Like Pūtimaṅsa, suffer ill.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

---

[535] But the she jackal comforted Pūtimaṅsa and said, "My lord, do not vex yourself, I will find a way to bring her here again, and when she comes, be on your guard and catch her." Then she sought the goat and said, "My friend, your coming proved of service to us; for as soon as you appeared, my lord recovered consciousness, and he is now alive. Come and have friendly speech with him," and so saying she spoke the fifth stanza:

Our former friendship, goat, once more revive,
And come with well-filled bowl to us, I pray,
My lord I took for dead is still alive,
With kindly greeting visit him to-day.

The goat thought, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in. I must not act like an open foe; I will find means to deceive her," and she spoke the sixth stanza,:

Our former friendship to revive,
A well-filled bowl I gladly give:

With a big escort I shall come;
To feast us well, go hasten home.

Then the she-jackal inquired about her followers, and spoke the seventh stanza:

What kind of escort will you bring,
That I am bid to feast you well?
The names of all remembering
To us, I pray you, truly tell.

The goat spoke the eighth stanza and said:

Hounds [1] grey and tan, four-eyed one too,
With Jambuk form my escort true:
Go hurry home, and quick prepare
For all abundance of good fare.

p. 319

[536] "Each of these," she added, "is accompanied by five hundred dogs: so I shall appear with a guard of two thousand dogs. If they should not find food, they will kill and eat you and your mate." On hearing this the she-jackal was so frightened that she thought, "I have had quite enough of her coming to us; I will find means to stop her from coming," and she spoke the ninth stanza:

Don't leave your house, or else I fear
Your goods will all soon disappear:
I'll take your greeting to my lord;
Don't stir: nay, not another word!

With these words she ran in great haste, as for her life, and taking her lord with her, fled away. And they never durst come back to that spot.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: " In those days I was the divinity that dwelt there in an old forest tree."

Footnotes

316:1 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* iii. 71.

318:1 Maliya and Pingiya probably refer to the colour of the dogs; Caturaksha is one of Yama's dogs in the Rigveda; Jambuka is a spirit in the train of Skanda.

No. 438.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Thy harmless offspring," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Vulture Peak, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay him. It was at this time that they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Alas! Sirs, how shameless and base was Devadatta. Joining himself to Ajātasattu, he formed a plot to kill the excellent and supreme Buddha, by the suborning of archers, the hurling of a rock, and the letting loose of Nālāgiri." The Master came and inquired of the Brethren what they were discussing in their assembly, and on being told what it was said, [537] " Not only now, but formerly too, Devadatta went about to kill me, but now he cannot so much as frighten me," and he related an old-world legend.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, a world-renowned professor at Benares gave instruction in science to five hundred young brahmins. One day he thought, "So long as I dwell here,

I meet with hindrances to the religious life, and my pupils are not perfected in their studies. I will retire into a forest home on the slopes of the Himālayas and carry on my teaching there." He told his pupils, and, bidding them bring sesame, husked rice, oil, garments and such like, he went into the forest and building a hut of leaves took up his abode close by the highway. His pupils too each built a hut for himself. Their kinsfolk sent rice and the

like, and the natives of the country saying, "A famous professor, they say, is living in such and such a place in the forest, and giving lessons in science," brought presents of rice, and the foresters also offered their gifts, while a certain man gave a milch cow and a calf, to supply them with milk. Now a lizard along with her two young ones came to dwell in the hut of the teacher, and a lion and a tiger ministered to him. A partridge too constantly resided there, and from hearing their master teach sacred texts to his pupils, the partridge got to know three Vedas. And the young brahmins became very friendly with the bird. By and bye before the youths had attained to proficiency in the sciences, their master died. His pupils had his body burnt, set up a tope of sand over his ashes, and with weeping and lamentation adorned it with all manner of flowers. So the partridge asked them why they wept. "Our master," they replied, "has died while our studies are still incomplete." "If this is so, do not be distressed: I will teach you science." "How do you know it?" "I used to listen to your master, while he was teaching you, and got up three Vedas by heart." "Then do you impart to us what you have learned by heart." [538] The partridge said, "Well, listen," and he expounded knotty points to them, as easily as one lets down a stream from a mountain height. The young brahmins were highly delighted and acquired science from the learned partridge. And the bird stood in the place of the far-famed teacher, and gave lectures in science. The youths made him a golden cage and fastening an awning over it, they served him with honey and parched grain in a golden dish and presenting him with divers coloured flowers, they paid great honour to the bird. It was blazed abroad throughout all India that a partridge in a forest was instructing five hundred young brahmins in sacred texts. At that time men proclaimed a high festival—it was like a gathering together of the people on a mountain top. The

parents of the youths sent a message for their sons to come and see the festival. They told the partridge, and entrusting the learned bird and all the hermitage to the care of the lizard, they left for their several cities. At that moment an ill-conditioned [1] wicked ascetic wandering about hither and thither came to this spot. The lizard on seeing him entered into friendly talk with him,

saying, "In such and such a place you will find rice, oil and such like; boil some rice and enjoy yourself," and so saying he went off in quest of his own food. Early in the morning the wretch boiled his rice, and killed and ate the two young lizards, making a dainty dish of them. At midday he killed and ate the learned partridge and the calf, and in the evening no sooner did he see the cow had come home than he killed her too and ate the flesh. Then he lay down grunting at the foot of a tree and fell asleep. In the evening the lizard came back and missing her young ones went about looking for them. A tree-sprite observing the lizard all of a tremble because she could not find her young ones, by an exercise of divine power stood in the hollow of the trunk of the tree and said, "Cease trembling, lizard: your young ones and the partridge and the calf and cow have been killed by this wicked fellow. Give him a bite in the neck, and so bring about his death." And thus talking with the lizard the deity spoke the first stanza:

[539]

Thy harmless offspring he did eat,
  Though thou didst rice in plenty give;
Thy teeth make in his flesh to meet,
  Nor let the wretch escape alive.

Then the lizard repeated two stanzas:

Filth doth his greedy soul, like nurse's garb, besmear,
His person all is proof against my fangs, I fear.

Flaws by the base ingrate are everywhere espied,
Not by the gift of worlds can he be satisfied.

The lizard so saying thought, "This fellow will wake up and eat me," and to save her own life she fled. Now the lion and the tiger were on very friendly terms with the partridge. Sometimes they used to come and see the partridge, and sometimes the partridge went and taught the Law to them. To-day the lion said to the tiger, "It is a long time since we saw the partridge; it must be seven or eight days: go and bring back news of him." The tiger readily assented, and he arrived at the place the very moment that the lizard had run away, and found the vile wretch sleeping. In his matted locks were to be seen some feathers of the partridge, [540] and close by appeared the bones of the cow and calf. King tiger seeing all this and missing the partridge from his golden cage thought, "These creatures must have been killed by this wicked fellow," and he roused him by a kick. At the sight of the tiger the man was terribly frightened. Then the tiger asked, "Did you kill and eat these creatures?" "I neither killed nor ate them." "Vile wretch, if you did not kill them, tell me who else would? And if you do not tell me, you are a dead man:" Frightened for his life he said, "Yes, sir, I did kill and eat the young lizards and the cow and the calf, but I did not kill the

partridge." And though he protested much, the tiger did not believe him but asked, "Whence did you come here?" "My lord, I hawked about merchant's wares for a living in the Kāliṅga

country, and after trying one thing and another I have come here." But when the man had told him everything that he had done, the tiger said, "You wicked fellow, if you did not kill the partridge, who else could have done so? Come, I shall bring you before the lion, the king of beasts." So the tiger went off, driving the man before him. When the lion saw the tiger bringing the man with him, putting it in the form of a question he spoke the fourth stanza:

Why thus in haste, Subāhu [1], art thou here,
And why with thee does this good youth appear?
What need for urgency is here, I pray?
Quick, tell me truly and without delay.

[541] On hearing this the tiger spoke the fifth stanza:

The partridge, Sire, our very worthy friend,
I doubt, to-day has come to a bad end:
This fellow's antecedents make me fear
We may ill news of our good partridge hear.

Then the lion spoke the sixth stanza:

What may the fellow's antecedents be,
And what the sins that he confessed to thee,
To make thee doubt that some misfortune may
Have fallen on the learned bird to-day?

Then in answer to him king tiger repeated the remaining verses:

As pedlar thro' Kāliṅga land
Rough roads he travelled, staff in hand;
With acrobats he has been found,

And harmless beast in toils has bound;
With dicers too has often played,
And snares for little birds has laid;
In crowds with cudgel-sticks has fought,
And gain by measuring corn has sought:
False to his vows, in midnight fray
Wounded, he washed the blood away:
His hands he burned thro' being bold
To snatch at food too hot to hold.
[542] Such was the life I heard he led,
Such are the sins upon his head,
And since we know the cow is dead,
And feathers midst his locks appear,
I greatly for friend partridge fear.

The lion asked the man, "Did you kill the learned partridge?" "Yes, my lord, I did." The lion on hearing him speak the truth, was anxious to

let him go, but king tiger said, "The villain deserves to die," and then and there rent him with his teeth. Then he dug a pit and threw the body into it. [543] The young brahmins when they returned home, not finding the partridge, with weeping and lamentation left the place.

The Master ended his lesson saying, "Thus, Brethren, did Devadatta of old too go about to kill me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the ascetic was Devadatta, the lizard Kisāgotamī, the tiger Moggallāna, the lion Sāriputta, the world-

renowned teacher Kassapa, and the learned partridge was myself."

Footnotes

319:1 See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal,* iii. 74

320:1 The reading is doubtful. Another reading is *nikkārṇiko,* "pitiless": Morris for *niggatiko* suggests *nigaṇtho,* "naked ascetic".

322:1 Subāhu (strong-arm) is the name of the tiger. Compare no. 361 *supra,* p. 127.

INDEX.

Ābhassara heaven 220

Aciravatī river 90 151

Aggāḷava shrine 52 216

Ajātasattu 80 81 142 245 319

Aḷavī, a city 52, 216

Ambaṭṭha, court of 248

Ānanda 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 20, 22, 37, 66, 80, 96, 103, 125, 135, 153, 160, 174, 183, 186, 191, 198, 203, 215, 217, 224, 227, 228, 235, 239, 243, 245, 260, 265, 271, 279, 284, 297, 316

Anāthapiṇḍika 78, 85, 93, 129, 165, 260

Aṅgulimāla 203

Añjanavana park 172

Anotatta lake 165, 168, 230

Anuruddha 97, 279, 293, 294

Anusissa 277

Apacara, a king 272

Arañjara, a country 277

Aruṇa, a king 3

Āsaṅkā 162, 164

Asāvatī, the heavenly creeper 162

Assaka country and people 2, 5

Assaka, a king 2

Assapura, a city 275

Asuras 313

Aṭṭhānāni (impossible conditions), 284

Aṭṭhisena 216

Avantī, kingdom of 277

Avāriyapitā 152

Avavādakā 1

Avīci hell 28, 48, 120, 272, 275

Āyura 208

Badarika monastery 43

Baka the Brahma 219

Bālaka-lōṇakāra-gāma 290

Bandhura, a groom 258

Bāveru, a kingdom 83

Benares 6, 8, 9, 10, *passim*

Benfey 99, 115, 126, 174

Bhaddavatikā, an elephant 233

Bhaggas, country of the 105

Bhagu, an elder 291

Bharata, a hunter 259; a king of Roruva 280

Bhārukaccha, a country 124

Bhesakalā grove 105

Bimbisāra, king 80

Bodhi, a prince 105, 107

Bodhisatta, the 3, 4, 6, *passim*

Brahmadatta, king *passim*

Brahmadatta-kumāra 156, 237, 246, 282, 306

Brahma-world 10, 54, 64, 68, 99, 112, 159, 162, 188, 193, 217, 220, 224, 232, 239, 260, 289, 309, 313

Bulls, tutelary gods in the shape of 4

Candā, queen 118

Candavatī, princess 308

Captain of the Faith, *see* Sāriputta Cauldrons, the four in hell 31

Ceti, kingdom of 272

Channa 123, 204

Chatta 76, 77

Chittalatā garden 162

Ciñca-mānavikā 186

Cittakūṭa, Mount 137, 138, 160

Culla-anāthapiṇḍika 310

Culladaddara 11

Cullatuṇḍila 181

Dabbasena, a king 9, 10

Daddara, Mount 11

Daddara a city 275

Daddara Nāgas 11

Daḷhadhamma, a king 233

Daṇḍaki, a king 277

Dantapura, a city 2, 228

Darīmukha 156

Dasaṇṇa swords 208

Deccan, the 277

Devadatta 17, 29, 58, 60, 65, 66, 74, 75, 87, 88, 107, 115, 117, 118, 120, 133, 186, 200, 218, 226, 249, 252, 271, 319, 323

Devala, Black 278

Deva-world, the 30

Dhanañjaya 65, 241

Dhanapāla, a prince 118, 119

Dhanapāla, the elephant 184

Dhataraṭṭha, one of the Four Kings 165

Dhūmakāri 242

Dīghati, a king 290

Dīghāvu, prince 139, 290

Dummukha, a king 230

Eṇī, a river 220

Erāvaṇa, Sakka's elephant 237

Feer, L. 128

Folk-lore Journal 205, 210, 285

Footsteps, skill to trace 298

Fourteen sets of priestly duties 287

Gandhamādana, a mountain 270

Gandhāra Kingdom 221 229

Gaṅgamāla, a barber 269

Ganges 35, 88, 106, 220, 225, 283, 284, 292, 310

Garuḍa, Garuḍas 58, 69, 123

Ghata 111, 112

Ghosita park 233, 289

Gijjha-pabbata 164, *see* Vulture-mountain

Gotama 30, 220

Gumbika (-biya) 132

Hardy 219, 287, 289

Hare, the Moon's 37

Hārita, an ascetic 296

Harittaca-Kumāra 295

Hatthipura, a city 275

Heaven of the Four Kings, the 165, 168

Himālaya, 11, 17, 21, 24, 26, 30, 48, 53, 63, 73, 75, 79, 80, 88, 94, 96, 98, 112, 115, 137, 140, 151, 160, 161, 188, 216, 222, 225, 235, 239, 242, 243, 257, 259, 269, 270, 278, 280, 284, 285, 292, 295, 303, 306, 310, 313, 317, 320

Horseman, the great 6

Indapattana, a city 241

Indra 97, 308 (*see* Sakka)

Indra (Vāsava) 219 (*see* Sakka)

Indra (Maghavan) 97 (*see* Sakka)

Jain (nigaṇṭha) 1, 84

Jambuka 318

Janaka, a king 210, 214

Jatakamālā 17, 26, 34, 85, 225, 244

Jātakas referred to in the text;

Bhaddasāla 225

Cullabodhi 62

Cullahaṃsa 183

Cullanandaka 117

Cullanārada 311

Cullanāradakassapa 98

*Daddara 117

*Indriya 39, 161

*Kaṇavera 261

Khadiraṅgāra 85

Khaṇḍahāla 183

*Khantivādi117

*Kummāsapiṇḍa 270

Kuṇāla 87

Mahājanaka 157

Mahākaṇha 96, 189

Mahāmittavinda 136

Mahāsīlava 9

Mahāummagga 130, 178

Mahilāmukhata 199

Maṇikaṇṭha 52, 216

Mātaṅga 233

Nigrodha 173

Pānīya 12, 228

Paññā 137, 239

Sālaka 130

Sāma 201

Saṅghabhedaka 139

Seyyaṃsa 9

Takkārika 68

Tesakuṇa 73, 197

Tipallattha 43

Uddāla 153

Ummagga 101, 210

Vevaṭiyakapi 117

Jetavana 1, 6, 9, 10, *passim*

Jewel-mount, the 293

Jotipāla 277

Kaccāna 279

Kākāti, a queen 61

Kālabāhu, a monkey 65

Kalābu, a king 26

Kāladevala 277

Kālakaṇṇi, goddess of ill-luck 165, 166

Kāliṅga, king 2; kingdom 2, 228, 322

Kāma-heavens, the six 166

Kampilla, a city 230

Kampillaka, a kingdom 52

Kapila, a priest 272

Kappa-kumāra 94, 95, 96

— -māṇava 221

Kārandiya 113, 114

Karaṇḍu, a king 228

Kashmir 222

Kāsi, country 21, 24, 26, 30, 39, 63, 94, 140, 170, 178, 183, 189, 192, 193, 237, 245, 278, 290, 314

Kassapa, the elder 60, 279, 323

Kassapa 25

Kathāsarits 244

Kātiyānī (kaccānī) 256

Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage 277

Kebuka (a river) 61

Kesava 94, 95, 96

Khemā 111, 200

Khujjuttarā 111

Kisavaccha 277

Kokālika 68, 75

Kokanada palace 105

Korakalamba, -baka 272

Kosala, king of 9, 15, 29, 69, 76, 80, 89, 103, 111, 140, 172, 241, 245, 256, 265, 280, 290, 310

Kosala, country of 21, 191, 291

Kosambī, city 43, 139, 233, 289, 291

Kumbhavatī, a city 277

Kuṇdaka-kumāra 26

Kurus, kingdom of the 241

Lambacūḷaka, a town 277

Licchavis, the 1

Lolā 1

Lomasa-kassapa 307

Maddava, a king 207

Magadha king, the 156

Magadha kingdom 184, 285

Mahādaddara 11

Mahādhana 282

Mahāgovindasutta quoted 280

Mahākassapa, the elder 47

Mahāmāyā 291

Mahāpajāpatī 120

Mahāpatāpa, a king 118, 119

Mahāsammata, a king 272

Mahātuṇḍila 181

Makhādeva 201

Mallikā, a queen 13, 14, 15, 29, 244

Manoja 200

Manosilā, Mount 230

Māra 186, 294, 316

Mayha bird, the 188

Mejjhāraṇṇa 193

Meḷamātā, a goat 317

Meṇḍissara 277, 279

Migālopa 164

Mittavindaka 136

Mitthila, a city 222, 230

Moggallāna 22, 37, 60, 126, 127, 210, 279, 285, 323

Mūsikā 143

Nāga island 124

Nāgas, the 11, 58, 174

Naggaji, a king 229

Nāḷāgiri, an elephant 65, 118, 249, 319

Nandamūla cave 157, 190, 229, 230, 245, 259, 263, 281

Nandisena, a minister 3

Nandiya 172

Nārada, a minister 95; an ascetic 277

Naṭakuvera 61

Nātaputta, a Jain 84

Neru, Mount 160, 295

Nimi, a king 230

Pabbata 277

Pacceka buddhas 157, 187, 190, 229, 230, 245, 259, 263, 270, 280

Pañcāla kingdom, north, *see* Uttara P.

Paṇṇalakkhaṇadevī 260

Parantapa 250

Pārileyyaka forest 291

Partridge, the learned 320

Pasenadi, a king 13, 243

Paṭācārā 1

Pāṭala, a dancer 301

Pavement, house of the golden (Koṭisaṃthāro) 12, 228, 239

Pilindiyavaccha 221

Piṅgalā 67

Piṅgiya 105, 106, 107

Potali, a city 2

Poṭṭhapāda, a parrot 65, 66

Pukkusa 208

Pūtimaṅsa, a jackal 317

Rādha, a parrot 65, 66

Rāhu 222, 284

Rāhula 43, 44, 111, 232

Rāhula's mother 64, 180, 200, 232, 239, 248, 271, 282, 311

Rājagaha 22, 47, 48, 156, 184, 221, 285

Red flowers round a condemned criminal's head 40

Requisites of a priest, the eight 229

Right, the dead, offering for 254

Roruva, a city 280

Roruva hell 187

Saccā 1

Saccaka 1

Sagga, a minstrel 124

Sāketa (Oude) 172, 173

Sakka 3, 5, 26, 36, 37, 85, 86, 91, 97, 109, 110, 140, 145, 161, 163, 166, 174, 177, 189, 193, 235, 236, 247, 255, 292, 294, 307

Sakkadattiya 277

Sākya tribe 205

Sālindiya, a village 184

Sālissara 277, 279

Sāmā 40, 42

Sammilla-bhāsinī 63

Samuddavijayā, a queen 280

Sarabhaṅga 277

Sāriputta 1, 2, 5, 13, 22, 23, 29, 32, 34, 60, 96, 113, 114, 121, 126, 127, 156, 174, 177, 210, 215, 241, 260, 279, 309, 323

Sātodika, a river 277

Sattuka, a robber 261

Sāvatthi 1, 14, 20, 24, 29, 32, 34, 38, 45, 49, 55, 76, 77, 78, 92, 103, 112, 120, 180, 186, 228, 241, 243, 244, 253, 276, 291, 294, 298, 309

Sayha, a councillor 21, 22, 307

Senaka 174, 176, 207, 210

Serpents' breath 251

Seruma island 124

Setaketu 154

Sīhapura, a city 275

Simbalī lake, the 60

Sindh asses 176; horses 5

Sineru, *see* Neru

Sirī (daughter of Dasaraṭṭha) 165

Sirisayana, origin of 168

Sivi, a kingdom 279

Six priests, the heretical 18, 99

Sixteen unsatisfied things, the 210

Sotthivatī (-vatthi?), a city 272

Sovīra, a kingdom 280

Spell for understanding all voices 175

Stūpa of Bharhut 168, 225

Subhakiṇṇa heaven 220

Sublime gods, the 289

Suciparivāra,a merchant 165, 166,168,266

Suddhodana, a king 291

Sujā, Sujātā 97, 176, 292, 293

Sujāta-kumāra 103, 104

Sujātā, a queen 14, 15

Sulasā 261

Sumaṅgala, a park-keeper 263

Sumedha 159

Suṃsumāra-giri 105

Supatta, the vulture-king 287

Sūradaddara 11

Suraṭṭha country 277

Susīma-kumāra 237

Sussondī 124

Sutana 201

Tagarasikhi 187

Takkasilā 21, 26, 43, 52, 62, 76, 79, 81, 94, 98, 99, 105, 106, 111, 113, 128, 145, 151, 154, 161, 192, 210, 216, 229, 237, 241, 243, 246, 249, 257, 277, 295

Tamba, a king 124

Three properties, the 229

Tibetan Tales 17, 49, 61, 62, 80, 99, 120, 126, 144, 205, 210, 218, 282, 285

Tree-spirits 15, 22, 205, 243, 261, 319

Tutelary gods of kings 4, 5

Udaya, a king 267

Udena, a king 105, 233

Upananda 205, 207

Uppalavaṇṇā 2, 111, 168, 193, 200, 232, 244

Ussada hell 136

Uttara-pañcāla 52, 230, 275

Vaṅka, a king 112

Vasiṭṭha 242

Vāyu, the son of 314

Vehapphala heaven 220

Verambha, -ba, wind 164, 287, 288

Verañjā, a city 294

Vesālī 1

Vessavaṅa, one of the Four Kings 165, 166, 201, 298

Videha, king 222

Videha, kingdom 222, 230

Vidhūra-paṇḍita 241, 242

Virūḷha, one of the Four Kings 165, 166

Virūpakkha, one of the Four Kings 165

Visākhā 78, 309

Visayha 85

Vulture Mountain, the 287, 319, *see* Gijjhapabbata

Yakkhas 96, 97, 106, 132, 201, 298, 304

Yama, the god 281

Yava, prince 142

Yudhiṭṭhila, a king 241

Footnotes

326:* These Jātakas occur in the present volume.

The Jataka, Vol. III: Page Index

Title Page

page i
page ii
page iii
page iv
page v
page vi
page vii
page viii

Table of Contents

page ix
page x
page xi
page xii
page xiii
page xiv
page xv
page xvi
page xvii
page xviii
page xix
page xx

No. 301.: Cullakāliṅga-Jātaka

page 1

page 2
page 3
page 4
page 5

No. 302.: Mahāassāroha-Jātaka.

page 6
page 7
page 8

No. 303.: Ekarāja-Jātaka.

page 9
page 10

No. 304.: Daddara-Jātaka.

page 11
page 12

No. 305.: Sīlavīmaṁsana-Jātaka.

page 13

No. 306.: Sujāta-Jātaka.

page 14
page 15

No. 307.: Palāsa-Jātaka.

page 16

No. 308.: Javasakuṇa-Jātaka.

page 17
page 18

No. 309.: Chavaka-Jātaka.

page 19
page 20

No. 310.: Sayha-Jātaka.

page 21
page 22

No. 311.: Pucimanda-Jātaka.

page 23

No. 312.: Kassapamandiya-Jātaka.

page 24
page 25

No. 313.: Khantivādi-Jātaka.

page 26
page 27
page 28
page 29

No. 314.: Lohakumbhi-Jātaka.

page 30

page 31
page 32

No. 315.: Maṁsa-Jātaka.

page 33
page 34

No. 316.: Sasa-Jātaka.

page 35
page 36
page 37

No. 317.: Matarodana-Jātaka.

page 38
page 39

No. 318.: Kanavera-Jātaka.

page 40
page 41
page 42

No. 319.: Tittira-Jātaka.

page 43
page 44

No. 320.: Succaja-Jātaka.

page 45
page 46

page 47

No. 321.: Kuṭidūsaka-Jātaka.

page 48
page 49

No. 322.: Daddabha-Jātaka.

page 50
page 51
page 52

No. 323.: Brahmadatta-Jātaka.

page 53
page 54

No. 324.: Cammasāṭaka-Jātaka.

page 55
page 56

No. 325.: Godha-Jātaka.

page 57
page 58

No. 326.: Kakkāru-Jātaka.

page 59
page 60

No. 327.: Kākāti-Jātaka.

page 61
page 62

No. 328.: Ananusociya-Jātaka.

page 63
page 64

No. 329.: Kālabāhu-Jātaka.

page 65
page 66

No. 330.: Sīlavīmaṁsa-Jātaka.

page 67
page 68

No. 331.: Kokālika-Jātaka.

page 69

No. 332.: Rathalaṭṭhi-Jātaka.

page 70

No. 333.: Godha-Jātaka.

page 71
page 72

No. 334.: Rājovāda-Jātaka.

page 73

page 74

No. 335.: Jambuka-Jātaka.

page 75
page 76

No. 336.: Brahāchatta-Jātaka.

page 77
page 78

No. 337.: Pīṭha-Jātaka.

page 79
page 80

No. 338.: Thusa-Jātaka.

page 81
page 82
page 83

No. 339.: Bāveru-Jātaka.

page 84

No. 340.: Visayha-Jātaka.

page 85
page 86
page 87

No. 342.: Vānara-Jātaka.

page 88

No. 343.: Kuntani-Jātaka.

page 89
page 90

No. 344.: Ambacora-Jātaka.

page 91
page 92

No. 345.: Gajakumbha-Jātaka.

page 93

No. 346.: Kesava-Jātaka.

page 94
page 95
page 96

No. 347.: Ayakūṭa-Jātaka.

page 97

No. 348.: Araññña-Jātaka.

page 98
page 99

No. 349.: Sandhibheda-Jātaka.

page 100

page 101

No. 351.: Maṇikuṇḍala-Jātaka.

page 102
page 103

No. 352.: Sujāta-Jātaka.

page 104

No. 353.: Dhonasākha-Jātaka.

page 105
page 106
page 107

No. 354.: Uraga-Jātaka.

page 108
page 109
page 110
page 111

No. 355.: Ghata-Jātaka.

page 112

No. 356.: Kāraṇḍiya-Jātaka.

page 113
page 114

No. 357.: Laṭukika-Jātaka.

page 115
page 116
page 117

No. 358.: Culladhammapāla-Jātaka.

page 118
page 119
page 120

No. 359.: Suvaṇṇamiga-Jātaka.

page 121
page 122
page 123

No. 360.: Sussondi-Jātaka.

page 124
page 125

No. 361.: Vaṇṇāroha-Jātaka.

page 126
page 127

No. 362.: Sīlavīmaṁsa-Jātaka.

page 128
page 129

No. 363.: Hiri-Jātaka.

page 130

No. 365.: Ahiguṇḍika-Jātaka.

page 131

No. 366.: Gumbiya-Jātaka.

page 132
page 133

No. 367.: Sāliya-Jātaka.

page 134

No. 368.: Tacasāra-Jātaka.

page 135

No. 369.: Mittavinda-Jātaka.

page 136
page 137

No. 370.: Palāsa-Jātaka.

page 138

No. 371.: Dīghitikosala-Jātaka.

page 139
page 140

No. 372.: Migapotaka-Jātaka.

page 141

No. 373.: Mūsika-Jātaka.

page 142
page 143
page 144

No. 374.: Culladhanuggaha-Jātaka.

page 145
page 146
page 147
page 148

No. 375.: Kapota-Jātaka.

page 149
page 150

No. 376.: Avāriya-Jātaka.

page 151
page 152
page 153

No. 377.: Setaketu-Jātaka.

page 154
page 155
page 156

No. 378.: Darīmukha-Jātaka.

page 157

page 158
page 159

No. 379.: Neru-Jātaka.

page 160

No. 380.: Āsaṅka-Jātaka.

page 161
page 162
page 163
page 164

No. 381.: Migālopa-Jātaka.

page 165

No. 382.: Sirikālakaṇṇi-Jātaka.

page 166
page 167
page 168

No. 383.: Kukkuṭa-Jātaka.

page 169

No. 3841.: Dhammaddhaja-Jātaba.

page 170
page 171

No. 385.: Nandiyamiga-Jātaka.

page 172
page 173
page 174

No. 386.: Kharaputta-Jātaka.

page 175
page 176
page 177

No. 387.: Sūci-Jātaka.

page 178
page 179
page 180

No. 388.: Tuṇḍila-Jātaka.

page 181
page 182
page 183

No. 389.: Suvaṇṇakakkaṭa-Jātaka.

page 184
page 185
page 186

No. 390.: Mayhaka-Jātaka.

page 187
page 188

No. 391.: Dhajavihetha-Jātaka.

page 189
page 190
page 191

No. 392.: Bhisapuppha-Jātaka.

page 192
page 193

No. 393.: Vighāsa-Jātaka.

page 194

No. 394.: Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka.

page 195

No. 395.: Kāka-Jātaka.

page 196

No. 396.: Kukku-Jātaka.

page 197
page 198

No. 397.: Manoja-Jātaka.

page 199
page 200

No. 398.: Sutano-Jātaka.

page 201
page 202
page 203

No. 399.: Gijjha-Jātaka.

page 204

No. 400.: Dabbhapuppha-Jātaka.

page 205
page 206
page 207

No. 401.: Dasaṇṇaka-Jātaka.

page 208
page 209
page 210

No. 402.: Sattubhasta-Jātaka.

page 211
page 212
page 213
page 214
page 215

No. 403.: Aṭṭhisena-Jātaka.

page 216
page 217

No. 404.: Kapi-Jātaka.

page 218
page 219

No. 405.: Baka-Brahma-Jātaka.

page 220
page 221

No. 406.: Gandhāra-Jātaka.

page 222
page 223
page 224

No. 407.: Mahākapi-Jātaka.

page 225
page 226
page 227

No. 408.: Kumbhakāra-Jātaka.

page 228
page 229
page 230
page 231
page 232

No. 409.: Daḷhadhamma-Jātaka.

page 233

page 234
page 235

No. 410.: Somadatta-Jātaka.

page 236

No. 411.: Susīma-Jātaka.

page 237
page 238
page 239

No. 412.: Koṭisimbali-Jātaka.

page 240
page 241

No. 413.: Dhūmakāri-Jātaka.

page 242
page 243

No. 414.: Jāgara-Jātaka

page 244

No. 415.: Kummāsapiṇḍa-Jātaka.

page 245
page 246
page 247
page 248

No. 416.: Parantapa-Jātaka.

page 249
page 250
page 251
page 252

No. 417.: Kaccāni-Jātaka.

page 253
page 254
page 255
page 256

No. 418.: Aṭṭhasadda-Jātaka.

page 257
page 258
page 259
page 260

No. 419.: Sulasā-Jātaka.

page 261
page 262
page 263

No. 420.: Sumaṅgala-Jātaka.

page 264
page 265

No. 421.: Gaṅgamāla-Jātaka.

page 266
page 267
page 268
page 269
page 270
page 271

No. 422.: Cetiya-Jātaka.

page 272
page 273
page 274
page 275
page 276

No. 423.: Indriya-Jātaka.

page 277
page 278
page 279

No. 424.: Āditta-Jātaka.

page 280
page 281
page 282

No. 425.: Aṭṭhāna-Jātaka.

page 283
page 284

No. 426.: Dīpi-Jātaka.

page 285
page 286

No. 427.: Gijjha-Jātaka.

page 287
page 288

No. 428.: Kosambī-Jātaka.

page 289
page 290
page 291

No. 429.: Mahāsuka-Jātaka.

page 292
page 293

No. 430.: Cullasuka-Jātaka.

page 294

No. 431.: Hārita-Jātaka.

page 295
page 296
page 297

No. 432.: Padakusalamāṇava-Jātaka.

page 298
page 299
page 300

page 301
page 302
page 303
page 304
page 305
page 306

No. 433.: Lomasakassapa-Jātaka.

page 307
page 308
page 309

No. 434.: Cakkavāka-Jātaka.

page 310
page 311

No. 435.: Haliddirāga-Jātaka.

page 312
page 313

No. 436.: Samugga-Jātaka.

page 314
page 315
page 316

No. 437.: Pūtimaṅsa-Jātaka.

page 317
page 318

page 319

No. 438.: Tittira-Jātaka.

page 320
page 321
page 322
page 323
page 324

Index

page 325
page 326
page 327
page 328

The Jataka

Volume IV

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Contents Start Reading Page Index Text [Zipped]

VOLUME I | VOLUME II | VOLUME III | **VOLUME IV** | VOLUME V | VOLUME V

This is volume four of six of the complete Jataka translation edited by E.B. Cowell. The Jataka is the treasury of tales of the past lives of the Buddha.

Title Page
Contents
Additional Notes And Corrections.
No. 439.: Catu-Dvāra-Jātaka.
No. 440.: Kaṇha-Jātaka.

No. 441.: Catu-Posathika-Jātaka.
No. 442.: Saṅkha-Jātaka.
No. 443.: Culla-Bodhi-Jātaka.
No. 444.: Kaṇhadīpāyana-Jātaka.
No. 445.: Nigrodha-Jātaka.
No. 446.: Takkaḷa-Jātaka.
No. 447.: Mahā-Dhamma-Pāla-Jātaka.
No. 448.: Kukkuṭa-Jātaka.
No. 449.: Maṭṭa-Kuṇḍali-Jātaka.
No. 450.: Biḷāri-Kosiya-Jātaka.
No. 451.: Cakka-Vāka-Jātaka.
No. 452.: Bhūri-Pañha-Jātaka.
No. 453.: Mahā-Maṅgala-Jātaka.
No. 454.: Ghata-Jātaka.
No. 455.: Māti-Posaka-Jātaka.
No. 456.: Juṇha-Jātaka
No. 457.: Dhamma-Jātaka.
No. 458.: Udaya-Jātaka.
No. 459.: Pānīya-Jātaka.
No. 460.: Yuvañjaya-Jātaka.
No. 461.: Dasaratha-Jātaka.
No. 462.: Saṁvara-Jātaka.
No. 463.: Suppāraka-Jātaka.
No. 464.: Culla-Kuṇāla-Jātaka.
No. 465.: Bhadda-Sāla-Jātaka.
No. 466.: Samudda-Vāṇija-Jātaka.
No. 467.: Kāma-Jātaka.
No. 468.: Janasandha-Jātaka.
No. 469.: Mahā-Kaṇha-Jātaka.
No. 470.: Kosiya-Jātaka.
No. 471.: Meṇḍaka-Jātaka.
No. 472.: Mahā-Paduma-Jātaka.

No. 473.: Mittāmitta-Jātaka.
No. 474.: Amba-Jātaka.
No. 475.: Phandana-Jātaka.
No. 476.: Javana-Haṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 477.: Culla-Nārada-Jātaka.
No. 478.: Dūta-Jātaka.
No. 479.: Kāliṅga-Bodhi-Jātaka.
No. 480.: Akitta-Jātaka.
No. 481.: Takkāriya-Jātaka
No. 482.: Ruru-Jātaka.
No. 483.: Sarabha-Miga-Jātaka.
No. 484.: Sālikedāra-Jātaka.
No. 485.: Canda-Kinnara-Jātaka.
No. 486.: Mahā-Ukkusa-Jātaka.
No. 487.: Uddālaka-Jātaka.
No. 488.: Bhisa-Jātaka.
No. 489.: Suruci-Jātaka.
No. 490.: Pañc-Ūposatha-Jātaka.
No. 491.: Mahā-Mora-Jātaka.
No. 492.: Taccha-Sūkara-Jātaka.
No. 493.: Mahā-Vāṇija-Jātaka.
No. 494.: Sādhīna-Jātaka.
No. 495.: Dasa-Brāhmaṇa-Jātaka.
No. 496.: Bhikkhā-Parampara-Jātaka.
No. 497.: Mātaṅga-Jātaka.
No. 498.: Citta-Sambhūta-Jātaka.
No. 499.: Sivi-Jātaka.
No. 500.: Sirimanda-Jātaka.
No. 501.: Rohanta-Miga-Jātaka.
No. 502.: Haṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 503.: Sattigumba-Jātaka.
No. 504.: Bhallāṭiya-Jātaka.

No. 505.: Somanassa-Jataka.
No. 506.: Campeyya-Jātaka.
No. 507.: Mahā-Palobhana-Jātaka.
No. 508.: Pañca-Paṇḍita Jātaka.
No. 509.: Hatthi-Pāla Jātaka.
No. 510.: Ayoghara-Jātāka.

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

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UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

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CONTENTS.

439. CATU-DVARA-JĀTAKA1

About Mittavindaka, and how he was punished for covetousness.

440. KAṆHA-JĀTAKA4

How an ascetic made wise choice of boons offered him by Sakka.

441. CATU POSATHIKA JĀTAKA9

(*See* Puṇṇaka-jātaka.)

442. SAṀKHA-JĀTAKA

How a gift to a Pacceka Buddha was plenteously rewarded, and of the magic ship.

443. CULLA-BODHI-JĀTAKA13

How an ascetic was free from all passion, and how he explained to a king the nature of passion.

444. KAṆHADĪPĀYANA-JĀTAKA17

Of a number of persons who confessed their secret faults, and of the virtue of an Act of Truth.

445. NIGRODHA-JĀTAKA22

How a low-born man became king by eating of a cock's flesh, and of the gratitude and ingratitude of friends shown according to their kind.

446. TAKKAḶA-JĀTAKA27

How an ungrateful son planned to murder his old father, but when his own son overhearing showed him an object-lesson of his own ugliness, he was put to shame.

447. MAHĀ-DHAMMA-PĀLA-JĀTAKA32

How a father refused to believe that his son was dead, because it was not the custom of his family to die young: this was the result of good living through many generations.

448. KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA35

How a falcon pretended to make friends with a fowl, but the other was not deceived.

449. MAṬṬA-KUṆḌALI-JĀTAKA37

How one who mourned for his son was comforted.

450. BIḶĀRI-KOSIYA-JĀTAKA40

How a niggard was cured by holy beings who pretended to choke at his food.

451. CAKKA-VĀKA-JĀTAKA44

Of a crow and two ruddy geese, how they discoursed each of his own food, and what was the cause of their colours.

452. BHŪRI-PAÑHA-JĀTAKA46

(Ummagga-jātaka.)

453. MAHĀ-MAṄGALA-JĀTAKA46

Of the vanity of omens, and how goodness and kindness are omens of the best.

454. GHATA-JĀTAKA50

How a girl was kept prisoner in a tower that she might wed no one, and how the attempt was defeated, of the magic city which was guarded by an ass, of the wild deeds of the Ten Slave Brethren, who became kings by right of conquest, and finally perished, and how a king was consoled for the loss of his beloved son.

455. MĀTI-POSAKA-JĀTAKA58

How an elephant, too virtuous to resist, was captured, and how the king released him, touched by the love this elephant bore to his mother.

456. JUṆHA-JĀTAKA61

How a prince made a promise which he fulfilled when he came into his kingdom.

457. DHAMMA-JĀTAKA64

How Right and Wrong argued each his cause, and how Wrong had the worst of it.

458. UDAYA-JĀTAKA66

How a king and queen had continence in wedlock, and how Sakka put the queen to the test, and how she was justified.

459. PĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA71

How a villager stole water from his fellow-labourer's pot, and by meditating upon it became a Pacceka Buddha; and how others, pondering upon their sins, attained to the like result.

460.. YUVAÑJAYA-JĀTAKA75

How a prince, by seeing the dewdrops, was led to meditate on the impermanency of all things, and retired from the world.

461. DASARATHA-JĀTAKA78

How two princes with their sister went abroad to be out of harm's way, and dwelt in the mountains; how they bore the news of their father's death; how the eldest prince sent his slippers to take his own place on the throne, and how they gave token of displeasure if any wrong judgement were given.

462. SAṀVARA-JĀTAKA82

How a prince by seeming modesty made friends of all manner of people, and the device whereby he pacified his brothers, who would have made war on him.

463. SUPPĀRAKA-JĀTAKA86

How a blind mariner was made the king's assessor and valuer, and how he was pilot to a vessel, which traversed the perilous seas of fairy land.

464. CULLA-KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA91

(Kuṇāla-jātaka.)

465. BHADDA-SĀLA-JĀTAKA91

How a sacred tree was to be cut down for a pillar, and the spirit of the tree appeared to the king, and by his unselfishness turned the king's purpose.

466. SAMUDDA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA98

How a body of carpenters settled in a certain island, and the island deities determined to overwhelm them with a flood; how the wise were saved, but the foolish remained and were all lost.

467. KĀMA-JĀTAKA104

How a prince declined to be his father's viceroy, and proceeded to the frontier, which he won over by doing the people services, and then demanded the kingdom; and how Sakka gave him a lesson on his greed.

468. JANASANDHA-JĀTAKA109

Ten points of wisdom explained to a prince.

469. MAHĀ-KAṆHA-JĀTAKA111

How Sakka changed Mātali into a black hound, and sent him to frighten the world out of its evil ways.

470. KOSIYA-JĀTAKA115

(Sudhābhojana-jātaka.)

471. MEṆḌAKA JĀTAKA115

(Ummagga-jātaka.)

472. MAHĀ-PADUMA-JĀTAKA116

How a queen tempted her step-son to sin, and on being refused pretended that he had tempted her, and how he was justified and the woman put to shame.

473. MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA122

The signs of a friend and of a foe.

474. AMBA-JĀTAKA124

How a man learnt a charm for growing fruit out of due season, and how he forgot it because he was false to his teacher.

475. PHANDANA-JĀTAKA129

Of a lion which plotted to get a tree cut down, and how he was outwitted by the deity of the tree.

476. JAVANA HAṀSA-JĀTAKA132

How a royal goose and a human king made fast friends; how the goose saved two foolish geese which flew a race with the sun, and of other his marvellous feats.

477. CULLA-NĀRADA-JĀTAKA136

How an ascetic was tempted in the flesh, and how his father guided him by good counsel.

478. DŪTA-JĀTAKA139

How a pupil got gold to pay his teacher withal by meditating upon a river bank.

479. KĀLIṄGA-BODHI-JĀTAKA142

Of a prince who dwelt in a forest, and how he fell in love with a lady by seeing flowers which she dropt into a river; how the prince became universal monarch, and what befel him at the great bo-tree.

480. AKITTA-JĀTAKA148

How a king distributed all his treasure in alms, and with his sister retired to the forest; how he went further, and his sister sought him.

481. TAKKĀRIYA-JĀTAKA153

How a brahmin's wife was of lewd behaviour, and the husband would have killed her paramour, by sacrificing him in the foundation of a gate; how by talking too soon he nearly met this

fate himself, but was admonished by a pupil who told him stories; of a young man who was ill entreated in a brothel, of a bird which came to grief by interfering in others' business, of four men who were killed in trying to save another, of a goat which found the knife that was to kill her, of two fairies who knew when to be silent. After these tales were told he saved the man's life.

482. RURU-JĀTAKA161

Of a rich spend-all who cast himself away in the Ganges; how a deer saved him, and he repaid the service by betraying the deer to capture, but his aim was frustrated, and safety proclaimed for all deer.

483. SARABHA-MIGA-JĀTAKA166

How a king went hunting, and in chasing after a stag which passed him fell into a pit and by the very stag was rescued; and how a chaplain put two and two together and made twenty.

484. SĀLIKEDĀRA-JĀTAKA175

How a flock of parrots used to devour the rice crops, and how their king being caught in a snare, forbore to cry out until they had eaten, and what persuasion was used by which he got free again.

485. CANDA-KINNARA-JĀTAKA179

Two fairies that dwelt on a beautiful hill, and how the husband was wounded and the wife made lament, until Sakka came to the rescue.

486. MAHĀ-UKKUSA-JĀTAKA183

Of the value of friends, as shown in the story of a hawk whose nestlings were saved by the aid of an osprey, a lion, and a tortoise.

487. UDDĀLAKA-JĀTAKA188

How a wise sage instructed a king what it is makes the true brahmin.

488. BHISA-JĀTAKA192

Of a number of ascetics, and how Sakka tested them.

489. SURUCI-JĀTAKA198

Two friends promise to wed their children together, if they should have one a daughter and the other a son; how the pair was childless, and the queen gave her lord sixteen thousand wives who had never a child among them; how Sakka rewarded the queen's virtue by granting a son to her; how Sakka built this prince a magical palace; how the prince could not laugh until a juggler did a merry trick before him.

490. PAÑC-ŪPOSATHA-JĀTAKA205

Of a pigeon, a snake, a jackal, and a bear, which took on them the vows for subduing of desires; and an ascetic being unable for his pride to induce the mystic trance, reviled a Pacceka Buddha, but then in remorse took the vow for subduing pride,

and was much edified by the pigeon, the snake, the jackal, and the bear.

491. MAHĀ-MORA-JĀTAKA210

Of a holy peacock, gold-coloured, which chanted a hymn morning and evening, and how he was taken prisoner by yielding to fleshly desire, and how he discoursed to a queen and was set free.

492. TACCHA-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA216

Of a clever boar which worked for a number of carpenters, and how he outwitted a tiger.

493. MAHĀ-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA221

How some merchants found a magic tree, and what wonders came out of the branches: a lesson to eschew greed.

494. SĀDHĪNA-JĀTAKA223

Of the effect of merit, and how it brings men to high felicity, and how it is gained.

495. DASA-BRĀHMAṆA-JĀTAKA227

The marks by which you may know a good brahmin, and who are not rightly so called; and of the flowers which were thrown into the air, and fell on the Pacceka Buddhas in Himalaya.

496. BHIKKHĀ-PARAMPARA-JĀTAKA232

Of precedence in gifts.

497. MĀTAṄGA-JĀTAKA235

How a high and mighty maiden turned up her nose at a Caṇḍāla, but he by persistence got her to wife; how their son gave alms in a wrong spirit, and by what means he was brought to his right mind; also of an ascetic who was well schooled by the Caṇḍalā man; and the Caṇḍāla's glorious death.

498. CITTA -SAMBHŪTA-JĀTAKA244

Of two men who were fast friends through many births: as Caṇḍālas, who pretended to be brahmins, but were betrayed by their speech; as young deer on the mountains; as a couple of ospreys by the Nerbudda; as lads of high birth in Uttarapañcāla, when one recognized the other by a hymn he sung.

499. SIVI-JĀTAKA250

How a prince gave his own eyes as a gift, and his reward.

500. SIRIMANDA-JĀTAKA257

(Mahā-ummagga-jātaka.)

501. ROHANTA-MIGA-JĀTAKA257

Of a golden deer, who being caught in a trap, would not cry out for fear of scaring his fellows; how his friends stood by him; how he preached before the queen; and how he was set free.

502. HAṀSA-JĀTAKA264

Of a golden goose which discoursed of the law, how he was caught, how the hunter's heart was softened to set him free, how he went before the king and prevailed with him also.

503. SATTIGUMBA-JĀTAKA267

Evil communications corrupt good manners: a tale of two parrots of which one was good and one bad according to the company they kept.

504. BHALLĀṬIYA-JĀTAKA271

Of two fairies, who could not cease grieving for one night they had been parted from each other, and how they were at length consoled.

505. SOMANASSA-JĀTAKA275

How a sham ascetic traded upon knowledge which be gained by accident, and how he was found out by the king's son; of the device he used to calumniate the prince.

506. CAMPEYYA-JĀTAKA281

Of a puissant serpent king, who left all his magnificence on the fast-days; how a serpent-charmer caught him, and made him dance for show.

507. MAHĀ-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA290

How prince Woman-hater was tempted to fall by a woman, and finally renounced the world.

508. PAÑCA-PAṆḌITA-JĀTAKA293

(Mahā-ummagga-jātaka.)

509. HATTHI-PĀLA-JĀTAKA293

How a king and his chaplain agreed that, if either of them had a son, he should be as a son to the other; how the chaplain had four sons, who grew up rough fellows and robbers, but finally in spite of all attempts to make each king in turn, they renounced the world.

510. AYOGHARA-JĀTAKA304

How a queen lost two sons devoured up by a goblin, and how the third was protected by being kept in an iron house, and why he renounced the world.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME II.

9 No. 154, line 3. Fick *(Sociale Gliederung zu Buddha's Zeit)* would render *seṇibandham* a "guild quarrel."

12 At a sneeze, a Hindu in the N. W. Provinces will still say, "May you live a hundred years." *North Indian Notes and Queries,* iv. 388.

104 For the first stanza compare Dhammapada, p. 146.

167 For the second and third stanzas compare Dhammapada, p. 149.

207 A Russian variant of the Gāmaṇicaṇḍa Birth is given in Prof. S. Oldenburg's Review of volume I. of the present translation: (Журналъ Министерства Народнаго Просвѣщенія) 1896, pp. 47 foll.

251 I have to thank Fick (*Soc. Glied.* p. 87 note) for a correction of the list of righteous persons, which should run thus; "...younger brother (who was) viceroy, brahmin family priest, courtier-charioteer, treasurer, noble master of the granaries, porter, slave-girl courtesan."

257 Fick explains the *rajjugāhakaamacco* as a kind of royal surveyor for tax purposes, which suits the context.

The *rajju* will be his chain, symbol of office (*Soc. Glied.* 7 note).

VOLUME III.

No. 316. Jātaka-Mālā no. 6, çaça.

Cariyā-Piṭaka no. 10, Sasapaṇḍita.

VOLUME IV.

No. 443. Jātaka-Mālā no. 21, Cullabodhi.

Cariyā-piṭaka no. 14, Cullabodhi.

No. 463. Jātaka-Mālā no. 14, Sapāraga.

No. 480. Jātaka-Mā1ā no. 7, Agastya.

Cariyā-piṭaka no. 1, Akatti.

No. 482. Jātaka-Mālā no. 26, Ruru.

No. 483. Jātaka-Mālā no. 25, Çarabha.

No. 488. Jātaka-Mālā no. 19, Bisa.

Cariyā-piṭaka no. 24, Bhisa.

No. 502. Jātaka-Mālā, no. 22, Haṁsa.

No. 510. Jātaka-Mālā no. 32, Ayogṛha.

Cariyā-piṭaka no. 23, Ayoghara.

Page 125, line 26, for Teacher *read* Being.

Page 256, line 4 from foot, *read* Anuruddha.

BOOK X. DASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 439. [1]

CATU-DVĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[1] *"Four gates," etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain unruly person. The circumstances have been already set forth in the first Birth of the Ninth Book. [2] Here again the Master asked this brother, "Is it true, as they say, that you are disobedient?" "Yes, Sir." "Long ago," said he, "when by disobedience you refused to do the bidding of wise men, a razor-wheel was given to you." And he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, there dwelt in Benares a merchant, whose wealth was eighty crores of money, having a son named Mittavindaka. The mother and father of this lad had entered upon the First Path, but he was wicked, an unbeliever.

When by and bye the father was dead and gone, the mother, who in his stead managed their property, thus said to her son:—"My son, the state of man is one hard to attain [3]; give alms, practise virtue, keep the holy day, give ear to the Law." Then said he, "Mother, no almsgiving or such like for me; never name them to me; as I live, so shall I fare hereafter." On a certain full-moon holy day, as he spoke in this fashion, his mother answered, "Son, this day is set apart as a high holy day. To-day take upon you the

holy day vows; visit the cloister, and all night long listen to the Law, and when you come back I will give you a thousand pieces of money."

For desire of this money the son consented. As soon as he had broken his fast he went to the cloister, and there he spent the day; but at

night to the end that not one word of the Law should reach his ear [2] he lay down in a certain place, and fell asleep. On the next day, very early in the morning, he washed his face, and went to his own house and sat down.

Now the mother thought within herself, "To-day my son after hearing the Law will come back early in the morning, bringing with him the Elder who has preached the Law." So she made ready gruel, and food hard and soft, and prepared a seat, and awaited his coming. When she saw her son coming all alone, "Son," quoth she, "why have you not brought the preacher with you?"—"No preacher for me, mother!" says he. "Here then," quoth the woman, "you drink this gruel." "You promised me a thousand pieces, mother," he says, "first give this to me, and afterward I will drink." "Drink first, my son, and then you shall have the money." Quoth he, "No, I will not drink till I get the money." Then his mother laid before him a purse of a thousand pieces. And he drank the gruel, took the purse with a thousand pieces, and went about his business; and so thereafter, until in no long time he had gained two millions.

Then it came into his mind that he would provide a ship, and do business with it. So he provided a ship, and said to his mother,

"Mother, I mean to do business in this ship." Said she, "You are my only son, and in this house there is plenty of wealth; the sea is full of dangers. Do not go!" But he said, "Go I will, and you cannot prevent me." "Yes, I will prevent you," she answered, and took hold of his hand; but he thrust her hand away, and struck her down, and in a moment he was gone, and under way.

On the seventh day, for cause of Mittavindaka, the ship stood immovable upon the deep. Lots were cast, and thrice was the lot found in the hand of Mittavindaka [1]. Then they gave him a raft; and saying—"Let not many perish for the sole sake of this one," they cast him adrift upon the deep. In an instant the ship sprang forth with speed over the deep.

And he upon his raft came to a certain island. There in a crystal palace he espied four female spirits of the dead. [3] They used to be in woe seven days and seven in happiness. In their company he experienced bliss divine. Then, when the time came for them to undergo their penance, said they, "Master, we are going to leave you for seven days; while we are gone, bide here, and be not distressed." So saying they departed.

But he, full of longing, again embarked upon his raft, and passing over the ocean came to another isle; there in a palace of silver he saw

eight other spirits. In the same way, he saw upon another island, sixteen in a palace all of jewels, and on yet another, thirty-two that were in a golden hall. With these, as before, he dwelt in divine blessedness, and when they went away to their penance, sailed away once more over the ocean; till at last he beheld a city

with four gates, surrounded by a wall. That, they say, is the Ussada Hell, the place where many beings, condemned to hell, endure their own deeds: but to Mittavindaka it appeared as though a city all beautiful. Thought he, "I will visit yon city, and be its king." So he entered, and there he saw a being in torment, supporting a wheel sharp as a razor; but to Mittavindaka it seemed as though that razor-wheel upon his head were a lotus bloom; the five-fold fetters upon his breast seemed as it were a splendid and rich vesture; the blood dripping from his head seemed to be the perfumed powder of red sandal wood; the sound of groaning was as the sound of sweetest song. So approaching he said, "Ho, man! Long enough you have been carrying that flower of lotus; now give it to me!" He replied, "My lord, no lotus it is, but a razor-wheel." "Ah," quoth the first, "so you say because you do not wish to give it" Thought the condemned wretch: "My past deeds must be exhausted. No doubt this fellow, like me, is here for smiting a mother. Well, I will give him the razor-wheel." Then he said, "Here then, take the lotus," and with those words cast the razor-wheel upon his head; and on his head it fell, crushing it in. In an instant [4] Mittavindaka knew that it was a razor-wheel, and says he, "Take your wheel, take back your wheel!" groaning aloud in his pain; but the other had disappeared.

At that moment the Bodhisatta with a great following was making a round through the Ussada Hell, and arrived at that spot. Mittavindaka, espying him, cried out, "Lord king of the Gods, this razor-wheel is piercing and tearing me like a pestle crushing mustard seeds! what sin have I committed?" and in asking this question he repeated these two stanzas:

"Four gates this iron city hath, where I am trapt and caught:

A rampart girds me round about: what evil have I wrought?

"Now fast are closed the city gates: this wheel destroyeth me:

Why like a caged bird am I caught? why, Goblin, should it be?"

Then the King of the Gods, to explain the matter to him, uttered these stanzas:

"An hundred thousand thou, good Sir, didst own, and twenty eke:

Yet to a friend thou wouldst not lend thine ear, when he would speak.

"Swift didst thou flee across the sea, a perilous thing, I ween;
The four, the eight, didst visit straight, and with the eight, sixteen,

"And with sixteen the thirty-two; and lust didst ever feel:
See now, the meed of utter greed upon thy head, this wheel.

"Who tread the highway of desire that spacious thoroughfare,

That highway great, insatiate,—'tis theirs this wheel to bear.

"Who will not sacrifice their wealth, nor to the Path repair,
Who do not know this should be so,—'tis theirs this wheel to bear.

[5] "Ponder the issue of thy deeds, and see
How great thy wealth, and do not crave to be
    Master of ill-got gains; what friends advise
Do,—and the wheel shall never come nigh thee."

[6] Hearing this, Mittavindaka thought to himself, "This son of the gods has explained exactly what I have done. No doubt he knows also the measure of my punishment." And he repeated the ninth stanza:

"How long, O Goblin, shall this wheel upon my head remain?

How many thousand years? reveal, nor let me ask in vain!"

Then the Great Being declared the matter in the tenth stanza:

"The wheel shall roll, and on shall roll, no saviour shall appear,
Fixt on thy head till thou be dead—O Mittavinda, hear!

Thus saying, the Divine Being returned to his own place, and the other fell into great misery.

The Master, having ended this discourse, identified the Birth:—"At that time the unruly Brother was Mittavindaka, and I myself was the king of the gods."

Footnotes

1:1 See Nos. 82, 104, 369; *Avadāna-Çataka,* iii. 6. (36), and Feer's note on p. 137 of that book.

1:2 No. 427, vol. iii. p. 287 of this translation.

1:3 Among the five *gatis.*

2:1 The reader will be reminded of the story of Jonah.

No. 440.

KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"Behold yon man," etc.—This story the Master told at Kapilavatthu, in the Banyan Park, about smiling.

[7] At that time they say that the Master, wandering afoot with his band of Brethren in the Banyan Park at evening time, at a certain spot gave a smile. Said Elder Ānanda, "What can be the cause, what the reason, that the Blessed One should smile? Not without cause do the Tathāgatas smile. I will ask him, then." So with a gesture of obeisance he asked of this smile. Then the Master said to him, "In days of yore, Ānanda, there was a certain sage, named Kaṇha, who on this spot of earth lived, meditative, in meditation his delight; and by power of his virtue Sakka's abode was shaken." But as this speech about the smile was not quite clear, at the Elder's request he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, there was a certain childless Brahmin, having wealth to the amount of eighty crores, who took upon him the vows of virtue, and prayed for a son; in the womb of this brahmin's wife was conceived the Bodhisatta, and from his black colour they gave him on his nameday the name of Kaṇha-kumāra, young Blackie. He at the age of sixteen years, being full of splendour, as it were an image of some precious stone, was sent by his father to Takkasilā, where he learnt all the liberal arts, and returned again. Then his

father provided a wife meet for him. And by and bye he came in for all his parents' property.

Now one day, after inspecting his treasure houses, as he sat on his gorgeous divan, he took in his hand a golden plate, and reading upon the golden plate these lines inscribed by his kinsmen of former days, "So much of the property gained by such an one, so much by another," thought he, "Those who won this wealth are seen no more, but the wealth is still seen; not one of them could take it where he is gone; we cannot tie our wealth in a bundle and take it with us to the next world. Seeing that it is connected with the Five Sins, to distribute in alms this vain wealth is the better part; seeing that this vain body is connected with much disease, to show honour and kindness to the virtuous is the better part; seeing that this transient and vain life is but transient, to strive after spiritual insight is the better part. Therefore these vain treasures I will distribute in alms, that by so doing I may gain the better part." So he uprose from his seat, and having asked the king's consent, he gave alms bounteously.

Up to the seventh day [8] seeing no diminution in his wealth, he thought, "What is wealth to me? While I am yet unmastered by old age, I will even now take the ascetic vow, I will cultivate the Faculties and the Attainments, I will become destined for Brahma's heaven!" So he caused all the doors of his dwelling to be set open, and bade them take it all as freely given; and spurning it as a thing unclean, he forsook all desire of the eyes, and amid the lamentations and tears of a great multitude, went forth from the city, even unto the Himalaya region. There he embraced the solitary life; and seeking out for a pleasant place to dwell in, he found this place, and there he resolved to dwell; and choosing a gourd tree for his place of feeding, there he did

abide, and lived at the root of that tree; lodging never within a village he became a dweller in the woods, never a hut of leaves he made, but abode at the foot of this tree, in the open air, sitting ever, or if he desired to lie, lying upon the ground, not a pestle but only teeth to grind his food with, eating only things uncooked by the fire, and never even a grain in the husk passed his lips, eating once in the day, and at one sitting. On the ground, as though he were one with [1] the four elements, he lived,

taking upon him the ascetic virtues [1]. In that Birth the Bodhisatta, as we learn, had very few wants.

Thus ere long he attained the Faculties and the Attainments, and lived in that spot in the ecstasy of ecstatic meditation. For wild fruits he went no further afield; when fruit grew upon the tree, he ate the fruit; in time of flowers, he ate flowers; when the leaves grew, he ate leaves; when leaves there were none, he ate the bark of trees. Thus in the highest contentment he lived a long time in that place. As in the morning he used to pick up the fruits of that tree, never once even did he from greediness rise up and pick fruit in any other place. In the place where he sat, he stretched out his hand, and gathered all the fruit there was within the handsweep; these he would eat as they came, making no distinction between nice and nasty. As he continued to take pleasure in this, by the power of his virtue the yellowstone throne of Sakka grew hot. (This throne, they say, grows hot when Sakka's life draws towards its end, or when his merit is exhausted and worked out, [9] or when some mighty Being

prays, or through the efficacy of virtue in priests or brahmins full of potency [2].)

Then Sakka thought, "Who is it would dislodge me now?" Surveying all around, he saw, living in a forest, in a certain spot, the sage Kanha, picking up fruit, and knew that yonder was the sage of dread austerity, all sense subdued; "To him will I go," thought he, "I will cause him to proclaim the Law in trumpet tones, and having heard the preaching that gives peace, I will satisfy him with a boon, and make his tree bear fruit unceasingly, and then I will return hither." Then by his mighty power quickly descending, and taking his stand at the root of that tree behind the sage, he said, by way of testing whether or no the sage would be angry at mention of his ugliness, the first stanza:

"Behold yon man, all black of hue, that dwells on this black spot,
Black is the meat that he doth eat—my spirit likes him not!"

Swart Kaṇha heard him. "Who is it speaks to me?—" by his divine insight he perceived that it was Sakka; and without turning, replied with the second stanza:

"Though black of hue, a brahmin true at heart, O Sakka, see:
Not by the skin, but if he sin, then black a man must be."

And then, after this, having explained in their several kinds and blamed the sins which make black such beings, and praised the goodness of virtue, [10] he discoursed to Sakka, and it was as though he made the moon to rise in the sky. Sakka at the

hearing of his discourse, charmed and delighted, offered the Great Being a boon, and repeated the third stanza:

"Fair spoken, Brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

Hearing this the Great Being thought thus within himself. "I know how it must be. He wished to test me, and see should I be wroth at mention of my ugliness; therefore he abused the colour of my skin, my food, my place of dwelling; perceiving that I was not angry, he is pleased, and offers me a boon; no doubt he thinks that I practise this manner of life through a desire for the power of Sakka or of Brahma; and now, to make him certain, I must choose these four boons: that I may be calm, that I may have within me no hatred or malice against my neighbour, and that I may have no greed for my neighbour's glory or lust towards my neighbour." Thus pondering, to resolve the doubt of Sakka, the sage uttered the fourth stanza, claiming these four boons:

"Sakka, the lord of all the world, a choice of blessings gave.
From malice, hatred, covetise, deliverance I would have,
And to be free from every lust: these blessings four I crave."

[11] Hereupon thought Sakka: "The sage Kaṇha, in choosing his boon, has chosen four most blameless blessings. Now I will ask him what is good or bad with these four things." And he asked the question by repeating the fifth stanza:

"In lust, in hatred, covetise, in malice, brahmin, say
What evil thing dost thou behold? this answer me, I pray."

"Hear then," replied the Great Being, and gave utterance to four stanzas:

"Because hatred, of ill-will bred, aye grows from small to great,
Is ever full of bitterness, therefore I want no hate.

"'Tis ever thus with wicked men: first word, then touch we see,
Next fist, then staff, and last of all the swordstroke flashing free:
Where malice is, there follows hate—no malice then for me.

"When men make speed egged on by greed, fraud and deceit arise,
And swift pursuit of savage loot—therefore, no covetise.

"Firm are the fetters bound by lust, that thrives abundantly
Within the heart, for bitter smart—no lusting then for me."

[13] Sakka, his questions thus solved, replied, "Wise Kaṇha, by you sweetly are my questions answered, with a Buddha's skill; well pleased

with you am I; now choose another boon" : and he repeated the tenth stanza:

"Fair spoken, brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

Instantly the Bodhisatta repeated a stanza:

"O Sakka, lord of all the world, a boon thou didst me cry.
Where in the woods I ever dwell, where all alone dwell I,
Grant no disease may mar my peace, or break my ecstasy."

On hearing this, thought Sakka, "Wise Kaṇha, in choosing a boon, chooses no thing connected with food; all he chooses

bears upon the ascetic life." Delighted ever more and more, he added thereto yet another boon and recited another stanza:

"Fair spoken, brahmin, nobly put, most excellently said:
Choose what you will—as bids your heart, so let your choice be made."

And the Bodhisatta, in stating of his boon, declared the law in the concluding stanza:

[14]

"0 Sakka, lord of all the world, a choice thou bidst declare:
No creature be aught harmed for me, O Sakka, anywhere,
Neither in body nor in mind: this, Sakka, is my prayer [1]."

Thus the Great Being, on six occasions making choice of a boon, chose only that which pertained to the life of Renunciation. Well knew he that the body is diseased, and not Sakka can do away the disease of it; not with Sakka lies it to cleanse living beings in the Three Gates [2]; albeit so, he made his choice to the end that he might declare the law to him. And Sakka made that tree bear fruit perennially, and saluting him by touching his head with joined hands [3], he said, "Dwell here ever free from disease," and went to his own place. But the Bodhisatta, never breaking his ecstasy, became destined for Brahma's world.

This lesson ended, the Master said, "This, Ānanda, is the place where I dwelt aforetime," and thus identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and for myself, I was Kaṇha the Wise."

Footnotes

5:1 i.e. he had no more feeling than these.

6:1 See Childers, p. 123 *a.* These thirteen ascetic practices include living under a tree, living alone, living in the forest, sleeping in a sitting posture, mentioned already in the text.

6:2 The following is a curious parallel to this idea about Indra's throne: "The kings had a heritage at that time. When they did not know how to split justice properly, the judgement seat would begin to kick, and the king's neck would take a twist when he did not do justice as he ought." Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands,* ii. p. 159.

8:1 These lines occur in *Milinda,* p. 384.

8:2 Of Body, Speech, Mind: the three gates through which evil enters.

8:3 Reading *patiṭṭhāpetvā,* and in line 12 *vyādhidhammaṁ.*

No. 441.

CATU-POSATHIKA-JĀTAKA.

This Birth will be described in the Puṇṇaka Birth [1].

No. 442.

SAṄKHA-JĀTAKA.

[15] [2] *"O learned brahmin," etc.*—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about the giving of all the requisites.

At Sāvatthi, it is said, a certain lay brother having heard the Tathāgata's discourse, being pleased at heart, gave an invitation for the morrow; at his door he set up a pavilion, richly dight, and sent to say that it was time. The Master came attended by five hundred Brethren, and sat in the gorgeous seat appointed for him. The layman, having made rich presents to the company of Brethren headed by the Buddha, bade them again for the morrow; and so for seven days he invited them, and offered gifts, and on the seventh gave them all a Brother's requisites. In this presentation he offered a special gift of shoes. The pair of shoes offered to the Buddha were worth a thousand pieces of money, those offered to the two Chief Disciples [3] were worth five hundred, and shoes to the value of an hundred were given to each of the five hundred Brethren who remained. And after this presentation made of all that the Brethren need, he sat down before the Blessed One, along with his company. Then the Master returned thanks in a voice of much sweetness: "Layman, most munificent is thy gift; be joyful. In olden days, ere the Buddha came into the world, there were those who by giving one pair of shoes to a Pacceka Buddha, in consequence of that gift found a refuge on the sea where refuge there is none; and thou hast given to the whole of Buddha's company all that a Brother can need—how can it be, but that thy gift of shoes

should prove a refuge to thee?" and at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, this Benares was named Molinī. While Brahmadatta reigned in Molinī as king, a certain brahmin Saṅkha, rich, of great wealth, had built almshalls in six places, one at each of the four city gates, one in the midst of it, one by his own door. Daily he gave in alms six hundred thousand pieces of money, and to wayfarers and beggars he did much bounty.

One day he thought to himself, "My store of wealth once gone, I shall have nothing to give. Whiles it is still unexhausted I will take ship, and sail for the Gold Country [1], whence I will bring back wealth." So he caused a ship to be built; filled it with merchandise; and said he, as he bade farewell to wife and child, [16] "Until I come again, see that you make no stay in distributing of alms." This said, he took up his sunshade, donned his shoes, and with his servants about him, setting his face towards the seaport, at midday he departed.

At that moment, a Pacceka Buddha on Mount Gandha-mādana, meditating, saw him on his way to get wealth, and thought he, "A great man is journeying to get wealth: will there be aught on the sea to hinder him, or no?—There will.—If he sees me he will present me with shoes and sunshade; and in consequence of this gift of shoes, he will find refuge when his vessel is wrecked upon the sea. I will help him." So passing through the air, he alighted not far from the traveller, and moved to meet him, treading the sand hot as a layer of burning embers in the fierce wind and sunshine. "Here," thought the brahmin, "is a chance of

gaining merit; here I must sow a seed this day." In high delight he made haste to meet and greet him. "Sir," says he, "be so kind as to come aside from the road awhile, under this tree." Then as the man came in beneath the tree, he brushed up the sand for him, and spread his upper robe, and made him sit down; with water perfumed and purified he washed his feet, anointed him with sweet scented oil; from his own feet he took off the shoes, wiped them clean and anointed them with scented oil, and put them on him, and presented him with shoes and sunshade, bidding him wear the one, and spread the other overhead as he went his ways. The other, to please him, took the gift, and as the brahmin gazed upon him for the increase of his faith, flew up and went on his way again to Gandha-mādana.

The Bodhisatta on his part, glad at heart, proceeded to the harbour, and took ship.

When they were come to the high seas, on the seventh day the ship sprang a leak, and they could not bale the water clear. All the people in fear for their lives made a great outcry, calling each upon his own god [2]. [17] The Great Being chose him one servitor, and anointing all his body with oil, ate a mess of powdered sugar with ghee as much as he desired, and giving the man to eat also, he climbed up the mast. "In that direction," said he, "lies our city"; pointing out the direction, and casting off all fear of the fish and turtles, he dived off with the man to a

distance of more than a hundred and fifty cubits. A multitude of men perished; but the Great Being, with his servant, began to make his way over the sea. For seven days he kept on swimming.

Even then he kept the holy fast day, washing his mouth with the salt water.

Now at that time a divinity named Maṇi-mekhalā, which by interpretation is Jewel-zone, had been commanded by the four lords of the world, "If by shipwreck any ill befall men who have gone to the Three Refuges, or are endued with virtue, or who worship their parents, you should save them" ; and to protect any such, the deity took station upon the sea. In her divine power she kept no outlook for seven days, but on the seventh day, scanning the sea, she saw the virtuous brahmin Saṅkha, and thought she, "'Tis now the seventh day since yon man was cast into the sea: were he to die, great would be my blame." So troubled at heart the deity filled a golden plate full of all manner of divine meats, and hastening wind-swift towards him, came to a stop before him in mid-air, saying, "Seven days, brahmin, hast thou taken no food: eat this!" The brahmin looked at her, and replied, "Take thy food away, for I am keeping fast."

His attendant, who came behind, saw not the deity, but heard only the sound; and thought he, "The brahmin babbles, methinks, being of tender frame, and from his seven days' fasting, being in pain and in fear of death: I will comfort him." And he repeated the first stanza:

"O learned brahmin, full of sanctity,
Pupil of many a holy teacher, why
[18] All out of reason dost vain babbling use,
When none is here, save me, to make reply?"

The brahmin heard, and knowing that he had not seen the deity, he said, "Good fellow, 'tis no fear of death; but I have another here to converse with me" ; and he repeated the second stanza:

"'Tis a fair radiant presence, gold-besprent,
That offers me food for my nourishment,
    All bravely set upon a plate of gold:
To her I answer No, with heart content."

Then the man repeated the third stanza:

"If such a wondrous being one should see,
A man should ask a blessing hopefully.
    Arise, beseech her, holding up claspt hands:
"Say, art thou human, or a deity?"

[19]"You say well," said the brahmin, and asked his question by repeating the fourth stanza:

"As thou beholdest me in kindly way
And "Take and eat this food" to me dost say,
    I ask thee, lady, excellent in might,
Art thou a goddess, or a woman, pray?"

Thereupon the deity repeated two stanzas:

"A goddess excellent in might am I;
And to mid-ocean hitherward did hie,
    Full of compassion and in heart well-pleased,
For thy sake come in this extremity.

"Here food, and drink, and place of rest behold,
Vehicles various and manifold;
    Thee, Saṅkha, I make lord of every thing
Which for desirable thy heart may hold."

On hearing this the Great Being thought it over. "Here is this deity (thought he), in the middle of the ocean, offering me this thing and that thing. Why does she wish to offer them to me? Is it for any virtuous act of mine, or by her own power, she does it? Well, I will ask the question." And he asked it in the words of the seventh stanza:

"Of all my sacrifice and offering
Thou art the queen, and thine the governing;
[1] Thou of fair slender waist, thou beauteous-browed:
What deed of mine hath brought to fruit this thing?"

[20] The deity listened to him, thinking, "This brahmin has put his question, I suppose, because he imagines I know not what good deed he has done. I will just tell him." So she told him, in the words of the eighth stanza:

"A solitary, on the burning way,
Weary and footsore, thirsty, thou didst stay,
O brahmin Saṅkha, for a gift of shoon:
That gift thy Cow of Plenty is this day."

When the Great Being heard this, he thought to himself, "What! in this impracticable ocean the gift of shoes given by me has become a give-all to me! Ah, lucky was my gift to the Pacceka Buddha!" Then, in great contentment, he repeated the ninth stanza:

"A ship of planks well builded let there be,
Sped by fair winds, impervious to the sea;
No place is here for other vehicle;
This very day take me to Molinī [2]."

[21] The deity, well pleased at hearing these words, caused a ship to appear, made of the seven things of price; in length it was eight hundred cubits, in width six hundred cubits, twenty fathoms in depth; it had three masts made of sapphire, cordage of gold, silver sails, and of gold were also the oars and the rudders. This vessel the deity filled with the seven precious things; then embracing the brahmin, set him aboard the gorgeous ship. She did not notice the attendant; howbeit the brahmin

gave him a share of his own good fortune; he rejoiced, the deity embraced him also, and set him in the ship. Then she guided the ship to the city of Molinī, and having stored all this wealth in the brahmin's house, returned to her place of dwelling.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, uttered the final stanza:

"She pleased, delighted, with a happy cheer,
A vessel marvellous caused to appear;
  Then, taking Saṅkha with his serving man,
To that most lovely city brought them near."

And the brahmin all his life long dwelt at home, distributing bounty without end, and observing virtue; and at the end of his days he with his man went to swell the host of heaven.

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[22] When the Master had made an end of this discourse he declared the Truths:—now at the conclusion of the Truths the

layman entered upon the First Path:—and he thus identified the Birth; "At that time Uppalavaṇṇā was the deity, Ānanda was the attendant, and I myself was the Brahmin Saṅkha."

Footnotes

9:1 No such title occurs in the collection, nor in Westergaard's Catalogue.

9:2 Misprints on this page should be corrected: line 10 *pañcasatagghanakā,* 12 *parikkhāradānaṁ,* 14 *anuppanne.*

9:3 Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

10:1 Said to be the district of Burmah and Siam, "the Golden Chersonese." See Childers, p. 492.

10:2 Again the reader will be reminded of Jonah (i. 5). Compare also the scene in Erasmus' dialogue *Naufragium.*

12:1 In line 29 read *subbhu suvilākamajjhe:* cp. Schol.

12:2 Benares.

No. 443.

CULLA-BODHI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"If one seize," etc.—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a passionate man. This man, alter having become an ascetic, following the doctrine which leads to salvation with all its blessings, was unable to control his passion: passionate he was, full of resentment; but little said, and he grew angry, flew in a passion, was bitter and obstinate. The Master, hearing of his passionate behaviour, sent for him and asked, was it true that he was passionate, as rumour had it. "Yes, Sir," replied the man. "Brother," the Master said, "passion must be restrained; such an ill-doer has no place either in this world or the next. Why dost thou, after embracing the salvation of the Supreme Buddha, who knows not passion, why dost thou show thyself passionate? Wise men of old, even those who embraced a religion [2] other than ours, have refrained from anger." And he told him an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was in a certain town of Kāsi a brahmin rich, wealthy, and of great possessions, but he was childless; and his wife longed for a son. At that time the Bodhisatta, descending from Brahma's world, was conceived in the womb of that lady; and on his name-day they gave him the name of Bodhi-kumāra, or Wiseman. When he came of age he repaired to Takkasilā, where he studied all sciences; and after his home-coming, much against his will,

his parents found him a damsel to wife from a family of the same caste. She too had descended to this world from the world of Brahma, and was of surpassing beauty, like a nymph. These two were married together, though they neither of them desired it. Never had either done any sin, and in the way of passion neither so much as cast a look at the other; never even in sleep had they done the deed of kind, so pure were they.

Now it happened that after a while, when his parents were dead, and he had decently disposed of their bodies, the Great Being calling his wife, said to her, "Now, lady, you [23] take this fortune of eighty crores, and live in happiness."—"Not so, but you, noble Sir." Said he, "Wealth I want none; I shall go to the region of Himalaya, and become a recluse, and there find a refuge."—"Well, noble Sir, is it men only that should live the ascetic life?" "No," said he, "but women also." "Then I will not take that which you spew out of your mouth; for wealth I care no more than you, and I, like you, will live a recluse."

"Very good, lady," said he. And they both distributed a great quantity of alms; and setting forth, in a pleasant spot they made a hermitage. There living upon any wild fruits which they could glean, they dwelt for ten whole years, yet did not attain to holy ecstasy.

And after living there in the happiness of the ascetic life for ten years, they traversed the country side to get salt and seasoning, and in due course came to Benares, where they abode in the royal park.

Now one day the king, espying the park-keeper who came with a present in his hand, said, "We will make merry in our park, therefore set it in order" ; and when the park was cleansed and

made ready, he entered it along with a great retinue. At that time these two were also sitting in a certain part of the park, spending their time in the bliss of the religious life. And the king in passing through the park, perceived them both sitting there; and as his eye fell on this amiable and very beautiful lady, he fell in love. Trembling with desire, he determined to ask what she was to the ascetic; so approaching the Bodhisatta, he put the question to him. "Great king," he said, "she is nothing to me; she only shares my ascetic life, but when I lived in the world she was my wife." On hearing this the king thought within him, "So he says she is nothing to him. but in his worldly life she was his wife. Well, if I

seize her by my sovereign power what will he do? I will take her, then." And so coming near he repeated the first stanza:

[24]

"If one seize the large-eyed lady, and carry her off from you,
The dear one that sits there smiling, brahmin, what would you do?"

In answer to this question, the Great Being repeated the second stanza:

"Once risen, it never would leave me my life long, no, never at all:
As a storm of rain lays the dust again, quench it while yet it be small."

Thus did the Great Being make answer, loud as a lion's roar. But the king, though he heard it, was yet unable for blind folly to master his enamoured heart, and gave orders to one of his suite, "that he should take the lady into the palace." The courtier,

obedient, led her away, in spite of her complaints and cries that lawlessness and wrong were the world's way. The Bodhisatta, who heard her cries, looked once but looked no more. So weeping and wailing she was conveyed to the palace.

And the King of Benares made no delay in his park, but quickly returned indoors, and sending for the woman, showed her great honour. And she spoke of the worthlessness of such honour, and the sole worth of the solitary life. The king, finding that by no means could he win her mind over, caused her to be placed in a room apart, and began to think, "Here is an ascetic woman who cares not for all this honour, and yon hermit never cast an angry look even when the man led away so beauteous a dame! Deep are the wiles of anchorites; he will lay a plot doubtless and work me some harm. [25] Well, I will return to him, and find out why he sits there." And so unable to keep still, he went into the park.

The Bodhisatta sat stitching his cloak. The king, almost alone, came up without sound of footfall, softly. Without one look at the king, the other went on with his sewing. "This fellow," thought the king, "will not speak to me because he is angry. This ascetic, humbug that he is, first roars out, "I will not let anger arise at all, but if it does, I will crush it while it is small," and then is so obstinate in wrath that he won't speak to me!" With this idea the king repeated the third stanza:

You that were loud in boasting only awhile ago,
Now dumb for very anger there you sit and sew!"

When the Great Being heard this, he perceived that the king thought him silent from anger; and desirous to show that he was not influenced by anger, repeated the fourth stanza:

"Once risen, it never had left me, it never would leave me at all:

As a storm of rain lays the dust again, I quenched it while it was small."

On hearing these words, the king thought, "Is it anger of which he

speaks, or some other thing? I will ask him." And he asked the question, repeating the fifth stanza:

"What is it that never has left you your life long, never at all?

As a storm of rain lays the dust again, what quenched you while it was small?"

[26] Said the other, "Great king, thus anger brings much wretchedness, and much ruin; it just began within me, but by cherishing kindly feelings I quenched it," and then he repeated the following stanzas to declare the misery of anger.

"That without which a man sees clearly, with which he goes blindly ahead,

Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, on foolishness fed.

"What causes our foes satisfaction, who wish to bring woes on our head,
Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, on foolishness fed.

"That which if it rises within us blinds all to our spiritual good,
Arose within me, but was not left free—anger, with folly for food.

"That which, supreme, destroys each great blessing,
Which makes its dupes forsake each worthy thing,
  Mighty, destructive, with its swarm of fears,—
Anger—refused to leave me, O great king!

"The fire will rise the higher, if the fuel be stirred and turned;
And because the fire uprises, the fuel itself is burned.

"And thus in the mind of the foolish, the man who cannot discern,
From wrangling arises anger, and with it himself will burn.

"Whose anger grows like fire with fuel and grass that blaze,
As the moon in the dark fortnight, so his honour wanes and decays.

"He who quiets his anger, like a fire that fuel has none,
As the moon in the light fortnight, his honour waxes well grown."

[27] When the king had listened to the Great Being's discourse, he was well pleased, and bade one of his courtiers lead the woman back; and invited the passionless recluse to stay with her in that park, in the enjoyment of their solitary life, and he promised to watch over them and defend them as he ought. Then asking pardon, he politely took leave. And they two dwelt there. By and bye the woman died, and after her death, the man returned to the Himalayas, and cultivating the Faculties and the Attainments, and causing the Excellences to spring up within him, he became destined for Brahma's heaven.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth;—(now at the conclusion of the Truths the passionate Brother became established in the fruit of the Third Path:)—"At that time Rāhula's mother was the ascetic lady, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

13:1 Cf. Ananusociya-jātaka, No. 328, vol. iii. (Sammillabhāsini, which is an epithet in the first stanza here, is a proper name there, p. 64).

13:2 *bāhiraāsane* is doubtless a misprint for *bāhirasāsane.*

No. 444.

KAṆHADĪPĀYANA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Seven days," etc.—This story the Master told in Jetavana, about a certain backsliding brother. The occasion will be explained under the Kusa Birth [2]. When the Master had enquired whether this report was true, and the man answered that it was true, [28] he said, "Brother, wise men in days long gone by, before the Buddha had arisen, even men who had entered upon an unorthodox religious life, for more than fifty years, walking in holiness without caring for it, from the scruples of a sensitive nature never told any one that they had backslidden; and why have you, who have embraced such a religion as ours, that leads to salvation, and who stand in presence of a venerable Buddha such as I am, why have you declared your backsliding before the four kinds of disciples? Why do you not preserve your scruples?" Thus saying, he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Vamsa, reigned in Kosambī [3] a king named Kosambika. At that time there were two brahmins in a certain town, each possessed of eighty crores, and dear friends one of the other; who, having perceived the mischief which lies in lust, and distributed much goods in almsgiving, both forsook the world, and amid the weeping and wailing of many people, departed to Himalaya, and there built them an hermitage. There for fifty years they lived as ascetics, feeding upon the fruits and roots of the forests where they

might chance to glean them; but unto ecstasy they were unable to attain.

After these fifty years had passed by, they went on pilgrimage through the country side to get salt and seasoning, and came to the kingdom of Kāsi. In a certain town of this kingdom lived a householder named Maṇḍavya, who had been a lay friend in householder days of the ascetic Dīpāyana. To this Maṇḍavya came our two friends; who when he saw them, enraptured, built them a hut of leaves, and provided them both with the four necessaries of life. Three or four seasons they dwelt there, and then taking leave of him proceeded on pilgrimage to Benares, where they lived in a cemetery grown over with *atimuttaka* trees. When Dīpāyana had remained there as long as he wished, he returned to his old comrade again; Maṇḍavya the other ascetic still dwelt in the same place. [4]

p. 18

Now it happened that one day a robber had committed robbery in the town, and was returning from the fact with a quantity of spoil. The owners of the house, and the watchmen, aroused, set up a cry of "Thief!" and the thief, pursued by these, escaped through the sewer, and as he ran swiftly by the cemetery dropt his bundle at the door of the ascetic's hut of leaves. When the owners saw this bundle, they cried, "Ah, you rascal! [29] you are a robber by night, and in the daytime you go about in the disguise of an ascetic!" So, with reviling and blows, they carried him into the presence of the king.

The king made no enquiry, but only said, "Off with him, impale him upon a stake!" To the cemetery they took him, and lifted him up on a stake of acacia wood; but the stake would not pierce the

ascetic's body. Next they brought a nimb stake, but this too would not pierce him: then an iron spike, and no more would that pierce his body. The ascetic wondered what past deed of his could have caused this, and surveyed the past; then there arose in him the knowledge of former existences, and by this as he surveyed the past he saw what he had done long ago; and this it was—the piercing of a fly upon a splinter of ebony.

It is said that in a former existence he had been the son of a carpenter. Once he went to the place where his father was wont to hew trees, and with an ebony splinter pierced a fly as if impaling it. And it was just this sin that found him out when he came to that supreme moment. He perceived that here then was no getting free from sin; so to the king's men he said, "If you wish to impale me, take a stake of ebony wood." This they did, and spitted him upon it, and leaving a guard to watch him they went away.

The watchmen from a place of concealment observed all that came to look upon him. Now Dīpāyana, thinking "It is long since I saw my comrade the ascetic," came to find him; and having heard that he had been hanging a whole day impaled by the roadside, he went up to him, and standing on one side, asked what he had done. "Nothing," quoth he. "Can you guard against ill feeling, or not?" asked the other. "Good friend," said he, "neither against those who have seized me, nor against the king, either, is there any ill feeling in my mind."—"If that is so, the shadow of one so virtuous is delightful to me," and with these words down he sat by the side of the stake. Then upon his body from the body of Maṇḍavya fell gouts of gore; and these as they fell upon the golden skin, and there dried, became black spots

upon it; which gave him the name of Kaṇha or Black Dīpāyana from thenceforth. And he sat there all the night.

Next day the watchmen went and told the matter to the king. "I

have acted rashly," said the king; and with speed he hastened to the spot, [30] and asked Dīpāyana what made him sit by the stake. "Great king," answered he, "I sit here to guard him. But say, what has he done, or what left undone, that you treat him thus?" He explained that the matter had not been investigated. The other replied, "Great king, a king ought to act with circumspection; an idle layman who loves pleasure is not good, etc. [1]," and with other such admonitions he discoursed to him.

When the king found that Maṇḍavya was innocent, he ordered the stake to be drawn out. But try as they would, out it would not come. Said Maṇḍavya, "Sire, I have received this dire disgrace for a fault done long ago, and it is impossible to draw the stake from my body. But if you wish to spare my life, bring a saw, and cut it off flush with the skin." So the king had this done; and the part of the stake within his body remained there. For on that previous occasion they say that he took a little piece of diamond, and pierced the fly's duct, so that it did not die then, nor until the proper end of its life; and therefore also the man did not die, they say.

The king saluted these ascetics, and craved pardon; and settling them both in his park, he looked after them there. And from that time Maṇḍavya was called Maṇḍavya with the Peg. And he lived in this place near the king; and Dīpāyana, after healing his friend's wound, went back to his friend Maṇḍavya the

householder. When they saw him enter the leaf-hut, they told it to his friend. When he heard it, he was delighted; and with wife and child, taking plenty of scents, garlands, oil, and sugar, and so forth, he came to the leaf hut; greeting Dīpāyana, washing and anointing his feet, and giving him to drink, he sat listening to the tale of Maṇḍavya of the Peg. Then his son, a young man named Yañña-datta, was playing with a ball at the end of the covered walk. There a snake lived in an ant-hill. The lad's ball, thrown upon the ground, ran into the hole of the ant-hill and fell upon the snake. Not knowing this, the lad put his hand into the hole. The snake enraged bit the boy's hand; down he fell in a faint because of the strength of the snake's poison. [31] Thereupon his parents, finding their son snake-bitten, lifted him up and took him to the ascetic; laying him at the ascetic's feet, they said, "Sir, religious people know simples and charms; please cure our son."—"I know no simples; I do not ply the physician's trade."—"You are a man of religion. Have pity then, Sir, upon this lad, and do the Act of Truth." "Good," said the ascetic, "an Act of Truth I will do."And laying hands upon the head of Yañña-datta, he recited the first stanza:—

"Seven days serene in heart
  Pure I lived, desiring merit:
Since then, for fifty years apart,
  Self-absorbed, I do declare it,
Here, unwillingly, I live:
May this truth a blessing give:
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

No sooner done this Act of Truth, out from the chest of Yañña-datta the poison came, and sank into the ground. The lad opened his eyes, and with a look at his parents, cried "Mother!" then turned over, and lay still. Then Black Dīpāyana said to the father, "See, I have used my power; now is the time to use yours." He answered, "So will I do an Act of Truth"; and laying a hand upon his son's breast, he repeated the second stanza:

"If for gifts I cared no jot,
    All chance comers entertaining,
[32] Yet still the good and wise knew not
    I was my true self restraining;
If unwillingly I give,
May this truth a blessing give,
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

After the doing of this Act of Truth, out from his back came the poison, and sank into the ground. The lad sat up, but could not stand. Then the father said to the mother, "Lady, I have used my power; now it is yours by an Act of Truth to cause your son to arise and walk." Said she, "I too have a Truth to tell, but in your presence I cannot declare it." "Lady," quoth he, "by all and any means make my son whole." She answered, "Very well," and her Act of Truth is given in the third stanza:

"The serpent that bit thee to-day
    In yonder hole, my son,
And this thy father, are, I say,
    In my indifference, one:
May this Truth a blessing give:
Poison baulked, the lad revive!"

[33] No sooner done was this Act of Truth, than all the poison fell and sank into the ground; and Yañña-datta, rising with all his body purged of the poison, began to play. When the son had in this way risen up, Maṇḍavya asked what was in Dīpāyana's mind by the fourth stanza:

"They leave the world who are serene, subdued,
Save Kaṇha, all in no unwilling mood;
What makes thee shrink, Dīpāyana, and why
Unwilling walk the path of sanctity?"

To answer this, the other repeated the fifth stanza:

"He leaves the world, and then again turns back;
"An idiot, a fool!" so might one think:—
'Tis this that makes me shrink,
Thus walk I holy, though the wish I lack,
The cause why I do well, is this—
[1]Praised of the wise the good man's dwelling is."

Thus having explained his own thought, he asked Maṇḍavya yet again in the sixth stanza:

[34]

"This thy house was like a mere [2],
Food and drink in store supplying:
Sages, travellers, brahmins here
Thirst and hunger satisfying.
Didst thou fear some scandal, still
Giving, yet against thy will?"

Then Maṇḍavya explained his thoughts by the seventh stanza:

"Sire and grandsire holy were,
Lords of gifts most free in giving;
And I followed with all care
Our ancestral way of living;
Lest degenerate I should be
I gave gifts unwillingly."

After saying this, Maṇḍavya asked his wife a question in the words of the eighth stanza:

[35]

"When, a young girl, with undeveloped sense,
I brought thee from thy home to be my wife,
Thou didst not tell me thy indifference,
How without love thou livedst all thy life.
Then why, O fair-limbed lady, didst thou stay
And live with me in this unloving way?"

And she replied to him by repeating the ninth. stanza:

"'Tis not the custom in this family
For wedded wife to take a newer mate,
Nor ever has been; and this custom I
Would keep, lest I be called degenerate.
T'was fear of such report that bade me stay
And live with thee in this unloving way."

[36] But when this was said, a thought passed through her mind "My secret is told to my husband, the secret never told before! He will be angry with me; I will crave pardon in the presence of

this ascetic, our confidant." And to this end she repeated the tenth stanza:

"Now I have spoken what should be unsaid:
For our son's sake may it be pardoned.
    Stronger than parents' love is nothing here;
Our Yañña-datta lives, who was but dead!"

p. 22

"Arise, lady," said Maṇḍavya, "I forgive you. Henceforth do not be hard to me; I will never grieve you." And the Bodhisatta said, addressing Maṇḍavya, "In gathering ill-gotten gains, and in disbelieving that when you give liberally, the deed is a seed that brings fruit, in this you have done wrong. For the future believe in the merit of gifts, and give them. "This the other promised, and in his turn said to the Bodhisatta, "Sir, you have yourself done wrong in accepting our gifts when walking the path of holiness against your will. Now in order that your deeds may bear abundant fruit, do you for the future walk in holiness with a tranquil heart and pure, full of ecstatic joy." Then they took leave of the Great Being and departed.

From that time forward the wife loved her husband; Maṇḍavya with tranquil heart gave gifts with faith; the Bodhisatta, dispelling his unwillingness, cultivated the ecstatic Faculty, and became destined for Brahma's heaven.

This discourse ended, the Master declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the backslider was established in the fruit of the First Path:) and identified the Birth:—"At that time Ānanda was Maṇḍavya, [37] Visākhā the wife, Rāhula the son,

Sāriputta was Maṇḍavya of the Peg, and I was myself Black Dīpāyana."

Footnotes

17:1 See Grimblot's *Sept Suttas Palies.* This story, with the first stanza, is briefly given in the *Cariyā-Piṭaka,* p 99f.

17:2 No. 531.

17:3 On the Ganges.

17:4 In this confusing tale, Maṇḍavya is the name of one of the ascetics and also of the householder, Dīpāyana is the name of the other ascetic.

19:1 See vol. iii., p. 70.

21:1 Or, Praised of the wise and good religion is.

21:2 The word may possibly mean *public-house:* either is a "drinking place" *(avapāna)*.

No. 445.

NIGRODHA-JĀTAKA.

"Who is the man," etc.—This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. One day the Brethren said to him, "Friend Devadatta, the Master is most helpful to you! From the Master you received your Orders, lesser and greater; you have learnt the Three Baskets, the voice of Buddha; you have caused the Ecstasy to arise within you; the glory and gain of the Dasabala [1] belong to you." At this he held up a blade of grass, with the words, "I can see no good that the ascetic Gotama has done me, not even this much!" They talked it over in the Hall of Truth. When the Master came in, he asked what they talked of as they sat together. They told him. Said he, "Brethren, this is not the first time, but long ago as now Devadatta was ungrateful and treacherous to friends." And he told them a tale of olden days.

Once upon a time a great monarch named Magadha reigned in Rājagaha. And a merchant of that city brought home for his son's wife the daughter of some country merchant. But she was barren. In course of time less respect was paid to her for this cause; they all talked, that she might hear, as thus: "While there is a barren wife in our son's household, how can the family line be kept up?" As this talk kept coming to her ears, she said to herself, "Oh, well, I will pretend to be with child, and trick them." So she asked a good old nurse of hers, "What is it that women do when they are with child?" and being instructed what to do

for preserving the child [1], concealed the time of her courses; showed a fancy for sour and strange tastes; at the time when the arms and legs begin to swell, she caused them to beat hands and feet and back until they grew swollen; day by day she bandaged her body round with rags and cloths and made it appear greater; blackened the nipples of her breasts; and save that nurse alone, permitted no other to be present at her toilet. Her husband too showed her the attentions proper to her state. After nine months had passed in this fashion, she declared her wish to return home and bring forth her child in her father's house. So taking leave of her husband's parents, she mounted a carriage, [38] and with a large number of attendants left Rājagaha behind her, and proceeded along the road.

Now travelling in front of her was a caravan; and she always came about breakfast time to the place whence that caravan had just gone. And one night, a poor woman in that caravan had borne a son under a banyan tree; and thinking that without the caravan she could not get along, but that if she lived she might receive the child, covered him up [2] as he was, and left him lying there, at the foot of the banyan tree. And the deity of the tree took care of him; he was not any ordinary child, but the Bodhisatta himself had come into the world in that form.

At breakfast time the other travellers arrived at the spot. The woman, with her nurse, going apart to the shade of the banyan tree for her toilet, saw a babe of the colour of gold lying there. By-and bye she called out to the nurse that their object was gained; unwound the bandages from her loins [3]; and declared that the babe was her own, and that she had just brought him forth.

The attendants at once raised a tent to seclude her, and in high delight sent a letter back to Rājagaha. Her husband's parents wrote in

reply that as the babe was born, there was no longer need for her to go to her father's house; let her return. So to Rājagaha she returned at once. And they acknowledged the babe: and when the babe came to be named, named him after the place where he was born, Nigrodha-Kumāra, or Master Banyan. That same day, the daughter-in-law of a merchant, on her way home to her father for the birth, brought forth a son beneath the branches of a tree; and him they named Sākha-Kumāra, Master Branch. And on the same day, the wife of a tailor in the employ of this merchant bore a son amidst his bits of cloth; and him they called Pottika, or Dollie.

The great merchant sent for these two children, as having been born on Master Banyan's birthday, and brought them up with him.

They all grew up together, and by-and-bye went to Takkasilā to complete their education. Both the merchants' sons had two thousand pieces to give their teacher for a fee; [39] Master Banyan provided Pottika with an education under his own wing.

When their education was finished, they took leave of their teacher, and left him, with intent to learn the customs of the country folk; and travelling on and on, in time they came to Benares, and lay down to rest in a temple. It was then the seventh day since the king of Benares had died. Proclamation was made through the city by beat of drum, that on the morrow

the festal car would be prepared. The three comrades were lying under a tree asleep, when at dawn Pottika awoke, and sitting up began to chafe Banyan's feet. Some cocks were roosting upon that tree, and the cock at the top let a dropping fall upon a cock near the bottom [1]."What is that fell upon me?" asked this cock. "Do not be angry, Sir," answered the other, "I did not mean to do it." "Oh, so you think my body is a place for your droppings! You don't know my importance, that is plain!" To this said the other, "Oho, still angry, though I declared that I did not mean it! And what is your importance, pray?"—"Whoever kills me and eats my flesh will receive a thousand pieces of money this very morning! Is not that something to be proud of?" "Pooh, pooh," quoth the other, "proud of a little thing like that! Why, if any one kills me and eats of my fat, he will become a king this very morning; he that eats the middle flesh, becomes commander-in-chief; who eats the flesh about the bones, he will be treasurer!"

All this Pottika overheard. "A thousand pieces—"thought he, "What is that? Best to be a king!" So gently climbing the tree, he seized the cock that was roosting atop, and killed it, and cooked it in the embers; the fat he gave to Banyan, the middle flesh to Branch, and himself ate the flesh that was about the bones. When they had eaten, he

said, "Banyan, Sir, to-day you will be king; Branch, Sir, you will be commander-in-chief; and as for me, I'm the treasurer!" They asked him how he knew; he told them.

So about the time for the first meal of the day, they entered the city of Benares. At the house of a certain brahmin they received a

meal of rice-porridge, with ghee and sugar; and then emerging from the city, [40] they entered the royal park.

Banyan lay down upon a slab of stone, the other two lay beside it. It so happened that at the moment they were just sending forth the ceremonial chariot, with the five symbols of royalty [1] in it. (The details of this will be given in the Mahājanaka Birth [2].) In rolled the car, and stopping, stood ready for them to enter. "Some being of great merit must be present here!" thought the chaplain to himself. He entered the park, and espied the young man; and then removing the cloth from his feet he examined the marks upon them. "Why," said he, "he is destined to be King of all India, let alone Benares!" and he ordered all the gongs and cymbals to strike up.

Banyan awaking threw the cloth from his face, and saw a crowd assembled round him! He turned round and for a moment or two he lay still; then arose, and sat with his legs crossed. The chaplain fell upon one knee, saying, "Divine being, the kingdom is thine!" "So be it," said the youth; the chaplain placed him upon the heap of precious jewels, and sprinkled him to be king.

Thus made king, he gave the post of Commander-in-chief to his friend Branch, and entered the city in great pomp; and Pottika [3] went with them.

From that day onward the Great Being ruled righteously in Benares.

One day the memory of his parents came into his mind; and addressing Branch, he said, "Sir, it is impossible to live without father and mother; take a large company of people, and go fetch them." But Branch refused; "That is not my business," said he.

Then he told Pottika to do it. Pottika agreed, and making his way to Banyan's parents, told them that their son had become a king, and begged them to come to him. But they declined, saying that they had power and wealth: enough of that, go they would not. He asked Branch's parents also to come, and they too preferred to stay; and when he invited his own, said they, "We live by tailoring; enough, enough," and refused like the rest.

As he failed to hit off their wishes, he then returned to Benares. Thinking that he would rest from the fatigue of the journey in the house of the Commander-in-chief, before seeing Banyan, he went to that house.

[41] "Tell the Commander-in-chief," said he to the door-keeper, "that his comrade Pottika is here." The man did so. But Branch had conceived a grudge against him, because, quoth he, the man had given his comrade Banyan the kingdom instead of himself; so on hearing this message, he waxed angry. "Comrade indeed! who is his comrade? A mad baseborn churl! seize him!" So they beat him and kicked him, and belaboured him with foot, knee and elbow, then clutching him by the throat cast him forth.

"Branch," thought the man, "gained the post of Commander-in-Chief through me, and now he is ungrateful, and malicious, and has beaten me, and cast me forth. But Banyan is a wise man, grateful and good, and to him I will go." So to the king's door he went, and sent a message to the king, that Pottika his comrade was waiting at the door. The king asked him in, and as he saw him approach, rose up from his seat, and went forth to meet him, and greeted him with affection; he caused him to be shaved and cared for, and adorned with all manner of ornaments, then

gave him rich meats of every sort to eat; and this done, sat graciously with him, and enquired after his parents, who as the other informed him refused to come.

Now Branch thought to himself, "Pottika will be slandering me in the king's ear, but if I am by, he will not be able to speak"; so he also repaired thither. And Pottika, even in his presence, spoke to the king saying, "My lord, when I was weary with my journey, I went to Branch's house, hoping to rest there first and then to visit you. But Branch said, "I know him not!" and evil entreated me, and haled me forth by the neck! Could you believe it!" and with these words, he uttered three stanzas of verse:

"'Who is the man? I know him not! and the man's father, who?
Who is the man?" so Sākha said:—Nigrodha, what think you?

"Then Sākha's men at Sākha's word dealt buffets on my face,
And seizing me about the throat forth cast me from the place.

"That such a deed in treachery an evil man should do!
An ingrate is a shame, O king—and he your comrade, too!"

[42] On hearing these, Banyan recited four stanzas:

"I know not, nor have ever heard in speech from any one,
Any such ill as this you tell which Sākha now has done.

With me and Sākha you have lived; we both your comrades were;
Of empery among mankind you gave us each a share:
We have by thee got majesty, and not a doubt is there.

"As when a seed in fire is cast, it burns, and cannot grow;
Do a good turn to evil men, it perishes even so.

"The grateful, good, and virtuous, such men are not as they;
In good soil seeds, in good men deeds, are never thrown away."

As Banyan was reciting these lines, Branch stood still where he was. Then the king asked him, "Well, Branch, do you recognise this man Pottika?" He was dumb. And the king laid his bidding upon the man in the words of the eighth stanza:

"Seize on this worthless traitor here, whose thoughts so evil be;
Spear him! for I would have him die—his life is nought to me!"

But Pottika, on hearing this, thought within himself—"Let not this fool die for my sake!" and uttered the ninth stanza:

[43]

"Great king, have mercy! life once gone is hard to bring again:
My lord forgive, and let him live! I wish the churl no pain."

When the king heard this, he forgave Branch; and he wished to bestow the place of Commander-in-chief upon Pottika, but he would not. Then the king gave him the post of Treasurer, and with it went the judgeship of all the merchant guilds. Before that no such office had existed, but there was this office ever after. And by-and-bye Pottika the Royal Treasurer, being blest with sons and with daughters, uttered the last stanza for their admonition:

"With Nigrodha one should dwell;
To wait on Sākha is not well.
Better with Nigrodha death
Than with Sākha to draw breath."

This discourse ended, the Master said, "So, Brethren, you see that Devadatta was ungrateful before," and then identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was Sākha, Ānanda was Pottika, and I myself was Nigrodha."

Footnotes

22:1 Buddha;"he who possesses the ten powers."

23:1 In vol. ii. page 2 (page 1 of translation, note 4) it is suggested that this may be a magical rite. It may; but the passage here translated supports a simpler meaning. The word in both cases is *gabbhaparihāra.* Compare p. 124. 14 below (p. 79 of this. book).

23:2 Lit. partum illuviemque puerperii.

23:3 Lumbos illuvie puerperii inquinavit.

24:1 In No. 284 (ii. p. 280 of this translation) the episode of the cocks has come already.

25:1 Sword, parasol, diadem, slippers, fan.

25:2 No. 539, vol. vi. p. 39.

25:3 After this point he is several times called *Pottiya.*

No. 446.

TAKKAḶA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"No bulbs are here," etc.—This story the Master told at Jetavana about a layman who supported his father.

This man we learn was re-born in a needy family. After his mother's death, he used to rise up early in the morning, and prepare the tooth-twigs and water for cleansing the mouth; then by working for hire or ploughing in the fields, he used to procure rice gruel, and thus fed his father in a manner suiting his station in life. Said his father to him, "My son, whatever is to be done indoors and out you do alone. Let me find you a wife, and she shall do the

household work for you."—"Father," says he, "if women come into the house they will bring no peace of mind for me or for you. Pray do not dream of such a thing! While you live, I will support you; [44] and when you pass away, I shall know what to do."

But the father sent for a girl, much against his son's wish; and she looked after her husband and his father; but a low creature she was. Now her husband was pleased with her, for attending upon his father; and whatever he could find to please her, that he brought and gave her; and she presented it to her father-in-law. And there came a time when the woman thought, "Whatever my husband gets, he gives to me, but nothing to his father. It is clear that for his father he cares nothing. I must find

some way of setting the old man at variance with my husband, and then I shall get him out of the house." So from that time she began to make the water too cold or too hot for him, and the food she salted too much or not at all, and the rice she served up all hard or else soaking wet; and by this kind of thing did all she could to provoke him. Then, when he grew angry, she scolded: "Who can wait on an old creature like this!" said she, and stirred up strife. And all over the ground she would spit, and then stir up her husband—"Look there!" would she say, "that's your father's doing! I am constantly begging him not to do this and that, and he only gets angry. Either your father must leave this house, or I!" Then the husband answered, "Lady, you are young, and you can live where you will; but my father is an old man. If you don't like him, you can leave the house." This frightened her. She fell at the old man's feet, and craved pardon, promising to do so no more; and began to care for him as before.

The worthy layman was so worried at first by her goings-on that he omitted visiting the Master to hear his discourse; but when she had come to herself again, he went. The Master asked why he had not been to hear his preaching this seven or eight days. The man related what had happened. "This time," said the Master, "you refused to listen to her, and to turn out your father; but in former times you did as she bade; you took him to a cemetery, and dug him a pit. At the time when you were about to kill him I was a seven-year-old, and I by recounting the goodness of parents, held you back from parricide. At that time you listened to me; and by tending your father while he lived became destined for paradise. I admonished you then, and warned you not to forsake him when you should come into another life; for this cause you have now refused to do as the woman bade you,

and your father has not been killed." Thus saying, at the man's request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, there was in a family of a certain village of Kāsi an only son named Vasiṭṭhaka. [45] This man supported his parents, and after his mother's death, he supported his father as has been described in the introduction. But there is this difference. When the woman said, "Look there! that is your father's doing! I am constantly begging him not to do this and that, and he only gets angry!" she went on, "My lord, your father is fierce and violent, for ever picking quarrels. A decrepit old man like that, tormented with disease, is bound to die soon; and I can't live in the same house with him. He will die of himself before many days are out; well, take him to a cemetery, and dig a pit, throw him in and break his head with the spade; and when he is dead, shovel the earth upon him, and leave him there." At last, by dint of this dinning in his ears, said he, "Wife, to kill a man is a serious matter: how can I do it?" "I will tell you of a way," quoth

she.—"Say on, then."—"Well, my lord, at break of day, go to the place where your father sleeps; tell him very loud, that all may hear, that a debtor of his is in a certain village, that you went and he would not pay you, and that if he dies the man will never pay at all; and say that you will both drive there together in the morning. Then at the appointed time get up, and put the animals to the cart, and take him in it to the cemetery. When you get there, bury him in a pit, make a noise as if you had been robbed, wound and wash your head, and return." "Yes, that plan

will do," said Vasiṭṭhaka. He agreed to her proposal, and got the cart ready for the journey.

Now the man had a son, a lad of seven years, but wise and clever. The lad overheard what his mother said, "My mother, "thought he, "is a wicked woman, and is trying to persuade father to murder his father. I will prevent my father from doing this murder." He ran quickly, and lay down beside his grandsire. Vasiṭṭhaka, at the time suggested by the wife, prepared the cart. "Come, father, let us get that debt!" said he, and placed his father in the cart. But the boy got in first of all. [46] Vasiṭṭhaka could not prevent him, so he took him to the cemetery with them. Then, placing his father and his son together in a place apart, with the cart, he got down, took spade and basket, and in a spot where he was hidden from them began to dig a square hole. The boy got down, and followed him, and as though ignorant what was afoot, opened a conversation by repeating the first stanza:

"No bulbs are here, no herbs for cooking meet,
No catmint, nor no other plant to eat.
Then father, why this pit, if need be none,
Delve in Death's acre mid the woods alone?"

Then his father answered by repeating the second stanza:

"Thy grandsire, son, is very weak and old,
Opprest by pain from ailments manifold:
Him will I bury in a pit to-day;
In such a life I could not wish him stay."

Hearing this, the boy answered by repeating a half-stanza:

"Thou hast done sinfully in wishing this,
And for the deed, a cruel deed it is."

With these words, he caught the spade from his father's hands, and at no great distance began to dig another pit.

[47] His father approaching asked why he dug that pit; to whom he made reply by finishing the third stanza:

"I too, when thou art aged, father mine,
Will treat my father as thou treatest thine;
Following the custom of the family
Deep in a pit I too will bury thee."

To this the father replied by repeating the fourth stanza:

"What a harsh saying for a boy to say,
And to upbraid a father in this way!
To think that my own son should rail at me,
And to his truest friend unkind should be!"

When the father had thus spoken, the wise lad recited three stanzas, one by way of answer, and two as an holy hymn:

"I am not harsh, my father, nor unkind,
Nay, I regard thee with a friendly mind:
But this thou dost, this act of sin, thy son
Will have no strength to undo again, once done.

"Whoso, Vasiṭṭha, hurts with ill intent
His mother or his father, innocent,
He, when the body is dissolved, shall be
In hell for his next life undoubtedly.

"Whoso with meat and drink, Vasiṭṭha, shall
His mother or his father feed withal,
[48] He, when the body is dissolved, shall be
In heaven for his next life undoubtedly."

The father, after hearing his son thus discourse; repeated the eighth stanza:

"Thou art no heartless ingrate, son, I see,
But kindly-hearted, O my son, to me;
Twas in obedience to thy mother's word
I thought to do this horrid deed abhorred."

Said the lad, when he heard this, "Father, women, when a wrong is done and they are not rebuked, again and again commit sin. You must bend my mother, that she may never again do such a deed as this." And he repeated the ninth stanza:

"That wife of yours, that ill-conditioned dame,
My mother, she that brought me forth—that same,
Let us from out our dwelling far expel,
Lest she work other woe on thee as well."

Hearing the words of his wise son, well pleased was Vasiṭṭhaka, and saying, "Let us go, my son!" he seated himself in the cart with son and father.

Now the woman too, this sinner, was happy at heart; for, thought she, this ill-luck is out of the house now. She plastered the place with wet cowdung, and cooked a mess of rice porridge. But as she sat watching the road by which they would return, she espied them coming. "There he is, back with old ill-luck again!" thought she, much in anger. "Fie, good-for-nothing!" cried she,

"what, bring back the ill-luck you took away with you!" Vasiṭṭhaka said not a word, but unyoked the cart.

p. 31

Then said he, "Wretch, what is that you say?" He gave her a sound drubbing, and bundled her head over heels out of doors, bidding her never darken his door again. Then he bathed his father and his son, and took a bath himself, [49] and the three of them ate the rice porridge. The sinful woman dwelt for a few days in another house.

Then the son said to his father: "Father, for all this my mother does not understand. Now let us try to vex her. You give out that in such and such a village lives a niece of yours, who will attend upon your father and your son and you; so you will go and fetch her. Then take flowers and perfumes, and get into your cart, and ride about the country all day, returning in the evening." And so he did. The women in the neighbour's family told his wife this; —"Have you heard," said they, "that your husband has gone to get another wife in such a place?" "Ah, then I am undone!" quoth she, "and there is no place for me left!" But she would enquire of her son; so quickly she came to him, and fell at his feet, crying —"Save thee I have no other refuge! Henceforward I will tend your father and grandsire as I would tend a beauteous shrine! Give me entrance into this house once more!" "Yes, mother," replied the lad, "if you do no more as you did, I will; be of good cheer!" and at his father's coming he repeated the tenth stanza:

"That wife of yours, that ill-conditioned dame,
My mother, she that brought me forth,—that same,—
Like a tamed elephant, in full control,
Let her return again, that sinful soul."

So said he to his father, and then went and summoned his mother. She, being reconciled to her husband and the husband's father, was thenceforward tamed, and endued with righteousness, and watched over her husband and his father and her son; and these two, stedfastly following their son's advice, gave alms and did good deeds, and became destined to join the hosts of heaven.

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[50] The Master, having ended this discourse, declared the Truths: (at the conclusion of the Truths, the dutiful son was established in the fruit of the First Path:) then he identified the Birth:—"At that time, father and son and daughter-in-law were the same as they are now, and the wise boy was I myself."

Footnotes

27:1 This is a variant of a famous story, known as the *Housse Partie.* See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions,* "The ungrateful son" (ii. 372); Jacques de Vitry's *Exempla* (Folk Lore Society, 1890), No. 288, with bibliographical note on p. 260.

No. 447.

MAHĀ-DHAMMA-PĀLA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"What custom is it," etc.—This story the Master told, after his first visit (as Buddha) to Kapilapura, while he lodged in his father's Banyan Grove, about the King his father's refusal to believe.

At the time, they say that the great King Suddhodana, having given a meal of rice gruel at his own dwelling to the Buddha at the head of twenty thousand Brethren, during the meal talked pleasantly to him, saying, "Sir, at the time of your striving [2], came some deities to me, and poised in the air, said, "Your son, Prince Siddhattha, has died of starvation." And the Master replied, "Did you believe it, great King?"—"Sir, I did not believe it! Even when the deities came hovering in the air, and told me this, I refused to believe it, saying that there was no death for my son until he had obtained Buddhahood at the foot of the bo-tree." Said the Master, "Great King, long ago in the time of the great Dhammapāla, even when a world-famed teacher said—"Your son is dead, these are his bones," you refused to believe, answering, "In our family, they never die young"; then why should you believe now?" and at his father's request, the Master told a tale of long ago.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, there was in the kingdom of Kāsi a village named Dhammapāla, and it took that name because the family of one Dhammapāla dwelt there. From his keeping the Ten Paths of Virtue this

brahmin was known where he dwelt as Dhammapāla, or the Lawkeeper. In his household, even the servitors gave alms, and observed virtue, and kept the holy day.

At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in that household, and to him they gave the name of Dhammapāla-Kumāra, or Lawkeeper the Younger. So soon as he came of age, his father gave him a thousand pieces, and sent him to study at Takkasilā. Thither he went, and studied with a world-famed teacher, and became the chief pupil in a company of five hundred youths.

Just then died the eldest son of the teacher; and the teacher, [51] surrounded by his pupils, in the midst of his kith and kin, weeping did the lad's obsequies in the cemetery. Then the teacher with his company of kinsfolk, and all his pupils, were weeping and wailing, but Dhammapāla only neither wept nor wailed. When afterwards the five hundred youths had returned from the cemetery, they sat down in their teacher's presence,

and said, "Ah, so fine a lad, so good, a tender child, to be cut off in his tender age and parted from father and mother!" Dhammapāla replied, "Tender indeed, as you say! Well, why did he die at a tender age? ’Tis not right that children of tender age should die." Then they said to him, "Why, Sir, do you not know that such persons are but mortal?"—"I know it; but in tender years they die not; people die when they are grown old."—"Then are not all component things transitory and unreal?" "Transitory they are, it is true; but in the days of youth creatures do not die; it is only when they are grown old that they die."—"Oh, is that the custom of your family?"—"Yes, that is the custom in my family." The lads told this conversation to their teacher. He sent

for Dhammapāla, and asked him, "Is it true, Dhammapāla, my son, that in your family they do not die young?" "Yes, teacher," said he, "it is true."

On hearing this, the teacher thought, "This is a most marvellous thing he says! I will make a journey to his father, and ask him about it; and if it be true, I will live according to his rule of right."

So when he had finished for his son all that should be done, after lapse of seven or eight days he sent for Dhammapāla, and said, "My son, I am going away from home; while I am away, you are to instruct these my pupils." So saying, [52] he procured the bones of a wild goat, washed them and scented them, and put them in a bag; then taking with him a little page-boy, he left Takkasilā, and in course of time arrived at that village. There he enquired his way to Mahā-dhammapāla's house, and stopped at the door.

The first servant of the brahmin who saw him, whoever it was, took the sunshade from his hand, and took his shoes, and took the bag from the servant. He bade them tell the lad's father, here was the teacher of his son Dhammapāla the Younger, standing at the door. "Good," said the servants, and summoned the father to him. Quickly he came to the threshold, and "Come in!" said he, leading the way into his house. Seating the visitor upon a couch, he did a host's duty by washing his feet, and so forth.

When the teacher had eaten food, and they sat down for a kindly talk together, said he, "Brahmin, your son young Dhammapāla, when full of wisdom, and a perfect master of the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Accomplishments, by an unhappy chance has lost his life. All component things are transitory; grieve not for him!" The brahmin clapt his hands, and laughed loudly. "Why do

you laugh, brahmin?" asked the other. "Because," said he, "it is not my son who is dead; it must be some other." "No, brahmin," was the answer, "your son is dead, and no other. Look on his bones, and believe." So saying, he unwrapt the bones. "These are your son's bones," said he."A wild goat's bones, perhaps," quoth

the other, "or a dog's; but my son is not dead. In our family for seven generations no such thing has been, as a death in tender years; and you are speaking falsehood." Then they all clapt their hands, and laughed aloud.

The teacher, when he beheld this wonderful thing, was much pleased, and said, "Brahmin, this custom in your family line cannot be without cause, that the young do not die. Why is it then that you do not die young?" And he asked his question by repeating the first stanza:

"What custom is it, or what holy way,
Of what good deed is this the fruit, I pray?
  Tell me, O Brahmin, what the reason is,
Why in your line the young die never—say!"

[53] Then the brahmin, to explain what virtues had the result that in his family no one died young, repeated the following stanzas:

"We walk in uprightness, we speak no lies,
All foul and wicked sins we keep afar,
We do eschew all things that evil are,
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"We hear the deeds of foolish and of wise;
Of what the foolish do no heed we take,
The wise we follow, and the fools forsake;
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"In gifts beforehand our contentment lies; [1]
Even while giving we are well content;
Nor having given, do we then repent:
Therefore in youth not one among us dies.

"Priests, brahmins, wayfarers we satisfy,
Beggars, and mendicants, and all who need,
We give them drink, and hungry folk we feed:
Therefore the young among us do not die.

"Wedded, for others' wives we do not sigh,
But we are faithful to the marriage vow;
And faithful are our wives to us, I trow:
Therefore the young among us do not die.

"The children that from these true wives are sprung
Are wise abundantly, to learning bred,
Versed in the Vedas, and all perfected;
Therefore none dies of us while he is young.

"Each to do right for sake of heaven tries:
So lives the father, and so lives the mother,
So son and daughter, sister so and brother:
Therefore no one of us when youthful dies.

"For sake of heaven our servants too apply
Their lives to goodness, men and maidens all,
[54] Retainers, servitors, each meanest thrall:
Therefore the young among us do not die."

And lastly, by these two stanzas he declared the goodness of those who walk in righteousness:

"Righteousness saves him that thereto is bent; [1]

Righteousness practised well brings happiness;

Them that do righteously this boon doth bless—

The righteous comes not into punishment.

[55]"Righteousness saves the righteous, as a shade
Saves in the time of rain: the lad still lives.
Goodness to Dhammapāla safety gives;
Some other's bones are these you have conveyed."

On hearing this, the teacher replied: "A happy journey is this journey of mine, fruitful, not without fruit!" Then full of happiness, he begged pardon of Dhammapāla's father, and added, "I came hither, and brought with me these wild goat's bones, on purpose to try you. Your son is safe and well. I pray you, impart to me your rule of preserving life." Then the other wrote it upon a leaf; and after tarrying in that place some few days, he returned to Takkasilā, and having instructed Dhammapāla in all branches of skill and learning, he dismissed him with a great troop of followers.

When the Master had thus discoursed to the Great King Suddhodana, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the truths the King became established in the fruit of the Third Path:)—"At that time, mother and father were the Mahārāja's kin, the teacher was Sāriputta, the retinue was the Buddha's retinue, and I myself was the younger Dhammapāla."

Footnotes

32:1 Compare *Mahāvastu,* No. 19. The *Dhammapāla* in *Avadāna Çātaka,* p. 122, is different.

32:2 The six years of austerities practised by the Buddha, before he found the peace of Buddhahood.

34:1 This stanza occurs in vol. iii. p. 300 (Pali).

No. 448.

KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA.

"Trust not in those," etc. This story the Master told in the Bamboo Grove, on the subject of going about to kill. In the Hall of Truth, the Brethren were discussing the evil nature of Devadatta. "Why, Sir, by suborning archers and others to the task, Devadatta is making an attempt to murder the Dasabala!" [56] The Master, entering, enquired, "What is this, Brethren, that ye speak of

as ye sit here together?" They told him. Said he, "'Tis not now the first time that he has tried to murder me, but it was the same before" ; and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time there reigned in Kosambī [1] a king named Kosambaka. At that time the Bodhisatta became the offspring of a wild hen that dwelt in a grove of bamboo trees, and afterwards was the chief of a flock of several hundred fowls in the forest. Not far off lived a Falcon, which as he found opportunity caught the fowls one by one and ate them, and in course of time he devoured all the others, and the Bodhisatta was left alone. But he used all caution in seeking his food, and dwelt in a thicket of bamboo. Here the Falcon could not get at him, so he set about thinking by what trick he might entice him to capture.

Then he alighted on a branch hard by, and called out, "Worthy Fowl, what makes you fear me? I am anxious to make friends with you. Now in such a place (naming it) is food in plenty; let us

feed there together, and live like friends in company."—"No, good Sir," replied the Bodhisatta, "betwixt you and me no friendship can ever be; so begone!"—"Good Sir, for my former sins you cannot trust me now; but I promise that I will never do so again!"—"No, I care not for such a friend; begone, I say!" Again for the third time the Bodhisatta refused: "With a creature of such qualities," quoth he, "friendship there must never be"; and he made the wide woods resound, the deities applauding as he uttered this discourse:

"Trust not in those whose words are lies, nor those who only know
Self-interest, nor who have sinned, nor who too-pious show.

"Some men have nature like the kine, thirsty and full of greed:
Have words in truth a friend to soothe, but never come to deed.

"These hold out dry and empty hands; the voice conceals their heart;
From those who know not gratitude (vain creatures!) keep apart.

[57] "Put not thy trust in woman or in man of fickle mind,
Nor such as having made a pact to break it are inclined.

"The man who walks in evil ways, to all things threatening death,
Unstedfast, put no trust in him, like keenest sword in sheath.

"Some speak smooth words that come not from the heart, and try to please
With many a show of friendship feigned: put not thy trust in these.

"When such an evil-minded man beholds or food or gain,
He works all ill, and go he will, but first will be thy bane."

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[58] These seven stanzas were repeated by the King of the Fowls. Then were the four stanzas following recited by the King of the Faith, words inspired by a Buddha's insight:

"In friendly show full many a foe follows, his aid to give;

As the Fowl left the Falcon, so ‘twere best bad men to leave.

"Who is not quick to recognise the meaning of events,
Under his foes' control he goes, and afterward repents.

"Whoso the meaning of events is quick to recognise,
As from the Falcon's toils the Fowl, so from his foes he flies.

"From such inevitable and treacherous snare,
Deadly, set deep mid many a forest tree,
As from the Falcon far the Fowl did flee,
The man of seeing eye afar should fare."

And he again, after reciting these stanzas, called the Falcon, and reproached him, saying, "If you continue to live in this place, I shall know what to do." The Falcon flew away thence and went to another place.

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[59] The Master, having ended this. discourse, said, "Brethren, long ago as now Devadatta tried to compass my destruction," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the Falcon, and I was myself the Fowl."

Footnotes

35:1 These four lines occur in the *Life of Buddha* which is prefixt to the Jātaka, vol. i. p. 31 (Pali), not in the present translation (Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories,* p. 34). Compare also *Dhammapada,* p. 126; *Theragāthā,* p. 35.

36:1 A city on the Ganges.

No. 449.

MAṬṬA-KUṆḌALI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Why in the woodland," etc. This story the Master told while sojourning in Jetavana, about a landowner whose son had died. At Sāvatthi, we learn that death took a beloved son of a certain landowner who used to wait upon the Buddha. Afflicted with grief for his son, the man washed not and ate not, and neither went about his own business nor waited upon the Buddha, only cried, "O my beloved son, thou hast left me, and gone before!"

As in the morning time the Master was looking abroad upon the world, he perceived that this man was ripe for attaining the Fruit of the First Path. So next day, having led his followers through the city of Sāvatthi in search of alms, after his meal was done, he sent the Brethren away, and attended by Elder Ānanda walked to the place where this man lived. They told the landowner that the Master had come. Then they of his household prepared a seat, and

made the Master sit down upon it, and led the landowner into the Master's presence. Him after greeting, as he sat on one side, the Master addressed in a voice tender with compassion: "Do you mourn, lay Brother, for an only son?" He answered, "Yes, Sir." Said the Master, "Long, long ago, lay Brother, wise men who went about afflicted with grief for a son's death, listened to the words of the wise, and clearly discerning that nothing could

bring back the lost, yet felt no grief, no not even a little." So saying, at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the son of a very wealthy brahmin, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, was smitten by a disease, and dying came to being again in the world of the gods. From the time of his son's death, the brahmin would go to the cemetery, and make his moan, walking around the heap of ashes; and leaving undone all his duties, he walked about smitten with woe. A son of the gods, as he went about, saw the father, and devised a plan for consoling his misery. He went to the cemetery at the time of his mourning, taking upon himself the semblance of the man's very son, and adorned with all sorts of ornaments, he stood on one side, holding his head in both hands, [60] and lamenting with a loud voice. The brahmin heard the sound, and looked, and full of the love which he bore his son, stopt before him, saying, "My son, dear lad, why do you stand mourning in the midst of this cemetery?" Which question he put in the words of the following stanza:

"Why in the woodland art thou standing here,
Begarlanded, with earrings in each ear,
  Fragrant of sandal, holding out thy hands?
What sorrow makes thee drop the falling tear?"

And then the youth told his tale by repeating the second stanza:

"Made of fine gold, and shining brilliantly
My chariot is, wherein I use to lie:
  For this a pair of wheels I cannot find;
Therefore I grieve so sore that I must die!"

The brahmin listened, and repeated the third stanza:

"Golden, or set with jewels, any kind,
Brazen or silvern, that thou hast in mind,
  Speak but the word, a chariot shall be made,
And I thereto a pair of wheels will find!"

Now the Master himself, in his perfect wisdom, having heard the stanza repeated by the young man, repeated the first line of another—

"The brahmin youth replied, when he had done";

while the young man repeats the remainder:

[61]

"Brothers up yonder are the moon and sun!
  By such a pair of wheels as yonder twain
My golden car new radiance hath won!"

And immediately after:

"Thou art a fool for this that thou hast done,
To pray for that which should be craved by none;
  Methinks, young sir, thou needs must perish soon,
For thou wilt never get or moon or sun!"

Then—

"Before our eyes they set and rise, colour and course unfailing:
None sees a ghost: then which is now more foolish in his wailing?"

So said the youth; and the brahmin, comprehending, repeated a stanza:

"Of us two mourners, O most sapient youth,
I am the greater fool—thou sayest truth,
    In craving for a spirit from the dead,
Like a child crying for the moon, in sooth!"

Then the brahmin, consoled by the youth's words, rendered thanks to him by reciting the remaining stanzas:

"Blazing was I, as when a man pours oil upon a fire:
Thou didst bring water, and didst quench the pain of my desire.

[62] "Grief for my son—a cruel shaft was lodged within my heart;
Thou hast consoled me for my grief, and taken out the dart.

"That dart extracted, free from pain, tranquil and calm I keep;
Hearing, O youth, thy words of truth no more I grieve, nor weep [1]."

Then said the youth, "I am that son, brahmin, for whom you weep; I have been born in the world of gods. Henceforward grieve not for me, but give alms and observe virtue, and keep the holy fast-day." With this admonition, he departed to his own place. And the brahmin abode by his advice; and after much almsgiving and other good deeds, he died, and was born in the world of gods.

The Master, having ended this discourse, declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the landowner was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time, I was myself the son of the gods who uttered this admonition."

Footnotes

37:1 The story is given in *Dhammapada,* p. 93, where the name is Maddhakuṇḍalī.

39:1 These stanzas recur in iii. 157 (trans. p. 104), 215 (p. 141), 390 (p. 236), *Dhammapada,* p. 96.

No. 450.

BIḶĀRI-KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

"When food is not," etc. This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who was devoted to giving.

This man, we are told, having heard the preaching of the Law, from the time when he embraced the Doctrine was devoted to giving, eager for giving. Never a bowl-full he ate unless he shared it with another; even water he would not drink, unless he gave of it to another: so absorbed was he in giving.

Then they began to talk of his good qualities in the Hall of Truth. Entered the Master, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. Sending for the Brother, he asked him, "Is it true, what I hear, Brother, that you are devoted to giving, eager to give?" He replied, "Yes, Sir." Said the Master, "Long ago, Brethren, this man was without faith and unbelieving; not so much as a drop of oil on the end of a blade of grass did he give to any one; then I humbled him, and converted him and made him humble, and taught him the fruit of giving; and this gift-lief heart of his does not leave him even in another life. "So saying, he told a story of the past [1].

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a rich man's family; and coming of age, he acquired a property, and at his father's death received his father's station as merchant.

One day, as he reviewed his wealth, thought he, "My wealth is here, sure enough, [63] but where are those who gathered it? I must disperse my wealth, and give alms. "So he built an almonry, and while he lived distributed much alms; and when his days were drawing to a close, charging his son not to discontinue the practice of almsgiving, he was born again as Sakka in the Heaven of the Thirty-three. And the son gave alms as his father had given, and with the like charge to his son, was born as Canda, the Moon, among the gods. And his son became Suriya, the Sun, who begat another that became Mātali the Charioteer [2], and his son was born again as Pañcasikha, one of the Gandhabbas, or celestial musicians. But the sixth of the line was without faith, hardhearted, loveless, niggardly; and he demolished the almonry, burnt it, beat the beggars and sent them about their business; gave no one so much as an oildrop on the end of a blade of grass.

Then Sakka, king of the gods, looked back over his doings in the past, wondering, "Does my tradition of almsgiving continue or no?" Pondering he perceived this: "My son continued the giving, and he is become Canda; and his son is Suriya, and his son is Mātali, and his son has

been born as Pañcasikha; but the sixth in line has broken the tradition." Then this thought occurred to him; he would go humble that man of sin, and teach him the fruit of giving. So he summoned to him Canda, Suriya, Mātali, Pañcasikha, and said, "Sirs, the sixth in our line has broken our family tradition; he has burnt the almonry, the beggars he has driven away; he gives

nothing to any one. Then let us humble him!" So with them he proceeded to Benares.

At that moment the merchant had been to wait upon the king, and having returned, was walking to and fro under the seventh gate-tower [1], looking along the road. Sakka said to the others, "Do you wait until I go in, and then follow one after another." With these words he went forward, and standing before the rich merchant, said to him, "Ho, Sir! give me to eat!"—"There is nothing to eat for you here, brahmin; go elsewhere."—"Ho, great Sir! when brahmins ask for food, [64] it must not be refused them!"—"In my house, brahmin, is neither food cooked nor food ready for cooking; away with you!"—"Great Sir, I will repeat to you a verse of poetry,—listen." Said he, "I want none of your poetry; get you gone, and do not keep standing here." But Sakka, without attending to his words, recited two stanzas:

"When food is not within the pot, the good would get, and not deny:
And thou art cooking! 'twere not good, if thou wouldst now no food supply

"He who remiss and niggard is, ever to give denies;
But he who virtue loves, must give, and he whose mind is wise."

When the man had heard this, he answered, "Well, come in and sit down; and you shall have a little." Sakka entered, repeating these verses, and sat down.

Next came Canda up, and asked for food. "There's no food for you," said the man, "go away!" He replied, "Great Sir, there is one brahmin seated within; there must be a free meal for a brahmin, I suppose, so I will enter too." "There is no free meal for a brahmin!" said the man; "be off with you!" Then Canda said, "Great Sir, please do listen to a verse or two," and repeated two

stanzas: (whenever a terrified niggard gives to none, that very thing that he fears comes to him as he gives not [2].)—

"When fear of hunger or of thirst makes niggard souls afraid,
In this world and the next those fools shall fully be repaid.

"Therefore give alms, flee covetise, purge filth of greed away,
In the next world men's virtuous deeds shall be their surest stay."

[65] Having listened to these words also, the man said, "Well, come in, and you shall have a little." In he came, and took a seat with Sakka.

p. 42

After waiting a little while, Suriya came up, and asked for food by repeating two stanzas:

"'Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,
Bad men can hardly imitate the life that good men live.

"And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth [1]."

The rich man, not seeing any way out of it, said to him, "Well, come in and sit down with these brahmins, and you shall have a little." And Mātali, after waiting a little while, came up and asked for food; and when he was told there was no food, as soon as the words were spoken, repeated the seventh stanza:

"Some give from little, some give not though they have plenteous store:
Who gives from little, if he gave a thousand, twere no more."

[66] To him also the man said, "Well, come in and sit down." Then after waiting a little while, Pañcasikha came up and asked for food. "There's none, go away," was the reply. Said he, "What a

number of places I have visited! There must be a free meal for brahmins here, methinks!" And he began to hold forth to him, repeating the eighth stanza:

"Even he who lives on scraps should righteous be,
Giving from little store, though sons have he;
    The hundred thousand which the wealthy give,
Are worth not one small gift from such as he."

The rich man pondered, on hearing the speech of Pañcasikha. Then he repeated the ninth stanza, to ask an explanation of the little worth of such gifts:

"Why is a rich and generous sacrifice
Not equal to a righteous gift in price,
How is a thousand, which the wealthy gives,
Not worth a poor man's gift, tho’ small in size?"

[67] In reply, Pañcasikha recited the concluding stanza:

    "Some who in evil ways do live
    Oppress, and slay, then comfort give:
    Their cruel sour-faced gifts are less
    Than any given with righteousness.
Thus not a thousand from the wealthy can
Equal the little gift of such a man."

Having listened to the admonition of Pañcasikha, he replied, "Well, go indoors and be seated; you shall have a little." And he too entered, and sat with the rest.

Then the rich merchant Biḷārikosiya, beckoning to a maidservant, said to her, "Give yonder Brahmins a measure apiece of rice in

the husk."

p. 43

She brought the rice, and approaching them, bade them bake it, and get it cooked somewhere, and eat. "We never touch rice in the husk," said they.—"Master, they say that they never touch rice in the husk!"—"Well, give them husked rice." She brought them husked rice, and bade them take it. Said they, "We accept nothing that is uncooked." "Master, they accept nothing that is uncooked!"—"Then cook them some cows' food in a pot, and give them that." She cooked in a pot a mess of cows' food, and brought it to them. All the five of them took up each a mouthful, and put it into their mouths, but let it stick in the throat; then rolling their eyes, they became unconscious, and lay as though dead. The serving-maid seeing this thought they must be dead, and much afraid went and told the merchant, saying, "Master, those brahmins could not swallow the cows' food, [68] and they are dead!" Thought he, "Now people will upbraid me, saying, This lewd fellow gave a mess of cows' food to delicate brahmins, which they could not swallow, and they died!" Then he said to the maid, "Go quickly, take away the food from their bowls, and cook them a mess of all sorts of the finest rice." She did so. The merchant fetched in the passers-by from the road within, and when he had gathered a number of them together he said, "I gave these brahmins food after my own manner of eating, and they were greedy and made great lumps, and so as they ate, the food stuck in the throat, and they are dead. I call you to witness that I am guiltless." Before the crowd thus gathered together the brahmins arose, and said, looking upon the multitude, "Behold the deceitfulness of this merchant! He gave us of his own food, quoth he! A mess of cow's food is all he gave us at first, and then

while we lay as dead, he caused this food to be prepared." And they cast forth from their mouths the food which they had taken, and showed it. The crowd upbraided the merchant, crying, "Blind fool! you have broken the custom of your family; you have burnt the alms-hall; the beggars you have taken by the throat and cast forth; and now when you were giving food to these delicate brahmins, all you gave was a mess of cows' food! As you go to the other world, I suppose you will carry the wealth of your house fast about your neck!"

At this moment, Sakka asked the crowd, "Do you know whose is the wealth of this house?" "We know not," they replied. Said he, "You have heard tell of a great merchant of Benares, who lived in this city once upon a time, and built halls of almonry, and in charity gave much?" "Yes," said they," "we have heard of him." "I am that merchant," he said, "and by those gifts I am now become Sakka, king of the gods; and my son, who did not break my tradition, has become a god, Canda; and his son is Suriya, and his son is Mātali, and his son is Pañcasikha; of these, yonder is Canda, and that is Suriya, and this is Mātali the charioteer, and this again [69] is Pañcasikha, now a heavenly musician, once father of

yonder lewd fellow! Thus potent is giving of gifts; therefore wise men ought to do virtuously." Thus speaking, with a view to dispelling the doubts of the people there assembled, they rose up in the air, and remained poised, by their mighty power surrounding themselves with a great host, their bodies all ablaze, so that the whole city seemed to be on fire. Then Sakka addressed the crowd: "We left our heavenly glory in coming

hither, and we came on account of this sinner Biḷārikosiya, this last of his race, the devourer of all his race. In pity for him are we come, because we knew that this sinner had broken the tradition of his family, and burnt the almonry, and haled forth the beggars by the throat, and had violated our custom, and that by ceasing to give alms he would be born again in hell." Thus did he discourse to the crowd, telling the potency of almsgiving. Biḷārikosiya put his hands together in supplication, and made a vow; "My lord, from this time forth I will no more break the family custom, but I will distribute alms; and beginning from this very day, I will never eat, without sharing with another my own supplies, even the water I drink and the tooth-cleaner which I use."

Sakka having thus humbled him, and made him self-denying, and established him in the Five Virtues, went away to his own place, taking the four gods with him. And the merchant gave alms as long as he lived, and was born in the heaven of the Thirty-Three.

The Master, having finished this discourse, said, "Thus, Brethren, this Brother in former times was unbelieving, and never gave jot or tittle to any one, but I humbled him, and taught him the fruit of almsgiving; and that mind leaves him not, even when he enters another life." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, the generous Brother was the rich man, Sāriputta was Canda, Moggallāna was Suriya, Kassapa was Mātali, Ānanda was Pañcasikha, and I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

40:1 Part of this tale occurs in No. 313, vol. iii.

40:2 i.e. of Sakka, or Indra.

41:1 Cf. Hardy's *Manual,* p. 270.

41:2 This seems to be a gloss.

42:1 These stanzas occur in ii. p. 86 (p. 59 of the English translation).

No. 451.

CAKKA-VĀKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[70]*"Fine-coloured art thou," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a greedy Brother. This man, it is said, dissatisfied with his mendicant's garb and so forth, used to march about asking, "Where is there a meal for the Order? where is there an invitation?" and when he heard mention

of meat, he showed great delight. Then some well-meaning Brethren, from kindness towards him, told the Master about it. The Master summoning him, asked, "Is it true, Brother, as I hear, that you are greedy?" "Yes, my lord, it is true," said he. "Brother," said the Master, "why are you greedy, after embracing a faith like ours, that leads to salvation? The state of greed is sinful; long ago, by reason of greed, you were not satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants and other offal in Benares, and went away into the mighty forest." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a greedy Crow was not content with the corpses of elephants in Benares, and all the other offal. "Now I wonder," thought he, "what the forests may be like?" So to the forest he went; but neither was he satisfied with the wild fruits that he found there, and proceeded to the Ganges. As he passed along the bank of the Ganges, spying a pair of Ruddy Geese [1], he thought, "Yonder birds are very beautiful; I suppose they find plenty of meat to eat on this Ganges bank. I will question them, and if I too can eat

their food doubtless I shall have a fine colour like them." So perching not far from the pair, he put his question to the Ruddy Goose by reciting two stanzas:

"Fine-coloured art thou, fair of form, all plump in body, red of hue,
O Goose! I swear thou art most fair, thy face and senses clear and true!

"A-sitting on the Ganges' bank thou feedest on the pike and bream,
Roach, carp, and all the other fish that swim along the Ganges' stream [2]!"

The Red Goose contradicted him by reciting the third stanza:

[71]

"No bodies from the tide I eat, nor lying in the wood:
All kinds of weed—on them I feed; that, friend, is all my food."

Then the Crow recited two stanzas:

"I cannot credit what the Goose avers about his meat.
Things in the village soused with salt and oil are what I eat,

"A mess of rice, all clean and nice, which a man makes and pours
Upon his meat; but yet, my colour, Goose, is not like yours."

Thereupon the Ruddy Goose recited to him the remaining stanzas showing forth the reason of his ugly colour, and declaring righteousness:

"Beholding sin your heart within, destroying humankind,
In fear and fright your food you eat; therefore this hue you find.

"Crow, you have erred in all the world by sins of former lives,
You have no pleasure in your food; ’tis this your colour gives.

"But, friend, I eat and do no hurt, not anxious, at my ease,
Having no trouble, fearing nought from any enemies.

"Thus you should do, and mighty grow, renounce your evil ways,
Walk in the world and do no hurt; then all will love and praise.

"Who to all creatures kindly is, nor wounds nor makes to wound,
Who harries not, none harry him, gainst him no hate is found."

[72] "Therefore if you wish to be beloved by the world, abstain from all evil passions;" so said the Ruddy Goose, declaring righteousness. The Crow replied, "Don't prate to me of your manner of feeding!" and crying "Caw! Caw!" flew away through the air to the dunghill of Benares.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruit of the Third Path): "At that time, the greedy Brother was the Crow, Rāhula's mother was the mate of the Ruddy Goose, and I was the Ruddy Goose myself."

Footnotes

44:1 Cf. No. 434, vol. iii.

45:1 *cakkavāko,* Anas Casarca.

45:2 The fish named are: *pāvusa, vālaja, muñja, rohita* (Cyprinus Rohita), and *pāṭhīna* (Silvans Boalis).

No. 452.

BHŪRI-PAÑHA-JĀTAKA.

"Is't true, indeed," etc.—This Bhūri-pañha Birth will appear in the Ummagga Birth [1].

No. 453.

MAHĀ-MAṄGALA-JĀTAKA.

"Declare the truth," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Mahā-maṅgala Scripture, or the Treatise on Omens [2]. At the city of Rājagaha for some cause or another a great company had gathered in the royal resting-house, and among these was a man who got up, and went out, with the words, "This is a day of good omen." Some one else heard it, and said, "Yon fellow has gone out talking of "omens"; what does he mean by omen?" Said a third, "The sight of anything with a lucky look is a good omen; suppose a man

rise betimes and see a perfectly white bull, or a woman with child, or a red fish [1], or a jar filled to the brim, or new-melted ghee of cow's-milk, or a new unwashen garment, or rice porridge, there is no omen better than these." Some of the bystanders commended this explanation; "Well put," said they. But another [73] broke in, "No, there's no omen in those; what you hear is the omen. A man hears people saying "Full," then he hears "Full-grown" or "Growing," or he hears them say "Eat" or "Chew": there's no omen better than these." Some bystanders said, "Well put," and commended this explanation. Another said, "There's no omen in all that; what you touch [2] is the omen. If a man gets up early, and touches the earth, or touches green grass, fresh cow-dung, a clean robe, a red fish, gold or silver, food, there's no better omen than these." And here too some of the bystanders approved, and said it was well put. And then the

partisans of omens of sight, omens of sound, omens of touch formed into three groups, and were unable to convince one another. From the deities of the earth to Brahma's heaven none could say exactly what an omen was. Sakka thought, "Among gods and men no one but the Blessed One is able to solve this question of the omens. To the Blessed One I will go, and put the question to him." So at night he paid a visit to the Blessed One, and greeted him, and placing his hands together in supplication, he put the question beginning, "Many gods and men there be." Then the Master in twelve stanzas told him the eight-and-thirty great omens. And as he repeated the omen-scriptures one after another, gods to the number of ten thousand millions attained to sainthood, and of those who entered the other three Paths there is no counting. When Sakka had heard the omens he returned to his own place. When the Master had told the omens, the world of men and the world of gods approved, and said, "Well put."

Then in the Hall of Truth they began to discuss the virtues of the Tathāgata: "Sirs, the Omen Problem was beyond the scope of others, but he comprehended the hearts of men and of gods, and solved their doubt, as if he were making the moon rise in the sky! Ah, very wise is the Tathāgata, my friends!" The Master entering asked what they were talking of, as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "It is no marvel, Brethren, that I solved the problem of the omens now that I am possessed of perfect wisdom; but even when I walked on earth as Bodhisatta, I solved the doubts of men and of gods, by answering the Omen Problem." So saying, he told a story of the past.

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[74] Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain town in the family of a wealthy brahmin, and they named him

Rakkhita-Kumāra. When he grew up, and had completed his education at Takkasilā, he married a wife, and on his parents' demise, he made enquiry into his treasures; then being much exercised in mind, he distributed alms, and mastering his passions became a hermit in the regions of Himalaya, where he developed supernatural powers, and dwelt in a certain spot, nourishing himself upon the roots and fruits of the forest. In course of time his followers became a great number, five hundred disciples that lived with him.

One day, these ascetics, approaching the Bodhisatta, thus addressed him: "Teacher, when the rainy season comes, let us go down from Himalaya, and traverse the country side to get salt and seasoning; thus

our bodies will become strong, and we shall have performed our pilgrimage." "Well, you may go," said he, "but I will abide where I am." So they took leave of him, and went down from Himalaya, and proceeded on their rounds till they came to Benares, where they took up their dwelling in the king's park. And much honour and hospitality was shown to them.

Now one day there was a great crowd come together in the royal rest-house at Benares, and the Omen Problem was discussed. All must be understood to happen as in the introduction to this story. Then, as before, the crowd saw no one who could allay the doubts of men and solve the problem of the omens; so they repaired to the park, and put their problem to the body of sages. The sages addressed the king, saying, "Great King, we cannot solve this question, but our Teacher, the hermit Rakkhita, a most wise man, dwells in Himalaya; he will solve the question, for he

comprehends the thoughts of men and of gods." Said the king, "Himalaya, good sirs, is far, and hard to come at; we cannot go thither. Will you not go yourselves to your Teacher, and ask him the question, and when you have learnt it, return and tell it to us?" This they promised to do; and when they had returned to their Teacher, and greeted him, and he had asked of the king's well-being and the practices of the country folk, they told him all the story of the omens of sight and so forth, from beginning to end, [75] and explained how they came on the king's errand, to hear the answer to the question with their own ears; "Now, Sir," said they, "be pleased to make clear this Omen Problem to us, and tell us the truth." Then the eldest disciple asked his question of the Teacher by reciting the first stanza:

"Declare the truth to mortal man perplext,
And tell what scripture, or what holy text,
  Studied and said at the auspicious hour,
Gives blessing in this world and in the next?"

When the eldest disciple had put the omen problem in these words, the Great Being, allaying the doubts of gods and men, answered, "This and this is an omen," and thus describing the omens with a Buddha's skill, said,

"Whoso the gods, and all that fathers [1] be,
And reptiles, and all beings, which we see,
  Honours for ever with a kindly heart,
Surely a Blessing to all creatures he."

[76] Thus did the Great Being declare the first omen, and then proceeded to declare the second, and all the rest:

"Who shows to all the world a modest cheer,
To men and women, sons and daughters dear,
  Who to reviling answers not in kind,
Surely a blessing he to every fere.

"Who clear of intellect, in crisis wise,
Nor playmates nor companions does despise,
  Nor boasts of birth or wisdom, caste, or wealth,
Among his mates a blessing doth arise.

"Who takes good men and true his friends to be,
That trust him, for his tongue from venom free,
  Who never harms a friend, who shares his wealth,
Surely a blessing among friends is he.

"Whose wife is friendly, and of equal years,
Devoted, good, and many children bears,
  Faithful and virtuous and of gentle birth,
That is the blessing that in wives appears.

"Whose King the mighty Lord of Beings is,
That knows pure living and all potencies,
  And says, "He is my friend," and means no guile
That is the blessing that in monarchs lies.

"The true believer, giving drink and food,
Flowers and garlands, perfumes, ever good,
  With heart at peace, and spreading joy around—
This in all heavens brings beatitude.

"Whom by good living virtuous sages try
With effort strenuous to purify,
[77] Good men and wise, by tranquil life built up,
A blessing he mid saintly company."

[78] Thus the Great Being brought his discourse to a topstone in sainthood; and having in eight stanzas explained the Omens, in praise of those same Omens recited the last stanza:

"These blessings then, that in the world befall,
Esteemed by all the wise, magnifical,
What man is prudent let him follow these,
For in the omens is no truth at all."

The sages, having heard about these Omens, stayed for seven or eight days, and then took leave and departed to that same place.

The king visited them and asked his question. They explained the Problem of the Omens in the same way as it had been told to them, and went back to Himalaya. Thenceforward the matter of omens was understood in the world. And having attended to the matter of omens, as they died they went each to swell the hosts of heaven. The Bodhisatta cultivated the Excellences, and along with his band of followers was born in Brahma's heaven.

The Master having ended this discourse, said: "Not now alone, Brethren, but in olden days I explained the Problem of the Omens"; and then he identified the Birth—"At that time, the company of Buddha's followers were the band of sages; [79] Sāriputta was the senior of the pupils, who asked the question about omens; and I myself was the Teacher."

Footnotes

46:1 No. 546.

46:2 See the Sutta-nipāta, ii. 4.

47:1 Cyprinus Rohita.

47:2 *Mutaṁ* must be here a corrupt form of Skt. *mṛṣṭaṁ* "touched."

48:1 "Brahmins of the world of Form and of No-form." *Schol.*

No. 454.

GHATA-JĀTAKA [1].

"Black Kaṇha, rise," etc. This story the Master told in Jetavana about a son's death. The circumstances are like those in the Maṭṭha-Kuṇḍali Birth [2]. Here again the Master asked the lay brother, "Are you in grief, layman?" He replied, "Yes, Sir." "Layman," said the Master, "long ago wise men listened to the bidding of the wise, and did not grieve for the death of a son." And at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Mahākaṃsa reigned in Uttarāpatha, in the Kaṃsa district, in the city of Asitañjanā. He had two sons, Kaṃsa and Upakaṃsa, and one daughter named Devagabbhā. On her birthday the brahmins who foretold the future said of her: "A son born of this girl will one day destroy the country and the lineage of Kaṃsa." The king was too fond of the girl to put her to death; but leaving her brothers to settle it, lived his days out, and then died. When he died Kaṃsa became king, and Upakaṃsa was viceroy. They thought that there would be an outcry were they to put their sister to death, so resolved to give her in marriage to none, but to keep her husbandless, and watch; and they built a single round-tower, for her to live in.

Now she had a serving-woman named Nandagopā, and the woman's husband, Andhakaveṇhu, was the servant who watched her. At that time a king named Mahāsāgara reigned in Upper Madhurā, and he had two sons, Sāgara and Upasāgara. At

their father's death, Sāgara became king, and Upasāgara was viceroy. This lad was Upakaṃsa's friend, brought up together with him and trained by the same teacher. But he intrigued in his brother's zenana, and being detected, ran away to Upakaṃsa in the Kaṃsa estate. Upakaṃsa introduced him to king Kaṃsa, [80] and the king had him in great honour.

Upasāgara while waiting upon the king observed the tower where dwelt Devagabbhā; and on asking who lived there, heard the story, and fell in love with the girl. And Devagabbhā one day saw him as he went with Upakaṃsa to wait upon the king. She asked who that was; and being told by Nandagopā that it was Upasāgara, son of the great king Sāgara, she too fell in love with him. Upasāgara gave a present to Nandagopā, saying, "Sister, you can arrange a meeting for me with Devagabbhā." "Easy enough," quoth Nandagopā, and told the girl about it. She being

already in love with him, agreed at once. One night Nandagopā arranged a tryst, and brought Upasāgara up into the tower; and there he stayed with Devagabbhā. And by their constant intercourse, Devagabbhā conceived. By and bye it became known that she was with child, and the brothers questioned Nandagopā. She made them promise her pardon, and then told the ins and outs of the matter. When they heard the story, they thought, "We cannot put our sister to death. If she bears a daughter, we will spare the babe also; if a son, we will kill him." And they gave Devagabbhā to Upasāgara to wife.

When her full time came to be delivered, she brought forth a daughter. The brothers on hearing this were delighted, and gave her the name of the Lady Añjanā. And they allotted to them a

village for their estate, named Govaḍḍhamāna. Upasāgara took Devagabbhā and lived with her at the village of Govaḍḍhamāna.

Devagabbhā was again with child, and that very day Nandagopā conceived also. When their time was come, they brought forth on the same day, Devagabbhā a son and Nandagopā a daughter. But Devagabbhā, in fear that her son might be put to death, sent him secretly to Nandagopā, and received Nandagopā's daughter in return. They told the brothers of the birth. "Son or daughter?" they asked. [81] "Daughter," was the reply. "Then see that it is reared," said the brothers. In the same way Devagabbhā bore ten sons, and Nandagopā ten daughters. The sons lived with Nandagopā and the daughters with Devagabbhā, and not a soul knew the secret.

The eldest son of Devagabbhā was named Vāsu-deva, the second Baladeva, the third Canda-deva, the fourth Suriya-deva, the fifth Aggi-deva, the sixth Varuṇa-deva, the seventh Ajjuna, the eighth Pajjuna, the ninth Ghata-paṇḍita, the tenth Aṁkura [1]. They were well known as the sons of Andhakaveṇhu the servitor, the Ten Slave-Brethren.

In course of time they grew big, and being very strong, and withal fierce and ferocious, they went about plundering, they even went so far as to plunder a present being conveyed to the king. The people came crowding in the king's court yard, complaining, "Andhakaveṇhu's sons, the Ten Brethren, are plundering the land!" So the king summoned Andhakaveṇhu, and rebuked him for permitting his sons to plunder. In the same way complaint was made three or four times, and the king threatened him. He being in fear of his life craved the boon of

safety from the king, and told the secret, that how these were no sons of his, but of

Upasāgara. The king was alarmed. "How can we get hold of them?" he asked his courtiers. They replied, "Sire, they are wrestlers. Let us hold a wrestling match in the city, and when they enter the ring we will catch them and put them to death." So they sent for two wrestlers, Cānura and Muṭṭhika, and caused proclamation to be made throughout the city by beat of drum, "that on the seventh day there would be a wrestling match."

The wrestling ring was prepared in front of the king's gate; there was an enclosure for the games, the ring was decked out gaily, the flags of victory were ready tied. The whole city was in a whirl; line over line rose the seats, tier above tier. Cānura and Muṭṭhika went down into the ring, and strutted about, jumping, shouting, clapping their hands. The Ten Brethren came too. On their way they plundered the washer men's street, and clad themselves in robes of bright colours, [82] and stealing perfume from the perfumers' shops, and wreaths of flowers from the florists, with their bodies all anointed, garlands upon their heads, earrings in their ears, they strutted into the ring, jumping, shouting, clapping their hands.

At the moment, Cānura was walking about and clapping his hands. Baladeva, seeing him, thought, "I won't touch yon fellow with my hand!" so catching up a thick strap from the elephant stable, jumping and shouting he threw it round Cānura's belly, and joining the two ends together, brought them tight, then lifting him up, swung him round over his head, and dashing him on the ground rolled him outside the arena. When Cānura was

dead, the king sent for Muṭṭhika. Up got Muṭṭhika, jumping, shouting, clapping his hands. Baladeva smote him, and crushed in his eyes; and as he cried out—"I'm no wrestler! I'm no wrestler!" Baladeva tied his hands together, saying, "Wrestler or no wrestler, it is all one to me," and dashing him down on the ground, killed him and threw him outside the arena.

Muṭṭhika in his death-throes, uttered a prayer—"May I become a goblin, and devour him!" And he became a goblin, in a forest called by the name of Kāḷamattiya. The king said, "Take away the Ten Slave-Brethren." At that moment, Vāsudeva threw a wheel [1], which lopped off the heads of the two brothers [2]. The crowd, terrified, fell at his feet, and besought him to be their protector.

Thus the Ten Brethren, having slain their two uncles, assumed the sovereignty of the city of Asitañjanā, and brought their parents thither.

They now set out, intending to conquer all India. In a while they arrived at the city of Ayojjhā, the seat of king Kāḷasena. This they encompassed about, and destroyed the jungle around it, breached the

wall and took the king prisoner, and took the sovereignty of the place into their hands. Thence they proceeded to Dvāravatī. Now this city had on one side the sea and on one the mountains. They say that the place was goblin-haunted. A goblin would be stationed on the watch, who seeing his enemies, in the shape of an ass would bray as the ass brays. [83] At once, by goblin magic the whole city used to rise in the air, and deposit itself on an island in the midst of the sea; when the foe was gone, it would

come back and settle in its own place again. This time, as usual, no sooner the ass saw those Ten Brethren coming, than he brayed with the bray of an ass. Up rose the city in the air, and settled upon the island. No city could they see, and turned back; then back came the city to its own place again. They returned—again the ass did as before. The sovereignty of the city of Dvāravatī they could not take.

So they visited Kaṇha-dīpāyana [1], and said: "Sir, we have failed to capture the kingdom of Dvāravatī; tell us how to do it." He said: "In a ditch, in such a place, is an ass walking about. He brays when he sees an enemy, and immediately the city rises in the air. You must clasp hold of his feet [2], and that is the way to accomplish your end." Then they took leave of the ascetic; and went all ten of then to the ass, and falling at his feet, said, "Sir, we have no help but thee! When we come to take the city, do not bray!" The ass replied, "I cannot help braying. But if you come first, and four of you bring great iron ploughs, and at the four gates of the city dig great iron posts into the ground, and when the city begins to rise, if you will fix on the post a chain of iron fastened to the plough, the city will not be able to rise." They thanked him; and he did not utter a sound while they got ploughs, and fixed the posts in the ground at the four gates of the city, and stood waiting. Then the ass brayed, the city began to rise, but those who stood at the four gates with the four ploughs, having fixed to the posts iron chains which were fastened to the ploughs, the city could not rise. Thereupon the Ten Brethren entered the city, killed the king, and took his kingdom.

Thus they conquered all India, [84] and in three and sixty thousand cities they slew by the wheel all the kings of them, and

lived at Dvāravatī, dividing the kingdom into ten shares. But they had forgotten their sister, the Lady Añjanā. So "Let us make eleven shares of it," said they. But Aṁkura answered, "Give her my share, and I will take to some business for a living; only you must remit my taxes each in your own country." They consented, and gave his share to his sister;

and with her they dwelt in Dvāravatī, nine kings, while Aṁkura embarked in trade.

In course of time, they were all increased with sons and with daughters; and after a long time had gone by, their parents died. At that period, they say that a man's life was twenty thousand years.

Then died one clearly beloved son of the great King Vāsudeva. The king, half dead with grief, neglected everything, and lay lamenting, and clutching the frame of his bed. Then Ghatapaṇḍita thought to himself, "Except me, no one else is able to soothe my brother's grief; I will find some means of soothing his grief for him." So assuming the appearance of madness, he paced through the whole city, gazing up at the sky, and crying out, "Give me a hare! Give me a hare!" All the city was excited: "Ghatapaṇḍita has gone mad!" they said. Just then a courtier named Rohiṇeyya, went into the presence of King Vāsudeva, and opened a conversation with him by reciting the first stanza:

"Black Kanha, rise! why close the eyes to sleep? why lying there
Thine own born brother—see, the winds away his wit do bear,
Away his wisdom [1]! Ghata raves, thou of the long black hair!"

[85] When the courtier had thus spoken, the Master perceiving that he had risen, in his Perfect Wisdom uttered the second stanza:

"So soon the long-haired Kesava heard Rohiṇeyya's cry,
He rose all anxious and distrest for Ghata's misery."

Up rose the king, and quickly came down from his chamber; and proceeding to Ghatapaṇḍita, he got fast hold of him with both hands; and speaking to him, uttered the third stanza:

"In maniac fashion, why do you pace Dvāraka all through,
And cry, "Hare, hare!" Say, who is there has taken a hare from you?"

To these words of the king, he only answered by repeating the same cry over and over again. But the king recited two more stanzas:

"Be it of gold, or made of jewels fine,
Or brass, or silver, as you may incline [2],
Shell, stone, or coral, I declare
I'll make a hare.

"And many other hares there be, that range the woodland wide,
They shall be brought, I'll have them caught; say, which do you decide?"

On hearing the king's words, the wise man replied by repeating the sixth stanza:

"I crave no hare of earthly kind, but that within the moon [1]:
O bring him down, O Kesava! I ask no other boon!"

"Undoubtedly my brother has gone mad," thought the king, when he heard this. In great grief, he repeated the seventh stanza:

[86]

"In sooth, my brother, you will die, if you make such a prayer,
And ask for what no man may pray, the moon's celestial hare."

Ghatapaṇḍita, on hearing the king's answer, stood stock still, and said: "My brother, you know that if a man prays for the hare in the moon, and cannot get it, he will die; then why do you mourn for your dead son?"

"If, Kanha, this you know, and can console another's woe,
Why are you mourning still the son who died so long ago?"

Then he went on, standing there in the street—"And I, brother, pray only for what exists, but you are mourning for what does not exist." Then he instructed him by repeating two more stanzas:

"My son is born, let him not die!" Nor man nor deity
Can have that boon; then wherefore pray for what can never be?

"Nor mystic charm, nor magic roots, nor herbs, nor money spent,
Can bring to life again that ghost whom, Kanha, you lament."

The King, on hearing this, answered, "Your intent was good, dear one. You did it to take away my trouble." Then in praise of Ghatapaṇḍita he repeated four stanzas:

[87]

"Men had I, wise and excellent to give me good advice:

But how hath Ghatapaṇḍita opened this day mine eyes!

"Blazing was I, as when a man pours oil upon a fire [2];
Thou didst bring water, and didst quench the pain of my desire.

"Grief for my son, a cruel shaft was lodged within my heart;
Thou hast consoled me for my grief, and taken out the dart.

"That dart extracted, free from pain, tranquil, and calm I keep;
Hearing, O youth, thy words of truth, no more I grieve nor weep."

And lastly:

"Thus do the merciful, and thus they who are wise indeed:

They free from pain, as Ghata here his eldest brother freed."

This is the stanza of Perfect Wisdom.

In this manner was Vāsudeva consoled by Prince Ghata.

After the lapse of a long time, during which he ruled his kingdom, the sons of the ten brethren thought: "They say that Kaṇhadīpāyana is

possest of divine insight. Let us put him to the test." So they procured a young lad, and drest him up, and by binding a pillow about his belly, made it appear as though he were with child. Then they brought him into his presence, and asked him, "When, Sir, will this woman be delivered?" The ascetic perceived [1] that the time was come for the destruction of the ten royal brothers; then, looking [1] to see what the term of his own life should be, he

perceived that he must die that very day. Then he said, "Young sirs, what is this man to you?" "Answer us," they replied persistently. He answered, "This man on the seventh day from now will bring forth a knot of acacia wood. With that he will destroy the line of Vāsudeva, even though ye should take the piece of wood and burn it, and cast the ashes into the river." "Ah, false ascetic!" said they, "a man can never bring forth a child!" and they did the rope and string business, and killed him at once. The kings sent for the young men, and asked them why they had killed the ascetic. [88] When they heard all, they were frightened. They set a guard upon the man; and when on the seventh day he voided from his belly a knot of acacia wood, they burnt it, and cast the ashes into the river. The ashes floated down the river, and stuck on one side by a postern gate; from thence sprung an eraka plant.

One day, the kings proposed that they should go and disport themselves in the water. So to this postern gate they came; and they caused a great pavilion to be made, and in that gorgeous pavilion they ate and drank. Then in sport they began to catch hold of hand and foot, and dividing into two parts, they became very quarrelsome. At last one of them, finding nothing better for a club, picked a leaf from the eraka plant, which even as he plucked it became a club of acacia wood in his hand. With this he beat many people. Then the others plucked also, and the things as they took them became clubs, and with them they cudgelled one another until they were killed. As these were destroying each other, four only—Vāsudeva, Baladeva, the lady Añjanā their sister, and the chaplain—mounted a chariot and fled away; the rest perished, every one.

Now these four, fleeing away in the chariot, came to the forest of Kāḷamattikā. There Muṭṭhika the Wrestler had been born, having become according to his prayer a goblin. When he perceived the coming of Baladeva, he created a village in that spot; and taking the semblance of a wrestler, he went jumping about, and shouting, "Who's for a fight?" snapping his fingers the while. Baladeva, as soon as he saw him, said, "Brother, I'll try a fall with this fellow." Vāsudeva tried and tried his best to prevent him; but down he got from the chariot, and went up to him, snapping his fingers. The other just seized him in the

hollow of his hand, and gobbled him up like a radish-bulb. Vāsudeva, perceiving that he was dead, went on all night long with his sister and the chaplain, and at sunrise arrived at a frontier village. He lay down in the shelter of a bush, and sent his sister and the chaplain into the village, with orders to cook some food and bring it to him. A huntsman (his name was Jarā, or Old Age) noticed the bush shaking. "A pig, sure enough," thought he; he threw a spear, and pierced his feet. "Who has wounded me?" cried out Vāsudeva. The huntsman, finding that he had wounded a man, set off running in terror. [89] The king, recovering his wits, got up, and called the huntsman—"Uncle, come here, don't be afraid!" When he came—"Who are you?" asked Vāsudeva. "My name is Jarā, my lord." "Ah," thought the king, "whom Old Age wounds will die, so the ancients used to say. Without doubt I must die to-day." Then he said, Fear not, Uncle; come, bind up my wound." The mouth of the wound bound up, the king let him go. Great pains came upon him; he could not eat the food that the others brought. Then addressing himself to the others, Vāsudeva said: "This day I am to die. You are delicate creatures,

and will never be able to learn anything else for a living; so learn this science from me." So saying, he taught them a science, and let them go; and then died immediately.

Thus excepting the lady Añjanā, they perished every one, it is said.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Lay Brother, thus people have got free from grief for a son by attending to the words of wise men of old; do not you think about it." Then he declared the Truths (at the conclusion of the Truths the Lay Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path), and identified the Birth: "At that time, Ānanda was Rohiṇeyya, Sāriputta was Vāsudeva, the followers of the Buddha were the other persons, and I myself was Ghatapaṇḍita."

Footnotes

50:1 The prophecy, and the tower, and the result, will remind the reader of Danae.

50:2 No. 449, above.

51:1 Krishna, Bala-rāma (Krishna's brother), Moon, Sun, Fire, Varuṇa the heaven-god, the tree Terminalia Arjuna, the Rain-cloud (*? pajjunno,* Skr. पर्जन्य, while प्रद्युम्न is a name of Kāma), Ghee-sage (*?* or *ghaṭa-p.,* an ascetic), Sprout. The story seems to contain a kernel of nature-myth.

52:1 A kind of weapon.

52:2 i.e. the king and his brother.

53:1 The Sage already mentioned in No. 444 (see p. 18, above).

53:2 i.e. beseech him.

54:1 Lit. "his heart and his right eye" (Sch.): Cf. Sanskr. *vāyu-grasta* "mad."

54:2 These lines have occurred already in No. 449.

55:1 What we call the Man in the Moon is in India called the Hare in the Moon, cf. Jātaka, No. 316.

55:2 These lines occur above, p. 39.

56:1 i.e. by his miraculous vision.

BOOK XI. EKĀDASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 455.

MĀTI-POSAKA-JĀTAKA.

[90] *"Though far away," etc.* This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about an Elder who had his mother to support. The circumstances of the event are like those of the Sāma Birth [1]. On this occasion also the Master said, addressing the Brethren, "Be not wroth, Brethren, with this man; wise men there have been of old, who even when born from the womb of animals, being parted asunder from their mothers, refused for seven days to take food, pining away; and even when they were offered food fit for a king, did but reply, Without my mother I will not eat; yet took food again when they saw the mother." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as an Elephant in the Himalaya region. All white he was, a magnificent beast, and a herd of eighty thousand elephants surrounded him; but his mother was blind. He would give his elephants the sweet wild fruit, so sweet, to convey to her; yet to her they gave none, but themselves ate all of it. When he made enquiry, and heard news of this, said he, "I will leave the herd, and cherish my mother." So in the night season, unknown to the other elephants, taking his mother with

him, he departed to Mount Caṇḍoraṇa; and there he placed his mother in a cave of the hills, hard by a lake, and cherished her.

Now a certain forester, who dwelt in Benares, lost his way; and being unable to get his bearings, [91] began to lament with a great noise. Hearing this noise, the Bodhisatta thought to himself, "There is a man in distress, and it is not meet that he come to harm while I am here." So he drew near to the man; but the man fled in fear. Seeing which, the Elephant said to him, "Ho man! you have no need to fear me. Do not flee, but say why you walk about weeping?"

"My lord," said the man, "I have lost my way, this seven days gone."

Said the Elephant, "Fear not, O man; for I will put you in the path of men." Then he made the man sit on his back, and carried him out of the forest, and then returned.

This wicked man determined to go into the city, and tell the king. So he marked the trees, and marked the hills, and then made his way to Benares. At that time the king's state elephant had just died. The king caused it to be proclaimed by beat of drum, "If any man has in any place seen an elephant fit and proper for the king's riding, let him declare it!" Then this man came before the king, and said, "I, my lord, have seen a splendid elephant, white all over and excellent, fit for the king's riding. I will show the way; send but with me the elephant trainers, and you shall catch him." The king agreed, and sent with the man a forester and a great troop of followers.

The man went with him, and found the Bodhisatta feeding in the lake. When the Bodhisatta saw the forester, he thought, "This danger has doubtless come from none other than that man. But I am very strong; I can scatter even a thousand elephants; in anger I am able to destroy all the beasts that carry the army of a whole kingdom. But if I give way to anger, my virtue will be marred. So to-day I will not be angry, not even though pierced with knives." With this resolve, bowing his head he remained immovable.

Down into the lotus-lake went the forester, and seeing the beauty of his points, said, "Come, my son!" Then seizing him by the trunk (and like a silver rope it was), he led him in seven days to Benares.

When the Bodhisatta's mother found that her son came not, she thought that he must have been caught by the king's nobles. [92] "And now," she wailed, "all these trees will go on growing, but he will be far away"; and she repeated two stanzas:

"Though far away this elephant should go,
Still olibane and *kuṭaja* [1] will grow,
    Grain, grass, and oleander, lilies white,
On sheltered spots the bluebells dark still blow.

"Somewhere that royal elephant must go,
Full fed by those whose breast and body show
All gold-bedeckt, that King or Prince may ride
Fearless to triumph o’er the mailclad foe."

Now the trainer, while he was yet in the way, sent on a message to tell the king. And the king caused the city to be decorated. The trainer led the Bodhisatta into a stable all adorned and decked

out with festoons and with garlands, and surrounding him, with a screen of

many colours, sent word to the king. And the king took all manner of fine food and caused it to be given to the Bodhisatta. But not a bit would he eat: "Without my mother, I will eat nothing," said he. The king besought him to eat, repeating the third stanza:

[93]

"Come, take a morsel, Elephant, and never pine away:
There's many a thing to serve your king that you shall do one day."

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta repeated the fourth stanza:

"Nay, she by Mount Caṇḍoraṇa, poor blind and wretched one,
Beats with a foot on some tree-root, without her royal son."

The king said the fifth stanza to ask his meaning:

"Who is’t by Mount Caṇḍoraṇa, what blind and wretched one,
Beats with a foot on some tree-root, without her royal son?"

To which the other replied in the sixth stanza:

"My mother by Caṇḍoraṇa, ah blind, ah wretched one!
Beats with her foot on some tree-root for lack of me, her son!"

And hearing this, the king gave him freedom, reciting the seventh stanza:

"This mighty Elephant, who feeds his mother, let go free:

And let him to his mother go, and to all his family."

The eighth and ninth stanzas are those of the Buddha in his perfect wisdom:

"The Elephant from prison freed, the beast set free from chain,

With words of consolation [1] went back to the hills again.

[94]"Then from the cool and limpid pool, where Elephants frequent,
He with his trunk drew water, and his mother all besprent."

But the mother of the Bodhisatta thought it had begun to rain, and repeated the tenth stanza, rebuking the rain:

"Who brings unseasonable rain—what evil deity?

For he is gone, my own, my son, who used to care for me."

Then the Bodhisatta repeated the eleventh stanza, to reassure her:

"Rise mother! why should you there lie? your own, your son has come!

Vedeha, Kāsi's glorious king, has sent me safely home."

And she returned thanks to the king by repeating the last stanza:

"Long live that king! long may he bring his realms prosperity,

Who freed that son who ever hath done so great respect to me!"

The king was pleased with the Bodhisatta's goodness; and he built a town not far from the lake, and did continual service to

the Bodhisatta and to his mother. Afterwards, when his mother died, and the Bodhisatta had performed her obsequies, [95] he went away to a monastery called Karaṇḍaka. In this place five hundred sages came and dwelt, and the king did the like service for them. The king had a stone image made in the figure of the Bodhisatta, and great honour he paid to this. There the inhabitants of all India year by year gathered together, to perform what was called the Elephant Festival.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths the Brother who supported his mother was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time, Ānanda was the king, the lady Mahāmāyā was the she-elephant, and I was myself the elephant that fed his mother."

Footnotes

58:1 No. 540, vol. vi. 68 (Pāli).

59:1 A medicinal plant.

60:1 The Scholiast explains that the elephant discoursed on virtue to the king, then told him to be careful, and departed, amid the plaudits of the multitude, who threw flowers upon him. He then went home, and fed and washed his mother. To explain this, the Master repeated the two stanzas.

No. 456.

JUṆHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"O king of men," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about the boons received by Elder Ānanda. During the twenty years of his first Buddhahood the Blessed One's attendants were not always the same: sometimes Elder Nāgasamāla, sometimes Nāgita, Upavāṇa, Sunakkhatta, Cunda, Sāgala, sometimes Meghiya waited upon the Blessed One. One day the Blessed One said to the Brethren: "Now I am old, Brethren: and when I say, Let us go in this way, some of the Brotherhood go by another way, some drop my bowl and robe on the ground. Choose out one Brother to attend always upon me." Then they uprose all, beginning with Elder Sāriputta, and laid their joined hands to their heads, crying, "I will serve you, Sir, I will serve you!" But he refused them, saying, "Your prayer is forestalled! enough." Then the Brethren said to the Elder Ānanda, "Do you, friend, ask for the post of attendant." The Elder said, "If the Blessed One will not give me the robe which he himself has received, if he will not give me his dole of food, if he will not grant me to dwell in the same fragrant cell, if he will not have me with him to go where he is invited: but if the Blessed One will go with me where I am invited, if I shall be granted to introduce the company at the moment of coming, which comes from foreign parts and foreign countries to see the Blessed One, [96] if I shall be granted to approach the Blessed One as soon as doubt shall arise, if whenever the Blessed One shall discourse in my absence he will repeat his discourse to me as soon as I shall return: then I will attend upon the Blessed One." These eight

boons he craved, four negative and four positive. And the Blessed One granted them to him.

p. 62

After that he attended continually upon his Master for five and twenty years. So having obtained the preeminence in the five points [1], and having gained seven blessings, blessing of doctrine, blessing of instruction, blessing of the knowledge of causes, blessing of inquiry as to one's good, blessing of dwelling in a holy place, blessing of enlightened devotion, blessing of potential Buddhahood, in the presence of the Buddha he received the heritage of eight boons, and became famous in the Buddha's religion, and shone as the moon in the heavens.

One day they began to talk about it in the Hall of Truth: "Friend, the Tathāgata has satisfied Elder Ānanda by granting his boons." The Master entered, and asked, "What are you speaking of, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Then he said, "It is not now the first time, Brethren, but in former days as now I satisfied Ānanda with a boon; in former days, as now, whatsoever he asked, I gave him." And so saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, a son of his named Prince Juṇha, or the Moonlight Prince, was studying at Takkasilā. One night, after he had been listening carefully to his teacher's instruction, he left the house of his teacher in the dark, and set out for home. A certain brahmin had been seeking alms, and was going home, and the prince not perceiving him ran up against the brahmin, and broke his alms bowl with a blow of his arm. The brahmin fell, with a cry. In compassion the prince turned round, and taking hold of the

man's hands raised him to his feet. The brahmin said, "Now, my son, you have broken my alms-bowl, so give me the price of a meal." Said the Prince, "I cannot now give you the price of a meal, brahmin; but I am Prince Juṇha, son of the king of Kāsi, and when I come to my kingdom, you may come to me and ask for the money."

When his education was finished, he took leave of his teacher, and returning to Benares, showed his father what he had learnt.

"I have seen my son before my death," said the king, "and I will see him king indeed." Then he sprinkled him and made him king. [97] Under the name of King Juṇha the prince ruled in righteousness. When the brahmin heard of it, he thought now he would recover the price of his meal. So to Benares he came, and saw the city all decorated, and the king moving in solemn procession right-wise around it. Taking his stand upon a high place, the brahmin stretched out his hand, and cried, "Victory to the king!" The king passed by without looking at him. When the brahmin found that he was not noticed, he asked an explanation by repeating the first stanza:

"O king of men, hear what I have to say!
Not without cause have I come here this day.
'Tis said, O best of men, one should not pass
A wandering brahmin standing in the way."

On hearing these words the king turned back the elephant with his jewelled goad [1], and repeated the second stanza:

"I heard, I stand: come brahmin, quickly say,

What cause it is has brought you here to-day?

What boon is it that you would crave of me

That you are come to see me? speak, I pray!"

What further king and brahmin said to each other by way of question and answer, is told in the remaining stanzas:

"Give me five villages, all choice and fine,

A hundred slave-girls, seven hundred kine,

More than a thousand ornaments of gold,

And two wives give me, of like birth with mine."

[98] "Hast thou a penance, brahmin, dread to tell,
Or hast thou many a charm and many a spell,
Or goblins, ready your behests to do,
Or any claim for having served me well?"

"No penance have I, nor no charm and spell,
No demons ready to obey me well,
Nor any meed for service can I claim;
But we have met before, the truth to tell."

"I cannot call to mind, in time past o'er,
That I have ever seen thy face before.
Tell me, I beg thee, tell this thing to me,
When have we met, or where, in days of yore?"

"In the fair city of Gandhāra's king,
Takkasilā, my lord, was our dwelling.
There in the pitchy darkness of the night
Shoulder to shoulder thou and I did fling.

"And as we both were standing there, O prince,
A friendly talk between us straight begins.
Then we together met, and only then,
Nor ever once before, nor ever since."

"Whenever, brahmin, a wise man has met
A good man in the world, he should not let

Friendship once made or old acquaintance go
For nothing, nor the thing once done forget.

"'Tis fools deny the thing once done, and let
Old friendships fail of those they once have met.
Many a deed of fools to nothing comes,
They are ungrateful, and they can forget.

"But trusty men cannot forget the past,
Their friendship and acquaintance ever fast.
[99] A trifle done by such is not disowned:
Thus trusty men are grateful to the last.

"Five villages I give thee, choice and fine,
A hundred slave-girls, and seven hundred kine,
More than a thousand ornaments of gold,
And more, two wives of equal birth with thine."

p. 64

"O king, thus is it when the good agree:

As the full moon among the stars we see,

Even so, O Lord of Kāsi, so am I,

Now thou hast kept the bargain made with me."

[100] The Bodhisatta added great honour to him.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that I have satisfied Ānanda with boons, but I have done it before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the brahmin, and I was myself the king."

Footnotes

61:1 R. Fick, *Sociale Gliederung im Nordöstlichen Indien zu Buddha's Zeit,* p. 119.

62:1 Are these the Five abhabbatthānas?

63:1 Correct ii. 253. 19 to "jewelled goad"

No. 457.

DHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

"I do the right," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, how Devadatta was swallowed up in the earth. They gathered in the Hall of Truth to talk: "Friend, Devadatta fell at enmity with the Tathāgata, and was swallowed up in the earth." The Master entering asked what they were talking of as they sat there. They told him. He replied, "Now, Brethren, he has been swallowed up in the earth because he dealt a blow at my victorious authority; but formerly he dealt a blow at the authority of right, and was swallowed up in the earth, and went on his way to nethermost hell." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into the world of sense as one of the gods, and was named Dhamma, or Right, while Devadatta was called Adhamma, or Wrong.

As on the fast-day of the full moon, in the evening when meals were done, men were sitting in enjoyment each at his own house-door in village and city and royal capital, Dhamma appeared before them, poised in the air, in his celestial chariot mounted, and adorned with celestial array, in the midst of a multitude of nymphs, and thus addressed them:

"Take not the life of living creatures, and the other ten paths of evildoing eschew, fulfil the duty of service to mother and the duty of service to father and the threefold course of right [1]; [101]

thus ye shall become destined for heaven, and shall receive great glory." Thus did he urge men

to follow the ten paths of right-doing, and made a, solemn circuit around India right-wise. But Adhamma taught them, "Kill that which lives," and in like manner urged men to follow the other ten paths of evildoing, and made a circuit around India left-wise.

Now their chariots met face to face in the air, and their attendant multitudes asked each the other, "Whose are you? and whose are you?" They replied, "We are of Dhamma, we of Adhamma," and made room, so that their paths were divided. But Dhamma said to Adhamma, "Good sir, you are Adhamma, and I am Dhamma; I have the right of way; turn your chariot aside, and give me way," repeating the first stanza:

"I do the right, men's fame is of my grace,
Me sages and me brahmins ever praise,
  Worshipt of men and gods, the right of way
Is mine. Right am I: then, O Wrong, give place!"

These next follow:

"In the strong car of Wrong enthroned on high
Me mighty there is nought can terrify:
  Then why should I, who never yet gave place,
Make way to-day for Right to pass me by?"

"Right [1] of a truth was first made manifest,
Primeval he, the oldest, and the best;
Wrong was the younger, later born in time.
Way, younger, at the elder-born's behest!"

"Nor if you worthy be, nor if you pray,
Nor if it be but fair, will I give way:
[102] Here let us two to-day a battle wage;
He shall have place, whoever wins the fray."

"Known am I in all regions far and near,
Mighty, of boundless glory, without peer,
  All virtues are united in my form.
Right am I: Wrong, how can you conquer here?"

"By iron gold is beaten, nor do we
Gold used for beating iron ever see:
  If Wrong 'gainst Right shall win the fight to-day,
Iron as beautiful as gold will be."

"If you indeed are mighty in the fray,
Though neither good nor wise is what you say,
  Swallow I will all these your evil words;
And willy nilly I will make you way."

These six stanzas they repeated, one answering the other.

[103] But at the very moment when the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza, Adhamma could no longer stand in his car, but head-foremost plunged into the earth which gaped to receive him, and was born again in nethermost hell.

The Blessed One no sooner perceived this that had happened, than in his Perfect Wisdom he recited the remaining stanzas:

The words no sooner heard, Wrong from the height
Plunged over heels head-foremost out of sight:
  This was the end and direful fate of Wrong.
I had no battle, though I longed to fight.

"Thus by the Mighty-in-Forbearance lies
Conquered the Mighty Warrior Wrong, and dies
  Swallowed in earth: the other, joyful, strong,
Truth-armoured, in his car away he hies.

"Who in his house no due observance pays
To parents, sages, brahmins, when he lays
  The body down, and bursts its bonds asunder,
He, even from this world, goes straight to hell,
Even as Adhamma down head-foremost fell.

"Who in his house all due observance pays
To parents, sages, brahmins, when he lays
  The body down, and bursts its bonds asunder,
Straight from this world, onward to heaven he hies,
As Dhamma in his chariot sought the skies."

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[104] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but in former times also, Devadatta attacked me, and was swallowed up in the earth": then he identified the Birth—"At that time Devadatta was Adhamma, and his attendants were the attendants of Devadatta, and I was Dhamma, and the Buddha's attendants were the attendants of Dhamma."

Footnotes

64:1 Right doing, right saying, right thinking.

65:1 Cf. Pali text, III. 29 (translation, p. 19).

No. 458.

UDAYA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Thee flawless," etc. This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. The occasion will be explained under the Kusa Birth [2]. Again the Master asked the man, "Is it true, Brother, that you have backslidden, as they say?" And he replied, "Yes, Sir." Then he said, "O Brother, why are you backsliding from a religion such as ours, that leads to salvation, and all for fleshly lusts? Wise men of old, who were kings in Surundha, a city prosperous and measuring twelve leagues either way, though for seven hundred years they abode in one chamber with a woman beauteous as the nymphs divine, yet did not yield to their senses, and never so much as looked at her with desire." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when king Kāsi was reigning over the realm of Kāsi, in Surundha his city, neither son nor daughter had he. So he bade his queens offer prayer for sons. Then the Bodhisatta, passing out of Brahma's world, was conceived in the womb of his chief queen. And because by his birth he cheered the hearts of a great multitude, he received the name of Udayabhadda, or Welcome. At the time when the lad could walk upon his feet, another being came into this world from the world of Brahma, and became a girl child in the womb of another of this king's wives, and she was named with the same name, Udayabhaddā.

When the Prince came of years, he attained a mastery in all branches of education; [105] more, he was chaste to a degree, and knew nothing of the deeds of the flesh, not even in dream, nor was his heart bent on sinfulness. The king desired [1] to make his son king, with the solemn sprinkling, and to arrange plays for his pleasure; and gave command accordingly. But the Bodhisatta replied, "I do not want the kingdom, and my heart is not bent on sinfulness." Again and again he was entreated, but his reply was to have made a woman's image of red gold, which he sent to his parents, with the message, "When I find such a woman as this, I will accept the kingdom." This golden image they dispatched over all India, but found no woman like to it. Then they deckt out Udayabhaddā very fine, and confronted her with the image; and her beauty surpassed it as she stood. Then they wedded her to the Bodhisatta for consort, against their wills though it were, his own sister the Princess Udayabhaddā, born of a different mother, and sprinkled him to be king.

These two lived together a life of chastity. In course of time, when his parents were dead, the Bodhisatta ruled the realm. The two dwelt together in one chamber, yet denied their senses, and never so much as looked upon one another in the way of desire; nay, a promise they even made, that which of them soever should first die, he should return to the other from his place of new birth, and say, "In such a place am I born again."

Now from the time of his sprinkling the Bodhisatta lived seven hundred years, and then he died. Other king there was none, the commands of Udayabhaddā were promulgated, the courtiers administered the kingdom. The Bodhisatta had become Sakka in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, and by the magnificence of his glory was for seven days unable to remember the past. So he

after the course of seven hundred years, according to man's reckoning [2], remembered, and said to himself, "To the king's daughter Udayabhaddā I will go, and I will test her with

riches, and roaring with the roar of a lion I will discourse, and will fulfil my promise!"

In that age they say that the length of man's life was ten thousand years. Now at that time, it being the time of night, the palace doors were fast closed, and the guard set, and the king's daughter was sitting quiet and alone, in a magnificent chamber upon the fine terrace of her seven-storeyed mansion, [106] meditating upon her own virtue. Then Sakka took a golden dish filled with coins all of gold, and in her very sleeping-chamber appeared before her; and standing on one side, began speech with her by reciting the first stanza:

"Thee flawless in thy beauty, pure and bright,
Thee sitting lonely on this terrace-height,
  In pose most graceful, eyed like nymphs of heaven,
I pray thee, let me spend with thee this night!"

To this the princess made answer in the two stanzas following:

"To this battlemented city, dug with moats, approach is hard,
While its trenches and its towers hand and sword unite to guard.

"Not the young and not the mighty entrance here can lightly gain;
Tell me—what can be the reason why to meet me thou art fain?"

Then Sakka recited the fourth stanza:

[107]

"I, fair beauty, am a Goblin, I that now appear to thee:
Grant to me thy favour, lady, this full bowl receive from me."

On hearing which the princess replied by repeating the fifth stanza:

"I ask for none, since Udaya has died,
Nor god nor goblin, no nor man, beside:
  Therefore, O mighty Goblin, get thee gone,
Come no more hither, but far off abide."

Hearing her lion's note, he stood not, but made as though to depart; and at once disappeared. Next day at the same hour, he took a silver bowl filled with golden coins and addrest her by repeating the sixth stanza:

"That chiefest joy, to lovers known completely,
  Which makes men do full many an evil thing,
Despise not thou, O lady, smiling sweetly:
  See, a full bowl of silver here I bring!"

Then the princess began to think, "If I allow him to talk and prate, he will come again and again. I will have nothing to say to him now." [108] So she said nothing at all. Sakka finding that she had nothing to say, disappeared at once from his place.

Next day, at the same time, he took an iron bowl full of coins, and said, "Lady, if you will bless me with your love, I will give this iron bowl full of coins to you." When she saw him, the princess repeated the seventh stanza:

"Men that would woo a woman, raise and raise
The bids of gold, till she their will obeys.
    The gods' ways differ, as I judge by thee:
Thou comest now with less than other days."

The Great Being, when he heard these words, made reply, "Lady Princess, I am a wary trader, and I waste not my substance for nought. If you were increasing in youth or beauty, I would also increase the present I offer you; but you are fading, and so I make the offering dwindle also." So saying, he repeated three stanzas

"O woman! youthful bloom and beauty fade
Within this world of men, thou fair-limbed maid.
    And thou to-day art older grown than erst,
So dwindles less the sum I would have paid.

"Thus, glorious daughter of a king, before my gazing eyes
As goes the flight of day and night thy beauty fades and dies.

"But if, O daughter of a king most wise, it pleases thee
Holy and pure to aye endure, more lovely shalt thou be!"

[109] Hereupon the princess repeated another stanza:

"The gods are not like men, they grow not old;
Upon their flesh is seen no wrinkled fold.
    How is't the gods have no corporeal frame?
This, mighty Goblin, I would now be told!"

Then Sakka explained the matter by repeating another stanza:

"The gods are not like men: they grow not old;
Upon their flesh is seen no wrinkled fold:

To-morrow and to-morrow ever more
Celestial beauty grows, and bliss untold."

[110] When she heard the beauty of the world of gods, she asked the way to go thither in another stanza:

"What terrifies so many mortals here?
I ask thee, mighty Goblin, to make clear
That path, in such diversity explained:
How faring heavenwards need no one fear?"

Then Sakka explained the matter in another stanza:

"Who keeps in due control both voice and mind,
Who with the body loves not sin to do,
Within whose house much food and drink we find,
Large-handed, bounteous, in all faith all true,
Of favours free, soft-tongued, of kindly cheer—
He that so walks to heaven need nothing fear."

[111] When the princess had heard his words, she rendered thanks in another stanza:

"Like a mother, like a father, Goblin, you admonish me:
Mighty one, O beauteous being, tell me, tell me who you be?"

Then the Bodhisatta repeated another stanza:

"I am Udaya, fair lady, for my promise come to thee:
Now I go, for I have spoken; from the promise I am free."

The princess drew a deep breath, and said, "You are King Udayabhadda, my lord!" then burst into a flood of tears, and added, "Without you I cannot live! Instruct me, that I may live with you always!" So saying she repeated another stanza:

"If thou'rt Udaya, come hither for thy promise—truly he—,
Then instruct me, that together we, O prince, again may be!"

Then he repeated four stanzas by way of instruction:

"Youth passes soon: a moment—'tis gone by;
No standing-place is firm: all creatures die
To new life born: this fragile frame decays:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

"If the whole earth with all her wealth could be
The realm of one sole king to hold in fee,
A holy saint would leave him in the race:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

[112] "Mother and father, brother-kin, and she
(The wife) who with a price can purchased be,
They go, and each the other leave behind:
Then be not careless, walk in piety.

"Remember that this body food shall be
For others; joy alike and misery,
A passing hour, as life succeeds to life:
Then be not careless, walk in piety."

In this manner discoursed the Great Being. The lady being pleased with the discoursing, rendered thanks in the words of the last stanza:

[113]

"Sweet the saying of this Goblin: brief the life that mortals know,
Sad it is, and short, and with it comes inseparable woe.

I renounce the world: from Kāsi, from Surundhana, I go."

Having thus discoursed to her, the Bodhisatta went back to his own place.

The princess next day entrusted her courtiers with the government; and in that very city of hers, in a delightsome park, she became a recluse. There she lived righteously, until at the end of her days she was born again in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, as the Bodhisatta's handmaiden.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:)—"At that time Rāhula's mother was the Princess, and Sakka was I myself."

Footnotes

66:1 Cf. Ananusociya-jātaka, No. 328 in vol. iii.

66:2 No. 531.

67:1 In the text, the King's words should begin at the word *puttaṁ*, as the context shows.

67:2 Does this mean that Sakka's day equals 100 of our years?

No. 459.

PĀNĪYA-JĀTAKA.

"The water-draught," etc. This story the Master told, whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about the subduing of evil passions.

At one time, we learn, five hundred citizens of Sāvatthi, being householders and friends of the Tathāgata, had heard the Law and had renounced the world, and been ordained as priests. Living in the house of the Golden Pavement, at midnight they indulged in thoughts of sin. (All the details are to be understood as in a previous story [1].) At the command of the Blessed One, the Brotherhood was assembled by the Venerable Ānanda. The Master sat in the appointed seat, and without asking them, "Do you indulge in thoughts of sin?" he addressed them comprehensively and in general terms: "Brethren, there is no such thing as a petty sin. A Brother must check all sins as they each arise. Wise men of old, before the Buddha came, subdued their sins and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha." With these words, he told there a story of the past.

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[114] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there were two friends in a certain village in the kingdom of Kāsi. These had gone afield, taking with them vessels for drinking, which they laid out of the way as they broke the clods, and when they were thirsty, went and drank water out of them. One of them, on going for a drink, husbanded the water in his own pot, and drank out of the pot of the other. In the evening, when he

came out from the woodland, and had bathed, he stood thinking. "Have I done any sin to-day," thought he, "either by the door of the body, or any other?" [2] Then he remembered how he drank the stolen water, and grief came upon him, and he cried, "If this thirst grows upon me, it will bring me to some evil birth! I will subdue my sin." So with this stolen draught of water for cause [3], he gradually acquired supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha; and there he stood, reflecting upon the knowledge which he had attained.

Now the other man, having bathed, got up, saying, "Come, friend, let us go home." Said the other, "Go home thou, home is nothing to me, I am a Pacceka-Buddha." "Pooh! are Pacceka-Buddhas like you?" "What are they like, then?" "Hair two fingers long, yellow robes they wear, in Nandamūla cave they live high up in Himalaya." The other stroked his head: in that very moment the marks of a layman disappeared,

a pair of red cloths were wrapt round him, a waist-band yellow like a flash of lightning was about him tied, the upper robe of the colour of red lac was thrown over one shoulder, a dust-heap ragged cloth dingy as a storm-cloud lay on his shoulder, a bee-brown earthen bowl dangled from over his left shoulder; there he stood poised in mid-air, and having delivered a discourse, he rose and descended not until he came to the mountain-cave of Nandamūla.

Another man, who also lived in a village of Kāsi, a land-owner, was sitting in the bazaar, when he saw a man approach leading his wife. Seeing her (and she was a woman of surpassing beauty) he broke the moral principles, and looked upon her; then again

he thought, "This desire, if it increases, will cast me into some evil birth." Being exercised in mind, he developed supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka Buddha; then poised in the air, he delivered a discourse, [115] and he also went to the Nandamūla cave [1].

Villagers of a place in Kāsi were likewise two, a father and a son, who were going on a journey together. At the entering in of a forest were robbers posted. These robbers, if they took a father and son together, would keep the son with them, and send the father away, saying, "Bring back a ransom for your son": or if two brothers, they kept the younger and sent the elder away; or if teacher and pupil, they kept the teacher and sent the pupil,—and the pupil for love of learning would bring money and release his teacher. Now when this father and son saw the robbers lying in wait, the father said, "Don't you call me "father," and I will not call you "son"."And so they agreed. So when the robbers came up, and asked how they stood to one another, they replied, "We are nothing to one another," thus telling a premeditated lie. When they came out of the forest, and were resting after the evening bath, the son examined his own virtue, and remembering this lie, he thought, "This sin, if it increases, will plunge me in some evil birth. I will subdue my sin!" Then he developed supernatural insight, and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, and poised in the air delivered a discourse to his father, and he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

In a village of Kāsi also lived a zemindar, who laid an interdict upon all slaughter. Now when the time came when offering was wont to be made to the spirits, a great crowd gathered, and said, "My lord! this is the time for sacrifice: let us slay deer and swine and other animals, and make offering to the Goblins," he replied,

"Do as you have done aforetime." The people made a great slaughter. The man seeing a great quantity of fish and flesh, thought to himself, "All these living creatures the men have slain, and all because of my word alone!" He repented: and as he stood

by the window, he developed supernatural insight, and attained to the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, and poised in the air delivered a discourse, then he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

Another zemindar who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, prohibited the sale of strong drink. A crowd of people cried out to him, "My lord, what shall we do? It is the time-honoured drinking festival!" He replied, "Do as you have always done aforetime." [116] The people made their festival, and drank strong drink, and fell a-quarrelling; there were broken legs and arms, and cracked crowns, and ears torn off, and many a penalty was inflicted for it. The zemindar seeing this, thought to himself, "If I had not permitted this, they would not have suffered this misery." Even for this trifle he felt remorse: then he developed supernatural insight, and attained the knowledge of a Pacceka-Buddha, poised in the air he discoursed, and bade them be vigilant, then he too went to the Nandamūla cave.

Some time afterwards, the five Pacceka-Buddhas all alighted at the gate of Benares, seeking for alms. Their upper robe and lower robe neatly arranged, with gracious address they went on their rounds, and came to the gate of the King's palace. The King was much pleased to behold them; he invited them into his palace, and washed their feet, anointed them with fragrant oil, set before them savoury food both hard and soft, and sitting on one side, thus addressed them: "Sirs, that you in your youth have

embraced the ascetic life, is beautiful; at this age, you have become ascetics, and you see the misery of evil lusts. What was the cause of your action?" They replied as follows:

"The water-draught of my own friend, although a, friend, I stole:
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

"I looked upon another's wife; lust rose within my soul:
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

"Thieves caught my father in a wood: to whom I did forth tell
That he was other than he was—a lie, I knew it well:
Loathing the sin," *etc.*

"The people at a drinking-feast full many beasts did kill,
And not against my will:
Loathing the sin," *etc.*

"Those persons who in former times of liquors drank their fill,
Now carried out a drinking-bout, whence many suffered ill,
[117] And not against my will.
Loathing the sin which I had done, I afterwards was fain
To leave the world, an eremite, lest I should sin again."

These five stanzas they repeated one after the other.

When the king had heard the explanation of each, he uttered his praise, saying, "Sirs, your asceticism becomes you well."

The king was delighted at the discourse of these men. He bestowed upon them cloth for outer and inner garments, and medicines, then let the Pacceka-Buddhas go away. They thanked him, and returned to the place whence they came. Ever after that the king loathed the pleasures of sense, was free from desire,

ate [1] his choice and dainty food, but to women he would not speak, would not look at them, rose up disgusted at heart and retired to his magnificent chamber, and there he sat: stared at a white wall until he fell into a trance, and conceived within him the rapture of mystic meditation. In this rapture rapt, he recited a stanza in dispraise of desire:

"Out on it, out on lust, I say, unsavoury, thorn-beset!
Never, though long I followed wrong, such joy as this I met!"

[118] Then his chief queen thought to herself, "That king heard the discoursing of the Pacceka-Buddhas, and now he never speaks to us, but buries himself despondent in his magnificent chamber. I must take him in hand." So she came to the door of that lordly chamber, and standing at the door, heard the king's rapturous utterances, in dispraise of desire. She said, "O mighty king, you speak ill of desire! but there is no joy like the joy of sweet desire!" Then in praise of desire she repeated another stanza:

"Great is the joy of sweet desire: no greater joy than love:
Who follow this attain the bliss of paradise above!"

Hearing this, the king made reply: "Perish, vile jade! What sayst thou? Whence comes the joy of desire? There are miseries which come to pay for it" : with which he uttered the remaining stanzas in dispraise:

"Ill-tasting, painful is desire, there is no worser woe:
Who follow sin are sure to win the pains of hell below.

"Than sword well whetted, or a blade implacable, athirst,
Than knives deep driven in the heart, desires are more accurst.

"A pit as deep as men are tall, where live coals blazing are,
A ploughshare heated in the sun,—desires are worser far.

"A poison very venomous, an oil of little ease [2],
Or that vile thing to copper clings [3]—desires are worse than these."

[119] Thus the Great Being discoursed to his consort. Then he gathered his courtiers, and said, "O courtiers, do you manage the kingdom: I am about to renounce the world." Amidst the wailing and lamentation of a great multitude, he rose before them, and poised in the air, delivered a discourse. Then along the path of the wind he past to furthest Himalaya, and in a delightsome spot builded a

hermitage; there he lived the life of a sage, until at the end of his days he became destined for the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended this discourse, added, "Brethren, there is no such thing as a petty sin: the very smallest must be checked by a wise man." Then he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth (now at the conclusion of the Truths the five hundred Brethren became established in sainthood):—"At that time the Pacceka-Buddhas attained Nirvāna, Rāhula's mother was the queen consort, and I myself was the king."

Footnotes

71:1 See on No. 412, vol. ii.

71:2 i.e. *word,* or *thought.*

71:3 That is, he made this the subject of his meditation *(ārammaṇaṁ)*, and thus sunk into an ecstatic trance.

72:1 Cf., Vidabbha-jātaka, vol. i. no. 48

74:1 Ought we to read *abhuñjitvā,* "did not care to eat"?

74:2 "Extracted oil"? (Cf. Suçruta, I. 181). Apparently some kind of poison.

74:3 Verdigris.

No. 460.

YUVAÑJAYA-JĀTAKA.

"I greet the lord," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation [1]. One day the Brethren had assembled in the Hall of Truth. "Brother," one would say to his fellow, "the Dasabala [2] might have dwelt in a house, he might have been an universal monarch in the centre of the great world, possessed of the Seven Precious Things, glorious with the Four Supernatural Faculties [3], surrounded with sons more than a thousand! Yet all this magnificence he renounced when he perceived the bane that lies in desires. At midnight, with Channa in company, he mounted his horse Kanthaka, and departed: on the banks of Anomā, the River Glorious, he renounced the world, and for six years he tormented himself with austerities, and then attained to perfect wisdom." Thus talked they of the Buddha's virtues. The Master entering, asked, "What are you speaking of now, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation. In days of yore he retired and gave up the kingdom of Benares City, which was twelve leagues in extent." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Sabbadatta reigned in the city of Ramma. The place which we now call Benares is named Surundhana City in the Udaya Birth [4], and Sudassana in the Cullasutasoma [5]Birth, and

Brahmavaddhana in the Soṇandana [1] Birth, and Pupphavatī in the Khaṇḍahāla [2] Birth: [120] but in this Yuvañjaya Birth it is named Ramma City. In this manner its name changes on each several occasion. At that time the king Sabbadatta had a thousand sons; and to his eldest son Yuvañjana he gave the viceroyalty.

One day early in the morning he mounted his splendid chariot, and in great pomp went to disport him in the park. On the tree-tops, on the grass-tips, at the ends of the branches, on all the spiders' webs and threads, on the points of the rushes, he saw the dew-drops hanging like so many strings of pearls. "Friend charioteer," quoth he, "what is this?" "This, my lord," he replied, "is what falls in the cold weather, and they call it dew." The prince took his pleasure in the park for a portion of the day. In the evening, as he was returning home, he could see none of it. "Friend charioteer," said he, "where are the dew-drops? I do not see them now." "My lord," said the other, "as the sun rises higher, they all melt and sink into the ground." On hearing this, the prince was distressed, and said, "The life of us living beings is fashioned like dew-drops on the grass. I must be rid of the oppression of disease, old age, and death; I must take leave of my parents, and renounce the world." So because of the dew-drops, he perceived the Three modes of Existence [3] as it were in a blazing fire. When he came home, he went into the presence of his father in his magnificent Hall of Judgement, and greeting his father, he stood on one side, and repeated the first stanza, asking his leave to renounce the world:

"I greet the lord of charioteers with friends and courtiers by:

The world, O King! I would renounce: let not my lord deny."

Then the king repeated the second stanza, dissuading him:

"If aught thou crave, Yuvañjana, I will fulfil it quite:
If any hurt thee, I protect: be thou no eremite."

[121] Hearing this, the prince recited the third stanza:

"No man there is that does me harm: my wishes nothing lack:
But I would seek a refuge, where old age makes no attack."

By way of explaining this matter, the Master uttered a half-stanza:

"The son speaks to his father thus, the father to his son":

The remaining half-stanza was uttered by the king:

"Leave not the world, O prince! so cry the townsfolk every one."

The prince again repeated this stanza:

"O do not from the unworldly life, great monarch, make me stay,
Lest I, intoxicate with lusts, to age become a prey!"

This said, the king hesitated. Then the mother was told, "Your son, my lady, is asking his father's leave to renounce the world." "What do you say?" she asked. It took her breath away. Seated in her litter of gold she went swiftly to the Hall of Judgement, and repeating the sixth stanza, asked:

"I beg thee, it is I, my dear, and I would make thee stay!
Long wish I thee, my son, to see: O do not go away!"

[122] On hearing which the prince repeated the seventh stanza:

"Like as the dew upon the grass, when the sun rises hot,
So is the life of mortal men: O mother, stay me not!"

When he had said this, she begged him again and again to the same effect. Then the Great Being addressed his father in the eighth stanza:

"Let those that bear this litter, lift: let not my mother stay
Me, mighty king! from entering upon my holy way [1]."

When the king heard his son's words, he said, "Go, lady, in your litter, back to our palace of Perennial Delight." At his words her feet failed her: and surrounded with her company of women, she departed, and entered the palace, and stood looking towards the Hall of Judgement, and wondering what news of her son. After his mother's departure the Bodhisatta again asked leave of his father. The king could not refuse him, and said, "Have thy will, then, dear son, and renounce the world."

When this consent was gained, the Bodhisatta's youngest brother, Prince Yudhiṭṭhila, greeted his father, and likewise asked leave to follow the religious life, and the king consented. Both brothers bade their father farewell, and having now renounced worldly lusts departed from the Hall of Judgement, amidst a great company of people. The queen looking upon the Great Being cried weeping, "My son has renounced the world, and the city of Ramma will be empty!" Then she repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Make haste, and bless thee! empty now is Rammaka, I trow:
King Sabbadatta has allowed Yuvañjana to go.

[123] "The eldest of a thousand, he, like gold to look upon,
This mighty prince has left the world the yellow robe to don."

The Bodhisatta did not at once embrace the religious life. No, he first bade farewell to his parents; then taking with him his youngest brother, Prince Yudhiṭṭhila, he left the city, and sending back the great

multitude which followed them, they both made their way to Himalaya. There in a delightsome spot they built a hermitage, and embraced the life of a holy sage, and cultivating the transcendent rapture of meditation, they lived all their lives long upon the fruits and roots of the forest, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

This matter is explained in the stanza of perfect wisdom which comes last:

"Yuvañjana, Yudhiṭṭhila, in holy life remain:
Their father and their mother left, they break in two death's chain."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata renounced a kingdom to follow the religious life, but it was the same before;" then he identified the Birth:—"At that time members of the present king's family were the father and mother, Ānanda was Yudhiṭṭhila, and I was Yuvañjana myself."

Footnotes

75:1 Buddha's retirement from the world: Hardy, *Manual,* pp. 158 ff.; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* § 6.

75:2 Buddha: one who possesses the Ten Powers or Ten Kinds of Knowledge.

75:3 See iii. 454 (p. 272 of this translation).

75:4 No. 458.

75:5 No. 525.

76:1 No. 532.

76:2 No. 542.

76:3 *Kāmabhavo, rūpabhavo, arūpabhavo:* sense-existence, body-existence (where there is form, but no sensual enjoyment), formless-existence. See Hardy, *Manual of Budhism,* p. 3, for a fuller account.

77:1 *Tarati* means technically to "flee from the City of Destruction."

No. 461.

DASARATHA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Let Lakkhaṇa," etc.—This story the Master told in Jetavana about a landowner whose father was dead. This man on his father's death was overwhelmed with sorrow: leaving all his duties undone, he gave himself up to his sorrow wholly. The Master at dawn of day looking out upon mankind, perceived that he was ripe for attaining the fruit of the First Path. Next day, after going his rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, his meal done, he dismissed the Brethren, and taking with him a junior Brother, [124] went to this man's house, and gave him greeting, and addressed him as he sat there in words of honey sweetness. "You are in sorrow, lay Brother?" said he. "Yes, Sir, afflicted with sorrow for my father's sake." Said the Master, "Lay Brother, wise men of old who exactly knew the eight conditions of this world [2], felt at a father's death no grief, not even a little." Then at his request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, at Benares, a great king named Dasaratha renounced the ways of evil, and reigned in righteousness. Of his sixteen thousand wives, the eldest and queen-consort bore him two sons and a daughter;

the elder son was named Rama-paṇḍita, or Rama the Wise, the second was named Prince Lakkhaṇa, or Lucky, and the daughter's name was the Lady Sītā [1].

In course of time, the queen-consort died. At her death the king was for a long time crushed by sorrow, but urged by his courtiers he performed her obsequies, and set another in her place as queen-consort. She was dear to the king and beloved. In time she also conceived, and all due attention having been given her, she brought forth a son, and they named him Prince Bharata.

The king loved his son much, and said to the queen, "Lady, I offer you a boon: choose." She accepted the offer, but put it off for the time. When the lad was seven years old, she went to the king, and said to him, "My lord, you promised a boon for my son. Will you give it me now?" "Choose, lady," said he. "My lord," quoth she, "give my son the kingdom." The king snapt his fingers at her; "Out, vile jade!" said he angrily, "my other two sons shine like blazing fires; would you kill them, and ask the kingdom for a son of yours?" She fled in terror to her magnificent chamber, and on other days again and again asked the king for this. The king would not give her this gift. He thought within himself: "Women are ungrateful and treacherous. This woman might use a forged letter or a treacherous bribe to get my sons murdered." So he sent for his sons, and told them all about it, saying: "My sons, if you live here some mischief may befall you. Go to some neighbouring kingdom, or to the woodland, and when my body is burnt, then return and inherit the kingdom which belongs to your family." Then he summoned soothsayers, and asked them the limits of his own life. They told him he would live yet twelve years longer. [125] Then he said, "Now, my sons, after twelve years you must return, and uplift the umbrella of royalty." They promised, and after taking leave of their father, went forth from the palace weeping. The Lady Sītā said, "I too will go with my brothers:" she bade her father farewell, and went forth weeping.

These three departed amidst a great company of people. They sent the people back, and proceeded until at last they came to Himalaya. There in a spot well-watered, and convenient for the getting of wild fruits, they built a hermitage, and there lived, feeding upon the wild fruits.

Lakkhaṇa-paṇḍita and Sītā said to Rāma-paṇḍita, "You are in place of a father to us; remain then in the hut, and we will bring wild fruit, and feed you." He agreed: thenceforward Rāma-paṇḍita stayed where he was, the others brought the wild fruit and fed him with it.

Thus they lived there, feeding upon the wild fruit; but King Dasaratha pined after his sons, and died in the ninth year. When his obsequies were performed, the queen gave orders that the umbrella should be raised over her son, Prince Bharata. But the courtiers said, "The lords of the umbrella are dwelling in the forest," and they would not allow it. Said Prince Bharata, "I will fetch back my brother Rāmapaṇḍita from the forest, and raise the royal umbrella over him." Taking the five emblems of royalty [1], he proceeded with a complete host of the four arms [2] to their dwelling-place. Not far away he caused camp to be pitched, and then with a few courtiers he visited the hermitage, at the time when Lakkhaṇa-paṇḍita and Sītā were away in the woods. At the door of the hermitage sat Rama-paṇḍita, undismayed and at ease, like a figure of fine gold firmly set. The prince approached him with a greeting, and standing on one side, told him of all that had happened in the kingdom, and falling at his feet along with the courtiers, burst into weeping. Rama-paṇḍita neither sorrowed nor wept; emotion in his mind was none. When

Bharata had finished weeping, and sat down, towards evening the other two returned with wild fruits. Rama-paṇḍita thought —"These two are young: all-comprehending wisdom like mine is not theirs. [126] If they are told on a sudden that our father is dead, the pain will be greater than they can bear, and who knows but their hearts may break. I will persuade them to go down into the water, and find a means of disclosing the truth." Then pointing out to them a place in front where there was water, he said, "You have been out too long: let this be your penance—go into that water, and stand there." Then he repeated a half-stanza:

"Let Lakkhaṇa and Sītā both into that pond descend."

One word sufficed, into the water they went, and stood there. Then he told them the news by repeating the other half-stanza:

"Bharata says, king Dasaratha's life is at an end."

When they heard the news of their father's death, they fainted. Again he repeated it, again they fainted, and when even a third time they fainted away, the courtiers raised them and brought them out of the water, and set them upon dry ground. When they had been comforted, they all sat weeping and wailing together. Then Prince Bharata thought: "My brother Prince Lakkhaṇa, and my sister the Lady Sītā, cannot restrain their grief to hear of our father's death; but Rama-paṇḍita neither wails nor weeps. I wonder what can the reason be that he

grieves not? I will ask." Then he repeated the second stanza, asking the question:

"Say by what power thou grievest not, Rāma, when grief should be?

Though it is said thy sire is dead grief overwhelms not thee!"

Then Rāma-paṇḍita explained the reason of his feeling no grief by saying,

"When man can never keep a thing, though loudly he may cry,

Why should a wise intelligence torment itself thereby?

[127] "The young in years, the older grown, the fool, and eke the wise,
For rich, for poor one end is sure: each man among them dies.

As sure as for the ripened fruit there comes the fear of fall,
So surely comes the fear of death to mortals one and all.

"Who in the morning light are seen by evening oft are gone,
And seen at evening time, is gone by morning many a one.

"If to a fool infatuate a blessing could accrue
When he torments himself with tears, the wise this same would do.

"By this tormenting of himself he waxes thin and pale;
This cannot bring the dead to life, and nothing tears avail.

"Even as a blazing house may be put out with water, so
The strong, the wise, the intelligent, who well the scriptures know,
Scatter their grief like cotton when the stormy winds do blow.

"One mortal dies—to kindred ties born is another straight:
Each creature's bliss dependent is on ties associate.

"The strong man therefore, skilled in sacred text,
Keen-contemplating this world and the next,
Knowing their nature, not by any grief,
However great, in mind and heart is vext.

"So to my kindred I will give, them will I keep and feed,
All that remain I will maintain: such is the wise man's deed [1]."

In these stanzas he explained the Impermanence of things.

[129] When the company heard this discourse of Rāma-paṇḍita, illustrating the doctrine of Impermanence, they lost all their grief. Then Prince Bharata saluted Rāma-paṇḍita, begging him to receive the kingdom of Benares. "Brother," said Rāma, "take Lakkhaṇa and Sītā with you, and administer the kingdom yourselves." "No, my lord, you take it." "Brother, my father commanded me to receive the kingdom at the end of twelve years. If I go now, I shall not carry out his bidding. After three more years I will come." "Who will carry on the government all that time?" "You do it." "I will not." "Then until I come, these slippers shall do it," said Rāma, and doffing his slippers of straw he gave them to his brother. So these three persons took the slippers, and bidding the wise man farewell, went to Benares with their great crowd of followers.

For three years the slippers ruled the kingdom. The courtiers placed these straw slippers upon the royal throne, when they judged a cause. If the cause were decided wrongly, [130] the slippers beat upon each other [1], and at that sign it was examined again; when the decision was right, the slippers lay quiet.

When the three years were over, the wise man came out of the forest, and came to Benares, and entered the park. The princes hearing of his arrival proceeded with a great company to the park, and making Sītā the queen consort, gave to them both the ceremonial sprinkling. The sprinkling thus performed, the Great Being standing in a magnificent chariot, and surrounded by a vast company, entered the city, making a solemn circuit right-wise; then mounting to the great terrace of his splendid palace

Sucandaka, he reigned there in righteousness for sixteen thousand years, and then went to swell the hosts of heaven.

This stanza of Perfect Wisdom explains the upshot:

"Years sixty times a hundred, and ten thousand more, all told,
Reigned strong-armed Rāma, on his neck the lucky triple fold."

[2]

The Master having ended this discourse, declared the Truths, and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the land-owner was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time the king Suddhodana [3] was king Dasaratha, Mahāmāyā [3] was the mother, Rāhulā's mother [4] was Sītā, Ānanda was Bharata, and I myself was Rāma-paṇḍita."

Footnotes

78:1 Edited and translated by V. Fausbøl, *The Dasaratha Jātaka,* Copenhagen, 1871. The story is like that of the Rāmāyana, except that here Sītā is the hero's sister, not his wife.

78:2 Gain and loss, fame and dishonour, praise and blame, bliss and woe.

79:1 "Cool," which has in India the same pleasant associations as warm has for us.

80:1 Sword, umbrella, diadem, slippers, and fan.

80:2 Elephants, cavalry, chariots, infantry.

81:1 The scholiast quotes on p. 129 a stanza which occurred in the Kālabāhu Birth, No. 329 (vol. iii. p. 66 of this translation), beginning "Gain and loss".

No. 462.

SAṀVARA-JĀTAKA.

"Your nature, mighty monarch," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a Brother who had ceased to strive. This, we learn, was a young man of family, who lived in Sāvatthi. Having heard the Master's discoursing, he renounced the world. Fulfilling the tasks imposed by his teachers and preceptors, he learnt by heart both divisions of the Pātimokkha.

When five years were past, he said, "When I have been instructed in the mode of attaining the mystic trance, I will go dwell in the forest." Then he took leave of his teachers and preceptors, and proceeded to a frontier village in the kingdom of Kosala. The people were pleased with his deportment, [131] and he made a hut of leaves and there was attended to. Entering upon the rainy season, zealous, eager, striving in strenuous endeavour he strove after the mystic trance for the space of three months: but of this not a trace could he produce. Then he thought: "Verily I am the most devoted to worldly conditions [1] among the four classes of men taught by the Master! What have I to do with living in the forest?" Then he said to himself, "I will return to Jetavana [2], and there in beholding the beauty of the Tathāgata, and hearing his discourse sweet as honey, I will pass my days." So he relaxed his striving; and setting forth he came in course of time to Jetavana. His preceptors and teachers, his friends and acquaintances asked him the cause of his coming. He informed them, and they reproved him for it, asking him why

he had so done. Then they led him into the Master's presence. "Why, Brethren," said the Master, "do you lead hither a Brother against his will?" They replied, "This Brother has come hither because he has relaxed his striving." "Is this true, as they tell me?" asked the Master. "Yes, Sir," said the man. Said the Master, "Why have you ceased to strive, Brother? For a weak and slothful man there is in this religion no high fruition, no sainthood: they only who make strenuous effort accomplish this. In days long gone by you were full of strength, easy to teach: and in this way, though the youngest of all the hundred sons of the king of Benares, by holding fast to the admonition of wise men you obtained the White Umbrella." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the youngest of his hundred sons was named Prince Saṁvara. The king gave his sons in charge each of a separate courtier, with directions to teach them each what they ought to learn. The courtier who instructed the Prince Saṁvara was the Bodhisatta, wise, learned, filling a father's place to the king's son. As each of the sons was educated, the courtiers brought them for the king to see. The king gave them each a province, and let them go.

When the Prince Saṁvara had been perfected in all learning, he asked the Bodhisatta, "Dear father, if my father sends me to a province, what am I to do?" He replied, "My son, when a province is offered you, you should refuse it, and say, My lord, I am the youngest of all: if I go too, there will be no one about your feet: I will remain where I am, at your feet." Then one day, when Prince Saṁvara had saluted him, and was standing on one side, the king asked him, "Well, my son, have you finished your learning?"

"Yes, my lord." "Choose a province." "My lord, [132] there will be emptiness about your feet: let me remain here at your feet, and in no other place!" The king was pleased, and consented.

After that he remained there at the king's feet; and again asked the Bodhisatta, "What else am I to do, father?" "Ask the king," said he, "for some old park." The prince complied, and asked for a park: with the fruits and flowers that there grew he made friends with the powerful men in the city. Again he asked what he was to do. "Ask the king's leave, my son," said the Bodhisatta, "to distribute the food-money within the city." So he did, and without the least neglect of any person he distributed the food-money within the city. Again he asked the Bodhisatta's advice, and after soliciting the king's consent, distributed food within the palace to the servitors and the horses and to the army, without any omission: to messengers come from foreign countries he assigned their lodging and so forth, for merchants he fixed the taxes, all that had to be arranged he did alone. Thus following the advice of the Great Being, he made friends with every body, those in the household and those without, all in the city, the subjects of the kingdom, strangers, by his winsomeness binding them to him as it were by a band of iron: to all of them he was dear and beloved.

When in due time the king lay on his deathbed, the courtiers asked him, "When you are dead, my lord, to whom shall we give the White Umbrella?" "Friends," said he, "all my sons have a right to the White Umbrella. But you may give it to him that pleases your mind." So after his death, and when the obsequies had been performed, on the seventh day they gathered together, and

said: "Our king bade us give the Umbrella to him that pleases our mind. He that our mind desires is Prince Saṁvara." Over him therefore they uplifted the White Umbrella with its festoons of gold, escorted by his kinsmen.

The Great King Saṁvara cleaving to the advice of the Bodhisatta reigned in righteousness.

The other ninety and nine princes heard that their father was dead, and that the Umbrella had been uplifted over Saṁvara. [133] "But he is the youngest of all," said they; "the Umbrella does not belong to him. Let us uplift the Umbrella over the eldest of us all." They all joined forces, and sent a letter to Saṁvara, bidding him resign the Umbrella or fight; then they surrounded the city. The king told this news to the Bodhisatta, and asked what he was to do now. He answered: "Great King, you must not fight with your brothers. Divide the treasure belonging to your father into a hundred portions, and to your brothers send ninety-nine of them, with this message, "Accept this share of your father's treasure, for fight with you I will not." So he did.

Then the eldest of all the brothers, Prince Uposatha by name, summoned the rest together, and said to them, "Friends, there is no one able to overcome the king; and this our youngest brother, though he has been our enemy, does not remain so: but he sends us his wealth, and refuses to

fight with us. Now we cannot all uplift the Umbrella at the same moment; let us uplift it over one only, and let him alone be king; so when we see him, we will hand over the royal treasure to him,

and return to our own provinces." Then all these princes raised the siege of the city, and entered it, foes no longer. And the king told his courtiers to welcome them, and sent them to meet the princes. The princes with a great following entered on foot, and mounting the steps of the palace, and using all humility towards the great king Saṁvara, sat down in a lowly place. King Saṁvara was seated under the White Umbrella upon a throne: great magnificence was his, and great pomp; what place soever he looked upon, trembled and quaked. Prince Uposatha seeing the magnificence of the mighty king Saṁvara, thought to himself, "Our father, methinks, knew that Prince Saṁvara would be king after his decease, and therefore gave us provinces and gave him none;" then addressing him, repeated three stanzas:

[134]

"Your nature, mighty monarch, sure the lord of men well knew:
The other princes honoured he, but nothing gave to you.

"While the king lived was it, or when a god to heaven he went,
That seeing their own benefit, your kinsmen gave consent?

"Say by what power, O Saṁvara, you stand above your kin:
Why do your brethren not unite from you the place to win?"

On hearing this, King Saṁvara repeated six stanzas to explain his own character:

"Because, O prince, I never grudge great sages what is meet:
Ready to pay them honour due, I fall before their feet.

"Me envying none, and apt to learn all conduct meet and right,
Wise sages each good precept teach in which they take delight.

"I listen to the bidding of these sages great and wise:
My heart is bent to good intent, no counsel I despise.

"Elephant troops and chariotmen, guard royal, infantry—
I took no toll of daily dole, but paid them all their fee.

"Great nobles and wise counsellors waiting on me are found;
With food, wine, water (so they boast) Benares doth abound.

[135] "Thus merchants prosper, and from many a realm they come and go,
And I protect them. Now the truth, Uposatha, you know."

Prince Uposatha listened to this account of his character, and then repeated two stanzas:

"Then be above your kith and kin, and rule in righteousness,

So wise and prudent, Saṁvara, your brethren you shall bless.

"Your treasure-heaps your brethren will defend, and you shall be
Safe from your foes as Indra's self from his arch enemy [1]."

p. 86

[136] King Saṁvara gave great honour to all his brothers. They remained with him a month and half a month; then they said to him, "Great King, we would go and see if there be any brigands afoot in our provinces; all happiness to your rule!" They departed each to his province. And the king abode by the admonition of the Bodhisatta, and at the end of his days went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having finished this discourse, added, "Long ago, Brother, you followed instruction, and why do you not now sustain your effort?" Then he declared the Truths and identified the Birth: (now at the conclusion of the Truths this Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:) "At that time this Brother was the great king Saṁvara, Sāriputta was Prince Uposatha, the Elders and secondary Elders were the other

brothers, the Buddha's followers were their followers, and I myself was the courtier who advised the king."

Footnotes

82:1 This last incident is an addition to the narrative in the Rāmāyana, ii. 115, nor is it found in Tulsī Dās' Hindi version.

82:2 *Kambugīvo:* three folds on the neck, like shell-spirals, were a token of luck.

82:3 Gotama Buddha's father and mother.

82:4 Gotama Buddha's wife.

83:1 An arhat is called *apado,* sc. devoid of conditions for rebirth, such as human passion, desire, karma, kleça, &c. (Childers, p. 313); *padaparamo* seems to mean the opposite.

83:2 The quotation should include *Jetavanaṁ. gantvā,* as is shown by line 7.

85:1 The King of the Asuras or Titans.

No. 463.

SUPPĀRAKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Men with razor pointed," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Perfection of Knowledge. One day, we are told, at evening, the Brethren were awaiting the coming of the Tathāgata to preach to them, and as they sat in the Hall of Truth, they were saying one to another, "Verily, Brother, the Master has great wisdom! wide wisdom! ready wisdom! swift wisdom! sharp wisdom! penetrating wisdom! His wisdom hits on the right plan for the right moment; wide as the world, like a mighty ocean unfathomable, as the heavens spread abroad: in all India no wise man exists who can match the Dasabala. As a billow that rises upon the great sea cannot reach the shore, or if it reaches the shore it breaks; [137] so no man can reach the Dasabala in wisdom, or if he comes to the Master's feet he is broken." In these words they sang the praises of the Dasabala's Perfect Wisdom. The Master came in, and asked, "What are you talking of, Brethren, as you sit here?" They told him. He said, "Not now only is the Tathāgata full of wisdom. In former days, even when his knowledge was immature, he was wise. Blind though he was, he knew by the signs of the ocean that in the ocean such and such a jewel was hid." Then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Bharu reigned in the kingdom of Bharu. There was a seaport town named Bharukaccha, or the Marsh of Bharu. At that time the Bodhisatta was born into the family of a master

mariner there; amiable he was, and of complexion a golden brown. They gave him the name of Suppāraka-kumāra. He grew up with great distinction; and even when he was no more than sixteen years old, he had gained a complete mastery over the art of seamanship. Afterwards when his father died he became the head of the mariners and plied the mariner's calling: wise he was, and full of intelligence; with him aboard, no ship came ever to harm.

In time it so happened that injured by the salt water both his eyes lost their sight. After which, head of the mariners though he was, he plied no more the mariner's trade; but resolved to live in the king's service, he approached the king to that end. And the king appointed him to the office of valuer and assessor. From that time he assessed the worth of valuable elephants, valuable horses, choice pearls and gems.

One day an elephant was brought to the king, of the colour of a black rock, that he might be the state elephant. The king gave him a glance, and commanded that he be shown to the wise man. They led the creature before him. The man passed his hand over the elephant's body, and said, "This elephant is not fit to be the elephant of state. This has the qualities of an elephant that is deformed behind. When his dam brought him forth, she could not take him on her shoulder; so she let him fall on the ground, and thus he became deformed in his hind feet." They questioned those who had brought the elephant; and they replied that the wise man spoke the truth. [138] When the king heard of this, he was pleased, and ordered eight pieces of money to be given him.

On another day, a horse was brought for the king's horse of state. This too was sent to the wise man. He felt it all over with his hand, and then said, "This is not fit to be the king's state charger. On the day this horse was born, his dam died, and so for lack of the mare's milk he did not grow properly." This saying of his was true also. When the king heard of it, he was pleased, and caused him to be presented with eight pieces more.

Another day, a chariot was brought, to be the king's state chariot. This too the king sent to him. He felt it over with his hand and said, "This chariot was made out of a hollow tree, and therefore it is not fit for the king." This saying of his was true like the others. The king was pleased again when he heard of it, and gave him other eight pieces.

Then again they brought him a precious rug of great price, which the king sent to the man as before. He felt it all over, and said, "There is one place here where a rat has bitten a hole." They examined and found the place, and then told the king. Pleased was the king, and ordered eight pieces to be given him again.

Now the man thought, "Only eight pieces of money, with such marvels as these to see! This is a barber's gift; this king must be a barber's

brat. Why should I serve such a king? I will return to my own home." So back he went to the seaport of Bharukaccha, and there he lived.

It happened that some merchants had got ready a ship, and were casting about for a skipper. "That clever Suppāraka,"

thought they, "is a wise and skilful man; with him aboard no ship comes to harm. Blind though he be, the wise Suppāraka is the best." So to him they repaired, and asked him to be their skipper. "Blind am I, friends," he replied, "and how can I sail your ship?" "Blind you may be, master," said the merchants, "but you are the best." As they pressed him unceasingly, he at length consented: "As you put it to me," says he, "I will be your skipper." [139] Then he went aboard their vessel.

They sailed in their ship upon the high seas. For seven days the ship sailed without mishap: then an unseasonable wind arose. Four months the vessel tost about on a primeval ocean, until she arrived at what is called the Khuramāla Sea [1]. Here fish with bodies like men, and sharp razor-like snouts, dive in and out of the water. The merchants observing these asked the Great Being what that sea was named, repeating the first stanza:

"Men with razor-pointed noses rising up and diving down!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us by what name this sea is known?"

The Great Being, at this question, conning over in mind his mariner's lore, answered by repeating the second stanza:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Khuramāli [2] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now it happens that in this ocean diamonds are to be found. The Great Being reflected, that if he told them this was a diamond sea, they would sink the ship in their greed by collecting the diamonds. So he told them nothing; but having brought the ship to, he got a rope, and lowered a net as if to catch fish. With this he brought in a haul of diamonds, and stored them in the ship; then he caused the wares of little value to be cast overboard.

The ship past over this sea, and came to another called Aggimāla. This sea sent forth a radiance like a blazing bonfire, like the sun at midday. The merchants questioned him in this stanza:

"Lo! an ocean like a bonfire blazing, like the sun, we see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being replied to them in the stanza next following:

[140]

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Aggimāli [2] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

p. 89

Now in this sea was abundance of gold. In the same manner as before, he got a haul of gold from it, and laid it aboard. Passing over this sea, the ship next came to an ocean called Dadhimāla, gleaming like milk or curds. The merchants enquired its same in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean white and milky, white as curds we seem to see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being answered them by the stanza next following:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Dadhimāli [1] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

In this sea there was abundance of silver. He procured it in the same way as before, and laid it aboard. Over this sea the ship sailed, and came to an ocean called Nīlavaṇṇakusa-māla, which

had the appearance of a stretch of dark kusa-grass [2], or a field of corn. The merchants enquired its name in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean green and grassy, like young corn we seem to see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

He replied in the words of the stanza next following:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Kusamāli ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now in this ocean was a great quantity of precious emeralds. As before, he made a haul of them, and stored them on board. Passing over this sea, the ship came to a sea called Nalamāla, which had the aspect of an expanse of reeds or a grove of bamboos [3]. [141] The merchants asked its name in a stanza:

"Lo! an ocean like a reed-bed, like a bamboo-grove we see!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Great Being replied by the following stanza:

"Merchants come from Bharukaccha, seeking riches to purvey,
This is Nalamāli [1] ocean where your ship has gone astray."

Now this ocean was full of coral of the colour of bamboos [3]. He made a haul of this also and got it aboard.

After passing the Nalamāli Sea, the merchants came to a sea named Vaḷabhāmukha [4]. Here the water is sucked away and rises on every

side; and the water thus sucked away on all sides rises in sheer precipices leaving what looks like a great pit. A wave rises on one side like a wall: a terrific roar is heard, which seems as it would burst the ear and break the heart. On sight of this the merchants were terrified, and asked its name in a stanza:

"Hear the awful sound terrific of a huge unearthly sea!
Lo a pit, and to the waters in a steep declivity!
Speak, Suppāraka, and tell us what the name of this may be?"

The Bodhisatta replied in this following stanza, "Merchants," etc., ending—"This Valabhāmukhi ocean," etc.

He went on, [142] "Friends, once a ship has got into the Valabhāmukha Sea there is no returning. If this ship gets there, she will sink and go to destruction." Now there were seven hundred souls aboard this ship, and they were in fear of death; with one voice they uttered a very bitter cry, like the cry of those who are burning in the lowest hell [1]. The Great Being thought, "Except me, no other can save those; I will save them by an Act of Truth." Then he said aloud, "Friends, bathe me speedily in scented water, and put new garments upon me, prepare a full bowl, and set me in front of the ship." They quickly did so. The Great Being took the full bowl in both hands, and standing in the front of the ship, performed an Act of Truth, repeating the final stanza:

"Since I can myself remember, since intelligence first grew,
Not one life of living creature have I taken, that I knew:
May this ship return to safety if my solemn words are true!"

Four months the vessel had been voyaging in far distant regions; and now as though endued with supernatural power, it returned

in one single day to the seaport town of Bharukaccha, and even upon the dry land it went, till it rested before the mariner's door, having sprung over a space of eleven hundred cubits. The Great Being divided amongst the merchants all the gold and silver, jewels, coral, and diamonds, saying, [143] "This treasure is enough for you: voyage on the sea no more." Then he discoursed to them; and after giving gifts and doing good his life long, he went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Then, Brethren, the Tathāgata was most wise in former days, as he is now," and identified the Birth: "At that time the Buddha's company were the company (of merchants), and I myself was the wise Suppāraka."

Footnotes

86:1 Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism,* p. 13.

88:1 There is an account of the mythological seas which follow in Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism,* pp. 12 ff.

88:2 *Sic.*

89:1 *Sic.*

89:2 Poa Cynosuroides.

89:3 The scholiast explains that the sea was red, like the reeds called "scorpion-reed" or "crab-reed," which are red in colour: the word translated "bamboo" *(velu)* he says may also mean "coral." He adds that the haul was coral, which is also the word used at

the end of the story *(pavāḷo)*. The word so translated here is *veluriyaṁ,* which Childers renders "a kind of precious stone, perhaps lapis lazuli".

89:4 See Hardy, *Manual,* p. 13. It was a kind of hollow like a saucer.

90:1 *Avici.*

BOOK XII.—DVĀDASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 464.

CULLA-KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA.

[144] *"Small of wit," etc.*—This birth will be given under the Kuṇāla Birth. [1]

No. 465.

BHADDA-SĀLA-JĀTAKA. [2]

"Who art thou," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana about doing good to one's kith and kin. At Sāvatthi in the house of Anāthapiṇḍika there was always unfailing food for five hundred Brethren, and the same with Visākhā [3] and the king of Kosala. But in the king's palace, various and fine as was the fare given, no one was friendly to the Brethren. The result was that the Brethren never ate in the palace, but they took their food and went off to eat it at the house of Anāthapiṇḍika or Visākhā or some other of their trusted friends.

One day the king said, "A present has been brought: take this to the Brethren," and sent it to the refectory. An answer was brought that no Brethren were there in the refectory. "Where are they gone?" he asked. They were sitting in their friends' houses to eat, was the reply. So the king after his morning meal came into the Master's presence, and asked him, "Good Sir, what is the best kind of food?" "The food of friendship is the best, great king," said he; "even sour rice-gruel given by a friend becomes sweet." "Well, Sir, and with whom do the Brethren find friendship?" "With their kindred, great king, or with the Sakya families." Then the king thought, what if he were to make a Sakya girl his queen-consort: then the Brethren would be his friends, as it were with their own kindred.

[145] So rising from his seat, he returned to the palace, and sent a message

to Kapilavatthu [1] to this effect: "Please give me one of your daughters in marriage, for I wish to become connected with your family." On receipt of this message the Sakyas gathered together and deliberated. "We live in a place subject to the authority of the king of Kosala; if we refuse a daughter, he will be very angry, and if we give her, the custom of our clan will be broken. What are we to do?" Then Mahānāma [2] said to them, "Do not trouble about it. I have a daughter, named Vāsabhakhattiyā. Her mother is a slave woman, Nāgamuṇḍā by name; she is some sixteen years of age, of great beauty and auspicious prospects, and by her father's side noble [3]. We will send her, as a girl nobly born." The Sakyas agreed, and sent for the messengers, and said they were willing to give a daughter of the clan, and that they might take her with them at once. But the messengers reflected, "These Sakyas are desperately proud, in matters of birth. Suppose they should send a girl who was not of them, and say that she was so? We will take none but one who eats along with them." So they replied, "Well, we will take her, but we will take one who eats along with you."

The Sakyas assigned a lodging for the messengers, and then wondered what to do. Mahānāma said: "Now do not trouble about it; I will find a way. At my mealtime bring in Vāsabhakhattiyā drest up in her finery; then just as I have taken one mouthful, produce a letter, and say, My lord, such a king has sent you a letter; be pleased to hear his message at once."

They agreed; and as he was taking his meal they drest and adorned the maid. "Bring my daughter," said Mahānāma, "and let her take food with me." "In a moment," said they, "as soon as

she is properly adorned," and after a short delay they brought her in. Expecting to take food with her father, she dipt her hand into the same dish. Mahānāma had taken one mouthful with her, and put it in his mouth; but just as he stretched out his hand for another, they brought him a letter, saying, "My lord, such a king has sent a letter to you: be pleased to hear his message at once." Said Mahānāma, "Go on with your meal, my dear," [146] and holding his right hand in the dish, with his left took the letter and looked at it. As he examined the message the maiden went on eating. When she had eaten, he washed his hand and rinsed out his mouth. The messengers were firmly convinced that she was his daughter, for they did not divine the secret.

So Mahānāma sent away his daughter in great pomp. The messengers brought her to Sāvatthi, and said that this maiden was the true-born daughter of Mahānāma. The king was pleased, and caused the whole city to be decorated, and placed her upon a pile of treasure, and by a ceremonial sprinkling made her his chief queen. She was dear to the king, and beloved.

In a short time the queen conceived, and the king caused the proper treatment to be used; and at the end of ten months, she brought forth a son whose colour was a golden brown. On the day of his naming, the king sent a message to his grandmother, saying, "A son has been born to Vāsabhakhattiyā, daughter of the Sakya king; what shall his name be?" Now the courtier who was charged with this message was slightly deaf; but he went and told the king's grandmother. When she heard it, she said, "Even when Vāsabhakhattiyā had never borne a son, she was more than all the world; and now she will be the king's darling [4]." The deaf man did not hear the word "darling" aright, but thought she said "Viḍūḍabha; "so back he went to the king, and

told him that he was to name the prince Viḍūḍabha. This, the king thought, must be some ancient family name, and so named him Viḍūḍabha.

After this the prince grew up treated as a prince should be.

When he was at the age of seven years, having observed how the other princes received presents of toy elephants and horses and other toys from the family of their mothers' fathers, the lad said to his mother, "Mother, the

rest of them get presents from their mothers' family, but no one sends me anything. Are you an orphan?" Then she replied, "My boy, your grandsires are the Sakya kings, but they live a long way off, and that is why they send you nothing." Again when he was sixteen, he said, "Mother, I want to see your father's family." "Don't speak of it, child," she said. "What will you do when you get there?" But though she put him off, he asked her again and again. At last his mother said, [147] "Well, go then." So the lad got his father's consent, and set out with a number of followers. Vāsabhakhattiyā sent on a letter before him to this effect: "I am living here happily; let not my masters tell him anything of the secret." But the Sakyas, on hearing of the coming of Viḍūḍabha, sent off all their young children into the country. "It is impossible," said they, "to receive him with respect."

When the Prince arrived at Kapilavatthu, the Sakyas had assembled in the royal rest-house. The Prince approached the rest-house, and waited. Then they said to him, "This is your mother's father, this is her brother," pointing them out. He walked from one to the other, saluting them. But although he

bowed to them till his back ached, not one of them vouchsafed a greeting; so he asked, "Why is it that none of you greet me?" The Sakyas replied, "My dear, the youngest princes are all in the country;" then they entertained him grandly.

After a few days' stay, he set out for home with all his retinue. Just then a slave woman washed the seat which he had used in the rest-house with milk-water, saying insultingly, "Here's the seat where sat the son of Vāsabhakhattiyā, the slave girl!" A man who had left his spear behind was just fetching it, when he overheard the abuse of Prince Viḍūḍabha. He asked what it meant. He was told that Vāsabhakhattiyā was born of a slave to Mahānāma the Sakya. This he told to the soldiers: a great uproar arose, all shouting—"Vāsabhakhattiyā is a slave woman's daughter, so they say!" The Prince heard it. "Yes," thought he, "let them pour milk-water over the seat I sat in, to wash it! When I am king, I will wash the place with their hearts' blood!"

When he returned to Sāvatthi, the courtiers told the whole matter to the king. The king was enraged against the Sakyas for giving him a slave's daughter to wife. He cut off all allowances made to Vāsabhakhattiyā and her son, and gave them only what is proper to be given to slave men and women.

Some few days later the Master came to the palace, and took a seat. The king approached him, and with a greeting said, "Sir, I am told that your clansmen gave me a slave's daughter to wife. I have cut off their allowances, mother and son, and grant them only what slaves would get." Said the Master, "The Sakyas have done wrong, O great king! [148] If they gave any one, they ought to have given a girl of their own blood. But, O king, this I say: Vāsabhakhattiyā is a king's daughter, and in the house of a noble

king she has received the ceremonial sprinkling; Viḍūḍabha too was begotten by a noble king. Wise men of old have said, what matters the mother's birth? The birth of the father is the measure: and to a poor wife, a picker of sticks, they gave the position of queen consort; and the son born of her obtained the sovereignty of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and became King Kaṭṭha-vāhana, the Wood-carrier:" whereupon he told him the story of the Kaṭṭhahāri Birth [1].

When the king heard this speech he was pleased; and saying to himself, "The father's birth is the measure of the man," he again gave mother and son the treatment suited to them.

Now the king's commander-in-chief was a man named Bandhula. His wife, Mallikā, was barren, and he sent her away to Kusināra, telling her to return to her own family. "I will go," said she, "when I have saluted the Master." She went to Jetavana, and greeting the Tathāgata stood waiting on one side. "Where are you going?" he asked. She replied, "My husband has sent me home, Sir." "Why?" asked the Master. "I am barren, Sir, I have no son." "If that is all," said he, "there is no reason why you should go. Return." She was much pleased, and saluting the Master went home again. Her husband

asked her why she had come back. She answered, "The Dasabala sent me back, my lord." "Then," said the commander-in-chief, "the Tathāgata must have seen good reason." The woman soon after conceived, and when her cravings began, told him of it. "What is it you want?" he asked. "My lord," said she, "I desire to go and, bathe and drink the water of the tank in Vesāli City where the families of the kings get water for the ceremonial

sprinkling." The commander-in-chief promised to try. Seizing his bow, strong as a thousand bows, he put his wife in a chariot, and left Sāvatthi, and drove his chariot to Vesālī.

Now at this time there lived close to the gate a Licchavi named Mahāli [1], who had been educated by the same teacher as the king of Kosala's general, Bandhula. This man was blind, and used to advise the Licchavis on all matters temporal and spiritual. Hearing the clatter of the chariot as it went over the threshold, he said, "The noise of the chariot of Bandhula the Mallian! [149] This day there will be fear for the Licchavis!" By the tank there was set a strong guard, within and without; above it was spread an iron net; not even a bird could find room to get through. But the general, dismounting from his car, put the guards to flight with the blows of his sword, and burst through the iron network, and in the tank bathed his wife and gave her to drink of the water; then after bathing himself, he set Mallikā in the chariot, and left the town, and went back by the way he came.

The guards went and told all to the Licchavis. Then were the kings of the Licchavis angry; and five hundred of them, mounted in five hundred chariots, departed to capture Bandhula the Mallian. They informed Mahāli of it, and he said, "Go not! for he will slay you all." But they said, "Nay, but we will go." "Then if you come to a place where a wheel has sunk up to the nave, you must return. If you return not then, return back from that place when you hear the noise of a thunderbolt. If then you turn not, turn back from that place where you shall see a hole in front of your chariots. Go no further!" But they did not turn back according to his word, but pursued on and on. Mallikā espied them and said, "There are chariots in sight, my lord." "Then tell me," said he, "when they all look like one chariot." When they all

in a line looked like one, she said, "My lord, I see as it were the head of one chariot." "Take the reins, then," said he, and gave the reins into her hand: he stood upright in the chariot, and strung his bow. The chariot-wheel sank into the earth nave-deep. The Licchavis came to the place, and saw it, but turned not back. The other went on a little further, and twanged the bow string; then came a noise as the noise of a thunderbolt, yet even then they turned not, but pursued on and on. Bandhula stood up in the chariot and sped a shaft, and it cleft the heads of all the five hundred chariots, and passed right through the five hundred kings in the place where the girdle is fastened, and then buried itself in the earth. They not perceiving that they were wounded pursued still, shouting, "Stop, holloa, stop!" Bandhula stopt his chariot, and said, "You are dead men, and I cannot fight with the dead." "What!" said they, "dead, such as we now are?" "Loose the girdle of the first man," said Bandhula.

[150] They loosed his girdle, and at the instant the girdle was loosed, he fell dead. Then he said to them, "You are all of you in the same condition: go to your homes, and set in order what should be ordered, and give your directions to your wives and families, and then doff your armour." They did so, and then all of them gave up the ghost [2].

And Bandhula conveyed Mallikā to Sāvatthi. She bore twin sons sixteen times in succession, and they were all mighty men and heroes, and became perfected in all manner of accomplishments. Each one of them had a thousand

men to attend him, and when they went with their father to wait on the king, they alone filled the courtyard of the palace to

overflowing.

One day some men who had been defeated in court on a false charge, seeing Bandhula approach, raised a great outcry, and informed him that the judges of the court had supported a false charge. So Bandhula went into the court, and judged the case, and gave each man his own. The crowd uttered loud shouts of applause. The king asked what it meant, and on hearing was much pleased; all those officers he sent away, and gave Bandhula charge of the judgement court, and thenceforward he judged aright. Then the former judges became poor, because they no longer received bribes, and they slandered Bandhula in the king's ear, accusing him of aiming at the kingdom himself. The king listened to their words, and could not control his suspicions. "But," he reflected, "if he be slain here, I shall be blamed." He suborned certain men to harry the frontier districts; then sending for Bandhula, he said, "The borders are in a blaze; go with your sons and capture the brigands." With him he also sent other men sufficient, mighty men of war, with instructions to kill him and his two-and-thirty sons, and cut off their heads, and bring them back.

While he was yet on the way, the hired brigands got wind of the general's coming, and took to flight. He settled the people of that district in their homes, and quieted the province, and set out for home. Then when he was not far from the city, those warriors cut off his head and the heads of his sons.

On that day Mallikā had sent an invitation to the two chief disciples along with five hundred of the Brethren. Early in the forenoon a letter was brought to her, with news that her husband and sons had lost their heads. [151] When she heard

this, without a word to a soul, she tucked the letter in her dress, and waited upon the company of the Brethren. Her attendants had given rice to the Brethren, when bringing in a bowl of ghee they happened to break the bowl just in front of the Elders. Then the Captain of the Faith said, "Pots are made to be broken; do not trouble about it." The lady produced her letter from the fold of her dress, saying, "Here I have a letter informing me that my husband and his two-and-thirty sons have been beheaded. If I do not trouble about that, am I likely to trouble when a bowl is broken?" The Captain of the Faith now began, "Unseen, unknown [1]," and so forth, then rising from his seat uttered a discourse, and went home. She summoned her two-and-thirty daughters-in-law, and to them said, "Your husbands, though innocent, have reaped the fruit of their former deeds. Do not you grieve, nor commit a sin of the soul worse even than the king's." This was her advice. The king's spies hearing this speech brought word to him that they were not angry. Then the king was distrest, and went to her dwelling, and craving pardon of Mallikā and her sons' wives, offered a boon. She replied, "Be it accepted." She set out the funeral feast, and bathed, and then went before the king. "My lord," said she, "you granted me a boon. I want nothing but this, that you permit my two-and-thirty daughters-in-law and me to go back to our own homes." The king consented. Each of her two-and-thirty sons' wives she sent away to her home, and herself returned to the home of her family in the city of Kusināra. And the king gave the post of commander-in-chief to one Dīgha-kārāyana, sister's son to the general Bandhula. But he went about picking faults in the king and saying, "He murdered my uncle."

Ever after the murder of the innocent Bandhula the king was devoured by remorse, and had no peace of mind, felt no joy in

being king. At that time the Master dwelt near a country town of the Sakyas, named Uḷumpa. Thither went the king, pitched a camp not far from the park, and with a few attendants went to the monastery to salute the Master. The five symbols of royalty [2] he handed to Kārāyana, and alone entered the Perfumed Chamber. All that followed must be described as in the Dhammacetiya Sutta. When he

entered the Perfumed Chamber, Kārāyana took those symbols of royalty, [152] and made Viḍūḍabha king; and leaving behind for the king one horse and a serving woman, he went to Sāvatthi.

After a pleasant conversation with the Master, the king on his return saw no army. He enquired of the woman, and learnt what had been done. Then set out for the city of Rājagaha, resolved to take his nephew with him [1], and capture Viḍūḍabha. It was late when he came to the city, and the gates were shut: and lying down in a shed, exhausted by exposure to wind and sun, he died there.

When the night began to grow brighter, the woman began to wail, "My lord, the king of Kosala is past help!" The sound was heard, and news came to the king. He performed the obsequies of his uncle with great magnificence.

Viḍūḍabha once firmly established on the throne remembered that grudge of his, and determined to destroy the Sakyas one and all; to which end he set out with a large army. That day at dawn the Master, looking forth over the world, saw destruction threatening his kin. "I must help my kindred," thought he. In the forenoon he went in search of alms, then after returning from

his meal lay down lion-like in his Perfumed Chamber, and in the evening-time, having past through the air to a spot near Kapilavatthu, sat beneath a tree that gave scanty shade. Hard by that place, a huge and shady banyan tree stood on the boundary of Viḍūḍabha's realms. Viḍūḍabha seeing the Master approached and saluting him, said, "Why, Sir, are sitting under so thin a tree in all this heat? Sit beneath this shady banyan, Sir." He replied, "Let be, O king! the shade of my kindred keeps me cool."—"The Master," thought the other, "must have come here to protect his clansmen." So he saluted the Master, and returned again to Sāvatthi. And the Master rising went to Jetavana. A second time the king called to mind his grudge against the Sakyas, a second time he set forth, and again saw the Master seated in the same place, then again returned. A fourth time he set out; and the Master, scanning the former deeds of the Sakyas, perceived that nothing could do away with the effect of their evildoing, in casting poison into the river; so he did not go thither the fourth time. Then king Viḍūḍabha slew all the Sakyas, beginning with babes at the breast, and with their hearts' blood washed the bench, and returned.

On the day after the Master had gone out for the third time and returned, he, [153] having gone his rounds for alms, and his meal over, was resting in his Perfumed Chamber, the Brethren gathered from all directions into the Hall of Truth, and seating themselves, began to tell of the virtues of the Great Being:."Sirs, the Master but showed himself, and turned the king back, and set free his kinsmen from fear of death. A helpful friend is the Master to his clan!" The Master entered, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. Then he said, "Not now only, Brethren, does the Tathāgata act for the benefit of his

kinsmen; he did the same long ago." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled as king in Benares, and observed the Ten Royal Virtues, he thought to himself: "All over India the kings live in palaces supported by many a column. There is no marvel, then, in a palace supported by many columns; but what if I make a palace with one column only to support it? Then I shall be the chiefest king of all kings!" So he summoned his builders, and told them to build him a magnificent palace supported on one column. "Very good," said they, and away they went into the forest.

There they beheld many a tree, straight and great, worthy to be the

single column of such a palace."Here are these trees," said they, "but the road is rough, and we can never transport them; we will go ask the king about it." When they did so, the king said, "By hook or by crook you must bring them, and that quickly." But they answered, "Neither by hook nor by crook can the thing be done." "Then," said the king, "search for a tree in my park."

The builders went to the park, and there they espied a lordly sal tree, straight and well grown, worshipt by village and town, and to it the royal family also were wont to pay tribute and worship; and they told the king. Said the king, "In my park ye have found me a tree: good—go and cut it down." "So be it," said they, and repaired to the park, with their hands full of perfumed garlands and the like; then hanging upon it a five-spray garland [1], and

encircling it with a string, fastening to it a nosegay of flowers, and kindling a lamp, they did worship, explaining, [154] "On the seventh day from now we shall cut down this tree: it is the king's command so to cut it down. Let the deities who dwell in this tree go elsewhither, and not unto us be the blame."

The god who dwelt in the tree bearing this, thought to himself: "These builders are determined to cut down this tree, and to destroy my place of dwelling. Now my life only lasts as long as this my abiding place. And all the young sal trees that stand around this, where dwell the deities my kinsfolk, and they are many, will be destroyed. My own destruction does not touch me so near as the destruction of my children: therefore I must protect their lives." Accordingly at the hour of midnight, adorned in divine splendour, he entered into the magnificent chamber of the king, and filling the whole chamber with a bright radiance, stood weeping beside the king's pillow. At sight of him the king, overcome by terror, uttered the first stanza:

"Who art thou, standing high in air, with heavenly vesture swathed:
Whence come thy fears, why flow the tears in which thine eyes are bathed?"

On hearing which the king of the gods repeated two stanzas:

"Within thy realm, O King, they know me as the Lucky Tree:
For sixty thousand years I stood, and all have worshipt me.

"Though many a town and house they made, and many a king's dwelling,
Yet me they never did molest, to me no harm did bring:
Then even as they did worship pay, so worship thou, O King!"

[155] Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"But such another mighty trunk I never yet did see,
So fine a kind in girth and height, so thick and strong a tree.

"A lovely palace I will build, one column for support:
There I will place thee to abide—thy life shall not be short."

On hearing this the king of the gods repeated two stanzas:

"Since thou art bent to tear my body from me, cut me small,
And cut me piecemeal limb from limb, O King, or not at all.

[156]

"Cut first the top, the middle next, then last the root of me:
And if thou cut me so, O King, death will not painful be."

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"First hands and feet, then nose and ears, while yet the victim lives,
And last of all the head let fall—a painful death this gives.

"O Lucky Tree! O woodland king! what pleasure couldst thou feel,
Why, for what reason dost thou wish to be cut up piecemeal?"

Then the Lucky Tree answered by repeating two stanzas:

"The reason (and a reason ’tis full noble) why piecemeal
I would be cut, O mighty king! come listen while I tell.

"My kith and kin all prospering round me well-sheltered grow:
These I should crush by one huge fall,—and great would be their woe."

[157] The king, hearing this, was much pleased:"’Tis a worthy god this," thought he, "he does not wish that his kinsfolk should

lose their dwelling-place because he loses his; he acts for his kinsfolk's good." And he repeated the remaining stanza:

"O Lucky Tree! O woodland king! thy thoughts must noble be:
Thou wouldst befriend thy kindred, so from fear I set thee free."

The king of the gods, having discoursed to this king, then departed. And the king being established according to his admonition, gave gifts and did other good deeds, till he went to fill the hosts of heaven.

The Master having ended this discourse said: "Thus it is, Brethren, that the Tathāgata acts so as to do good to his kith and kin;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, the followers of the Buddha were the deities which were embodied in the young saplings of the sal tree, and I was myself Lucky Tree, the king of the gods."

Footnotes

91:1 No. 536.

91:2 For the Introductory story see *Dhammapada* (commentary), pp. 216 ff.

91:3 A famous female disciple, for whose history see Hardy, *Manual,* 220 ff.

92:1 Headquarters of the Sakya clan, and Buddha's birthplace.

92:2 A Sakya prince: see Hardy, *Manual,* 227.

92:3 *Khattiya.*

92:4 *Vallabhā.*

93:1 No. 7.

94:1 Called Mahā-licchavi in *Dhammapada* (p. 219).

94:2 This is a variation of a well-known incident. A headsman slices off a man's head so skilfully, that the victim does not know it is done. The victim then takes a pinch of snuff, sneezes, and his head falls off. Another form is: Two men dispute, and one swings his sword round. They go on talking, and by and bye the other gets up to depart, and falls in two parts.

95:1 *Sutta-Nipāta* 574: "Unseen, unknown, is the life of men here below:" and so forth, for twenty stanzas. This is the *Sallasutta.*

95:2 See above, p. 80 note.

96:1 The quotation should begin at *bhāgineyyām,* since the king was alone.

97:1 See note in vol. ii. p. 72.

No. 466.

SAMUDDA-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[158] *"Others sow," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Devadatta, when he had gone down into Hell, taking with him five hundred families.

Now Devadatta, when the Chief Disciples [1] had gone away, taking his followers with them [2], being unable to swallow his pain, spat up hot blood from his mouth, and departed; then tormented by great agony, as he remembered the virtues of the Tathāgata, he said to himself, "I for nine months have thought evil of the Tathāgata, but in the Master's heart is never a sinful thought for me; in the eighty chief elders is no malice towards me; by my own deeds that I have done I am become all forlorn, and I am renounced by the Master, by the great Elders, by Elder Rāhula chief of my family [3], and by all the royal clans of the Sakyas. I will go to the Master, and reconcile myself with him." So beckoning to his followers, he caused himself to be carried in a litter, and travelling always by night made his way to the city of Kosala.

Ānanda the Elder told the Master, saying, "Devadatta is coming, they say, to make his peace with you."—"Ānanda, Devadatta shall not see me." Again when he had arrived at the city of Sāvatthi, the Elder told it to the Master; and the Blessed One replied as before. When he was at the gate of Jetavana, and moving towards the Jetavana lake, his sin came to a head: a fever arose in his body, and desiring to bathe and drink, he commanded

them to let him out of the litter, that he might drink. No sooner had he alighted, and stood upon the ground, than before he could refresh himself the great earth gaped, a flame arose from the nethermost hell of Avīci and surrounded him. Then he knew that his deeds of sin had come to a head, and remembering the virtues of the Tathāgata, he repeated this stanza [4]:

"With these my bones to that supremest Being,
Marked with an hundred lucky marks, all-seeing,
God, more than God, who man's bull-spirit tames,
With all my soul to Buddha I am fleeing!"

But in the very act of taking refuge, he was doomed to the Hell Avīci. And there were five hundred families of his attendants, which families following him reviled the Dasabala, and abused him, and in the Avici hell were born, they also. Thus he went to Avīci, taking with him five hundred families.

So one day they were talking in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, the sinful Devadatta, [159] through greed of gain, set his anger causelessly against the Supreme Buddha, and with no regard for the terrors of the future, with five hundred families was doomed to hell." The Master entering asked of what they were speaking: they told him. Said he, "Brethren, Devadatta being greedy of gain and honour had no eye for the terrors of the future; and in former times, as now, regarding not the terrors of the future, he with his followers through greed of present happiness came to utter ruin." So saying, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there stood near Benares a great town of carpenters, containing a thousand families. The carpenters from this town used to

profess that they would make a bed, or a chair, or a house, and after receiving a large advance from men's hands, they proved able to make nothing whatever. The people used to upbraid every carpenter they met with, and interfered

with them. So those debtors were so much harassed that they could live there no longer. "Let us go into some foreign land," said they, "and find some place or other to dwell in;" so to the forest they went. They cut down trees, they built a mighty ship, and launched her in the river, and took her away from that town, and at a distance of some three-quarters of a league [1] they laid her up. Then in the middle of the night they returned to the town to fetch their families, whom they conveyed on board ship, and then proceeded in due course to the ocean. There they sailed at the wind's will, until they reached an island that lay in the midst of the sea. Now in that island grew wild all manner of plants and wild fruit-trees, rice, sugar-cane, banana, mango, rose-apple, jack, cocoanut, and what not. There was another man who had been shipwrecked and had taken possession of that island before them, and lived therein, eating the rice and enjoying the sugar-cane and all the rest, by which he had grown stout and sturdy; naked he went, and his hair and beard were grown long. The carpenters thought, "If yonder island is haunted of demons, we shall all perish; so we will explore it." Then seven brave men [160] and strong, arming them with the five kinds of weapons [2], disembarked and explored that island.

At that moment the castaway had just broken his fast, and drunk of the juice of the sugar-cane, and in high contentment was lying on his back in a lovely spot, cool in the shade on some sand

which glistered like silver plate; and he was thinking, "No such happiness as this have they who dwell in India, that plough and sow; better to me is this island than India!" He sang for joy, and was at the height of bliss.

The Master, to explain how this castaway sang for joy and bliss, repeated the first stanza:

"Others sow and others plough,
Living by the sweat o’ the brow;
In my realm they have no share:
India? this is better far!"

The scouts who were exploring the isle caught the sound of his singing, and said, "It seems the voice of man that we hear; let us make acquaintance with him." Following the sound, they came upon the man, but his aspect horrified them. "’Tis a goblin!" they cried, and put arrow to bow. When the man saw them, he was in fear of being wounded, so he called out—"I am no goblin, sirs, but a man: spare my

life!"—"What!" said they, "do men go all naked and defenceless like you?" and asked him again and again, only to receive the same answer, that he was a man. At last they approached him, and all began to talk pleasantly together, and the new-comers asked how he came thither. The other told them the truth of it. "As a reward for your good deeds you have come hither," said he, "this is a first-rate island. No need here to work with your hands for a living; of rice and sugar-cane, and all the rest, there is no

end here, and all growing wild; you may live here without anxiety." "Is there nothing else," they asked, [161] "to hinder our living here?" "No fear is there but this: the isle is haunted by demons, and the demons would be incensed to see the excretions of your bodies; so when you would relieve yourselves, dig a hole in the sand and hide it there. That is the only danger; there is no other; only always be careful on this point."

Then they took up their abode in the place.

But among these thousand families there were two master workmen, one at the head of each five hundred of them; and one of these was foolish and greedy of the best food, the other wise and not bent on getting the best of everything.

In course of time as they continued to dwell there, all grew stout and sturdy. Then they thought, "We have not been merry men this long time [1]: we will make some toddy from the juice of the sugar-cane." So they caused the strong drink to be made, and being drunken, sang, danced, sported, then in thoughtlessness relieved themselves here, there, and everywhere without hiding it, so that they made the island foul and disgusting. The deities were incensed because these men made their playing-place all foul. "Shall we bring the sea over it," they deliberated, "and cleanse the island?—This is the dark fortnight: now our gathering is broken up. Well, on the fifteenth day from now, at the first of the full moon, at the time of the moon's rising, we will bring up the sea and make an end of them all." Thus they fixed the day. At this a righteous deity who was one of them thought, "I would not that these should perish before my eyes." So in his compassion, at the time when the men were sitting at their doors in pleasant converse, after their evening meal, he made

the whole island one blaze of light, and adorned in all splendour stayed poised in the air towards the north, and spoke to them thus: "O ye carpenters! the deities are wroth with you. Dwell no longer in this place, for in half a month from this time, the

deities will bring up the sea, [162] and destroy you one and all. Therefore flee from this place." And he repeated the second stanza:

"In thrice five days the moon will rise to view:
Then from the sea a mighty flood is due
    This mighty island to o'erwhelm: then haste,
Elsewhere take shelter, that it hurt not you."

With this advice, he returned to his own place. He gone, another comrade of his, a cruel god, thought, "Perhaps they will follow his advice and escape; I will prevent their going, and bring them all to utter destruction." So adorned in divine splendour, he made a great blaze of light over the whole place, and approaching them, remained poised in the air towards the south, as he asked, "Has there been a god here?" "There has," was the reply. "What did he tell you?" They answered, "Thus and thus, my lord." He then said, "This god does not wish you to live here, and in anger speaks. Go not elsewhither, but stay even here." And with these words, he repeated two stanzas:

"To me by many signs it is made clear,
That mighty ocean flood of which you hear
    Shall never this great island overwhelm:
Then take your pleasure, grieve not, never fear.

"Here you have lit upon a wide abode,
Full of all things to eat, of drink and food;
    I see no danger for you: come, enjoy
Unto all generations this your good."

[163] Having thus in these two stanzas offered to relieve their anxiety, he departed. When he was gone, the foolish carpenter lifted up his voice, and paying no heed to the saying of the righteous deity, he cried, "Let your honours listen to me!" and addressed all the carpenters in the fifth stanza:

"That god, who from the southern quarter clear
Cries out, All safe! from him the truth we hear;
    Fear or fear not, the northern knows no whit:
Why grieve, then? take your pleasure—never fear!"

On hearing him, the five hundred carpenters who were greedy of good things inclined to the counsel of the foolish carpenter. But then the wise carpenter refused to hearken to his saying, and addressing the carpenters repeated four stanzas:

"While these two goblins gainst each other cry,
One calling fear, and one security,
    Come hear my rede, lest soon and out of hand
Ye all together perish utterly.

"Let us join all to build a mighty bark,
A vessel stout, and place within this ark
    All fittings: if this southern spoke the truth,
And the other said but folly, off the mark

"This vessel for us good at need shall be;
    Nor will we leave this isle incontinent;
But if the northern god spake truthfully,

The southern did but foolishness present—

[164] Then in the ship we all embark together,

And where our safety lies, all hie us thither.

"Take not for best or worst what first you hear;
But whoso lets all pass within the ear,
And then deliberating takes the mean,
That man to safest harbourage will steer [1]."

After this, he again said: "Come now, let us follow the words of both the deities. Let us build a ship, and then if the words of the first be true, into that ship we will climb and depart; but if the words of the other be true, we will put the ship out of the way, and dwell here." When he had thus spoken, said the foolish carpenter: [165] "Go to! you see a crocodile in a teacup! you are too-too slow! The first god spake in anger against us, the second in affection. If we leave this choicest of isles, whither shall we go? But if you needs must go, take your tail with you, and make your ship: we want no ship, we!"

The wise man with those that followed him, built a ship, and put all the fittings aboard, and he and the whole company stood in the ship. Then on the day of the full moon, at the time of moon-rising, up front the ocean a wave arose, and knee-deep it swept over the whole island. The wise man, when he observed the rising of the wave, cast loose the ship. Those of the foolish carpenter's party, five hundred families they were, sat still, saying to one another, "A wave has arisen, to sweep over the island, but it will be no deeper." Then the ocean-wave rose waist-deep, man-deep, deep as a palm-tree, as seven palm-trees, and over the whole island it rolled. The wise man, fertile in resource, not snared by greed of good things, departed in safety; but the foolish carpenter, greedy of good things, not regarding the fear of the future, with five hundred families was destroyed.

The other three stanzas, full of instruction, illustrating this matter, are stanzas of the Perfect Wisdom:

As through mid-ocean, by the deeds they did,
    The traders scaped away in happiness:
So wise men, comprehending what lies hid
    Within the future, will no jot transgress.

"Fools in their folly, eaten up with greed
    Who future dangers do not comprehend,
Sink overwhelmed, in face of present need,
    As these in middest-ocean found their end.

p. 104

[166]

"Accomplish then the deed before the need,
    Let not lack hurt me of the needful thing.
Who timely do the necessary deed
    Come time, come never into suffering."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Not now for the first time, Brethren, but formerly also, has Devadatta been ensnared by pleasures of the present, and without a look to the future, has come to destruction with all his companions." So saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the foolish carpenter, Kokālika was the unrighteous deity that stood in the southern region, Sāriputta was the deity who stood in the northern part, and I was myself the wise carpenter."

Footnotes

98:1 The introductory story is given in *Dhammapada,* p. 147 ff.

99:1 Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

99:2 Cf. Hardy, *Buddhism,* p. 328.

99:3 Devadatta was brother-in-law of the Buddha.

99:4 *Dhammapada,* p. 148.

100:1 See vol. ii. p. 147, note.

100:2 Sword, spear, bow, shield, axe.

101:1 There seems to be something wrong with the text: as it stands, the meaning is: "For a long time these have not been heroes." But the word *sūro* is used idiomatically, *sūro hutvā* "as bold as brass," i. 262. 30, ii. 119. 22. It might well be used of "Dutch courage."—Or perhaps *surā* (brandy) in some form may lurk here.

103:1 This metaphor is not in the Pali.

No. 467.

KĀMA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[167] *"He that desires," etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain brahmin.

A brahmin, so they say, who dwelt at Sāvatthi, was felling trees on the bank of the Aciravatī, in order to cultivate the land. The Master perceiving his destiny [2], when he visited Sāvatthi for alms, went out of his road to talk sweetly with him. "What are you doing, brahmin?" he asked."O Gotama," said the man, "I am cutting a space free for cultivation." "Very good," he replied, "go on with your work, brahmin." In the same manner the Master came and talked with him when the felled trunks were all away, and the man was clearing his acre, and again at plowing time, and at making the little embanked squares for water [3]. Now on the day of sowing, the brahmin said, "To-day, O Gotama, is my plowing festival [4]. When this corn is ripe, I will give alms in plenty to the Order, with the Buddha at their head." The Master accepted his offer, and went away. On another day he came, and saw the brahmin watching the corn. "What are you doing, brahmin?" asked he. "Watching the corn, O Gotama!" "Very good, brahmin," said the Master, and away he went. Then the brahmin thought, "How often Gotama the ascetic comes this way! Without doubt he wants food. Well, food I will give him." On the day when this thought came into his mind, when he went home, there he found the Master come also. Thereat arose in the brahmin a wondrous great confidence.

By and bye, when ripe was the corn, the brahmin resolved, to-morrow he would reap the field. But while he lay in bed, in the upper reaches of the Aciravatī the rain poured in bucketsful: down came a flood, and carried the whole crop away to the sea, so that not one stalk was left. When the flood

subsided, and the Brahmin beheld the destruction of his crops, he had not the strength to stand: pressing his hand to his heart (for he was overcome with great sorrow) he went weeping home, and lay down lamenting. In the morning the Master saw this brahmin overwhelmed with his woe, and thought he, "I will be the brahmin's support." So next day, after his alms-round in Sāvatthi, on his return from receipt of food he sent the Brethren back to their monastery, and himself with the junior who attended him visited the man's house. [168] When the brahmin heard of his coming, he took heart, thinking—"My friend must be come for a kindly talk." He offered him a seat; the Master entering sat upon the seat indicated, and asked, "Why are you downhearted, brahmin? what has happened to displease you?" "O Gotama!" said the man, "from the time that I cut down the trees on the bank of the Aciravatī, you know what I have been doing. I have been going about, and promising gifts to you when that crop should be ripe: now a flood has carried off the whole crop, away to the sea, nothing is left at all! Grain has been destroyed to the amount of a hundred waggon-loads, and so I am deep in grief!"—"Why, will what is lost come back for grieving?"—"No, Gotama, that will it not."—"If that is so, why grieve? The wealth of beings in this world, or their corn, when they have it, they have it, and when it is gone, why, gone it is. No composite thing but is subject to destruction; do not brood over

it." Thus comforting him, the Master repeated the Kama [1] Scripture as appropriate to his case. At the conclusion of the Kama, the mourning brahmin was established in the Fruit of the First Path. The Master having eased him of his pain, arose from his seat, and returned to the monastery.

All the town heard how the Master had found such a brahmin pierced with the pangs of grief, had consoled him and established him in the Fruit of the First Path. The Brethren talked of it in the Hall of Truth: "Hear, Sirs! The Dasabala made friends with a brahmin, grew intimate, took his opportunity to declare the Law to him, when pierced with the pangs of grief, eased him of pain, established him in the Fruit of the First Path!" The Master came in, and asked, "What speak ye of, Brethren, as ye sit here together?" They told him. He replied, "This is not the first time, Brethren, I have cured his grief, but I did the same long, long ago:" and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta king of Benares had two sons. To the elder he gave the viceroyalty, the younger he made commander-in-chief. Afterwards when Brahmadatta was dead, the courtiers were for making the elder son king by the ceremonial sprinkling. But he said, "I care nought for a kingdom: let my younger brother have it." They begged and besought him, but he would none of it; and the younger was sprinkled to be king. The elder cared not for the viceroyalty, or any such thing; and when they begged him to remain, and feed on the fat of the land, "Nay," quoth he, "I have nothing to do in this city," [169] and he departed from Benares. To the frontier he went; and dwelt with a rich merchant's family, working with his own hands. These after a while, learning that he was a king's son, would not

allow him to work, but waited upon him as a prince should be attended.

Now after a time the king's officers came to that village, for taking a survey of the fields. Then the merchant came to the prince, and said,

"My lord, we support you; will you send a letter to your younger brother, and procure for us remission of taxes?" To this he agreed, and wrote as follows: "I am living with the family of such a merchant; I pray you remit their taxes for my sake." The king consented, and so did. Thereupon all the villagers, and the people of the country side, came to him, and said, "Get our taxes remitted, and we will pay taxes to you." For them too he sent his petition, and got the taxes remitted. After that the people paid their taxes to him. Then his receipts and honour were great; and with this greatness grew his covetousness also. So by degrees he asked for all the district, he asked for the office of viceroy, and the younger brother gave it all. Then as his greed kept growing, he was not content even with viceroyalty, and determined to seize the kingdom; to which end he set out with a host of people, and taking up a position outside the city, sent a letter to his younger brother—"Give me the kingdom, or fight for it."

The younger brother thought: "This fool refused once kingdom, and viceroyalty, and all; and now says he, I will take it by battle! If I slay him in battle, it will be my shame; what care I for being king?" So he sent a message, "I have no wish to fight: you may have the kingdom." The other accepted it, and made his younger brother viceroy.

Thenceforward he ruled the kingdom. But so greedy was he, that one kingdom could not content him, but he craved for two kingdoms, then for three, [170] and yet saw no end to his greed.

At that time Sakka, king of the Gods, looked abroad: "Who are they," thought he, "carefully tend their parents? who give alms and do good? who are in the power of greed?" He perceived that this man was subject to greed: "Yon fool," thought he, "is not satisfied with being king of Benares. Well, I will teach him a lesson." So in the guise of a young brahmin, he stood at the door of the palace, and sent in word, that at the door stood a clever young man. He was admitted, and wished victory to the king; then the king said, "Why have you come?" "Mighty King!" he answered, "I have a thing to say to you, but I desire privacy." By power of Sakka, at that very instant the people retired. Then said the young man, "O great king! I know three cities, prosperous, thronged with men, strong in troops and horses: of these by my own power I will obtain the lordship, and deliver it to you. But you must make no delaying, and go at once." The king being full of covetise gave his consent. (But by Sakka's power he was prevented from asking, "Who are you? whence come? and what are you to receive?") So much Sakka said, and then returned to the abode of the Thirty-three.

Then the king summoned his courtiers, and thus addressed them [1].

"A youth has been here, promising to capture and give me the lordship of three kingdoms! Go, look for him! Send the drum a-beating about the city, assemble the army, make no delay, for I am about to take three kingdoms!" "O great king!" they said, "did

you offer hospitality to the young man, or did you ask where he dwelt?" "No, no, I offered him no hospitality, I did not ask where he dwelt: go, and look for him!" They searched, but found him not; they informed the king, they could not in the whole city find the young man. On hearing this the king became gloomy. "The lordship over three cities is lost," he thought again and again: "I am shorn of great glory. Doubtless the young man went away angry with me, that I gave him no money for his expenses, nor a place to dwell in." [171] Then in his body, full of greed, a burning arose; as the body burnt, his bowels were moved to a bloody flux; as the food went in, so it came out; physicians could not cure him, the king was exhausted. His illness was bruited abroad all through the city.

At that time, the Bodhisatta had returned to his parents in Benares from Takkasilā, after mastering all branches of learning. He hearing the news about the king, proceeded to the palace door, with intent to cure him, and sent in a message, that a young man was there ready to cure the king. The king said, "Great and most renowned physicians, known far and near, are not able to cure me: what can a young lad do? Pay his expenses, and let him depart." The young man made answer, "I want no fee for my physic, but I will cure him; let him simply and solely pay me the price of my remedy." When the king heard this, he agreed, and admitted him. The young man saluted the king, "Fear nothing, O king!" said he; "I will cure you; do but tell me the origin of your disorder." The king answered in wrath, "What is that to you? make up your medicine." "O great king," quoth he, "it is the way of physicians, first to learn whence the disease arises, then to make a remedy to suit." "Well, well, my son," said the king, and proceeded to tell the origin of the disease, beginning where that young man had come, and made his

promise, that he would take and give to him the lordship over three cities. "Thus, my son, the disease arose from greed; now cure it if you can." "What, O king!" quoth he," can you capture those cities by grieving?"—"Why no, my son."—"Since that is so, why grieve, O great king? Every thing, animate or inanimate, must pass away, and leave all behind, even its own body. [172] Even should you obtain, rule over four cities, you could not at one time eat four plates of food, recline on four couches, wear four sets of robes. You ought not to be the slave of desire; for desire, when it increases, allows no release from the four states of suffering." Thus having admonished him, the Great Being declared the Law in the following stanzas:

"He that desires a thing, and then this his desire fulfilment blesses,

Sure a glad-hearted man is he, because his wish he now possesses. [1]

"He that desires a thing, and then this his desire fulfilment blesses,
Desires throng on him more and more, as thirst in time of heat oppresses.

"As in the hornéd kine, the horn with their growth larger grows:
So, in a foolish undiscerning man, that nothing knows,
While grows the man, the more and more grows thirst, and craving grows

"Give all the rice and corn on earth, slave-men, and kine, and horse,
’Tis not enough for one: this know, and keep a righteous course.

"A king that should subdue the whole world wide,
  The whole wide world up to the ocean bound,
With this side of the sea unsatisfied
  Would crave what might beyond the sea be found.

"Brood on desires within the heart—content will ne’er arise.
  Who turns from these, and the true cure descries,
  He is content, whom wisdom satisfies.

"Best to be full of wisdom: these no lust can set afire;
Never the man with wisdom filled is slave unto desire.

"Crush your desires, and little want, not greedy all to win:
He that is like the sea is not burnt by desire within,
But like a cobbler, cuts the shoe according to the skin.

[173]"For each desire that is let go a happiness is won:
He that all happiness would have, must with all lust have done."

[174] But as the Bodhisatta was repeating these stanzas, his mind being concentrated on the king's white sunshade, there arose in him the mystic rapture attained through white light [2]. The king on his part became whole and well; he arose in joy from his seat, and addressed him thus: "When all those physicians could not heal me, a wise youth has made me whole by the medicine of his wisdom!" And he then repeated the tenth stanza:

[175]

"Eight [3] verses have you uttered, worth a thousand pieces each:
Take, O great brahmin! take the sum, for sweet is this your speech."

At which the Great Being repeated the eleventh:

"For thousands, hundreds, million times a million [4], nought care I:
As the last verse I uttered, in my heart desire did die."

More and yet more delighted, the king recited the last stanza in praise of the Great Being:

"Wise and good is indeed this youth, all the lore of all worlds knowing:
All desire in very truth is mother of misery by his showing."

"Great king!"said the Bodhisatta, "be circumspect, and walk in righteousness." Thus admonishing the king, he passed through the air to Himalaya, and living the life of a recluse, while life

lasted, cultivated the Excellences, and became destined for the world of Brahma.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, in former days as now, I made this brahmin whole:" so saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time this brahmin was the king, and I was the wise young man."

Footnotes

104:1 See No. 228 (ii. p. 149 of this translation).

104:2 *I.e*. his capacity in the spiritual life.

104:3 Refer to the following passage in *Vedāntaparibhāshā:* "yathā taḍāgodakaṃ kulyātmanā *kedārān* praviçya tadvadeva catuṣkoṇādyākāraṃ bhavati." (For this note I am indebted to Prof. Cowell.) See also Sleeman, *Rambles &c.* ii. 178.

104:4 There was a great yearly ceremony of this kind, at which the King held the plough; see Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism,* p. 150.

105:1 *Kāmasuttaṁ:* in *Sutta-Nipāta,* IV. i. (p. 146). See first stanza below.

106:1 The quotation of the youth's words begins at *tīni.*

108:1 *Sutta-Nipāta,* IV. 1 (p. 146), verse 766.

108:2 This is one of the ten kinds of *Kasiṇa,* or ways in which the devotee may fall into the mystic trance. See Childers, *s.v.*

108:3 "Beginning with the second, those which explain the misery of desire are eight," quoth the Scholiast. The first stanza, it will be remembered, is a quotation from *Sutta-Nipāta,* and possibly may have been added later.

108:4 The number *nahutaṁ* is 1 followed by 28 ciphers.

No. 468.

JANASANDHA-JĀTAKA.

[176] *"Thus spake," etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, for the instruction of the King of Kosala.

At one time, they say the king, intoxicated with power, and devoted to the pleasures of sin, held no court of justice, and grew remiss in attending upon the Buddha. One day he remembered the Dasabala; thought he, "I must visit him." So after breaking his fast, he ascended his magnificent chariot, and proceeding to the monastery, greeted him and took a seat. "How is it, great King," asked the Bodhisatta, "that you have not showed yourself for so long?" "O, sir," replied the king, "I have been so busy, that there has been no opportunity of waiting upon you." "Great King," quoth he, "not meet is it to neglect such as I am, who can give admonition, Supreme Buddhas, dwelling too in a monastery in front. A king ought to rule vigilant in all kingly duties, to his subjects like mother or father, forsaking all evil courses, never omitting the ten virtues of a king. When a king is righteous, those who surround him are righteous also. No marvel were it, in truth, if under my instruction you were to rule in righteousness; but wise men of old, even when there was no teacher to instruct them, by their own understanding established in the threefold practice of well-doing, declared the Law to a great multitude of people, and with all their attendants went to swell the hosts of heaven." With these words, at his request, the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as son of his Queen Consort. They gave him the name of Prince Janasandha. Now when he came of age, and had returned from Takkasilā, where he had been educated in all accomplishments, the king gave a general pardon to all prisoners, and gave him the viceroyalty. Afterwards when his father died, he became king, and then he caused to be built six almonries: at the four gates of the city, in the

midst of it, and at the palace gate. There day by day he used to distribute six hundred thousand pieces of money, and stirred up all India with his almsgiving: the prison doors he opened for good and all, the places of execution he destroyed, all the world he protected with the four sorts of beneficence [1], [177] he kept the five virtues, observed the holy fast-day, and ruled in righteousness. From time to time he would gather together his subjects, and declare the Law to them: "Give alms, practise virtue, righteously follow your business and calling, educate yourselves in the days of your youth, gain wealth, do not behave like a village cheat or a dog, be not harsh nor cruel, do your duty in caring for mother and for father, in family life honour your elders." Thus he confirmed multitudes of people in good living.

Once on the holy day, fifteenth of the fortnight, having undertaken to keep the holy day, he thought to himself, "I will declare the Law to the multitudes, for the continual increase of good and blessing to them, and to make them vigilant in their life." Then he caused the drum to beat, and beginning with the women of his own household, gathered together all the people of the city. In the courtyard of his palace he sat, on a splendid

couch set apart, beneath a pavilion adorned with jewels, and declared the Law in these words: "O people of the city! to you I will declare the practices that will cause you suffering, and these which will not. Be vigilant, and hear with care and attention."

The Master opened his mouth, a precious jewel among mouths, full of truth, and with a voice sweet as honey explained this address of the king of Kosala:

"Thus spake King Janasandha: Ten things in truth there be,
Which if a man omit to do, he suffers presently.

"Not to have got nor gathered store in time, the heart torments;
To think he sought no wealth before he afterwards repents.

"How hard is life for men untaught! he thinks, repenting sore
That learning, which he now might use, he would not learn before.

"A slanderer once, dishonest once, a backbiter unkind,
Cruel, and harsh was I: good cause for sorrow now I find.

[178]"A slayer was I, merciless, and to no creature gave,
Contemptible: for this (quoth he) much sorrow now I have.

"When I had many wives (thinks he) to whom I owed their due,
I left them for another's wife; which now I dearly rue.

"When plenteous store of food and drink there was, he sorrows sore,
To think he never gave a gift in the old time before.

"He grieves to think that when he could, he would not care and tend
Mother and father, now grown old, their youth now at an end.

"To have slighted teacher, monitor, or father, who would try
To gratify his every wish, causes deep misery.

"To have treated brahmins with neglect, ascetics many a one
Holy, and learned, in the past, makes him repent anon.

"Sweet is austerity performed, a good man honoured well:
That he did no such thing before 'tis sad to have to tell.

"Who these ten things in wisdom brings to full accomplishment,
And to all men his duty does, will never need repent."

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[180] Thus twice in the month did the Great Being discourse in the same way to the multitude. And the multitude, established in his admonition, fulfilled these ten things, and became destined for heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, O great king, wise men of old, untaught and from their own intelligence, declared the Law, and established multitudes in the way to heaven." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time the Buddha's followers were the people, and I was myself King Janasandha."

Footnotes

110:1 Liberality, Affability, Impartiality, Good Rule.

110:2 Compare *Sutta-Nipāta,* 95, 124.

No. 469.

MAHĀ-KAṆHA-JĀTAKA.

"A black, black hound," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about living for the benefit of the world.

One day, they say, the Brethren as they sat in the Hall of Truth, were talking together. "Sirs," one would say, "the Master, ever practising friendship towards the multitudes of the people, has forsaken an agreeable abode, and lives just for the good of the world. He has attained supreme wisdom, yet of his own accord takes bowl and robe, and goes on a journey of eighteen leagues or more. For the Five Elders [1] he set a-rolling the Wheel of the Law; on the fifth day of the half-month he recited the Anattalakkhaṇa Scriptures, and bestowed sainthood upon them all; he went to Uruveḷa [2], and to the ascetics with matted hair he showed miracles three thousand and half a thousand, and persuaded them to join the Order; at Gayāsīsa [3] he recited the Discourse upon Fire, and bestowed sainthood upon a thousand of these ascetics;

to Mahākassapa [1], when he had gone forward three miles to meet him, after three discourses he gave the higher Orders; all alone, after the noon-day meal, he went a journey of forty-five leagues, and then established in the Fruit of the Third Path Pukkusa (a youth of very good birth); to meet Mahākappina [1] he went forward a space of two thousand leagues, and bestowed sainthood upon him; alone, in the afternoon he went a journey

of thirty leagues, and established in sainthood that cruel and harsh man Aṅgulimāla [2]; thirty leagues also he traversed, and established Ālavaka [3] in the Fruit of the First Path, and saved the prince; in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three he dwelt three months, and taught full comprehension of the Law to eight hundred millions of deities [4]; to Brahma's world he went, and destroyed the false doctrine of Baka Brahma [5], and bestowed sainthood on ten thousand Brahmas; every year he goes on pilgrimage in three districts, and to such men as are capable of receiving, he gives the Refuges, the Virtues, and the fruits of the different stages; [181] he even acts for the good of snakes and garuḷa birds and the like, in many ways." In such words they praised the goodness and worth of the Dasabala's life for the good of the world. The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there? They told him. "And no wonder, Brethren," said he. "I who now in my perfect wisdom would live for the world's good, even I in the past, in the days of passion, lived for the good of the world." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the days of the Supreme Buddha Kassapa, there reigned a king named Usīnara. It was a long time after the Supreme Buddha Kassapa had declared the Four Truths, and liberated multitudes of people from bondage, and had been translated to swell the number of those who dwell in Nirvana; and the religion had fallen into decay. The Brethren gained their livelihood in the twenty-one unlawful ways [6]; they associated with the Sisters, and sons and daughters were born to them; Brethren forsook the duties of the Brotherhood, and Sisters forsook the duties of Sisters, lay Brethren and Sisters the duties of such, brahmins did no longer the duties of a brahmin: men for

the most part followed the ten paths of evil-doing, and as they died thus filled the hosts of all states of suffering.

Then Sakka, observing that no new deities came into being, looked abroad upon the world; and then he perceived how men were born into states of suffering, and that the religion of the Buddha had decayed. "What shall I do, now?" he wondered. —"Ah, I have it!" thought he: "I will scare and terrify mankind; and when I see they are terrified,

I will console them, I will declare the Law, I will restore religion which has decayed, I will make it last for another thousand years!" With this resolve, he made the god Mātali [1] into the shape of a huge black hound, of pure breed, having four tusks as big as a plantain, horrible, with a hideous shape and a fat belly, as of a woman ready to be delivered of a child; him fastening with five-fold chain, [182] and putting on him a red wreath, he led by a cord. Himself he put on a pair of yellow garments, and bound his hair behind his head, and donned a red wreath; taking a huge bow, fitted with bowstring of the colour of coral, and twirling in his fingers a javelin tipt with adamant, he assumed the aspect of a forester, and descended at a spot one league away from the city. "The world is doomed to destruction, is doomed to destruction!" he called out thrice with a loud sound, so that he terrified the people; and when he reached the entering in of the city, he repeated the cry. The people on seeing the hound were frightened, and hasted into the city, and told the king what had happened. The king speedily caused the city gates to be closed. But Sakka overleapt the wall, eighteen cubits in height, and with his hound stood within the city. The people in terror ran away

into the houses, and made the doors fast. Big Blackie gave chase to every man he saw, and scared them, and finally entered into the king's palace. The people who in their fright had taken refuge in the courtyard, ran into the palace, and shut to the door. And as for the king, he with the ladies of his household went up on the terrace. Big Blackie raised his forefeet, and putting them in at the window roared a great roar The sound of his roaring reached from hell to the highest heaven: the whole universe was one great roar. The three great roars that were the loudest ever heard in India are these: the cry of king Puṇṇaka in the Puṇṇaka [2] Birth, the cry of the snake-king Sudassana in the Bhūridatta Birth [3], and this roar in the Mahā-Kaṇha Birth, or the story of Big Blackie [4]. The people were terrified and horrified, and not a man of them could say a word to Sakka.

The king plucked up heart, and approaching the window, cried out to Sakka—"Ho, huntsman! [183] why did your hound roar?" Quoth he, "The hound is hungry." "Well," said the king, "I will order some food to be given him." So he told them to give him his own food, and the food of all his household. The hound seemed to make but one mouthful of the whole, then roared again. Again the king put his question. "My hound is still hungry," was the reply. Then he had all the food of

his elephants and horses and so forth brought and given to him. This also he finished off all at once; and then the king had all the food in the city given him. He swallowed this in like manner, and roared again. Said the king, "This is no hound. Beyond all doubt he is a goblin. I will ask him wherefore he is come." So terrified with fear, he asked his question by repeating the first stanza:

"A black, black hound, with five cords bound, with fangs all white of hue,
Majestic, awful—mighty one! what makes he here with you?"

On hearing this, Sakka repeated the second stanza:

"Not to hunt game the Black Hound came, but he shall be of use
To punish men, Usīnara, when I shall let him loose."

Then said the king, "What, huntsman! will the hound devour the flesh of all men, [184] or of your enemies only?" "Only my enemies, great king." "And who are your enemies?" "Those, O king, who love unrighteousness, and walk wickedly." "Describe them to us," he asked. And the king of the gods described them in the stanzas:

"When the false Brethren, bowl in hand, in one robe clad, shall choose
Tonsured the plough to follow, then the Black Hound I will loose.

"When Sisters of the Order shall in single robe be found,
Tonsured, yet walking in the world, I will let loose the Hound.

"What time ascetics, usurers, protruding the upper lip,
Foul-toothed and filthy-haired shall be—the Black Hound I'll let slip.

"When brahmins, skilled in sacred books and holy rites, shall use
Their skill to sacrifice for pelf, the Black Hound shall go loose.

"Whoso his parents now grown old, their youth now come to an end,
Would not maintain, although he might [1], gainst him the Hound I'll send.

"Who to his parents now grown old, their youth now come to an end,
Cries, Fools are ye! gainst such as he the Black Hound I will send.

"When men go after others' wives, of teacher, or of friend,
Sister of father, uncle's wife, the Black Hound I will send.

"When shield on shoulder, sword in hand, full-armed as highway men
They take the road to kill and rob, I'll loose the Black Hound then.

"When widows' sons, with skin groomed white, in skill all useless found,
Strong-armed, shall quarrel and shall fight, then I will loose the Hound.

"When men with hearts of evil full, false and deceitful men,
Walk in and out the world about, I'll loose the Black Hound then."

[186] When he had thus spoken, "These," said he, "are my enemies, O king!" and he made as though he would let the hound leap forth and devour all those who did the deeds of enemies. But as all the multitude was terror-struck, he held in the hound by the leash, and seemed as

it were to fix him to the spot;. then putting off the disguise of a hunter, by his power he rose and poised himself in the air, all blazing as it appeared, and said: "O great king, I am Sakka king of the gods! Seeing that the world was about to be destroyed, I came hither. Now indeed men as they die are filling the states of suffering, because their deeds are evil, and heaven is become empty. From henceforth I will know how to deal with the wicked, but do you be vigilant." Then having in four stanzas well worth remembering declared the Law, and established the people in the virtues of liberality, he strengthened the waning power of religion so that it lasted for yet another thousand years, and then with Mātali returned to his own place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he added: "Thus, Brethren, in former times as now I have lived for the good of the world;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Mātali, and I was Sakka."

Footnotes

111:1 The five who accompanied Buddha when he began his life as an ascetic: Aññakoṇḍañña, Bhaddiya, Vappa, Assaji, Mahānāma. See Hardy, *Manual,* p. 165.

111:2 Hardy, p. 188. He there preached to the fire-worshippers.

111:3 Now Brahmāyoni, a mountain near Gayā. See Hardy, p. 191.

112:1 See J. P. T. S. 1888, p. 67.

112:2 Hardy, p. 249.

112:3 This was a tree-demon, who claimed sacrifice of one victim every day. The King's own son was to be eaten, when Buddha saved him. Hardy, p. 261.

112:4 Hardy, p. 298.

112:5 The beings who dwelt in the three worlds of Brahma were called *"brahma."* The story alluded to here is given in No. 405 (iii. 219 of this translation); Hardy, *Manual*, p. 336.

112:6 Cp. ii. p. 57 of this translation.

113:1 His charioteer.

113:2 No such title occurs in this collection.

113:3 No. 543 (vi. 157).

113:4 Four sounds are given as proverbial by Hardy, *Manual,* p. 263; two of which are the first and third of these.

114:1 Thus far the two verses occur in *Sutta-Nipāta,* 98 and 124.

No. 470.

KOSIYA-JĀTAKA.

The Kosiya Birth will be given under the Sudhābhojana Birth [1].

No. 471.

MEṆḌAKA-JĀTAKA.

The Problem of Meṇḍaka will be given under the Ummagga Birth [2].

Footnotes

115:1 No. 535, vol. v, p. 382 (Pali).

115:2 No. 546, vol. vi, p. 329 (Pali).

No. 472.

MAHĀ-PADUMA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[187] *"No king should," etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Ciñcamāṇavikā [2].

When the Dasabala first attained supreme wisdom, after disciples had multiplied, and innumerable gods and men had been born into heavenly states, and the seeds of goodness had been cast abroad, great honour was shown him, and great gifts given. The heretics were like fireflies after sunrise; no honours and no gifts had they; in the street they stood, and cried out to the people, "What, is the ascetic Gotama the Buddha? We are Buddhas also! Does that gift only bring great fruit, which is given to him? That which is given to us also has great fruit for you! Give to us also, work for us!" But cry as they would, no honour nor gifts they got. Then they came together in secret, and consulted: "How can we cast a stain upon Gotama the ascetic in the face of men, and put an end to his honour and his gifts?"

Now there was at that time in Sāvatthi a certain Sister, named Ciñcamānavikā; passing fair she was, full of all grace, a very sylph; rays of brilliancy shone forth from her body. Some one uttered a counsel of cruelty thus: "By the help of Ciñcamāṇavikā we will cast a stain upon the ascetic Gotama, and put an end to his honour and the gifts he receives." "Yes," they all agreed, "that is the way to do it."

She came to the monastery of the heretics, and greeted them, and stood still. The heretics said nothing to her. She said, "What blemish is there in me? Three times I have greeted you!" She said again, "Sirs, what blemish is in me? why do you not speak to me?" They replied, "Know you not, Sister, that Gotama the ascetic is going about and doing us harm, cutting off all the honour and liberality that was shown us?"—"I did not know it, Sirs; but what can I do?"—"If you wish us well, Sister by your own doing bring a stain upon the ascetic Gotama, and put an end to his honour and the gifts he receives." She replied, "Very good, Sirs, leave that to me; do not trouble about it." With these words she departed.

After that, she used all a woman's skill in deceit. When the people of Sāvatthi had heard the Law, and were coming away from Jetavana, she used to go towards Jetavana, clad in a robe dyed with cochineal, and with fragrant garlands in her hands. [188] When any one asked her, "Whither away at this hour?" she would reply "What have you to do with my goings and comings?" She spent the night in the heretics' monastery, which was close by Jetavana: and when early in the morning, the lay associates of the order came forth from the city to pay their morning salutation, she would meet them as though she had spent the night in Jetavana, going towards the city. If any one asked where she had stayed, she would answer, "What are my stayings and lodgings to you?" But after some six weeks, she replied, "I spent the night in Jetavana, with Gotama the ascetic, in one fragrant cell." Then the unconverted began to wonder, could this be true, or not. After three or four months, she bound bandages about her belly, and made it appear as though she were with child, and wrapt a red robe around her. Then she declared that she was with child by the ascetic Gotama, and made blind fools believe.

After eight or nine months, she fastened about her pieces of wood in a bundle, and over all her

red robe; hands, feet, and back she caused to be beaten with the jawbone of an ox, so as to produce swellings; and made as though all her senses were wearied. One evening, when the Tathāgata was sitting on the splendid seat of preaching, and was preaching the Law, she went among the congregation, and standing in front of the Tathāgata, said—"O great ascetic! You preach indeed to great multitudes; sweet is your voice, and soft is the lip that covers your teeth; but you have got me with child, and my time is near; yet you assign me no chamber for the childbirth, you give me no ghee nor oil; what you will not do yourself, you do not ask another of the lay associates to do, the king of Kosala, or Anāthapiṇḍika, or Visākhā the great lay Sister. Why do you not tell one of them to do what is to be done for me? You know how to take your pleasure, but you do not know how to care for that which shall be born!" So she reviled the Tathāgata in the midst of the congregation, as one might try to besmirch the moon's face with a handful of filth. The Tathāgata stopt his discourse, and crying like a lion in clarion tones, he said, "Sister, whether that which you have said be true or false, you know and I know only." "Yes, truly," said she, "this happened through something that you and I only know of."

Just at that moment, Sakka's throne became hot. Reflecting, he perceived the reason:"Ciñcamāṇavikā is accusing the Tathāgata of what is not true." Determined to clear up this matter, he came thither with four gods in his company. The gods took on them the shape of mice, [189] and all at once gnawed through the

cords that bound the bundle of wood: a wind-puff blew up the robe she wore, and the bundle of wood was disclosed and fell at her feet: the toes of both her feet were cut off [1]. The people cried out—"A witch is accusing the Supreme Buddha!" They spat on her head, and drove her forth from Jetavana with staves and clods in their hands. And as she passed beyond the range of the Tathāgata's vision, the great earth yawned and showed a huge cleft, flames came up from the lowest hell, and she, enveloped in it as it were with a garment [2] which her friends should wrap about her, fell to the lowest hell and there was born again. The honour and receipts of the other heretics ceased, those of the Dasabala grew more abundantly.

Next day they were conversing in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, Ciñcamāṇavikā falsely accused the Supreme Buddha, great in virtue, worthy of all gifts! and she came to dire destruction." The Master entered, and asked what they talked of, sitting there together. They told him. Said he, "Not now only, Brethren, has this woman falsely accused me, and come to dire destruction, but it was the same before." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time [3], when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen; and for that his all-blessed countenance was like to a lotus full-blown, Paduma-Kumāra they named him, which is to say, the Lotus Prince. When he grew

up he was educated in all arts and accomplishments. Then his mother departed this life; the king took another consort, and

appointed his son viceroy.

After this the king, being about to set forth to quell a rising on the frontier, said to his consort, "Do you, lady, stay here, while I go forth to quell the frontier insurrection." But she replied, "No, my lord, here I will not remain, but I will go with you." Then he showed her the danger which lay on the field of battle, adding to it this: "Stay then here without vexation until my return, and I will give charge to Prince Paduma, that he be careful in all that should be done for you, and then I will go." So thus he did, and departed.

When he had scattered his enemies, and pacified the country, he returned, and pitched his camp without the city. The Bodhisatta learning of his father's return, [190] adorned the city, and setting a watch over the royal palace, went forth alone to meet his father. The Queen observing the beauty of his appearance, became enamoured of him. In taking leave of her, the Bodhisatta said, "Can I do anything for you, mother?" "Mother, do you call me?" quoth she. She rose up and seized his hands, saying, "Lie on my couch!" "Why?" he asked. "Just until the king comes," she said, "let us both enjoy the bliss of love!" "Mother, my mother you are, and you have a husband living. Such a thing was never before heard of, that a woman, a matron, should break the moral law in the way of fleshly lust. How can I do such a deed of pollution with you?" Twice and thrice she besought him, and when he would not, said she, "Then you refuse to do as I ask?"—"Indeed I do refuse."—"Then I will speak to the king, and cause you to be beheaded." "Do as you will," answered the Great Being; and he left her ashamed. Then in great terror she thought: "If he tell the king first, there is no life for me! I must get speech of him first myself." Accordingly leaving her food

untouched she donned a soiled robe [1], and made nail-scratches upon her body; giving orders to her attendants, that what time the king should ask of the queen's whereabouts, he should be told she was ill, she lay down making a pretence of illness.

Now the king made solemn procession about the city right-wise, and went up into his dwelling. When he saw her not, he asked, "Where is the queen?" "She is ill," they said. He entered the state chamber, and asked her, "What is amiss with you, lady?" She made as though she heard nothing. Twice and yet thrice he asked, and then she answered, "O great king, why do you ask? Be silent: women that have a husband must be even as I am." "Who has annoyed you?" said he. [191] "Tell me quickly, and I will have him beheaded."—"Whom did you leave behind

you in this city, when you went away?"—"Prince Paduma." "And he," she went on, "came into my room, and I said, My son, do not so, I am your mother: but say what I would, he cried, None is king here but I, and I will take you to my dwelling, and enjoy your love; then he seized me by the hair of my head, and plucked it out again and again, and as I would not yield to his will, he wounded and beat me, and departed." The king made no investigation, but furious as a serpent, commanded his men, "Go and bind Prince Paduma, and bring him to me!" They went to his house, swarming as it were through the city, and bound him and beat him, bound his hands fast behind his back, put about his neck the garland of red flowers [1], making him a condemned criminal, and led him thither, beating him the while. It was clear to him that this was the queen's doing, and as he went along he cried out, "Ho fellows, I am not one that has offended against

the king! I am innocent." All the city was a-bubble with the news: "They say the king is going to execute Prince Paduma at the bidding of a woman!" They flocked together, they fell at the prince's feet, lamenting with a great noise, "You have not deserved this, my lord!"

At last they brought him before the king. At sight of him, the king could not restrain what was in his heart, and cried out, "This fellow is no king, but he plays the king finely! My son he is, yet he has insulted the queen. Away with him, down with him over the thieves' cliff, make an end of him!" But the prince said to his father, "No such crime lies at my door, father. Do not kill me on a woman's word." The king would not listen to him. Then all those of the royal seraglio, in number sixteen thousand, raised a great lamentation, saying, "Dear Paduma, mighty Prince, this dealing you have never deserved!" [192] And all the warrior chiefs and great magnates of the land, and all the attendant courtiers cried, "My lord! the prince is a man of goodness and virtuous life, observes the traditions of his race, heir to the kingdom! Do not slay him at a woman's word, without a hearing! A king's duty it is to act with all circumspection." So saying, they repeated seven stanzas:

"No king should punish an offence, and hear no pleas at all,
Not throughly sifting it himself in all points, great and small [2].

"The warrior chief who punishes a fault before he tries,
Is like a man born blind, who eats his food all bones and flies.

"Who punishes the guiltless, and lets go the guilty, knows
No more than one who blind upon a rugged highway goes.

"He who all this examines well, in things both great and small,

And so administers, deserves to be the head of all.

"He that would set himself on high must not all-gentle be
Nor all-severe: but both these things practise in company.

"Contempt the all-gentle wins, and he that's all-severe, has wrath:
So of the pair be well aware, and keep a middle path.

"Much can the angry man, O king, and much the knave can say:
And therefore for a woman's sake thy son thou must not slay."

[193] But for all they could say in many ways the courtiers could not win him to do their bidding. The Bodhisatta also, for all his beseeching, could not persuade him to listen: nay, the king said, blind fool—"Away! down with him over the thieves' cliff!" repeating the eighth stanza:

"One side the whole world stands, my queen on the other all alone;

Yet her I cleave to: cast him down the cliff, and get you gone!"

At these words, not one among the sixteen thousand women could remain unmoved, while all the populace stretched out their hands, and tore their hair, with lamentations. The king said, [194] "Let these but try to prevent the throwing of this fellow over the cliff!" and amidst his followers, though the crowd wailed around, he caused the prince to be seized, and cast down the precipice over heels head-first.

Then the deity that dwelt in the hill, by power of his own kindliness, comforted the prince, saying, "Fear not, Paduma!" and in both hands he caught him, pressed him to his heart, sent a divine thrill through him, set him in the abode of the serpents of the eight ranges [1], within the hood of the king of the serpents. The serpent king received the Bodhisatta into the abode of the

serpents, and gave him the half of his own glory and state. There for one year he dwelt. Then he said, "I would go back to the ways of men." "Whither?" they asked. "To Himalaya, where I will live a religious life." The serpent king gave his consent; taking him, he conveyed him to the place where men go to and fro, and gave him the requisites of the religious, and went back to his own place.

So he proceeded to Himalaya, and embraced the religious life, and cultivated the faculty of ecstatic bliss; there he abode, feeding upon fruits and roots of the woodland.

Now a certain wood-ranger, who dwelt in Benares, came to that place, and recognised the Great Being. "Are you not," he asked, "the great Prince Paduma, my lord?" "Yes, Sir," he replied. The other saluted him, and there for some days he remained. Then he returned to Benares, and said to the king; "Your son, my lord, has embraced the religious life in the region of Himalaya, and lives, in a hut of leaves. I have been staying with him, and thence I come." "Have you seen him with your

own eyes?" asked the king. "Yes, my lord." The king with a great host went thither, and on the outskirts of the forest he pitched his camp; then with his courtiers around him, went to salute the Great Being, who sat at the door of his hut of leaves, in all the glory of his golden form, and sat on one side; the courtiers also greeted him, and spoke pleasantly to him, and sat on one side. The Bodhisatta on his part invited the king to share his wild fruits, and talked pleasantly with him. Then said the king, "My son, [195] by me you were cast down a deep precipice, and how

is it you are yet alive?" Asking which, he repeated the ninth stanza:

"As into hell-mouth, you were cast over a beetling hill,
No succour—many palm-trees deep: how are you living still?"

These are the remaining stanzas, and of the five, taken alternately, three were spoken by the Bodhisatta, and two by the king.

"A Serpent mighty, full of force, born on that mountain land,
Caught me within his coils; and so here safe from death I stand."

"Lo! I will take you back, O prince, to my own home again:
And there—what is the wood to you?—with blessing you shall reign."

"As who a hook has swallowèd, and draws it forth all blood,
Drawn forth, is happy: so I see in me this bliss and good."

"Why speak you thus about a hook, why speak you thus of gore,
Why speak about the drawing out? come tell me, I implore."

"Lust is the hook: fine elephants and horse by blood I show;
These by renouncing I have drawn; this, chieftain, you must know."

[196] "Thus, O great king, to be king is nothing to me; but do you see to it, that you break not the Ten Royal Virtues, but forsake evildoing, and rule in righteousness." In those words the Great Being admonished the king. He with weeping and wailing departed, and on the way to his city he asked his courtiers: "On whose account was it that I made a breach with a son so virtuous?" they replied, "The queen's." Her the king caused to be seized, and cast headlong over the thieves' cliff, and entering his city ruled in righteousness.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, this woman maligned me in days of yore, and came to dire destruction;" and then identified the Birth by repeating the last stanza:

"Lady Ciñcā was my mother,
Devadatta was my father,
  I was then the Prince their son:
Sāriputta was the spirit,
And the good snake, I declare it,
  Was Ānanda. I have done."

Footnotes

116:1 The introductory story, with a brief abstract of the other, is given in *Dhammapada,* p. 238 ff.

116:2 Who falsely accused the Buddha of incontinence: Hardy, *Manual,* p. 275.

117:1 That this is the meaning is clear from the passive in the *Dhammapada* version, *chijjiṁsu,* p. 340.

117:2 The meaning of this phrase is doubtful: in vol. ii. pp. 28 and 120, it is rendered "royal woollen garment": it may mean "wedding-garment" given to the bride by the bridegroom's friends (Grierson's *Bihar Peasant Life,* § 1322).

117:3 This theme, which resembles the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, or Phaedra and Hippolytus, is common in various forms in India. One example is the *Legend of Puran Mal* (MS. written by Rām Gharīb Sharmā, Chāturvaidya, and collected

by Mr. W. Crooke). Another is the *Legend of Rup and Basant,* or *Sit and Basant* (MS.). In both of these the Queen falls in love with her step-son.

118:1 Reading, *lāmakavattham.*

119:1 This was the *vajjhamālā,* put on the head or neck of a criminal condemned to death. In the Toy Cart, Act x, one being led forth to execution wears a wreath of *Karavīra* flowers. The Pali has *Kaṇavera,* which is not known as a flower: this may be a corrupt form of the Sanskrit word.

119:2 These lines occur in *Dhammapada,* p. 341.

120:1 See Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāna,* ii. p. 123.

No. 473.

MITTĀMITTA-JĀTAKA.

"How should the wise," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about an upright courtier of the king of Kosala.

This man, they say, was most useful to the king, and then the king bestowed on him great honour. The other courtiers being unable to stomach him, accused him to the king of having done things to the king's hurt. The king made enquiry about him, and finding in him no fault, thought, "I see no fault in the man; how can I know whether he be my friend or foe?" Then he thought, "No one, save the Tathāgata, [197] will be able to decide this question; I will go and ask him." So after he had broken his fast he visited the Master, and said, "How can one tell, Sir, of any man, whether he be friend or foe?" Then the Master replied, "Wise men of old, O king, have pondered this problem, and have questioned the wise about it, and following their advice, have discovered the truth, and renouncing their enemies have paid attention to their friends." This said, at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was a courtier who advised him on things spiritual and things temporal. At that time, the rest slandered a certain courtier who was upright. The king seeing no fault in him, asked

the Great Being, "Now in what can one tell friend or foe?" repeating the first stanza:

"How should the wise and prudent strive, how may discernment know,

What deeds declare to eye or ear the man that is a foe?"

Then the Great Being repeated these five stanzas to explain the marks of an enemy:

"He smiles not when you see him, no welcome will he show,

He will not turn his eyes that way, and answers you with No. [1]

"Your enemies he honours, he cares not for your friends,
Those who would praise your worth, he stays, your slanderers commends.

"No secret tells he to you, your secret he betrays,
Speaks never well of what you do, your wisdom will not praise.

"He joys not at your welfare, but at your evil fame:
Should he receive some dainty, he thinks not of your name,
Nor pities you, nor cries aloud-O, had my friend the same!

"These are the sixteen tokens by which a foe you see
These if a wise man sees or hears he knows his enemy [2]."

[198] "How should the wise and prudent strive, what will discernment lend,
What deeds declare to eye and ear the man that is a friend?"

The other, thus questioned in these lines, recited the remaining stanzas:

"The absent he remembers; returned, he will rejoice:

Then in the height of his delight he greets you with his voice.

"Your foes he never honours, he loves to serve your friends,
Those who would slander you, he stays; who praise you, he commends.

"He tells his secrets to you, your secret ne’er betrays,
Speaks ever well of all you do, your wisdom loves to praise.

"He joys to hear your welfare, not in your evil fame:
Should he receive some dainty, he straight thinks on your name,
And pities you, and cries aloud-O had my friend the same!

"These are the sixteen tokens in friends established well,
Which if a wise man sees or hears he can a true friend tell."

[199] The king, delighted at the speech of the Great Being, gave him the highest honour.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Thus, great king, this question arose in days of yore, even as now, and wise men said their say; by these two-and-thirty signs may friend or foe be known." With those words, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the wise courtier."

Footnotes

122:1 This couplet has occurred already in vol. ii. p. 92, of the translation.

122:2 This also occurs above, vol. ii. p. 92, of this translation (two words differ).

BOOK XIII. TERASA-NIPĀTA.

No. 474.

AMBA-JĀTAKA.

[200] *"Young student, when," etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Devadatta. Devadatta repudiated his teacher, saying, "I will be Buddha myself, and Gotama the ascetic is no teacher or monitor of mine!" So, aroused from his mystic meditation, he made a breach in the Order. Then step by step he proceeded to Sāvatthi, and outside Jetavana, the earth yawned, and he went down into the hell Avīci.

Then they were all talking of it in the Hall of Truth:—"Brother, Devadatta deserted his Teacher, and came to dire destruction, being born to another life in the deep hell Avīci!" The Master, entering, asked what they spoke of, and they told him. Said he, —"Not now only, but in former days, as now, Devadatta deserted his teacher, and came to dire destruction." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, his chaplain's family was destroyed by malarial fever [1]. One son only broke through the wall [2] and escaped. He came to Takkasilā, and under a world-renowned teacher learnt all the arts and accomplishments. Then he bade his teacher farewell, and departed, with the intent to travel in different regions; and on his

travels he arrived at a frontier village. Near to this was a great village of low-caste Caṇḍālas. Then the Bodhisatta abode in this village, a learned sage. A charm he knew which could make fruit to be gathered out of due season. Early of a morning he would take his carrying pole, forth from that village he would go, until he reached a mango tree which grew in the forest; and standing seven foot off, he would recite that charm, [201] and throw a handful of water so as to strike on that tree. In a twinkling down fall the sere

leaves, sprout forth the new, flowers blow and flowers fall, the mango fruits swell out: but one moment—they are ripe, they are sweet and luscious, they grow like fruit divine, they drop from the tree! The Great Being chooses and eats such as he will, then fills the baskets hung from his pole, goes home and sells the fruit, and so finds a living for wife and child.

Now the young brahmin saw the Great Being offer ripe mangoes for sale out of season. "Without doubt," thought he, "it must be by virtue of some charm that these are grown. This man can teach me a charm which has no price." He watched to see the manner in which the Great Being procured his fruit, and found it out exactly. Then he went to the Great Being's house at the time when he was not yet returned from the forest, and making as though he knew nothing, asked the wise man's wife, "Where is the Teacher?" Quoth she, "Gone to the woods." He stood waiting until he saw him come, then went to him, and taking the pole and baskets from him, carried them into the house and there set them. The Great Being looked at him, and said to his wife, "Lady, this youth has come to get the charm; but no charm will stay

with him, for no good man is he." But the youth was thinking, "I will get the charm by being my teacher's servant;" and so from that time he did all that was to be done in the house: brought wood, pounded the rice, did the cooking, brought all that was needed for washing the face, washed the feet.

One day when the Great Being said to him, "My son, bring me a stool to support my feet," the youth, seeing no other way, kept the Great Teacher's feet on his own thigh all night. When at a later season the Great Being's wife brought forth a son, he did all the service that has to be done at a childbirth. The wife said one day to the Great Being: "Husband, this lad, well-born though he is, for the charm's sake performs menial service for us. Let him have the charm, whether it stays with him or no." To this he agreed. [202] He taught him the charm, and spoke after this fashion: "My son, ’tis a priceless charm; and you will get great gain and honour thereby. But when the king, or his great minister, shall ask you who was your teacher, do not conceal my name; for if you are ashamed that a low-caste man taught you the charm, and say your teacher was a great magnate of the brahmins, you will have no fruit of the charm." "Why should I hide your name?" quoth the lad. "Whenever I am asked, I shall say it is you." Then he saluted his teacher, and from the low-caste village he departed, pondering on the charm, and in due time came to Benares. There he sold mangoes, and gained much wealth.

Now on a day the keeper of the park presented to the king a mango which he had bought from him. The king, having eaten it, asked whence

he procured so fine a fruit. "My lord," was the answer, "there is a young man who brings mangoes out of season, and sells them: from him I procured it." "Tell him," says the king," from henceforth to bring the mangoes hither to me." This the man did; and from that time the young man took his mangoes to the king's household. The king, inviting him to enter his service, he became a servant of the king; and gaining great wealth, by degrees he grew into the king's confidence.

One day the king asked him, and said:—"Young man, where do you get these mangoes out of season, so sweet and fragrant and of fine colour? Does some serpent or garuḷa give them to you, or a god, or is this the power of magic?" "No one gives them to me, O mighty king!" replied the young man, "but I have a priceless charm, and this is the power of the charm." "Well, what do you say to showing me the power of the charm one of these days?" "By all means, my lord, and so I will," quoth he. Next day the king went with him into the park, and asked to be shown this charm. The young man was willing, and approaching a mango tree, stood at a distance of seven foot from it, and repeated the charm, throwing water against the tree. On the instant the mango tree had fruit in the manner above described: [203] a shower of mangoes fell, a very storm; the company showed great delight, waving their kerchiefs; the king ate of the fruit, and gave him a great reward, and said, "Young man, who taught you this charm so marvellous?" Now thought the young man, If I say a low-caste caṇḍāla taught me, I shall be put to shame, and they will flout at me; I know the charm by heart, and now I can never lose it; well, I will say it was a world-renowned teacher. So he lied, and said, "I learnt it at Takkasilā, from a teacher renowned the wide world over." As he said the words, denying

his teacher, that very instant the charm was gone. But the king, greatly pleased, returned with him into the city.

On another day the king desired mangoes to eat; and going into the park, and taking his seat upon a stone bench, which was used on state occasions, he bade the youth get him mangoes. The youth, willing enough, went up to a mango tree, and standing at a distance of seven foot from the tree, set about repeating the charm; but the charm would not come. Then he knew that he had lost it, and stood there ashamed. But the king thought, "Formerly this fellow gave me mangoes even in the midst of a crowd, and like a heavy shower the fruit rained down. Now there he stands like a stock: what can the reason be?" Which he enquired by repeating the first stanza:

"Young student, when I asked it you of late,
You brought me mango fruit both small and great:
  Now no fruit, brahmin, on the tree appears,
Though the same charm you still reiterate!"

When he heard this, the young man thought to himself, if he should say this day no fruit was to be had, the king would be wroth; wherefore he thought to deceive him with a lie, and repeated the second stanza:

"The hour and moment suit not: so wait I
Fit junction of the planets in the sky.
[204] The due conjunction and the moment come,
Then will I bring you mangoes plenteously."

"What is this?" the king wondered. "The fellow said nothing of planetary conjunctions before!" To resolve which questions, he repeated two stanzas:

"You said no word of times and seasons, nor
Of planetary junctions heretofore:
  But mangoes, fragrant, delicate in taste,
Of colour fine, you brought in plenteous store.

"Aforetime, brahmin, you produced so well
Fruit on the tree by muttering of your spell:
  To-day you cannot, mutter as you may.
What means this conduct, I would have you tell?"

Hearing this, the youth thought, "There is no deceiving the king with lies. If, when the truth is told, he punishes me, let him punish me: but the truth I will tell." Then he recited two stanzas:

"A low-caste man my teacher was, who taught
Duly and well the charm, and how it wrought:
  Saying, "If you are asked my name and birth,
Hide nothing, or the charm will come to nought."

"Asked by the Lord of Men, though well I knew,
Yet in deceit I said what was not true;
  "A brahmin's spells," I lying said; and now,
Charm lost, my folly bitterly I rue."

[205] This heard, the king thought within himself, "The sinful man to take no care of such a treasure! When one has a treasure so priceless, what has birth to do with it?" And in anger he repeated the following stanzas:

"Nimb, castor oil, or plassey tree [1], whatever be the tree
Where he who seeks finds honeycombs, ’tis best of trees, thinks he.

"Be it Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, he from whom a man learns right—
Sudda, Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa—seems chiefest in his sight [2]."

"Punish the worthless churl, or even slay,
Hence hale him by the throat without delay,
  Who having gained a treasure with great toil,
Throws it with overweening pride away!"

The king's men so did, saying, "Go back to your teacher, and win his forgiveness; then, if you can learn the charm once more, you may come hither again, but if not, never more may you set eyes on this country." Thus they banished him.

The man was all forlorn. "There is no refuge for me," he thought, "except my teacher. To him I will go, and win his pardon, and learn the charm again." So lamenting he went on his way to that village. [206] The Great Being perceived him coming, and pointed him out to his wife, saying, "See, lady, there comes that scoundrel again, with his charm lost and gone!" The man approached the Great Being, and greeted him, and sat on one side. "Why are you here?" asked the other. "O my teacher!" the man said, "I uttered a lie, and denied my teacher, and I am utterly ruined and undone!" Then he recited his transgression in a stanza, asking again for the charms:

"Oft he who thinks the level ground is lying at his foot,
Falls in a pool, pit, precipice, trips on a rotten root;
Another treads what seems a cord, a jet-black snake to find;
Another steps into the fire because his eyes are blind:
So I have sinned, and lost my spell; but you, O teacher wise,
Forgive! and let me once again find favour in your eyes!"

Then his teacher replied, "What say you, my son? Give but a sign to the blind, he goes me clear of pools and what not; but I told it to you once, and what do you want here now?" Then he repeated the following stanzas:

"To you in right due manner I did tell,
You in due manner rightly learnt the spell,
  Full willingly its nature I explained:
Ne'er had it left you, had you acted well.

[207] "Who with much toil, O fool! hath learnt a spell
Full hard for those who now in this world dwell,
  Then, foolish one! a living gained at last,
Throws all away, because he lies will tell,

"To such a fool, unwise, of lying fain,
Ungrateful, who can not himself restrain,—
  Spells, quotha! mighty spells we give not him:
Go hence away, and ask me not again!"

p. 129

Thus dismissed by his teacher, the man thought, "What is life to me?" and plunging into the woods, died forlorn.

The Master having made an end of this discourse, said, "Not now only, Brother, has Devadatta denied his teacher, and come to dire destruction;" and so saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the ungrateful man, Ānanda was the king, and I was the low caste man."

Footnotes

124:1 See No. 178, and note on p. 55 of vol. ii. of this translation.

124:2 See l.c. note 2.

127:1 Butea Frondosa. As Plassey was named from this tree, it is perhaps admissible as a name of the tree.

127:2 These are the names of six castes: Kshatriya, Brāhman, Vaiçya, Çūdra, the four castes familiar in Sanskrit books, together with two Caṇḍāla and Pukkaça, both mixed castes and much despised. More about these castes, and the Buddhist system as contrasted with the Brahminical, may be seen in R. Fick's *Sociale Gliederung im N.-Ö.* *Indien zu Buddha's Zeit,* Kiel, 1897. Fick denies that the Suddas were ever a real caste (p. 202). For *Caṇḍāla,* see p. 203; for *Pukkusa,* p. 206; both, in his opinion, non-Aryan subject races, serfs almost. The order of the list in our verse should be noticed. The Jātaka gives the Khattiyas, or Warriors, precedence over the Brahmins.

No. 475.

PHANDANA-JĀTAKA.

"O man, who stand," etc.—This story the Master told on the bank of the river Rohiṇī, about a family quarrel. The circumstances will be described at large under the Kuṇāla [1] Birth. On this occasion the Master addressed himself to the kinsmen, O king, and said:

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there stood without the city a village of carpenters. In it was a brahmin carpenter, who gained his livelihood by bringing wood from the forest, and making carts.

At that time there was a great plassey [2] tree in the region of Himalaya. [208] A black Lion used to go and lie at its root when a-hunting for food. One day a wind smote the tree, and a dry branch fell, and came down upon his shoulder. The blow gave him pain, and speedily in fear he uprose, and sprang away; then turning, he looked on the path he came by, and seeing nothing, thought, "There is no other lion or tiger, nor any in pursuit. Well, methinks, the deity of yon tree cannot away with my lying there. I will find out if so it be." So thinking, he grew angry out of season, and struck the tree, and cried—"Not a leaf on your tree I eat, not a branch I break; you can put up with other creatures abiding here, and you cannot put up with me! What is wrong with me? Wait

a few days, and I will tear you out root and branch, I will get you chopt up chipmeal!" Thus he upbraided the deity of the tree, and then away he went in search of a man.

At that time the brahmin carpenter aforesaid with two or three other men, had come in a waggon to that neighbourhood to get wood for his trade of cartwright. He left his waggon in a certain spot, and then adze and hatchet in hand went searching for trees. He happened to come near this plassey tree. The Lion seeing him went and stood under the tree, for, thought he, "to-day I must see the back of my enemy!" But the wright looking this way and that fled from the neighbourhood of the tree. "I will speak to him before he gets quite away," thought the Lion, and repeated the first stanza:

"O man, who stand with axe in hand, within this woodland haunt,
Come tell me true, I ask of you, what tree is it you want?"

"Lo, a miracle!" quoth the man, on hearing this address, "I swear, I never yet saw beast that could talk like a man. [209] Of course he will know what kinds of wood are good for the cartwright. I'll ask him." Thus thinking, he repeated the second stanza:

"Up hill, down dale, along the plain, a king you range the wood:
Come tell me true, I ask of you—what tree for wheels is good?"

The Lion listened, and said to himself, "Now I shall gain my heart's desire!" then he repeated the third stanza:

"Not sál, acacia, not mare's-ear [1], much less a shrub [2] is good;
There is a tree they call plassey, and there's your best wheel-wood."

The man was pleased to hear this, and thought, "A happy day it was brought me into the woodland. Here's a creature in the shape of a beast to tell me what wood is good for the wheelwright! Hey, but that's fine!" So he questioned the Lion in the fourth stanza:

"What is the fashion of the leaves, what sort the trunk to see,
Come tell me true, I ask of you, that I may know that tree?"

In reply the Lion repeated two stanzas:

"This is the tree whose branch you see droop, bend, but never break;
This is the plassey, on whose roots my standing-place I take.

"For spoke or felloe, pole of car, or wheel, or any part,
This plassey tree will do for thee in making of a cart."

After this declaration, the Lion moved aside, joy in his heart. The wright began to fell the tree. Then the tree-deity thought, "I never dropt anything on that beast; he fell in a rage out of season, and now he

is for destroying my home, and I too shall be destroyed. [210] I must find some way of destroying his majesty." So assuming the shape of a woodman, he came up to the wright, and said to him, "Ho man! a fine tree you have there! what will you do with it when it is down?"—"Make a cart wheel."—"What! has any one told you that tree is good for a cart?" "Yes, a black Lion."—"Very good, well said black Lion. You can make a fine cart out of that tree, says he. But I tell you that if you flay off the skin from a black lion's neck, and put it around the outer edge of the wheel, like a sheath of iron, just a strip four fingers wide, the wheel will

be very strong, and you will gain a great deal by it."—"But where can I get the skin of a black lion?"—"How stupid you are! The tree stands fast in the forest, and won't run away. You go and find the lion who told you about this tree, and ask him in what part of the tree you are to cut, and bring him here. Then while he suspects nothing, and points out this place or that, wait till he sticks his jaw out, and smite him as he speaks with your sharpest axe, kill him, take the skin, eat the best of the flesh, and fell the tree at your leisure." Thus he indulged his wrath.

To explain this matter, the Master repeated the following stanzas:

"Thus did at once the plassey tree his will and wish make clear:

"I too a message have to tell: O Bhāradvāja, hear!

"'From shoulder of the king of beasts cut off four inches wide,
And put it round the wheel, for so more strong it will abide."

"So in a trice the plassey tree, indulging in his ire,
On lions born and those unborn brought down destruction dire."

The cartwright hearing the tree-deity's directions, cried out, "Ah, this is a lucky day for me!" He killed the Lion, cut down the tree, and away he went.

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[211] The Master explained the matter by reciting:

"Thus plassey tree contends with beast [1], and beast with tree contends,

So each with mutual dispute to death the other sends.

"So among men, where'er a feud or quarrel doth arise,
They, as the beast and tree did now, cut capers peacock-wise [2].

"This tell I you, that well is you what time ye are at one:
Be of one mind, and quarrel not, as beast and tree have done.

"Learn peace with all men; this the wise all praise; and who is fain
Of peace and righteousness, he sure will final peace attain."

When they heard the discourse of the king, they were reconciled.

The Master, having brought this discourse to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time, I was the deity who lived in that wood, and saw the whole business."

Footnotes

129:1 No. 536.

129:2 The *phandana* (स्यन्दन) is a tree of the same kind as the *palāṣa,* "butea frondosa."

130:1 Vatica Robusta: so called from the shape of its leaves.

130:2 *dhavo:* Grislea Tomentosa.

131:1 The word is *īso,* "lord," i.e. lion, king of beasts. So above.

131:2 The scholiast explains that men expose themselves in a quarrel, as peacocks expose their privy parts. This is perhaps an allusion to No. 32.

No. 476.

JAVANA-HAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"Come, Goose," etc.—This story the Master told at Jetavana about the Daḷḥadhamma Suttanta or the Parable of the Strong Men. The Blessed One said: "Suppose, Brethren, four archers to stand at the four points of the compass, strong men, well trained and of great skill, perfect in archery and then let a man come and say, "If these four archers, strong, well trained, and of great skill, perfect in archery [212] shoot forth arrows from four points, I will catch those arrows as they are shot, and before they touch the ground": would you not agree, sure enough, that he must be a very swift man and the perfection of swiftness? Well, Brethren, great as the swiftness of such a man might be, great as the swiftness of sun and moon, there is something swifter: great, I say, Brethren, as the swiftness of such a man might be, great as the swiftness of the sun and moon, and though the gods outfly sun or moon in swiftness, there is something swifter than the gods: great, Brethren, as the swiftness of that man (and so forth), yet more swiftly than the gods can go, the elements which make up life do decay. Therefore, Brethren, this ye must learn, to be careful; verily I say unto you, this ye must learn." Two days after this teaching, they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth: "Brethren, the Master in his own peculiar province as Buddha, illustrating the nature of what makes up life, showed it to be transient and weak, and smote with extreme terror Brethren and unconverted alike. Oh, the might of a Buddha!" The Master entering asked what they talked of. They told him; and he said, "It is no marvel, Brethren, if I in my omniscience alarm the Brethren by my teaching, and show how transient are life's

elements. Even I, when without natural cause [1] I was conceived by a Goose, showed forth the transient nature of the elements of life, and by my teaching alarmed the whole court of a king, together with the king of Benares himself." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Great Being was born as a swift Goose, which lived in Mount Cittakūṭa in a

flock of ninety thousand other such Geese. One day, having along with his flock eaten the wild rice that grew in a certain pool in the plains of India, he flew through the air (and it was as though a golden mat were spread from end to end of the city of Benares), and he flew slowly as in sport to Cittakūṭa. Now the king of Benares saw him; and said to his courtiers, "Yon bird must be a king, as I am." He took a fancy to the bird, and taking with him garlands, perfumes and unguents, went looking for the Great Being; and with him he caused to go all manner of musick. When the Great Being saw him doing honour in this way, he asked the other Geese, [213] "When a king would do such honour to me, what does he want?" "He wants to make friends with you, my lord." "Well, let me be friends with the king," quoth he; and he made friends with the king, and then returned.

One day after this, when the king was in his park, and went to Lake Anotatta, the bird flew to the king, having water on one wing and powder of sandalwood on the other; with the water he sprinkled the king, and cast the powder upon him, then while the company looked on, away he flew with his flock to Cittakūṭa.

From that time the king used to long for the Great Being; he would linger, watching the way by which he came, and thinking —"To-day my comrade will come."

Now the two youngest Geese belonging to the flock of the Great Being, made up their minds to fly a race with the sun; so they asked leave of the Great Being, to try a race with the sun. "My lads," quoth he, "the sun's speed is swift, and you will never be able to race with him. You will perish in the course, so do not go." A second time they asked, and a third time; but the Bodhisatta withstood them up to the third time of asking. But they stood to it, not knowing their own strength, and were resolved without telling the king to fly with the sun. So before sunrise they had taken their places on the peak of the Mount Yugandhara [1]. The Great Being missed them, and asked whither they had gone. When he heard what had happened, he thought, "They will never be able to fly with the sun, but will perish in the course. I will save their lives." So he too went to the peak of Yugandhara, and sat beside them. When the sun's round showed over the horizon, the young Geese rose, and darted forward along with the sun; the Great Being flew forward with them. The youngest flew on into the forenoon, then grew faint; in the joints of his wings he felt as if a fire had been kindled. Then he made a signal to the Great Being: "Brother, I can't do it!" "Fear not," said the Great Being, "I will save you;" and taking him on his outspread wings, he soothed him, and conveyed him to Mount Cittakūṭa, and placed him in the midst of the Geese. Then he flew off, and catching up the sun, went

on side by side with the other. Until near midday [214] the other flew with the sun, and then he grew faint and felt as though a fire had been kindled in the joints of his wings. Making a sign to the Great Being, he cried, "Brother, I cannot do it!" Him too the Great Being comforted in the same way, and taking him on his outspread wings, bore him to Cittakūṭa. At that moment the sun was plumb overhead. The Great Being thought, "To-day I will test the sun's strength;" and darting back with one swoop, he perched on Yugandhara. Then rising with one swoop he overtook the sun, and flying now in front, now behind, thought to himself, "For me to fly with the sun is profitless, born of mere folly: what is he to me? Away I will to Benares, and there tell my comrade the king a message of righteousness and truth." Then turning, ere yet the sun had moved from the middle of the sky, he traversed the whole world from end to end; then slackening speed, traversed from end to end the whole of India, and came at last to Benares. The whole city, twelve leagues in compass, was as it were under the bird's shadow [1], there was not a crack or crevice; then as by degrees the speed slackened, holes and crevices appeared in the sky. The Great Being went slower, and came down from the air, and alighted in front of a window. "My comrade is come!" cried the king in great joy; and getting a golden seat for the bird to perch on, said, "Come in, friend, and sit here," and recited the first stanza:

"Come, noble Goose, come sit you here; dear is your sight to me;
Now you are master of the place; choose anything you see."

The Great Being perched on the golden seat. The king anointed him under the wings with unguents a hundred times refined, nay, a thousand times, gave him sweet rice and sugared water in a golden dish, and talked with him in a voice of honey—[215]

"Good friend, you have come alone; whence come you now?" The bird told him the whole matter at large. Then the king said to him: "Friend, show me too your swiftness against the sun."—"O mighty king, that swiftness cannot be shown."—"Then show me something like it." "Very good, O king, I will show you something like it. Summon your archers who can shoot swift as lightning." The king sent for them. The Great Being chose four of these, and with them went down from the palace into the courtyard. There he caused to be set up in the ground a stone column, and about his own neck a bell to be bound. He then perched on the top of the stone pillar, and placing the four archers looking away from the pillar towards the four points, said, "O king, let these four men shoot four arrows at the same moment in four

different directions, and I will catch these arrows before they touch the ground, and lay them at the men's feet. You will know when I am gone for the arrows by the tinkling of this bell, but I shall not be seen." Then all at one moment the men shot the four arrows; he caught them and laid them at the men's feet, and was seen to be sitting upon the pillar. "Did you see my speed, O king?" he asked; then went on "that speed, O great king, is not my swiftest nor my middle speed, ’tis my slowest of the slow: and this will show you how swift I am." Then the king asked him, "Well, friend, is there any speed swifter than yours?" "There is, my friend. Swifter than my swiftest a hundredfold, a thousandfold, nay a hundred thousandfold, is the decay of the elements of life in living beings: so they crumble away, so they are destroyed." Thus he made clear, how the world of form crumbles away, being destroyed moment by moment. The king

hearing this was in fear of death, could not keep his senses, but fell in a faint. The multitude were in despair, they sprinkled the king's face with water, and brought him round. Then the Great Being said to him, "O great king, fear not; [216] but remember death. Walk in righteousness, give alms and do good, be careful." Then the king answered and said, "My lord, without a wise teacher like you I cannot live, do not return [1] to mount Cittakūṭa, but stay here, instruct me, be my teacher to teach me!" and he put this request in two stanzas:

"By hearing of the loved one love is fed,
By sight the craving for the lost falls dead:
  Since sight and hearing makes men lief and dear,
With sight of you let me be favouréd.

"Dear is your voice, and dearer far your presence when I see:
Then since I love the sight of you, O Goose, come dwell with me!"

The Bodhisatta said:

"Ever would I dwell with thee, in the honour thus conferred;
But thou mightst say in wine one day—"Broil me that royal Bird!"

[217] "No," said the king, "then I will never touch wine or strong drink," and he made this promise in the following stanza:

"Accursed be both food and drink I should love more than thee;
And I will taste no drop nor sup while thou shalt stay with me!"

After this the Bodhisatta recited six stanzas:

"The cry of jackals or of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O king, is darker far than these!

"A man may think, "this is my friend, my comrade, of my kin,"
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin [2].

"Who has your heart, is near to you, with you, where er he be;
But who dwells with you, and your heart estranged, afar is he.

"Who in your house of kindly heart shall be
Is kindly still though far across the sea:
Who in your house shall hostile be of heart,
Hostile he is though ocean-wide apart.

"Thy foes, O lord of chariots! though near thee, are afar:
But, fosterer of thy realm! the good in heart close linkèd are.

"Who stay too long, find oftentimes that friend is changed to foe;
Then ere I lose your friendship, I will take my leave, and go."

[218] Then the king said to him:

"Though I with folded hands beseech, you will not give me ear;
You spare no word for us, to whom your service would be dear
I crave one favour: come again and pay a visit here."

Then the Bodhisatta said:

"If nothing comes to snap our life, O king! if you and I
Still live, O fosterer of thy folk! perhaps I'll hither fly,
And we may see each other yet, as days and nights go by."

With this address to the king, the Great Being departed to Cittakūṭa.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Thus, Brethren, long ago, even when I was born as one of the animals, I showed the frailty of all life's elements, and declared the Truth."

So saying, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Moggallāna was the youngest bird, Sāriputta was the second, the Buddha's followers were all Geese of the flock, and I myself was the swift Goose."

Footnotes

132:1 A mode of coming into existence all of a sudden, without the natural processes.

133:1 One of the seven great ranges that surround Mount Meru.

134:1 The meaning is, the bird circled so fast over it as to give the appearance of a canopy. So on p. 133 of the "golden mat."

135:1 Reading *agantvā* in line 4.

135:2 These two couplets occur again in No. 478 (p. 141).

No. 477.

CULLA-NĀRADA-JĀTAKA.

[219] *"No wood is chopt," etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the allurements of a coarse girl.

There was then, we learn, a girl of about sixteen, daughter of a citizen of Sāvatthi, such as might bring good luck to a man, yet no man chose her. So her mother thought to herself: "This my daughter is of full age, yet no one chooses her. I will use her as a bait for a fish, and make one of those Sākiya ascetics come back to the world, and live upon him." At the time there was a young man of good birth living in Sāvatthi, who had given his heart to religion and joined the Brotherhood. But from the time when he had received full Orders he had lost all desire for learning, and lived devoted to the adornment of his

p. 137

person. The lay Sister used to prepare in her house rice gruel, and other food hard or soft, and standing at the door, as the Brethren walked along the streets, looked out for some one who could be tempted by the craving for delicacies. Streaming by went a crowd of men who kept the Tepiṭaka, Abhidhaṃma, and Vinaya; but among them she saw none ready to rise to her bait. Among the figures with bowl and robe, preachers of the Truth with honey-sweet voice, moving like fleecy scud before the wind, she saw not one. But at last she perceived a man approaching, the outer corners of his eyes anointed, hair hanging down, wearing an under-robe of fine cloth, and an outer robe shaken

and cleansed, bearing a bowl coloured like some precious gem, and a sunshade after his own heart, a man who let his senses have their own way, his body much bronzed. "Here is a man I can catch!" thought she; and greeting him, she took his bowl, and invited him into the house. She found him a seat, and provided rice gruel and all the rest; then after the meal, begged him to make that house his resort in future. So he used to visit the house after that, and in course of time became intimate.

One day, the lay Sister said in his hearing, "In this household we are happy enough, only I have no son or son-in-law capable of keeping it up." The man heard it, and wondering what reason she could have for so saying, in a little while was as it were pierced to the heart. She said to her daughter, "Tempt this man, and get him into your power." So the girl after that time decked herself and adorned herself, and tempted him with all women's tricks and wiles. [220] (You must understand that a "coarse" girl does not mean one whose body is fat, but be she fat or be she thin, by power of the five sensual passions she is called "coarse.") Then the man, being young and under the power of passion, thought in his heart, "I cannot now hold to the Buddha's religion" ; and he went to the monastery, and laying down bowl and robe, said to his spiritual teachers, "I am discontented." Then they conducted him to the Master, and said, "Sir, this Brother is discontented." "Is this true which they say," asked he, "that you are discontented, Brother?" "Yes, Sir, true it is." "Then what made you so?" "A coarse girl, Sir." "Brother," said he, "long, long ago, when you were living in the forest, this same girl was a hindrance to your holiness, and did you great harm; then why are you again discontented on her account?" Then at the request of the Brethren he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family of great wealth, and after his education was finished managed the estate. Then his wife brought forth a son, and died. He thought, "As in my beloved wife, so in me death shall not be ashamed [1]; what is a home to me? I will become an ascetic." So forsaking his lusts, he went with his son to Himalaya; and there with him entered upon the ascetic life, developed the mystic Trance and transcendent Knowledge, and dwelt in the woods, supporting life on fruits and roots.

At that time the borderers raided the countryside; and having assailed a town, and taken prisoners, laden with spoil they returned to the border. Amongst them was a maiden, beautiful, but endowed with all a hypocrite's cunning. This girl thought to herself, "These men, when they have carried us off home, will use us as slaves; I must find some

way to escape." So she said, "My lord, I wish to retire; let me go and stay away for a moment." Thus she deceived the robbers, and fled.

Now the Bodhisatta had gone out to fetch fruits and the like [1], leaving his son in the hut. While he was away, this girl, as she wandered about in the forest, came to the hut, in the morning; [221] and tempting the son of the ascetic with desire of love, destroyed his virtue, and got him under her power. She said to him, "Why dwell here in the forest? Come, let us go to a village and make a home for ourselves. There it is easy to enjoy all the pleasures and passions of sense." He consented, and said, "My father is now out in the woods looking for wild fruits. When we

have seen him, we will both go away together." Then the girl thought, "This young innocent knows nothing; but his father must have become an ascetic in his old age. When he comes in, he will want to know what I do here, and beat me, and drag me out by the feet, and throw me into the forest. I will get clear away before he comes." So she said to the lad, "I will go first, and you may follow" ; then pointing out the landmarks, she departed. After she had gone, the lad became sorrowful, and did none of his duties as he was used; but wrapt himself up head and all, and lay down within the hut, fretting.

When the Great Being came in with his wild fruits, he observed the girl's footmark. "That is a woman's footprint," thought he; "my son's virtue must have been lost." Then he entered the hut, and laid down the wild fruit, and put the question to his son by repeating the first stanza:

"No wood is chopt, and you have brought no water from the pool,
No fire is kindled: why do you lie mooning like a fool?"

Hearing his father's voice, the lad rose, and greeted him; and with all respect made known that he could not endure a forest life, repeating a couple of stanzas:

"I cannot live in forests: this, O Kassapa, I swear;
Hard is the woodland life, and back to men [2] I would repair.

"Teach me, O brahmin, when I leave, that wheresoe'er I go,
The customs of the countryside I may most fully know."

[222] "Very good, my son," said the Great Being, "I will tell you the customs of the country." And he repeated this couple of stanzas:

"If ’tis your mind to leave behind the woodland fruits and roots
And dwell in cities, hear me teach the way which that life suits:

"Keep clear of every precipice, from poison keep afar,
Sit never in the mud, and walk with care where serpents are."

The ascetic's son, not understanding this pithy counsel, asked:

"What has your precipice to do with the religious way,
Your mud, your poison, and your snake? Come tell me this, I pray."

The other explained—

"There is a liquor in the world, my son, that men call wine,
Fragrant, delicious, honey-sweet, and cheap, of flavour fine:
This, Nārada, for holy men is poison, say the wise.

"And women in the world can set fools' wits a whirling round,
They catch young hearts, as hurricanes catch cotton from the ground:
The precipice I mean is this before the good man lies.

"High honours shown by other men, respect and fame and gain,
This is the mud, O Nārada, which holy men may stain.

"Great monarchs with their retinue have in that world dwelling,
And they are great, O Nārada, and each a mighty king:

[223] "Before the feet of sovereign lords and monarchs walk not thou,
For, Nārada, these are the snakes of whom I spake just now.

"The house thou comest to for food, when men sit down to meat,
If thou see good within that house, there take thy fill, and eat.

"When by another entertained with food or drink, this do:
Eat not too much, nor drink too much, and fleshly lusts eschew.

"From gossip, drink, lewd company, and shops of goldsmith's ware,
Keep thou afar as those who by the uneven pathway fare."

As his father went on talking and talking, the lad came to his senses, and said, "Enough of the world for me, dear father!" [224] Then his father instructed him how to develop kindliness and other good feelings. The son followed his father's instruction, and ere long caused the ecstasy of mystic meditation to spring up within him. And both of them, father and son, without a break in the trance, were born again in the world of Brahma.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time this coarse girl was the young woman, the discontented Brother was the ascetic's son, and I was the father."

Footnotes

137:1 I.e. it shall master me too one day.

138:1 Cf. No. 435, Vol. iii.

138:2 Literally "the Kingdom."

No. 478.

DŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"O plunged in thought," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about praise of his own wisdom. In the Hall of Truth they were gossiping: "See, Brothers, the Dasabala's skill in resource! He showed that young

gentleman Nanda [1] the host of nymphs, and gave him sainthood; he gave a cloth to his little foot-page [2], and bestowed sainthood on him along with the four branches of mystic science [3]; to the blacksmith he showed a lotus, and gave him sainthood; with what diverse expedients he instructs living beings!" The Master entering asked what they sat talking of; they told him. Said he, "It is not the first time that the Tathāgata has been skilled in resource, and clever to know what will have the desired effect; clever he was before." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the country was without gold; for the king oppressed the country and so got treasure. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of a certain village in Kāsi. When he came of age, he went to Takkasilā, saying, "I will get money to pay my teacher afterwards, by soliciting alms honourably." He acquired learning, and when his education was done, he said, "I will use all diligence, my teacher, to bring you the money due for your teaching." Then taking leave of him, he departed, and traversing the land sought alms. When he had honourably and fairly got a

few ounces [4] of gold, he set out to hand them over to his teacher; and on the way went aboard a boat in order to cross the Ganges. As the boat swayed to and fro on the water, the gold fell in. Then he thought, "This is a country hard to get gold in; [225] if I go seeking again for money to pay my teacher withal, there will be long delay. What if I sit fasting on the bank of the Ganges? The king will by and bye come to learn of my sitting here, and he will send some of his courtiers, but I will have nothing to say to them. Then the king himself will come, and by that means I shall get my teacher's fee from him." So he wrapt about him his upper robe, and putting outside the sacrificial thread, sat on the bank of the Ganges, like a statue of gold upon the silver sand. The passing crowds, seeing him sit there and take no food, asked him why he sat. But he had never a word for one of them. Next day the villagers of the suburb got wind of his sitting there, and they too came and asked, but he told them no more; the villagers seeing his exhausted condition went away lamenting. On the third day came people from the city, on the fourth came the city grandees, on the fifth those about the king, on the sixth day the king sent his ministers; but to none of them would the man speak.

On the seventh day the king in alarm came to the man, and asked an explanation, reciting the first stanza:

"O plunged in thought on Ganges' bank, why spoke you not again
In answer to my messages? Will you conceal your pain?"

When this he heard, the Great Being replied, "O great king! the sorrow must be told to him that is able to take it away, and to no other:" and he repeated seven stanzas:

"O fostering lord of Kāsi land! if sorrow be your lot,

Tell not that sorrow to a soul if he can help it not.

"But whosoever can relieve one part of it by right,
To him let all his wish declare each sorrow-stricken wight.

"The cry of jackals or of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O King, is darker far than these. [1]

[226] "A man may think, "This is my friend, my comrade, of my kin":
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin! [1]

"He who not being asked and asked again
Out of due season will declare his pain,
  Surely displeases those who are his friends,
And they who wish him well lament amain.

"Knowing fit time for speaking how to find,
Knowing a wise man of a kindred mind,
  The wise to such a one his woe declares,
In gentle words with meaning hid behind.

"But should he see that nothing can amend
His hardships, and that telling them will tend
  To no good issue, let the wise alone
Endure, reserved and shamefast to the end."

[227] Thus did the Great Being discourse in these seven stanzas to teach the king; and then repeated four others to show his search for money to pay the teacher withal:

"O King! whole kingdoms I have scoured, the cities of each king,

Each town or village, craving alms, my teacher's fee to bring.

"Householder, courtier, man of wealth, brahmin—at every door
Seeking, a little gold I gained, an ounce or two, no more.
Now that is lost, O mighty king! and so I grieve full sore.

"No power had your messengers to free me from my pain:—
I weigh'd them well, O mighty king! so I did not explain.

"But thou hast power, O mighty king! to free me from my pain,
For I have weighed your merit well; to you I do explain."

When the king read his utterance, he replied, "Trouble not, brahmin, for I will give you your teacher's fee;" and he restored him two-fold.

To make this clear the Master repeated the last stanza:

"The fostering lord of Kāsi land did to this man restore
(In fullest trust) of gold refined twice what he had before."

When the Great Being had thus delivered himself, he proceeded to pay his teacher's fee; and the king in like manner abode by his advice, giving alms and doing good, and ruled in righteousness. So did they both finally pass away according to their deeds.

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[228] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "So, Brethren, it is not now only that the Tathāgata is fertile in resource, but he was always the same." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta the teacher, and I was the young man."

Footnotes

140:1 Buddha's half-brother. For the allusion see No. 182, Saṃgāvācara Jātaka, and Hardy, *Manual,* p. 204; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* 269 ff.

140:2 Reading *cullupaṭṭhākassa.*

140:3 Of *attha-, dhamma-, nirutti-, paṭibhāna-.* For explanation of these obscure terms the reader is referred to Childers, p. 366; and Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* Index s. v. "Analytical Sciences."

140:4 "Seven *nikkha's.*" *Nikkho* is a variable weight, equal to 250 *phalas,* which we may call grains.

141:1 These two couplets occur above in No. 476 (p. 135).

No. 479.

KĀLIṄGA-BODHI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"King Kāliṅga," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about worship of the bo-tree performed by Elder Ānanda.

When the Tathāgata had set forth on pilgrimage, for the purpose of gathering in those who were ripe for conversion, the citizens of Sāvatthi proceeded to Jetavana, their hands full of garlands and fragrant wreaths, and finding no other place to show their reverence, laid them by the gateway of the perfumed chamber and went off. This caused great rejoicings. But Anāthapiṇḍika got to hear of it; and on the return of the Tathāgata visited Elder Ānanda and said to him,—"This monastery, Sir, is left unprovided while the Tathāgata goes on pilgrimage, and there is no place for the people to do reverence by offering fragrant wreaths and garlands. Will you be so kind, Sir, as to tell the Tathāgata of this matter, and learn from him whether or no it is possible to find a place for this purpose." The other, nothing loth, did so, asking, "How many shrines are there?"—"Three, Ānanda."—"Which are they?"—"Shrines for a relic of the body, a relic of use or wear, a relic of memorial [2]"—"Can a shrine be made, Sir, during your life?"—"No, Ānanda, not a body-shrine; that kind is made when a Buddha enters Nirvāna. A shrine of memorial is improper because the connection depends on the imagination only. But the great bo-tree used by the Buddhas is fit for a shrine, be they alive or be they dead."—"Sir, while you are away on pilgrimage the great monastery of Jetavana

is unprotected, and the people have no place where they can show their reverence. Shall I plant a seed of the great bo-tree before the gateway of Jetavana?"—"By all means so do, Ānanda, and that shall be as it were an abiding place for me."

The Elder told this to Anāthapiṇḍika, and Visākhā, and the king. Then at the gateway of Jetavana he cleared out a pit for the bo to stand in, and said to the chief Elder, Moggallāna, "I want to plant a bo-tree in front of Jetavana. Will you get me a fruit of the great bo-tree?" The Elder, well willing, passed through the air to the platform under the bo-tree. [229] He placed in his robe a fruit that was dropping [1] from its stalk but had not reached the ground, brought it back, and delivered it to Ānanda. The Elder informed the King of Kosala that he was to plant the bo-tree that day. So in the evening time came the King with a great concourse, bringing all things necessary; then came also Anāthapiṇḍika and Visākhā and a crowd of the faithful besides.

In the place where the bo-tree was to be planted the Elder had placed a golden jar, and in the bottom of it was a hole; all was filled with earth moistened with fragrant water. He said, "O king, plant this seed of the bo-tree," giving it to the king. But the king, thinking that his kingdom was not to be in his hands for ever, and that Anāthapiṇḍika ought to plant it, passed the seed to Anāthapiṇḍika, the great merchant. Then Anāthapiṇḍika stirred up the fragrant soil and dropt it in. The instant it dropt from his hand, before the very eyes of all, up sprang as broad as a plough-head a bo-sapling, fifty cubits tall; on the four sides and upwards shot forth five great branches of fifty cubits in length, like the trunk. So stood the tree, a very lord of the forest already;

a mighty miracle! The king poured round the tree jars of gold and of silver, in number eight hundred, filled with scented water, beauteous with a great quantity of blue water-lilies. Ay, and caused to be set there a long line of vessels all full, and a seat he had made of the seven precious things, golden dust he had sprinkled about it, a wall was built round the precincts, he erected a gate chamber of the seven precious things. Great was the honour paid to it.

The Elder approaching the Tathāgata, said to him, "Sir, for the people's good, accomplish under the bo-tree which I have planted that height of Attainment to which you attained under the great bo-tree." "What is this you say, Ānanda?" replied he. "There is no other place can support me, if I sit there and attain to that which I attained in the enclosure of the great bo-tree." "Sir," said Ānanda, "I pray you for the good of the people, to use this tree for the rapture of Attainment, in so far as this spot of ground can support the weight." The Master used it during one night for the rapture of Attainment.

The Elder informed the king, and all the rest, and called it by the name of the Bo Festival. And this tree, having been planted by Ānanda, was known by the name of Ānanda's Bo-Tree.

At that time they began to talk of it in the Hall of Truth. "Brother, while yet the Tathāgata lived, the venerable Ānanda caused a bo-tree to be planted, (230) and great reverence to be paid to it. Oh, how great is the Elder's power!" The Master entering asked what they were talking of. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda led captive mankind in the four great continents, with all the surrounding throngs, and caused a vast quantity of scented wreaths to be brought, and made a bo-

festival in the precinct of the great bo-tree." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, and in the city of Dantapura, reigned a king named Kāliṅga. He had two sons, named

Mahā-Kāliṅga and Culla-Kāliṅga, Kāliṅga the Greater and the Less. Now fortune-tellers had foretold that the eldest son would reign after his father's death; but that the youngest would live as an ascetic, and live by alms, yet his son would be an universal monarch.

Time passed by, and on his father's death the eldest son became king, the youngest viceroy. The youngest, ever thinking that a son born of him was to be an universal monarch, grew arrogant on that account. This the king could not brook, so sent a messenger to arrest Kāliṅga the Less. The man came and said, "Prince, the king wishes to have you arrested, so save your life." The prince showed the courtier charged with this mission his own signet ring, a fine rug, and his sword: these three. Then he said, "By these tokens [1] you shall know my son, and make him king." With these words, he sped away into the forest. There he built him a hut in a pleasant place, and lived as an ascetic upon the bank of a river.

Now in the kingdom of Madda, and in the city of Sāgala, a daughter was born to the King of Madda. Of the girl, as of the prince, fortunetellers foretold that she should live as an ascetic, but her son was to be an universal monarch. The Kings of India,

hearing this rumour, came together with one accord, and surrounded the city. The king thought to himself, "Now, if I give my daughter to one, all the other kings will be enraged. I will try to save her." So with wife and daughter he fled disguised away into the forest; and after building him a hut some distance up the river, above the hut of Prince Kāliṅga, [231] he lived there as an ascetic, eating what he could pick up.

The parents, wishing to save their daughter, left her behind in the hut, and went out to gather wild fruits. While they were gone she gathered flowers of all kinds, and made them into a flower-wreath. Now on the bank of the Ganges there is a mango tree with beautiful flowers, which forms a kind of natural ladder. Upon this she climbed, and playing managed to drop the wreath of flowers into the water [2].

One day, as Prince Kāliṅga was coming out of the river after a bath, this flower-wreath caught in his hair.

He looked at it, and said, "Some woman made this, and no full-grown woman but a tender young girl. I must make search for her." So deeply in love he journeyed up the Ganges, until he heard her singing in a sweet voice, as she sat in the mango tree. He approached the foot of the tree,

and seeing her, said, "What are you, fair lady?" "I am human, Sir," she replied. "Come down, then," quoth he. "Sir, I cannot; I am of the warrior caste [1]." "So am I also, lady: come down!" "No, no, Sir, that I cannot do. Saying will not make a warrior; if you are so, tell me the secrets of that mystery." Then they repeated to each

other these guild secrets. And the princess came down, and they had connexion one with the other.

When her parents returned she told them about this son of the King of Kālinga, and how he came into the forest, in all detail. They consented to give her to him. While they lived together in happy union, the princess conceived, and after ten months brought forth a son with the signs of good luck and virtue; and they named him Kāliṅga. He grew up, and learnt all arts and accomplishments from his father and grandfather.

At length his father knew from conjunctions of the stars that his brother was dead. So he called his son, and said, "My son, you must not spend your life in the forest. Your father's brother, Kāliṅga the Greater, is dead; you must go to Dantapura, and receive your hereditary kingdom." [232] Then he gave him the things he had brought away with him, signet, rug, and sword, saying, "My son, in the city of Dantapura, in such a street, lives a courtier who is my very good servant. Descend into his house and enter his bedchamber, and show him these three things and tell him you are my son. He will place you upon the throne."

The lad bade farewell to his parents and grandparents; and by power of his own virtue he passed through the air, and descending into the house of that courtier entered his bedchamber. "Who are you?" asked the other. "The son of Kāliṅga the Less," said he, disclosing the three tokens. The courtier told it to the palace, and all those of the court decorated the city and spread the umbrella of royalty over his head. Then the chaplain, who was named Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja, taught him the ten ceremonies which an universal monarch has to perform, and he fulfilled those duties. Then on the fifteenth day, the fast-

day, came to him from Cakkadaha the precious Wheel of Empire, from the Uposatha stock the precious Elephant, from the royal Valāha breed the precious Horse, from Vepulla the precious Jewel; and the precious wife, retinue, and prince made their appearance [2]. Then he achieved sovereignty in the whole terrestrial sphere.

One day, surrounded by a company which covered six-and-thirty leagues, and mounted upon an elephant all white, tall as a peak of Mount

Kelāsa, in great pomp and splendour he went to visit his parents. But beyond the circuit [1] around the great bo-tree, the throne of victory of all the Buddhas, which has become the very navel of the earth, beyond this the elephant was unable to pass: again and again the king urged him on, but pass he could not.

Explaining this, the Master recited the first stanza:

"King Kāliṅga, lord supreme,
  Ruled the earth by law and right,
To the bo-tree once he came
  On an elephant of might."

Hereupon the king's chaplain, who was travelling with the king, thought to himself, "In the air is no hindrance; why cannot the king make his elephant go on? [233] I will go, and see." Then descending from the air, he beheld the throne of victory of all Buddhas, the navel of the earth, that circuit around the great bo-

tree. At that time, it is said, for the space of a royal *karísa* [2] was never a blade of grass, not so big as a hare's whisker;[1] it seemed as it were a smooth-spread sand bright like a silver plate; but on all sides were grass, creepers, mighty trees like the lords of the forest, as though standing in reverent wise all about with their faces turned towards the throne of the bo-tree. When the brahmin beheld this spot of earth, "This," thought he, "is the place where all the Buddhas have crushed all the desires of the flesh; and beyond this none can pass, no not if he were Sakka himself." Then approaching the king, he told him the quality of the bo-tree circuit, and bade him descend.

By way of explaining this the Master recited these stanzas following:

"This Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja told his king, the ascetic's son,
As he rolled the wheel of empire, guiding him, obeisance done:

"This the place the poets sing of; here, O mighty king, alight!
Here attained to perfect wisdom perfect Buddhas, shining bright.

"In the world, tradition has it, this one spot is hallowed ground,
Where in attitude of reverence herbs and creepers stand around [3].

"Come, descend and do obeisance; since as far as the ocean bound
In the fertile earth all-fostering this one spot is hallowed ground.

"All the elephants thou ownest thorobred by dam and sire,
Hither drive them, they will surely come thus far, but come no nigher.

"He is thorobred you ride on; drive the creature as you will,
He can go not one step further: here the elephant stands still."

"Spake the soothsayer, heard Kāliṅga; then the King to him, quoth he,
Driving deep the goad into him—"Be this truth, we soon shall see."

"Pierced, the creature trumpets loudly, shrill as any heron cries,
Moved, then fell upon his haunches neath the weight, and could not rise."

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[234] Pierced and pierced again by the king, this elephant could not endure the pain, and so died; but the king knew not he was dead, and sat there still on his back. Then Kāliṅgabhāradvāja said, "O great king! your elephant is dead; pass on to another."

To explain this matter, the Master recited the tenth stanza:

"When Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja saw the elephant was dead,
He in fear and trepidation then to king Kāliṅga said:
"Seek another, mighty monarch: this thy elephant is dead."

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[235] By the virtue and magical power of the king, another beast of the Uposatha breed appeared and offered his back. The king sat on his back. At that moment the dead elephant fell upon the earth.

To explain this matter, the Master repeated another stanza:

"This heard, Kāliṅga in dismay
Mounted another, and straightway
Upon the earth the corpse sank down,
And the soothsayer's word for very truth was shown."

Thereupon the king came down from the air, and beholding the precinct of the bo-tree, and the miracle that was done, he praised Bhāradvāja, saying—

"To Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja king Kāliṅga thus did say:
"All thou know'st and understandest, and thou seest all alway."

Now the brahmin would not accept this praise; but standing in his own humble place, he extolled the Buddhas, and praised them.

To explain this, the Master repeated these stanzas:

"But the brahmin straight denied it, and thus spake unto the king:
"I know sooth of marks and tokens: but the Buddhas, every thing.

"Though all-knowing and all-seeing, yet in marks they have no skill:
They know all, but know by insight: I a man of books am still."

The king, hearing the virtues of the Buddhas, was delighted in heart; and he caused all the dwellers in the world to bring fragrant wreaths in plenty, and for seven days he made them do worship at the circuit of the Great Bo-tree.

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[236] By way of explanation, the Master recited a couple of stanzas:

"Thus worshipt he the great bo-tree [1] with much melodious sound
Of music, and with fragrant wreaths: a wall he set around,

"and after that the king went on his way—

"Brought flowers in sixty thousand carts an offering to be;
Thus king Kāliṅga worshipped the Circuit of the Tree."

Having in this manner done worship to the Great Bo-tree, he visited his parents, and took them back with him again to Dantapura; where he gave alms and did good deeds, until he was born again in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three.

The Master, having finished this discourse, said: "It is not now the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda did worship the bo-tree, but aforetime also;" and then he identified the Birth:—"At that time Ānanda was Kāliṅga, and I myself was Kāliṅga-bhāradvāja."

Footnotes

142:1 See Hardy, *Eastern Monachism,* pp. 213-4.

142:2 See Hardy, *Eastern Monachism,* 216 f. The last class is said to be images of the Buddha.

143:1 Reading *parigalantam.*

144:1 The tokens are a familiar feature of folk-tales. We may compare the story of Theseus, with his father's sword and sandals: *Pausanias,* i. 27. 8.

144:2 Another familiar episode in folk tales, but of Protean form. It is commonly a hair of the lady's head that falls. See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions,* i. 241 (India), 251, (Egypt); *North Indian Notes and Queries,* ii. 704; Lal Behari Day, *Folk Tales of Bengal,* No, 4.

145:1 *Khattiyā.*

145:2 For an account of the *Cakkavatti,* and the miracles at his appearing, consult Hardy's *Manual,* 126 ff. See also Rhys Davids on the *Questions of Milinda,* vol. i. p. 57 (he renders the last two *treasurer* and *adviser*), and *Buddhist Suttas,* p. 257.

146:1 The word is used both of the seat under the tree and of the raised terrace built around it.

146:2 Or should it be a *karisa* round the king?

146:3 The scholiast says of this *maṇḍo:* "As the age continues, at first it continues the same, then with the waning of the age wanes again and grows less."

No. 480.

AKITTA-JĀTAKA.

"Sakka, the lord of beings," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a generous donor who lived in Sāvatthi. This man, so it is said, invited the Master, and for seven days gave many gifts to the company which followed with him; on the last day he presented the company of the Saints with all things necessary for them. Then said the

Master, rendering thanks to him, "Lay Brother, great is thy generosity: a thing most difficult thou hast done. This custom of giving is the custom of wise men of old. Gifts must be given, be ye in the world, be ye in retirement from the world; the wise men of old, even when they had left the world and dwelt in the woodland, when they had to eat but Kāra [1] leaves sprinkled with water, without salt or spice [237], yet gave to all beggars that passed by to serve their need, and themselves lived on their own joy and blessedness." The man answered, "Sir, this giving of all necessary things to the company is clear enough, but what you say is not clear. Will you not explain it to us?" Then the Master at his request told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a Brahmin magnate, whose fortune amounted to eighty crores. They named him Akitti. When the time came he was able to walk, a sister was born, and they gave her the name Yasavatī. The Great Being proceeded at

the age of sixteen years to Benares, where he completed his education and then returned. After that his mother and father died. He had performed all that behoves for the spirits of the dead, and was inspecting his treasure [2]: "So and so," ran the catalogue, "laid up so much and died, such another so much." Hearing this he was disturbed in his mind, and thought, "This treasure is here for all to see, but they that gathered it are no more seen: they have all gone and left the treasure behind them, but when I pass away I will take it with me." So sending for his sister, he said, "Take charge of this treasure." "What is your own intent?" she asked. He replied, "To become an ascetic." "Dear one," she answered, "I will not take on my head that which you have spewed out of your mouth; I will have none of it, but I also will become an ascetic." Then having asked leave of the king, he caused the drum to beat all about the city, and proclamation to be made: "Oyez! Let all those who wish for money repair to the wise man's house!" For seven days he distributed great store of alms, and yet the treasure did not come to an end. Then he thought to himself, "The elements of my being waste away, and what do I want with this treasure-game? Let those who desire it, take." Then he opened wide the doors of the house, saying, "'Tis a gift; let the people take it." So leaving the house with all its gold and precious metal, with his kinsfolk weeping around, he and his sister departed. And the gate of Benares by which they went was called Akitti's Gate, and the landing-stage by which they went down to the river, this also was called the Quay of Akitti.

Three leagues he traversed, and there in a pleasant spot made a hut of leaves and branches, and with his sister lived in it as an ascetic [238].

After the time of his retiring from the world, many others also did the same, villagers, townsfolk, citizens of the royal city; great was the company of them, great the gifts and the honour they received; it was like to the arising of a Buddha. Then the Great Being thought within himself, "Here is great honour and store of alms, here is a great company, yea passing great, but I ought to dwell alone." So at a time when no man expected, without even warning his sister, alone he departed, and by and by came to the kingdom Damiḷa [1], where dwelling in a park over against Kāvīrapaṭṭana, he cultivated a mystic ecstasy and the supernatural Faculties. There also he received much honour and great store of gifts. This liked him not, and he forsook it, and passing through the air descended at the isle of Kāra, which is over against the island of Nāga [2]. At that time, Kāradīpa was named Ahidīpa, the Isle of Snakes. There he built him an hermitage beside a great kāra-tree, and dwelt in it. But that he dwelt there no man knew.

Now his sister went searching for her brother, and in due course came to the kingdom of Damiḷa, saw him not, yet dwelt in the very place where he dwelt, but could not induce the mystic ecstasy. The Great Being was so contented that he went no whither, but at the time of fruit fed upon the fruit of that tree, and at time of putting forth of leaves fed on its leaves sprinkled with water. By the fire of his virtue Sakka's marble throne became hot. "Who would bring me down from my place?" thought Sakka, and considering, he beheld the wise man. "Why is it," thought he, "yon ascetic guards his virtue? Is it that he aspires to Sakka-hood, or for some other cause? I will test him. The man lives in misery, eats kāra-leaves sprinkled with water: if

he desires to become Sakka, he will give me his own sodden leaves; but if not, then he will not give them." Then in the guise of a brahmin he went to the Bodhisatta.

The Bodhisatta sat at the door of his leaf-hut, having sodden the leaves and laid them down: "When they are cool," thought he, "I will eat them." At that moment Sakka stood before him, craving an alms. When the Great Being beheld him, he was glad at heart; "A blessing for me," he thought, "I see a beggar; this day I shall attain the desire of my heart [239], and I shall give an alms." When the food was ready, he took it in his bowl at once, and advancing towards Sakka, said to him, "This is my gift: be it the means of my gaining omniscience!" Then without leaving any for himself, he laid the food in the other's bowl. The brahmin took it, and moving a short way off disappeared. But the Great Being, having given his gift, cooked no more again, but sat still in joy and blessedness. Next day he cooked again, and sat as before at

the entering in of the hut. Again Sakka came in the semblance of a brahmin, and again the Great Being gave him the meal, and continued in joy and blessedness. On the third day again he gave as before, saying, "See what a blessing for me! A few kāra-leaves have begotten great merit for me." Thus in heartfelt joy, weak as he was for want of food for three days, he came out of his hut at noontide and sat in the door, reflecting upon the gift which he had given. And Sakka thought: "This brahmin fasting for three days, weak as he is, yet gives to me, and takes joy in his giving. There is no other meaning in his thoughts; I do not understand what it is he desires and why he gives these gifts, so I must ask him, and find out his meaning, and learn the cause of his giving."

Accordingly he waited till past midday, and in great glory and magnificence came to the Great Being blazing like the young sun; and standing before him, put to him the question: "Ho, ascetic! why do you practise the ascetic life in this forest, surrounded by the salt sea, with hot winds beating upon you?"

To make clear this matter, the Master repeated the first stanza:

"Sakka, the lord of beings, saw Akitti honouréd:
"Why, O great Brahmin, do you rest here in the heat?" he said."

When the Great Being heard this, and perceived that it was Sakka, he answered and said to him, "Those Attainments I do not crave; but craving for omniscience I live the life of a recluse." To make this clear, he recited the second stanza:

[240]

"Re-birth, the body's breaking up, death, error—all is pain:
Therefore, O Sakka Vāsava! I here in peace remain."

Hearing these words, Sakka was pleased in his heart, and thought "He is dissatisfied with all kinds of being, and for Nirvana's sake dwells in the forest. I will offer him a boon." Then he invited him to choose a boon in the words of the third stanza:

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:
Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made [1]."

The Great Being repeated the fourth stanza, choosing his boon:

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon, [2]

Son, wife or treasure, grain in store, content not tho’ possessed:

I pray no lust for such as these may harbour in my breast."

Then Sakka, much pleased, offered yet other boons, and the Great Being accepted them, each in turn repeating a stanza as follows:

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:

Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made."

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.

Lands, goods, and gold, slaves, horse, and kine, grow old and pass away:

May I be not like them, nor be this fault in me, I pray."

"Fair spoken, "etc.

"Sakka, the lord of all the world, has offered me a boon.
May I not see or hear a fool, nor no such dwell with me,
Nor hold no converse with a fool, nor like his company."

[241]"What has a fool e’er done to you, O Kassapa, declare!
Come tell me why fools' company is more than you can bear?"

"The fool does wickedly, binds loads on him that none should bear,
Ill-doing is his good, and he is wroth when spoken fair,
Knows not right conduct; this is why I would have no fool there."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa," etc.

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.
Be it mine the wise to see and hear, and may he dwell with me,
May I hold converse with the wise, and love his company."

"What has the wise man done to you, O Kassapa, declare!
Why do you wish that where you are, the wise man should be there?

The wise does well, no burden binds on him that none should bear,
Well-doing is his good, nor is he wroth when spoken fair,

Knows well right conduct; this is why ’tis well he should be there."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa," etc.

Sakka, the lord of beings all, has offered me a boon.
May I be free from lusts, and when the sun begins to shine
May holy mendicants appear, and grant me food divine;

"May this not dwindle as I give, nor I repent the deed,
But be my heart in giving glad: this choose I for my meed."

"Fair spoken, Kassapa, well put, most excellently said:
Choose now a boon—as bids your heart, so let the choice be made."

"Sakka, the lord of beings all, to me a boon he gave:—
O Sakka, visit me no more: this boon is all I crave."

"But many men and women too of those who live aright
Desire to see me: can there be a danger in the sight?"

"Such is thy aspect all divine, such glory and delight,
This seen, I may forget my vows: this danger has the sight."

[242]"Well, Sir," said Sakka, "I will never visit you more" ; and so saluting him, and craving his pardon, Sakka departed. The Great Being then dwelt all his life long, cultivating the Excellences, and was born again in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having completed this discourse, identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the wise Akitti."

Footnotes

148:1 Reading *tain bodhim.*

149:1 *Canthium parviflorum.*

149:2 Cf. vol. iii. p. 39 (no. 313).

150:1 The Malabar coast or Northern Ceylon.

150:2 Near Ceylon, or part of it.

151:1 This couplet has already been given: see p. 7, above.

151:2 See p: 7.

No. 481.

TAKKĀRIYA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"I spoke," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about Kokālika.

During one rainy season the two Chief Disciples [2], desiring to leave the multitude and to dwell apart, took leave of the Master, and went into the kingdom where Kokālika was. They repaired to the house of Kokālika, and thus said to him: "Brother Kokālika [243], since for us it is delightful to dwell with you, and for you to dwell with us, we would abide here three months." "How," quoth the other, "will it be delightful for you to dwell with me?" They answered, "If you tell not a soul that the two Chief Disciples are dwelling here, we shall be happy, and that will be our delight in dwelling with you." "And how is it delightful for me to dwell with you?" "We will declare the Law to you three months in your house, and we will discourse to you, and that will be your delight in dwelling with us." "Dwell here, Brethren," quoth he, "so long as you will:" and he allotted a pleasant residence to them. There they dwelt in the fruition of the Attainments, and no man knew of their dwelling in that place.

When they had thus past the rains they said to him, "Brother, now we have dwelt with you, and we will go to visit the Master," and asked his leave to go. He agreed, and went with them on the rounds for alms in a village over against the place where they were. After their meal the Elders departed from the village. Kokālika leaving them, turned back and said to the people, "Lay

Brethren, you are like brute animals. Here the two Chief Disciples have been dwelling for three months in the monastery opposite, and you knew nothing of it: now they are gone." "Why did you not tell us, Sir?" the people asked. Then they took ghee and oil and simples, raiment and clothes, and approached the Elders, saluting them and saying, "Pardon us, Sirs we knew not you were the Chief Disciples, we have learnt it but to-day by the words of the reverend Brother Kokālika. Pray have compassion on us, and receive these simples and clothes." Kokālika went after the Elders with them, for he thought, "Frugal the Elders are, and content with little; they will not accept these things, and then they will be given to me." But the Elders, because the gift was offered at the instigation of a Brother, neither accepted the things themselves nor had them given to Kokālika. The lay folk then said, "Sirs, if you will not accept these, come hither once again to bless us." The Elders promised, and proceeded to the Master's presence.

Now Kokālika was angry, because the Elders neither accepted those things themselves, nor had them given to him. The Elders, however, having remained a short while with the Master, chose out each five hundred Brethren as their following, and with these thousand Brethren went on pilgrimage seeking alms, as far as Kokālika's country. The lay folk came out to meet them, and led them to the same monastery, and showed them great honour day by day.

[244] Great was the store given them of clothes and of simples. Those Brethren who went out with the Elders dividing the garments gave of them to all the Brethren which had come, but to Kokālika gave none, neither did the Elders give him any. Kokālika getting no clothes began to abuse and revile the

Elders: "Sāriputta and Moggallāna are full of sinful desire; they would not accept before what was offered them, but these things they do accept. There is no satisfying them, they have no regard for another." But the Elders, perceiving that the man was harbouring evil on their account, set out with their followers to depart; nor would they return, not though the people begged them to stay yet a few days longer. Then a young Brother said: "Where shall the Elders stay, laymen? Your own particular Elder does not wish them to stay here." Then the people went to Kokālika, and said, "Sir, we are told you do not wish the Elders to stay here. Go to! Either appease them and bring them back, or away with you and live elsewhere!" In fear of the people this man went and made his request to the Elders. "Go back, Brother," answered the Elders, "we will not return." So he being unable to prevail upon them returned to the monastery. Then the lay brethren asked him whether the Elders had returned. "I could not persuade them to return," said he. "Why not, Brother?" they asked. And then they began to think it must be, no good Brethren would dwell there because the man lived in sin; they must get rid of him. "Sir," they said, "do not stay here; we have nothing here for you."

Thus dishonoured by them, he took bowl and robe and went to Jetavana. After saluting the Master, he said, "Sir, Sāriputta and Moggallāna are full of sinful desire, they are in the power of sinful desires!" The Master replied, "Say not so, Kokālika; let your heart, Kokālika, be in charity with Sāriputta and Moggallāna; learn that they are good Brethren." Kokālika said, "You believe in your two Chief Disciples, Sir; I have seen it with my own eyes; they have sinful desires, they have secrets within them, they are wicked men." So he said thrice (though the Master would have stayed him), then rose from his seat, and departed. Even as he went on

his way there arose over all his body boils of the size of a mustard seed, grew and grew to the size of a ripe seed of the vilva tree [1], burst, ran blood all over him. Groaning he fell by the gate of Jetavana, maddened with pain. A great cry arose, and reached even to Brahma's world—"Kokālika has reviled the two Chief Disciples!" Then his spiritual teacher, the Brahmā angel, Tudu by name, [245] learning the fact, came with the intent of appeasing the Elders, and said while poised in the air, "Kokālika, a cruel thing this you have done; make your peace with the Chief Disciples." "Who are you, brother?" the man asked. "Tudu Brahmā, is my name," said he. "Have you not been declared by the Blessed One," said the man, "one of those who return not [2]? That word means that such come not back to this earth. You will become a goblin upon a dunghill!" Thus he upbraided the great Brahma angel. And as he could not persuade the man to do as he advised, he replied to him, "May you be tormented according to your own word." Then he returned to his abode of bliss. And Kokālika dying was born again in the Lotus Hell [3]. That he had been born there the great and mighty Brahmā Lord [4] told to the Tathāgata, and the Master told it to the Brethren. In the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked of the man's wickedness: "Brother, they say Kokālika reviled Sāriputta and Moggallāna, and by the words of his own mouth came to the Lotus Hell." The Master came in, and said he, "What speak ye of, Brethren, as ye sit here?" They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Kokālika was destroyed by his own word, and out of his own mouth was condemned to misery; it was the same before." And he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, his chaplain was tawny-brown [1] and had lost all his teeth. His wife committed sin with another brahmin. This man was just like the other [2]. The chaplain tried times and again to restrain his wife, but could not. Then he thought, "This my enemy I cannot kill with my own hands, but I must devise some plan to kill him."

So he came before the king, and said: "O king, your city is the chiefest city of all India, and you are the chiefest king: but chief king though you are, your southern gate is unlucky, and ill put together." "Well now, my teacher, what is to be done?" "You must bring good luck into it and set it right." "What is to be done?" "We must pull down the old door, get new and lucky timbers, do sacrifice to the beings that guard the city, and set up the new on a lucky conjunction of the stars." "So do, then," said the king.

At that time, the Bodhisatta was a young man named Takkāriya, [246] who was studying under this man.

Now the chaplain caused the old gate to be pulled down, and the new was made ready; which done, he went and said to the king, "The gate is ready, my lord: to-morrow is an auspicious conjunction; before the morrow is over, we must do sacrifice and set up the new gate." "Well, my teacher, and what is necessary for the rite?" "My lord, a great gate is possessed and guarded by great spirits. A brahmin, tawny-brown and toothless, of pure blood on both sides, must be killed; his flesh and blood must be offered in worship, and his body laid beneath, and the gate raised upon it. This will bring luck to you and your city [3]." "Very well, my teacher, have such a brahmin slain, and set up the gate upon him."

The chaplain was delighted. "To-morrow," said he, "I shall see the back of my enemy!" Full of energy he returned to his home, but could not keep a still tongue in his head, and said quickly to his wife," Ah, you foul hag, whom will you have now to take your pleasure with? Tomorrow I shall kill your leman and make sacrifice of him!" "Why will you kill an innocent man?" "The king has commanded me to slay and sacrifice a tawny-brown brahmin, and to set up the city gate upon him.

Your leman is tawny-brown, and I mean to slay him for the sacrifice. "She sent her paramour a message, saying, "They say the king wishes to slay a tawny-brown brahmin in sacrifice; if you would save your life, flee away in time, and with you all they who are like you." So the man did: the news spread abroad in the city, and all those in the whole city who were tawny-brown fled away.

The chaplain, nothing aware of his enemy's flight, went early next morning to the king, and said, "My lord, in such a place is a tawny-brown brahmin to be found; have him taken." The king sent some men for him, but they saw none, and returning informed the king that he was fled away. "Search elsewhere," said the king. [247] All over the city they searched, but found none. "Search quickly!" said the king. "My lord," they replied, "except your chaplain there is no such other." "A chaplain," quoth he, "cannot be killed." "What do you say, my lord? According to the chaplain, if the gate is not set up to-day, the city will be in danger. When the chaplain explained the matter, he said that if we let this day go by, the auspicious moment will not come again until the end of a year. The city without a gate for a year, what a chance for our enemies! Let us kill some one, and sacrifice by the aid of some other wise brahmin, and set up the gate." "But is there

another wise brahmin like my teacher?" "There is, my lord, his pupil, a young man named Takkāriya; make him your chaplain and do the lucky ceremony." The king sent for him, and did honour to him, and made him chaplain, and commanded to do as had been said. The young man went to the gate with a great crowd following. In the king's name they bound and brought the chaplain. The Great Being caused a pit to be dug in the place where the gate was to be set up, and a tent to be placed over it, and with his teacher entered into the tent. The teacher beholding the pit, and seeing no escape, said to. the Great Being, "My aim had succeeded. Fool that I was, I could not keep a still tongue, but hastily told that wicked woman. I have slain myself with my own weapon." Then he recited the first stanza:

"I spoke in folly, as a frog might call
Upon a snake i' the forest: so I fall
Into this pit, Takkāriyā [1]. How true,
Words spoken out of season one must rue!"

[248] Then the other addressing him, recited this stanza:

"The man who out of season speaks, will go
Like this to ruin, lamentation, woe:
Here you should blame yourself, now you must have
This delvèd pit, my teacher, for your grave."

To these words he added yet this: "O teacher, not thou only, but

many another likewise, has come to misery because he set not a watch upon his words." So saying, he told him a story of the past to prove it.

Once upon a time, they say, there lived a courtesan in Benares named Kālī, and she had a brother named Tuṇḍila. In one day Kālī would earn a thousand pieces of money. Now Tuṇḍila was a debauchee, a drunkard, a gambler; she gave him money, and whatever he got he wasted. Do what she would to restrain him, restrain him she could not. One day he was beaten at hazard, and lost the very clothes he was clad in. Wrapping about him a rag of loin-cloth, he repaired to his sister's house. But command had been given by her to her serving-maids, [249] that if Tuṇḍila should come, they were to give him nothing, but to take him by the throat and cast him out. And so they did: he stood by the threshold, and made his moan. Now a certain rich merchant's son, who used constantly to give Kālī a thousand pieces of money, on that day happened to see him, and says he, "Why are you weeping, Tuṇḍila?" "Master," said he, "I have been beaten at the dice, and came to my sister; and the serving-maids took me by the throat and cast me out." "Well, stay here," quoth the other, "and I will speak to your sister." He entered the house, and said, "Your brother stands waiting, clad in a rag of loin-cloth. Why do you not give him something to wear?" "Indeed," she replied, "I will give nothing. If you are fond of him, give it yourself." Now in that house of ill fame the fashion was this: out of every thousand pieces of money received, five hundred were for the woman, five hundred were the price of clothes, perfumes and garlands; the men who visited that house received garments to clothe themselves in, and stayed the night there, then on the next day they put off the garments they had received, and put on those they had brought, and went their ways. On this occasion the merchant's son put on the garments provided for him, and gave his own clothes to Tuṇḍila. He put them on, and with loud shouts hastened to the tavern. But Kālī ordered her women that when the young man should depart next day, they should take away his

clothes. Accordingly, when he came forth, they ran up from this side and that, like so many robbers, and took the clothes from him, and stript him naked, saying, "Now, young sir, be off!" Thus they got rid of him. Away he went naked: the people made sport of him, and he was ashamed, and lamented, saying, "It is my own doing, because I could not keep watch over my lips!" To make this clear, the Great Being recited the third stanza:

"Why ask of Tuṇḍila how he should fare
At Kālikā his sister's hands? now see!
My clothes are gone, naked am I and bare;
'Tis monstrous like what happened late to thee."

[250] Another person relates this story. By carelessness of the goat herds,

p. 158

two rains fell a-fighting on a pasture at Benares. As they were hard at it, a certain fork-tail thought to himself, "These two will crack their polls and perish; I must restrain them." So he tried to restrain them by calling out—"Uncle, don't fight!" Not a word he got from them: in the midst of the battle, mounting first on the back, then on the head, he besought them to stop, but could do nothing. At last he cried, "Fight, then, but kill me first!" and placed himself between the two heads. They went on butting away at each other. The bird was crushed as by a pounder, and came to destruction by his own act. To explain this other tale the Great Being repeated the fourth stanza:

"Between two fighting rams a fork-tail flew,
Though in the fray he had no part nor share.

The two rams' heads did crush him then and there.
He in his fate was monstrous like to you!"

Another. There was a tal-tree which the cowherds set great store by. The people of Benares seeing it sent a certain man up the tree to gather fruit. As he was throwing down the fruit, a black snake issuing forth from an anthill began to ascend the tree; they who stood below tried to drive him off by striking at him with sticks and other things, but could not. Then they called out to the other, "A snake is climbing the tree!" and he in terror uttered a loud cry. Those who stood below seized a stout cloth by the four corners, and bade him fall into the cloth. He let himself drop, and fell in the midst of the cloth between the four of them; swift as the wind he came, and the men could not hold him, [251] but jolled their four heads together and broke them, and so died. To explain this story the Great Being recited the fifth stanza:

"Four men, to save a fellow from his fate,
Held the four corners of a cloth below.
They all fell dead, each with a broken pate.
These men were monstrous like to you, I trow."

Others again tell this. Some goat-thieves who lived at Benares having stolen a she-goat one night, determined to make a meal in the forest: to prevent her bleating they muffled her snout and tied her up in a bamboo clump. Next day, on their way to kill her, they forgot the chopper. "Now we'll kill the goat, and cook her," said they; "bring the chopper here!" But nobody had one. "Without a chopper," said they, "we cannot eat the beast, even if we kill her: let her go! this is due to some merit of hers." So they let her go. Now it happened that a worker in bamboos, who had been there for a bundle of them, left a basket-maker's knife there hidden among the leaves, intending to use it when he came

again. But the goat, thinking herself to be free, began playing about under the bamboo clump, and kicking with her hind legs made the knife drop. The thieves heard the sound of the falling knife, and on coming to

find out what it was, saw it, to their great delight; then they killed the goat, and ate her flesh [1]. Thus to explain how this she-goat was killed by her own act, the Great Being recited the sixth stanza:

"A she-goat, in a bamboo thicket bound,
Frisking about, herself a knife had found.
With that same knife they cut the creature's throat.
It strikes me you are monstrous like that goat."

[252] After recounting this, he explained, "But they who are moderate of speech, by watching their words have often been freed from the fate of death," and then told a story of fairies [2].

A hunter, we are told, who lived in Benares, being once in the region of Himalaya, by some means or other captured a brace of supernatural beings, a nymph and her husband; and them he took and presented to the king. The king had never seen such beings before. "Hunter," quoth he, "what kind of creatures are these?" Said the man, "My lord, these can sing with a honey-voice, they dance delightfully: no men are able to dance or sing as they can." The king bestowed a great reward on the hunter, and commanded the fairies to sing and dance. But they thought, "If we are not able to convey the full sense of our song, the song will be a failure, they will abuse and hurt us; and then again, those who speak much speak falsely:" so for fear of some falsehood or

other they neither sang nor danced, for all the king begged them again and again. At last the king grew angry, and said, "Kill these creatures, and cook them, and serve them up to me." This command he delivered in the words of the seventh stanza:

"No gods are these nor heaven's musicianers [3],
Beasts brought by one who fain would fill his purse.
So for my supper let them cook me one,
And one for breakfast by the morrow's sun."

Then the fairy-dame thought to herself," Now the king is angry; without doubt he will kill us. Now it is time to speak."And immediately she recited a stanza:

"A hundred thousand ditties all sung wrong
All are not worth a tithe of one good song.
To sing ill is a crime; and this is why
(Not out of folly) fairy would not try."

[253] The king, pleased with the fairy, at once recited a stanza:

"She that hath spoken, let her go, that she
The Himalaya hill again may see,
But let them take and kill the other one,
And for to-morrow's breakfast have him done."

But the other fairy thought, "If I hold my tongue, surely the king will kill me; now is the time to speak;" and then he recited another stanza:

"The kine depend upon the clouds [1], and men upon the kine,
And I, O king! depend on thee, on me this wife of mine.

Let one, before he seek the hills, the other's fate divine."

When he had said this, he repeated a couple of stanzas, to make it clear, that they had been silent not from unwillingness to obey the king's word, but because they saw that speaking would be a mistake.

"O monarch! other peoples, other ways:
'Tis very hard to keep you clear of blame.
[254] The very thing which for the one wins praise,
Another finds reproof for just the same.

"Some one there is who each man foolish finds [2];
Each by imagination different still;
All different, many men and many minds,
No universal law is one man's will."

Quoth the king, "He speaks the truth; 'tis a sapient fairy;" and much pleased he recited the last stanza:

"Silent they were, the fairy and his mate:
And he who now did utter speech for fear,
Unhurt, free, happy, let him go his gait.
This is the speech brings good, as oft we hear."

Then the king placed the two fairies in a golden cage, and sending for the huntsman, made him set them free in the same place where he had caught them.

[255] The Great Being added, "See, my teacher! In this manner the fairies kept watch on their words, and by speaking at the right time were set free for their well speaking; but you by your ill speaking have come to great misery." Then after showing him this parallel, he comforted him, saying, "Fear not, my teacher; I

will save your life." "Is there indeed a way," asked the other, "how you can save me?" He replied, "It is not yet the proper conjunction of the planets." He let the day go by, and in

the middle watch of the night brought thither a dead goat. "Go when you will, brahmin, and live," said he, then let him go and never a soul the wiser. And he did sacrifice with the flesh of the goat, and set up the gate upon it.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Kokālika was destroyed by his own words, but it was the same before;" after which he identified the Birth: "At that time Kokālika was the tawny-brown man, and I myself was the wise Takkāriya."

Footnotes

153:1 See L. Feer in *Journal Asiatique,* ix. Ser., xi. 189 ff. Compare also *Zeitschr. der deutsch. morg. Gesellschaft,* xlvii. 86, on αἰξ μάχαιραν.

153:2 Sāriputta and Moggallāna.

154:1 *Aegle Marmelos.*

154:2 *Anāgāmi,* those of the Third Path, who return not to be reborn on earth.

154:3 Not in Hardy's list of the chief Hells (*Manual,* p. 26); but there were 136 of them. Burnouf gives it, *Introd.* p. 201.

154:4 *Sahampati;* the meaning of the first part is unknown; he is the chief of the Brahma Heaven, of which Tudu is an angel.

155:1 *Piṅgalo* is not a proper name; see p. 246. 6 (Pāli).

155:2 A full stop should be placed at *va.* As printed, this sentence is unintelligible.

155:3 Human sacrifice at the founding of a building, or the like, must have been common in ancient times, so persistent are the traditions about it. For India, see Crooke, *Intr. to Pop. Rel. and F.-L. of N. India,* p. 237 and Index. When the Hooghly Bridge was built in Calcutta, I remember how it was commonly said by the natives that the builders had immured many young children in the foundations. For Greece it is attested by modern folk-songs such as the Bridge of Arta (Passow, *Carm. Pop. Gr.* no. 512), and one which I lately wrote down in Cos from oral tradition (published in *Folk-Lore* for 1899). The sacrifice is meant to propitiate the spirits disturbed by the digging. See Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites,* p. 158.

156:1 The name here is feminine, as the scholiast notes without explanation.

159:1

[1] Αἶξ τὴν μάχαιραν· παροιμία ἐπὶ τῶν κακῶς τι παθ' ἑαυτῶν ποιούντων, ἀπὸ ἱστορίας τοιαύτης· Κορίνθιοι θυσίαν τελοῦντες Ἥρᾳ ἐνιαύσιον, τῇ ὑπὸ Μηδείας ἱδρυνθείσῃ καὶ Ἀκραίᾳ καλουμένῃ, αἶγα τῇ θεῷ ἔθυον. τινὲς δὲ τῶν κομισάντων μισθωτῶν ἔκρυψαν τὴν μάχαιραν, καὶ σκηπτομένων ἐπιλελῆσθαι ἔνθα ἀπέθεντο, ἡ αἶξ τοῖς ποσὶν ἀνασκαλεύσασα ἀνέφηνε, καὶ τὴν μὲν σκῆψιν αὐτῶν διήλεγξεν, ἑαυτῇ δὲ τῆς σφαγῆς αἰτία ἐγένετο. Zenobius, *Prov. Cent.* I. 27. So Suidas.

Zenobius, *Prov. Cent.* I. 27. So Suidas.

159:2 *kinnarā*.

159:3 *gandhabbaputtā.*

160:1 Because their food (grass etc.) depends on rain.

160:2 Reading *paracitte:* "everybody is foolish in some other man's opinion." In line 2, there may be a pun on *citto* (various): "all the world becomes different through the power of thought."

No. 482.

RURU-JĀTAKA.

"I bring you tidings," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. One might say to him, "The Master is most useful to you, friend Devadatta. You received holy orders from the Tathāgata, from him you learnt the Three Baskets, you obtained gifts and honour." When such things were said, it is credibly reported he would reply, "No, friend; the Master has done me no good, not so much as a blade of grass is worth. Of myself I received holy orders, myself I learned the Three Baskets, by myself I gained gifts and honour." In the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked of all this: "Ungrateful is Devadatta, my friend, and forgets a kindness done." The Master came in, and would know what they talked of sitting there. They told him. Said he, "It is not now the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta is ungrateful, but ungrateful he was before; and in days long gone by his life was saved by me, yet he knew not the greatness of my merit." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a great merchant who possessed a fortune of eighty crores, had a son born to him; and he gave him the name of Mahā-dhanaka, or Moneyman. But never a thing he taught him; for said he, "My son will find study a weariness of the flesh." Beyond singing and dancing, eating and feasting, the lad knew nothing. When he came of age, his parents provided him with a wife meet for him, and afterwards died. After their death, the youth surrounded by profligates, drunkards, and dicers, [256] spent all his substance

with all manner of waste and profusion. Then he borrowed money, and could not repay it, and was dunned by his creditors. At last he thought, "What is my life to me? In this one existence I am as it were already changed into another being; to die is better." Whereupon he said to his creditors, "Bring your bills, and come hither. I have a

family treasure laid up and buried on the bank of the Ganges, and you shall have that." They went along with him. He made as though he were pointing out here and there the hiding place of his treasure (but all the while he intended to fall into the river and drown), and finally ran and threw himself into the Ganges. As the torrent bore him away, he cried aloud with a pitiful cry.

Now at that time the Great Being had been born as a Deer, and having abandoned the herd, was dwelling near a bend of the river all by himself, in a clump of sal trees mixt with fair-flowering mangoes: the skin of his body was of the colour of a gold plate well burnished, forefeet and hindfeet seemed as it were covered with lac, his tail like the tail of a wild ox, the horns of him were as spirals of silver, eyes had he like bright polished gems, when he turned his mouth in any direction it seemed like a ball of red cloth. About midnight he heard this sad outcry, and thought, "I hear the voice of a man. While I live let him not die! I will save his life for him." Arising from off his resting place in the bush, he went down to the river bank, and called out in a comfortable voice, "Ho man! have no fear, I will save you alive." Then he cleft the current, and swam to him, and placed him upon his back, and bore him to the bank and to his own dwelling-place; where for two or three days he fed him with wild

fruits [1] After this he said to the man, "O man, I will now convey you out of this wood, and set you in the road to Benares, and you shall go in peace. But I pray you, be not led away by greed of gain to tell the king or some great man, that in such a place is a golden deer to be found." The man promised to observe his words; and the Great Being, having received his promise, took him upon his back and carried him to the road to Benares, and went his way.

On the day when he reached Benares, the Queen Consort, whose name was Khemā, saw at morning in a dream how a deer of golden colour preached the Law to her; [257] and she thought, "If there were no such creature as this, I should not have seen him in my dream. Surely there must be such a one; I will announce it to the king."

Then she went to the king, and said, "Great king! I am anxious to hear the discourse of a golden deer. If I may, I shall live, but if not there is no living for me." The king comforted her, saying, "If such a creature exists in the world of men, you shall have it." Then he sent for the brahmins, and put the question—"Are there such things as gold-coloured deer?" "Yes, there are, my lord." The king laid upon the back of an elephant richly caparisoned a purse of a thousand pieces of money enclosed within a casket of gold: whoso should bring word of a golden deer, the king was willing to give him the purse with a thousand pieces,

the casket of gold, and that elephant withal or a better. He caused a stanza to be engraved upon a tablet of gold, and delivered this to one of his court, bidding him cry the stanza in

his name among all the townsfolk. Then he recited that stanza which comes first in this Birth:

"Who brings me tidings of that deer, choicest of all the breed?
Fair women and a village choice who wins him for his meed?"

The courtier took the golden plate, and caused it to be proclaimed throughout all the city. Just then this young merchant's son was entering Benares; and on hearing the proclamation, he approached the courtier, and said, "I can bring the king news of such a deer; take me into his presence." The courtier dismounted from his elephant, and led him before the king, saying, "This man, my lord, says he can tell you tidings of the deer." Quoth the king, "Is this true, man?" He answered, "It is true, O great king! you shall give me that honour." And he recited the second stanza:

"I bring you tidings of that deer, choicest of all the breed:
Fair women and a village choice then give me for my meed."

The king was glad when he heard these words of the treacherous friend. "Come now," said he, "where is this deer to be found?" "In such a place, my lord," he replied, and declared the way they should go. With a great following he made the traitor guide him to the place, and then he said, [258] "Order the army to halt." When the army was brought to a halt, he went on, pointing with his hand, "There is the golden deer, in that place yonder:" and he repeated the third stanza:

"Within yon clump of flowering sal and mango, where the ground
Is all as red as cochineal, this deer is to be found."

When the king heard these words, he said to his courtiers, "Suffer not the deer to escape, but with all speed set a circle about the grove, the men with their weapons in hand." They did so, and made an outcry. The king with a certain number of others was standing apart, and this man also stood not far off. The Great Being heard the sound, and thought he, "It is the sound of a great host, therefore I must beware of them [1]." He rose, and spying at all the company perceived the place where the king stood. "Where the king stands," thought he, "I shall be safe, and thither I must go;" and he ran towards the king. When the king saw him coming, he said, "A creature strong as an elephant would throw down everything in its path. I will put arrow to string and frighten the beast; if he is for running I will shoot him and make him weak, that I may take him." Then stringing his bow, he stood facing the Bodhisatta.

To explain this matter, the Master repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Forward he went: the bow was bent, the arrow on the string [1];
When thus from far the deer called out, as he beheld the king:

"O lord of charioteers, great king, stand still! and do not wound:
Who brought the news to you, that here this deer was to be found?"

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[259] The king was enchanted with his honey-voice; he let fall his bow, and stood still in reverence. And the Great Being came up to the king, and talked pleasantly with him, standing on one side. All the host also dropt their weapons, and came up and surrounded the king. At that moment the Great Being asked his question of the king with a sweet voice (it was like one tinkling a

golden bell): "Who brought the news to you, that here this deer was to be found?" Just then the wicked man came closer, and stood within hearing. The king pointed him out, saying, "There is he that informed me," and recited the sixth stanza:

"That sinful man, my worthy friend, that yonder stands his ground,
He brought the news to me, that here the deer was to be found."

On hearing this, the Great Being rebuked his treacherous friend, and addressing the king recited the seventh stanza:

"Upon the earth are many men, of whom the proverb's true:
'Twere better save a drowning log than such a one as you [2]."

When he heard this, the king repeated another stanza:

"Who is it you would blame in this, O deer?
Is it some man, or is it beast or bird?
[260] I am possessed with an unbounded fear
At this your human speech which late I heard."

Hereupon the Great Being replied, "O great king, I blame no beast and I blame no bird, but a man:" to explain which he repeated the ninth stanza:

"I saved him once, when like to drown
On the swift swelling tide that bore him down:
And now I am in danger through it.
Go with the wicked, and be sure you'll rue it."

The king when he heard this was wroth with the man. "What?" quoth he, "not to recognise his merit after such a good service! I will shoot him and kill him!" He then repeated the tenth stanza:

"This four-winged flyer I'll let fly,
    And pierce him to the heart! So let him perish,
The evil-doer in his treachery,
    Who for such kindness done no thanks did cherish!"

Then the Great Being thought, "I would not have him perish on my account," and uttered the eleventh stanza:

[261]

"Shame on the fool, O king, indeed!
    But no good men approve a killing;
Let the wretch go, and give his meed,
    All that you promised him fulfilling:
And I will serve you at your need."

The king was very glad to hear this, and lauding him, uttered the next stanza:

"Surely this deer is good indeed,
    To pay back ill for ill unwilling.
Let the wretch go! I give his meed,
    All that I promised him fulfilling.
And you go where you will—good speed!"

At this the Great Being said, "O mighty king, men say one thing with their lips, and do another;" to expound which matter he recited two stanzas:

"The cry of jackals and of birds is understood with ease;
Yea, but the word of men, O king, is harder far than these.

"A man may think, "This is my friend, my comrade, of my kin;"
But friendship goes, and often hate and enmity begin [1]."

When the king heard these words, he answered, "O king of the deer! do not suppose that I am one of that kind; for I will not deny the boon I have promised you, not even if I lose my kingdom for it. [262] Trust me." And he gave him choice of a boon. The Great Being accepted this boon at his hands, and chose this: That all creatures, beginning with himself, should be free from danger. This boon the king granted, and then took him back to the city of Benares, and having adorned and decorated the city, and the Great Being also, caused him to discourse to the queen his wife. The Great Being discoursed to the queen, and afterwards to the king and all his court, in a human voice sweet as honey; he admonished the king to hold fast by the Ten Virtues of Kings, and he comforted the great multitude, and then returned to the woodland, where he dwelt among a herd of deer.

The king sent a drum beating about the city, with this proclamation: "I give protection to all creatures!" From that time onwards no one durst so much as raise hand against beast or bird.

Herds of deer devoured the crops of mankind, and no one was able to drive them away. A crowd assembled in the king's courtyard, and complained.

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p. 166

To make this clear, the Master repeated the following stanza:

"The country-folk and townsfolk all straight to the king they went:

"The deer are eating up our crops: this let the king prevent!"

Hearing this, the king recited a couple of stanzas:

"Be it the people's wish or no, e'en if my kingdom cease,
I cannot wrong the deer, to whom I promised life and peace.

"The people may desert me all, my royal power may die,
The boon I gave that royal deer I never will deny."

The people listened to the king's words, and finding themselves unable to say anything, departed. This saying was spread abroad. The Great Being heard of it, and assembling all the deer, laid his bidding on them: "From this time forward you must not devour the crops of men." [263] He then sent a message to men, that each should set up a placard on his own lands. The men did so; and at that sign even to this day the deer do not devour the crops.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has been ungrateful;" and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the merchant's son, Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the deer."

Footnotes

162:1 Read *phalāphalāni.*

163:1 Reading *purisabhayena,* or omitting *me* (with this it would be "I must beware of that man").

164:1 This line is almost identical with iii. 274. 12 (p. 174, line 12 of this translation).

164:2 These lines are found in vol. i. p. 326. 8 (i. 180 of this translation).

165:1 These lines have been used before: pages 135 and 141.

No. 483.

SARABHA-MIGA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Toil on, O man," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, to explain fully a question concisely put by himself to the Commander of the Faith.

At that time the Master put a question concisely to that Elder. This is the full story, put briefly, of the descent from the world of gods. When the Reverend Piṇḍola-Bhāradvāja had by his supernatural power gained the sandal-wood bowl in the presence of the great merchant of Rājagaha [2], the Master forbade the Brethren to use their miraculous powers.

Then the schismatics thought, "The ascetic Gotama has forbidden the use of miraculous power: now he will do no miracle himself." Their disciples were disturbed, and said to the schismatics, "Why didn't you take the bowl by your supernatural power?" They replied: "This is no hard thing for us, friend. But we think, Who will display before the laity his own fine and subtile powers for the sake of a paltry wooden bowl? and so we did not take it. The ascetics of the Sakya class took it, and showed their supernatural power for sheer foolish greed. Do not imagine it is any trouble to us to work miracles. Suppose we leave out of consideration the disciples of Gotama the ascetic: if we like, we too will show our supernatural powers with the ascetic Gotama himself: if the ascetic Gotama works one miracle, we will work one twice as good."

The Brethren who heard this told the Blessed One of it: "Sir, the schismatics say they will work a miracle." Said the Master, "Let them do it, Brethren; I will do the like." Bimbisāra, hearing this, went and asked the Blessed One: "Will you work a miracle, Sir?" "Yes, O king." "Was there not a command given on this matter, Sir?" "The command, O king, was given to my disciples; there is no command which can rule the Buddhas. [264] When the flowers and fruit in your park are forbidden [1] to others, the same rule does not apply to you." "Then where will you work this miracle, Sir?" "At Sāvatthi, under a knot-mango tree." "What have I to do, then?" "Nothing, Sire."

Next day, after breaking his fast, the Master went to seek alms. "Whither goes the Master?" asked the people. The Brethren answered to them, "At the gate of the city of Sāvatthi, beneath a knot-mango tree, he is to work a twofold miracle to the confounding of the schismatics." The crowd said, "This miracle will be what they call a masterpiece; we will go see it:" leaving the doors of their houses, they went along with the Master. Some of the schismatics also followed the Master, with their disciples: "We too," they said, "will work a miracle, in the place where the ascetic Gotama shall work his."

By and bye the Master arrived at Sāvatthi. The king asked him, "Is it true, Sir, you are about to work a miracle, as they say?" "Yes, it is true," he said. "When?" asked the king. "On the seventh day from now, at the full moon of the month of June." "Shall I set up a pavilion, Sir?" "Peace, great king: in the place where I shall work my miracle Sakka will set up a pavilion of jewels twelve leagues in compass." "Shall I proclaim this thing through the city, Sir?" "Proclaim it, O king." The king sent forth the Crier of the Truth on an elephant richly caparisoned, to proclaim thus:

"News! the Master is about to perform a miracle, for the confounding of the schismatics, at the Gate of Sāvatthi, under a knot-mango tree, seven days from now!" Each day was this proclamation made. When the schismatics heard this news, that the miracle will be done under a knot-mango tree, they had all the mango trees near to Sāvatthi cut down, paying the owners for them.

On the night of the full moon the Crier of the Truth made proclamation, "This day [2] in the morning the miracle will take place." By the power of the gods it was as though all India was at the door and heard the proclamation; whosoever had it in his heart to go, they all beheld themselves at Sāvatthi: for twelve leagues the crowd extended.

Early in the morning the Master went on his rounds seeking alms. The king's gardener, Gaṇḍa or Knot by name, was just taking to the king a fine ripe mango fruit; thoroughly ripe, big as a bushel, when he espied the Master at the city gate.."This fruit is worthy of the Master," said he, and gave it to him. The Master took it, and sitting down then and there on one side, ate the fruit. When it was eaten, he said, "Ānanda, give the gardener this stone to plant here on the spot; [265] this shall be the knot-mango tree." The Elder did so. The gardener dug a hole in the earth, and planted it. On the

instant the stone burst, roots sprouted forth, up sprang a red shoot tall as a plough-pole; even as the crowd stared it grew into a mango tree of a hundred cubits, with a trunk fifty cubits and branches of fifty cubits in height; at the same time flowers bloomed, fruit ripened; the tree stood filling the sky, covered

with bees, loaden with golden fruit; when the wind blew on it, sweet fruits fell; then the Brethren came up and ate of the fruit, and retired. In the evening time the king of the gods, reflecting, perceived that it was a task laid on him to make a pavilion of the seven precious things. So he sent Vissakamma, and caused him to make a pavilion of the seven precious things, twelve leagues in compass, covered all over with blue lotus. Thus the gods of ten thousand spheres were gathered together. The Master, having for the confounding of the schismatics performed a twofold miracle passing marvellous among his disciples, caused faith to spring up in multitudes, then arose and, sitting in the Buddha's seat, declared the Law. Twenty crores of beings drank of the waters of life. Then, meditating to see whither it was that former Buddhas went when they had done a miracle, and perceiving that it was to the Heaven of the Thirty-three, up he rose from the Buddha's seat, the right foot he placed on the top of Mount Yugandhara [1], and with his left strode to the peak of Sineru, he began the season of rains under the great Coral Tree [2], seated upon the yellow-stone throne; for the space of three months he discoursed upon transcendental doctrine [3] to the gods.

The people knew not the place whither the Master had gone; they looked, and said, "Let us go home," and abode in that place during the rainy season. When the lenten season was near to its end, and the feast was at hand, the great Elder Moggallāna went and announced it to the Blessed One. Thereupon the Master asked him, "Where is Sāriputta now?" "He, Sir, after the miracle which delighted him, remained with five hundred Brethren in the city of Samkassa, and is there still." "Moggallāna, on the seventh day from now I shall descend by the gate of Samkassa. Let those who desire to behold the Tathāgata assemble in the city of

Samkassa." The Elder assented, went and told the people: the whole company he transported from Sāvatthi to Samkassa, a distance of thirty leagues, in the twinkling of an eye. Lent over, and the feast celebrated, the Master told king Sakka that he was about to return to the world of men. Then Sakka sent for Vissakamma, and said to him, "Make a stairway for the Dasabala to descend into the world of men." He placed the head of the stairway upon the peak of Sineru, and the foot of it by the gate of Samkassa, and between he made three descents side by side: one of gems, one of silver, and one of gold: [266] the balustrade and cornice were of the seven things of price. The Master, having performed a miracle for the world's emancipation, descended by the midmost stair made out of gems. Sakka carried the bowl and robe, Suyāma a yak's-tail fan, Brahma Lord of all beings bore a sunshade, and the deities of ten thousand spheres did worship with divine garlands and perfumes. When the Master stood at the foot of the staircase, first Elder Sāriputta gave him greeting, afterwards the rest of the company.

Amidst this assembly the Master thought, "Moggallāna has been shown to possess supernatural power, Upāli as one who is versed in the sacred law, but the quality of high wisdom possessed by Sāriputta has not been shown. Save and except me, no other possesses wisdom so full and complete as his; I will make known the quality of his wisdom." First of all he asked a question which is put to ordinary persons, and the ordinary persons answered it. Then he asked a question within the scope of those of the First Path, and this they of the First Path answered, but the ordinary folk knew nought of it. In the same way he asked questions in turn within the scope of those of the Second and

Third Paths, of the Saints, of the Chief Disciples; and in each case those who were below each grade in turn were unable to answer, but they who were above could answer. Then he put a question within the power of Sāriputta, and this the Elder could answer, but the others not so. The people asked, "Who is this Elder who answered the Master?" They were told, it was the Captain of the Faith, and Sāriputta was his name. "Ah, great is his wisdom!" they said. Ever afterwards the quality of the Elder's great wisdom was known to men and to gods. Then the Master said to him,

"Some have probations yet to pass, and some have reached the goal:
Their different deportments say, for thou dost know the whole [1]."

Having thus asked a question which comes within a Buddha's scope, he added, "Here is a point put with brevity, Sāriputta; what is the meaning of the matter in all its bearings?" The Elder considered the problem. Thought he, "The Master asks of the proper deportment with which the Brethren attain progress, both those who are in the lower Paths and those who are Saints?" As to the general question, he had no doubt. But then he considered, "The proper manner of deportment may be described in many ways of speaking according to the essential elements of being [2], and so forth from that beginning; now in what fashion can I hit the Master's meaning?" He was doubtful about the meaning. The Master thought, "Sāriputta has no doubt of the general question, but doubts what particular side of it I have in view. If I give no clue, he will never be able to answer, so a clue [267] I will give him." This clue he gave by saying, "See here, Sāriputta: you grant this to be true?" (mentioning some point). Sāriputta granted the point.

The hint thus given, he knew that Sāriputta had taken his meaning, and would answer fully, starting from the very elements of being. Then the question stood out clear before the Elder, as with a hundred hints, nay, a thousand; and he, at the Master's hint given, answered the question which belonged to a Buddha's scope.

The Master declared the Law to this company which covered twelve leagues of ground: thirty crores of beings drank of the waters of life.

The company was dismissed, and the Master, going on pilgrimage for alms, came by and bye to Sāvatthi. Next day, after seeking alms in Sāvatthi, he came back from his rounds, and told the Brethren of their duty, and entered his Perfumed Chamber. At evening time, the Brethren talked of the high worth of the Elder as they sat in the Hall of Truth. "Great in wisdom, Sirs, is Sāriputta; he has wisdom wide, wisdom swift, wisdom sharp, wisdom keen. The Master put a question in brief, and he answered it fully at large." The Master entering asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said he, "that he answered at large a question briefly put, but he has done so before;" and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta lived in the forest, having been born as a stag. Now the king much delighted in hunting, and a mighty man was he: he reckoned no other man worthy of the name of man. One day as he went a-hunting he said to his courtiers, "Whoever lets a deer go by him, such and such shall be his punishment." They

thought, "One may stand in the house and not find the granary [3]. When a deer is put up, by hook or by crook

we must drive him to the place where the king is." They made a pact among them to this effect, and posted the king at the end of the path. Then they surrounded a great covert and began to beat on the ground with cudgels and the like. The first to be put up was our stag. Thrice he went round the thicket, looking for a chance of escape: on all other sides he saw men standing without a break, arm jostling arm and bow bow; only where the king was could he see a chance. [268] With eyes glaring, he rushed at the king, dazzling him as though he cast sand in his eyes. Quickly the king saw him, shot an arrow, and missed. You must know these deer are clever to keep clear of arrows. When the shafts come straight at them, the deer stand still and let them fly; let them come from behind, the deer outfly them faster; if they fall from above, they bend the back; from the side, they swerve a little; if the shafts are aimed at the belly, they roll right over, and when they have gone by, off go the deer swift as a cloud which the wind scatters. Thus the king, when he saw this stag roll over, thought he was hit and gave the halloa. Up rose the stag, swift as the wind he was off, breaking the circle of men. The courtiers on both sides who saw the stag get away collected together, and asked, "Whose post did the stag make for?" "The king's!" "But the king is shouting, I've hit him! What has he hit? Our king has missed, I tell you! He has hit the ground!" Thus they made sport of the king, and no stint. "These fellows are laughing at me," thought the king; "they know not my measure." Then girding up his loins, on foot, and sword in hand, he set off at speed crying, "I will catch the stag!" He kept him in sight and

chased him for three leagues. The stag plunged into the forest, in plunged the king also. Now in the stag's way was a pit, a great hole where a tree had rotted away, sixty cubits deep, and full of water to a depth of thirty cubits, yet covered over with weeds. The stag sniffed the smell of the water, and perceiving that it was a pit, swerved aside somewhat from his course. But the king went straight on, and fell in. The stag, no longer hearing the sound of his footsteps, turned him about; and seeing no man, understood that he must have fallen into the pit. So he went and looked, and saw him in dire straits, struggling in the deep water; for the evil he had done the stag bore no malice, [269] but pitifully thought, "Let not the king perish before my eyes: I will set him free from this distress." Standing upon the edge of the pit, he cried out, "Fear nothing, O king, for I will deliver you from your distress." Then with an effort, as earnest as though he would save his own beloved son, he supported himself upon the rock; and that king who had come after him to slay, him he drew up from out of the pit, sixty cubits in depth, and comforted him, and set him upon his own back, and led him forth from the forest, and set him down not far from his army. Then he admonished the king, and established him in the Five Virtues. But the king could

not leave the Great Being, but said to him: "My lord king of the stags, come with me to Benares, for I give thee the lordship over Benares, a city that spreads over twelve leagues, that you may rule over it." But he said, "Great king, I am one of the animals, and I want no kingdom. If you have any care for me, keep the good precepts I have taught you, and teach your subjects to keep them too." With this advice, he returned into the forest.

And the king returned to his army, and as he remembered the noble qualities of the stag his eyes filled with tears. Surrounded by a division of his army, he went through the city, while the drum of the Law was beat, and caused this proclamation to be made: "From this day forward, let all the dwellers in this city observe the five virtues."

But he told no one of the kindness done to him by the Great Being. After eating many choice meats, in the evening time, he reclined upon his gorgeous couch, and at daybreak remembering the noble qualities of the Great Being, he rose up and sat on the couch cross-legged, and with heart full of joy chanted his aspirations in six stanzas:

"Hope on O man, if thou be wise, nor let thy courage tire:
Myself I see, who now have won the goal of my desire. [1]

"Hope on O man, if thou be wise, tire not though harassed sore:
Myself I see, who from the waves have fought my way ashore. [2]

"Toil on O man, if thou be wise, nor let thy courage tire:
Myself I see, who now have won the goal of my desire.

"Toil on O man, if thou be wise, tire not though harassed sore:
Myself I see, who from the waves have fought my way ashore.

"He that is wise, though overcome with pain,
Would never cease to hope for bliss again.
[270] Many are men's feelings, both of joy and woe:
They think not of it, yet to death they go."

"That comes to pass which is not thought; and that is thought of, fails:
For man or woman's happiness not thought alone avails."

As the king was in the act of chanting these lines, the sun uprose. His chaplain had come thus early to enquire after the king's welfare, and as he stood at the door he heard the sound of this chant, and thought to himself: "Yesterday the king went a-

hunting. Doubtless he missed the stag, and being derided by his courtiers declared that he would catch and kill the quarry himself. Then no doubt he chased him, being pricked in his pride as a warrior, and fell into a sixty-cubit pit; and the merciful stag must have pulled him out without a thought of the king's offence against him. That is why the king is chanting this hymn, methinks." Thus the brahmin heard every word of the king's chant; and that which

fell out betwixt the king and the stag became clear as a face reflected in a well-polished mirror. He knocked at the door with his finger-tips. "Who is there?" the king asked. "It is I, my lord, your chaplain." "Come in, teacher," quoth the king, and opened the door. He entered, and prayed victory for the king, and stood on one side. Then he said, "O great king! I know what happened to you in the forest. As you chased a stag you fell into a pit, and the stag resting upon the stone sides of the pit [1], [271]. drew you out of it. So you remembering his magnanimity chanted a hymn." Then he recited two stanzas:

"The stag that on a mountain steep thy quarry was of late,
He bravely gave thee life, for he was free from greed and hate.

"Out of the horrid pit, out of death's jaws,
Leaning upon a rock [1] (a friend-at need)
The great stag saved thee: so thou saidst with cause,
His mind is far aloof from hate or greed."

"What!"thought the king, on hearing this—"the man did not go a-hunting with me, yet he knows the whole matter! How can he know it? I will ask him"; and he repeated the ninth stanza:

"O brahmin! wast thou there upon that day?
Or from some other witness didst thou hear?
The veil of passion thou hast rolled away:
Thou seest all: thy wisdom makes me fear."

But the brahmin said, "I am no Buddha all-knowing; only I overheard the hymn that you sang, without missing the meaning, and so the fact became clear before me." To explain which he repeated the tenth stanza:

"O lord of men! I neither heard that thing,
Nor was I there to see that day:
[272] But from the verses thou didst sweetly sing
Wise men can gather how the matter lay."

The king was delighted, and gave him a rich present.

From thenceforward the king was devoted to almsgiving and good deeds, and his people being also devoted to good deeds as they died went to swell the hosts of heaven.

Now one day it happened that the king went into his park with the chaplain to shoot at a mark. At that period Sakka had been pondering whence came all the new sons and daughters of the gods, whom he beheld so numerous about him. Pondering, he perceived the whole story: how the king had been rescued from the pit by that stag, and how he had become stablished in virtue, and how by the power of this king, multitudes did good deeds and heaven was being filled; and now the king had gone into his park to shoot at a mark. Then he also went thither, that with the

voice of a lion he might proclaim the nobleness of the stag, and make known that himself was Sakka, and poised in the air might discourse on the Law, and declare the goodness of mercy and the Five Virtues, and then return. Now the king intending to shoot at his mark, strung a bow and fitted an arrow to the string. At that moment Sakka by his power made the stag to appear betwixt the king and the mark; the king seeing it did not let fly. Then Sakka, entering into the body of the chaplain, repeated by him to the king the following stanza:

"Thy shaft is death to many a mighty thing:
Why dost thou hold it quiet on the string?
  Let the shaft fly and kill the stag forthwith:
'Tis meat for monarchs, O most sapient king!"

[273] Thereto the king answered in a stanza:

"I know it, brahmin, no less sure than thou:
The stag is meat for warrior men, I vow,
  But I am grateful for a service done,
And therefore hold my hand from killing now.

Then Sakka repeated a couple of stanzas:

"'Tis no stag, O mighty monarch! but a Titan is this thing,
Thou art king of men; but kill it—of the gods thou shalt be king.

"But if thou hesitate, O valiant king!
  To kill the stag, because he is thy friend:
To death's cold river [1] and to death's dread king [2]
  Thou and thy wife and children shall descend."

At this the king repeated two stanzas:

"So be it: to death's river and death's king
Send me, my wives and children, all my train
Of friends and comrades; I'll not do this thing,
And by my hand this stag shall not be slain.

[274] "Once in a grisly forest full of dread
That very stag saved me from hopeless woe.
How can I wish my benefactor dead
After such service done me long ago?"

Then Sakka came forth from the chaplain's body, and put on his own shape, and poised in the air recited a couple of stanzas which showed forth the noble worth of the king:

"Live long on earth, O true and faithful friend!
Comfort with truth and goodness this domain;
Then hosts of maidens round thee shall attend
While thou as Indra [3] mid the gods shalt reign.

"From passion free, with ever-peaceful heart,
When strangers crave, supply their weary need;
As power is given thee, give, and play thy part [4],
Blameless, till heaven shall be thy final meed."

[275] Thus saying, Sakka king of the gods continued as follows: "I came hither to try you, O king, and you have given me no hold. Only be vigilant." And with this advice he returned to his own place.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Sāriputta knew in detail what was said only in general terms; but the same thing happened

before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was the chaplain, and I myself the stag."

Footnotes

166:1 Cf. *Jayaddīsa Jātaka,* no. 513, vol. v.

166:2 The story is told in Culla-vagga, v. 8 (*Vinaya Texts,* III. p. 78, in the *Sacred Books of the East*). The *seṭṭhi* had placed a sandal-wood bowl on a high pole, and challenged any holy person to get it down. Piṇḍola rose in the air by magic power and took it. For this he was blamed by the Master, as having used his great gift for an unworthy end.

167:1 Reading *vāritam.*

167:2 The Eastern day is reckoned from sunset to sunset.

168:1 Mount Meru or Sineru, the Indian Olympus, is surrounded by seven concentric circles of hills, the innermost of which is Yugandhara.

168:2 The tree named is the Erythmia Indica; a great one grew in Indra's heaven.

168:3 Abhidhamma.

169:1 *Saṃkhatadhamma* seems to mean an *arahā* or *asekha.*

169:2 The five *Khandhas.*

169:3 Doubtless a proverb: one may miss the most obvious things.

171:1 The same stanza has occurred already in vol. i. p. 267 (i. 133 of this translation). The first line is found also in i. 450 (trans. i. 274).

171:2 The same stanza in i. 268 (trans. i. 133).

172:1 This may mean "first trying his strength with a stone," as vol. v. pp. 68 and 70. So p. 170 above.

173:1 Vetaraṇī.

173:2 Yama.

173:3 Vāsavo.

173:4 *bhutvā,* "having eaten," applied to time, means to "pass": *bhutvā dvādasa vassāni,* Mah. 253.

BOOK XIV.—PAKIṆṆAKA-NIPĀTA.

No. 484.

SĀLIKEDĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[276] *"The crop of rice," etc.*—This was a story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who supported his mother. The occasion will be explained in the Sāma Birth [1]. Then the Master sent for this Brother, and asked him, "Is what I hear true, Brother, that you support lay folks?" "It is true, Sir." "Who are they?" "My mother and father, Sir." Said the Master, "Well done, Brother! Wise men of old, even when embodied as the lower animals, having been born as parrots even, when their parents grew old laid them in a nest and fed them with food which they brought in their own beaks." So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named King Magadha reigned in Rājagaha. At that time there stood a brahmin village, named Sālindiya, towards the north-east as you go out of the city. In this north-eastern district was property belonging to Magadha. There was a brahmin who lived in Sālindiya, whose name was Kosiyagotta [2], and he held an estate of one thousand acres [3], where he grew rice. When the crop was standing, he made a stout fence, and gave the land in charge to his own men, to one fifty acres, to another sixty, and so he distributed among them some five hundred acres of his estate. [277] The other five

hundred he delivered to a hired man for a wage, and the man made a hut there and dwelt there day and night. Now to the north-east of this estate was a certain great wood of silk-cotton trees [4], growing upon the flat top of a hill, and in this wood lived a great number of parrots.

At that time the Bodhisatta was born among this flock of parrots, as the son of the king of the parrots. He grew up handsome and strong, big his body was as the nave of a cart-wheel. His father now grown old said to him, "I am able no longer to go far afield; do you take care of this flock," and committed the lordship of it to his son. From the next day onwards he refused to permit his parents to go foraging; but with the whole flock away he flew to the Himalaya hills, and after eating his fill of the clumps of rice that grew wild there, on his return brought food sufficient for his mother and father, and fed them with it.

One day the parrots asked him a question. "Formerly," they said, "the rice was ripe by this time on the Magadha farm; is it grown now or not?" "Go and see," he replied, and then sent two parrots to find out. The parrots departed, and alighted in the Magadha lands, in that part which was guarded by the hired man; rice they ate, and one head of rice they took back with them to their wood, and dropt it before the Great Being's feet, saying, "Such is the rice which grows there." He went next day to the farm, and alighted, with all his flock. The man ran this way and that, trying to drive off the birds, but drive them away he could not. The rest of the parrots ate, and departed with empty beaks; but the parrot king gathered together a quantity of rice, and brought it back to his parents. Next day the parrots ate the rice there again,

and so afterwards. Then the man began to think, [278] "If these creatures go on eating for another few days, there will not be a bit left. The brahmin will have a price put on the rice, and fine me in the sum. I will go tell him." Taking a handful of rice, and a gift with it, he went to see the brahmin, and greeted him, and stood on one side. "Well, my good man," said the master, "is there a good crop of rice?" "Yes, brahmin, there is," he replied, and repeated two stanzas:

"The crop of rice is very nice, but I would have you know,
The parrots are devouring it, I cannot make them go.

"There is one bird, of all the herd the finest, who first feeds,
Then takes a bundle in his beak to meet his future needs."

When the brahmin heard this, he conceived an affection for the parrot king. "My man," quoth he, "do you know how to set a snare?" "Yes, I know." The master then addressed him in this stanza:

"Then set a snare of horse's hair that captured he may be;
And see thou take the bird alive and bring him here to me."

The farm watchman was much pleased that no price had been put upon the rice, and no debt spoken of. He went straight and made a snare of horsehair. Then he found out when they were like to descend that day; and spying out the place where the parrot king alighted, next day very early in the morning he made a cage about the size of a water-pot, and set

the snare, and sat down in his hut looking for the parrots to come. The parrot king came amidst all his flock; and he being by

no means greedy, [279] came down in the same place as yesterday, with his foot right in the noose. When he found his foot fast he thought, "Now if I cry out the cry of the captured, my kinsfolk will be so terrified, they will fly away foodless. I must endure until they have finished their food." When at last he perceived that they had taken their fill, being in fear of his life, he thrice cried the cry of the captured. All the birds flew off. Then the king of the parrots said, "All these my kith and kin, and not one to look back at me! What sin have I done?" And upbraiding them he uttered a stanza:

"They ate, they drank, and now away they hasten every one,
I only caught within a snare: what evil have I done?"

The watchman heard the cry of the parrot king, and the sound of the other parrots flying through the air. "What is that?" thought he. Up he got from his hut, and went to the place of his snare, and there he saw the king of the parrots. "The very bird I set the snare for is caught!" he cried, in high delight. He took the parrot out of the snare, and tied both his feet together, and making his way to Sālindiya village, he delivered the bird to the brahmin. The brahmin in his strong affection for the Great Being, caught hold of him tight in both hands, and seating him on his hip, bespoke him in these two stanzas:

"The bellies of all others are outbellied far by you:
First a full meal, then off you fly with a good beak-full too

"Have you a granary there to fill? or do you hate me sore?
I ask it you, come tell me true—where do you put your store?

On hearing this, the parrot king answered, repeating in a human voice sweet as honey the seventh stanza:

[280]

"I hate thee not, O Kosiya! no granary I own;
Once in my wood I pay a debt, and also grant a loan,
And there I store a treasure up: so be my answer known."

Then the brahmin asked him:

"What is that loan the which you grant? what is the debt you pay?
Tell me the treasure you store up, and then fly free away."

To this request of the brahmin the parrot king made reply, explaining his intent in four stanzas:

"My callow chicks, my tender brood, whose wings are still ungrown,
Who shall support me by and bye: to them I grant the loan.

"Then my old ancient parents, who far from youth's bounds are set,
With that within my beak I bring, to them I pay my debt.

"And other birds of helpless wing, and weak full many more,
To these I give in charity: this sages call my store.

"This is that loan the which I grant, this is the debt I pay,
And this the treasure I store up: now I have said my say."

p. 178

The brahmin was pleased when he heard this pious discourse from the Great Being; and he repeated two stanzas:

"What noble principles of life! how blessed is this bird!
From many men who live on earth such rules are never heard.

[281] "Eat, eat your fill whereas you will, with all your kindred too;
And, parrot! let us meet-again: I love the sight of you."

With these words, he looked upon the Great Being with a soft heart, as though it were his liefest son; and loosing the bonds from his feet, he rubbed them with oil an hundred times refined, and seated him on a seat of honour, and gave him to eat sweetened corn upon a golden dish, and gave him sugar-water to drink. After this the king of the parrots warned the brahmin to be careful, reciting this stanza:

"O Kosiya! within thy dwelling here
I had both food and drink and friendship dear.
Give thou to those whose burden is laid down,
Support thy parents when they old are grown."

The brahmin then delighted in heart uttered his ecstasy in this stanza:

"Surely Luck's goddess came herself to-day
    When I set eyes upon this peerless bird!
I will do kindly deeds and never stay,
    Now that the parrot's sweet voice I have heard."

But the Great Being refused to accept the thousand acres which the brahmin offered him, but took only eight acres. The brahmin set up boundary stones, and made over this property to him; and then, raising his hands to his head in reverence, he said, "Go in peace, my lord, and console your weeping parents," and then let him go. Much pleased, he took a head of rice, and carried it to his parents, and dropt it before them, saying, "Arise now, my dear parents!" They arose at his word, with blubbered faces. [282] Then flocks of parrots began together, asking," How did you get free, my lord?" He told them the whole story from beginning to end. And Kosiya followed [1] the advice of the king of

the parrots, and distributed much alms to the righteous men, and ascetics, and brahmins.

The last stanza was repeated by the Master explaining this:

"This Kosiya with joy and great delight
  Common and plentiful made drink and food:
With food and drink he satisfied aright
  Brahmins and holy men, himself all good."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, to support one's parents is the traditional way of the wise and good." Then, having declared the Truths, he identified the Birth:—(now at the conclusion of the Truths that Brother became established in the fruit of the First Path:)—"At that time the Buddha's followers were the flock of parrots, two of the king's family were the father and mother, Channa was the watchman, Ānanda the brahmin, and I was myself the king of the parrots."

Footnotes

175:1 No. 540; vol. vi. 68 of the Pali text.

175:2 One of the "Kausika (owl) or Viçvāmitra clan."

175:3 *karīsa.*

175:4 *simbali:* Bombax Heptaphyllum.

178:1 Reading *katvā* for *datvā,* which contradicts the context.

No. 485.

CANDA-KINNARA-JĀTAKA.

"'Tis passing away," etc. This is a story which the Master told, while dwelling in the banyan grove hard by Kapilapura about Rāhula's mother when she was in the palace.

This Birth must be told beginning from the Distant Epoch of the Buddha's existence [1]. But the story of the Epochs, as far as the lion's roar of Kassapa [2] of Uruvelā, in Laṭṭhivana [3], the Bamboo Forest, has been told before in the Apaṇṇaka Birth [4]. Beginning from that point you will read in the Vessantara Birth [5] the continuation of it as far as to the coming to Kapilavatthu. The Master, seated in his father's house, during the meal, recounted the Mahādhammapāla Birth [6]; and after the meal was done he said,—"I will praise the noble qualities of Rāhula's mother in her own house, by telling the Canda-Kinnara Birth." Then handing his bowl to the king, with the two Chief Disciples he passed over to the house of Rāhula's mother. At that time there were forty thousand dancing girls who lived in her presence, and of them a thousand and ninety were maidens of the warrior caste. When the lady heard of the Tathāgata's coming she bade all these put on yellow robes, and they did so. [283] The Master came and took his seat in a place which was assigned him. Then all the women cried out with one voice, and there was a great sound of lamentation. Rāhula's mother having wept and so put away her grief, welcomed the Master, and sat down, with the deep reverence due to a king. Then the king began the tale of her

goodness: "Listen to me, Sir; she heard that you wore yellow robes, and so she robed her in yellow; that garlands and such things are to be given up, and lo she has given up garlands and sits upon the ground. When you entered upon the religious life she became a widow; and refused the gifts that other kings sent her. So faithful is her heart to you." Thus he told of her goodness in many different ways. The Master said, "It is no marvel, great king! that now in my last existence the lady should love me, and should be of faithful heart and led by me alone. So also, even when born as an animal, she was faithful and mine alone." Then at the king's request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares the Great Being was born in the region of the Himalaya as a fairy [7]. His wife was

named Candā [1]. These two dwelt together on a silver mountain named Canda-pabbata, or the Mountain of the Moon. At that time the king of Benares had committed his government to his ministers, and all alone dressed in two yellow robes, and armed with the five weapons [2], he proceeded to the Himalayas.

Whilst eating his venison he remembered where was a little stream, and began to climb the hill. Now the fairies that live on the Mountain of the Moon in the rainy season remain on the mountain, and come down only in the hot weather. At that time this fairy Canda, with his mate, came down and wandered about, anointing himself with perfumes, eating the pollen of flowers, clothing himself in flower-gauze for inner and outer garments, swinging in the creepers to amuse himself, singing songs in a

honey-voice. He too came to this stream; and at one halting-place he went down into it with his wife, scattering flowers about and playing in the water. Then they put on again their garments of flowers, and on a sandy spot white as a silver plate they spread a couch of flowers, and lay there. [284] Picking up a piece of bamboo, the male fairy began to play upon it, and sang with a honey-voice; while his mate waving her soft hands danced hard by and sang withal. The king caught the sound, and treading softly that his footsteps might not be heard, he approached, and stood watching the fairies in a secret place. He immediately fell in love with the female fairy. "I will shoot the husband," thought he, "and kill him, and I will live here with the wife." Then he shot the fairy Canda, who lamenting in his pain uttered four stanzas:

"'Tis passing away, methinks, and my blood is flowing, flowing,
I am losing my hold on life, O Candā! my breath is going!

"'Tis sinking, I am in pain, my heart is burning, burning:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Candā, the heart within me is yearning.

"As grass, as a tree I perish, as a waterless river I dry:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Candā, my heart within me is yearning.

"As rain on a lake at the mountain foot are the tears that fall from my eye:
But 'tis for thy sorrow, Canda, my heart within me is yearning."

Thus did the Great Being lament in four stanzas; and lying upon his couch of flowers, he lost consciousness, and turned away. The king stood where he was. But the other fairy did not know that the Great Being was wounded, not even when he uttered his lament, being intoxicated with her own delight. [285] Seeing him lie there turned away and lifeless, she began to wonder what could be the matter with her lord. As she examined him she saw the blood oozing from the mouth of the wound, and

being unable to bear the great pain of sorrow for her beloved husband, she

cried out with a loud voice. "The fairy must be dead," thought the king, and he came out and showed himself. When Candā beheld him she thought, "This must be the brigand who has slain my dear husband!" and trembling she took to flight. Standing upon the hill-top she denounced the king in five stanzas:

"Yon evil prince—ah, woe is me!—my husband dear did wound,
Who there beneath a woodland tree now lies upon the ground.

"O prince! the woe that wrings my heart may thy own mother pay,
The woe that wrings my heart to see my fairy dead this day!

"Yea, prince! the woe that wrings my heart may thy own wife repay,
The woe that wrings my heart to see my fairy dead this day!

"And may thy mother mourn her lord, and may she mourn her son,
Who on my lord most innocent for lust this deed hast done.

"And may thy wife look on and see the loss of lord and son,
For thou upon my harmless lord for lust this deed hast done."

When she had thus made her moan in these five stanzas, standing upon the mountain top the king comforted her by another stanza:

"Weep not nor grieve: the woodland dark has blinded you, I ween:
A royal house shall honour thee, and thou shalt be my queen."

[286] "What is this word thou hast said?" cried Candā, when she heard it; and loud as a lion's roar she declaimed the next stanza:

"No! I will surely slay myself! thine I will never be,

Who slew my husband innocent and all for lust for me."

When he heard this his passion left him, and he recited another stanza:

"Live if thou wilt, O timid one! to Himalaya go:

Creatures that feed on shrub and tree [1] the woodland love, I know."

With these words he departed indifferent. Candā so soon as she knew him gone came up and, embracing the Great Being took him up to the hill-top, and laid him on the flat land there: placing his head on her lap, she made her moan in twelve stanzas:

"Here in the hills and mountain caves, in many a glen and grot,

What shall I do, O fairy mine! now that I see thee not?

"The wild beasts range, the leaves are spread on many a lovely spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?

"The wild beasts range, sweet flowers are spread on many a lovely spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?

[287] "Clear run the rivers down the hills, with flowers all overgrown:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now thou hast left me lone?

"Blue are the Himalaya hills, most fair they are to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

"Gold tips the Himalaya hills, most fair they are to see:

What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?"

The Himalaya hills glow red, most fair they are to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

"Sharp are the Himalaya peaks, they are most fair to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

"White gleam the Himalaya peaks, they are most fair to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

"The Himalaya rainbow-hued, most fair it is to see:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now I behold not thee?

"Hill Fragrant [1] is to goblins dear; plants cover every spot
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?

"The fairies love the Fragrant Hill, plants cover every spot:
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee not?"

So did she make her moan; and putting the hand of the Great Being on her breast she felt that it still was warm. "Canda lives yet!" she thought: "I will taunt the gods [2] until I bring him to life again!" Then she cried aloud, taunting them, "Are there none who govern the world? [288] are they on a journey? or peradventure they are dead, and therefore save not my dear husband!" By the power of her pain Sakka's throne became hot. Pondering he perceived the cause; in the form of a brahmin he approached, and from a water-pot took water and sprinkled the Great Being with it. On the instant the poison ceased to act, his colour returned, he knew not so much as the place where the wound had been: the Great Being stood up quite well. Candā seeing her well-beloved husband to be whole, in joy fell at the feet of Sakka,, and sang his praise in the following stanza:

"Praise, holy brahmin! who didst give unto a hapless wife
Her well-loved husband, sprinkling him with the elixir of life!"

Sakka then gave this advice: "From this time forth go not down from the Mountain of the Moon among the paths of men, but abide here." Twice he repeated this, and then returned to his own place. And Candā said to her husband, "Why stay here in danger, my lord? come, let us go to the Mountain of the Moon," reciting the last stanza:

"To the mountain let us go,
Where the lovely rivers flow,
    Rivers all o'ergrown with flowers:
There for ever, while the breeze
Whispers in a thousand trees,
    Charm with talk the happy hours."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "Not now only, but long ago as now, she was devoted and faithful of heart to me." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was the king, Rāhula's mother was Candā, and I myself was the fairy."

Footnotes

179:1 The existence of the Buddha is divided into three periods: the Distant Epoch *(dūrenidānaṁ),* the Middle *(avidūre°)* and the Near *(santike°).* The Distant Epoch extends "from the time when he fell at the feet of Dīpaṅkara to his birth in the city of the Tusita gods" (Jat. i. p. 47, Pali text): the Middle Epoch from that time until he obtained Buddhahood (Jat. i. 76); the Near Epoch, until his death.—See Rhys David's *Buddhist Birth Stories,* pp. 2, 58; Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* pp. 38, 82.

179:2 One of three brahmin brothers living at Uruvelā, converted by the Buddha.

179:3 Near Rājagaha: Jat. i. 84 (Pali).

179:4 No. 1. The Nidāna-Kathā is the Introduction to this Collection, not translated in this edition, but translated in Rhys David's *Buddhist Birth Stories.*

179:5 No. 547, vol. vi. p. 479.

179:6 No. 447, vol. iv. p. 50, Pali (p. 32 above).

179:7 *Kinnara.*

180:1 *Cando* m. means the Moon. The tale seems to contain a nature myth.

180:2 Sword, spear, bow, battle-axe, shield.

181:1 Two are named, *Corypha Taliera* and *Tabernaemontana Coronaria.*

182:1 Gandha-mādana.

182:2 *Ujjhānakammaṁ katvā,* i.e. by "provoking" Sakka to help. The reader will be struck with the resemblance of Elijah's taunts, 1 Kings xviii. 27: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

No. 486.

MAHĀ-UKKUSA-JĀTAKA.

"The country churls," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about Mitta-gandhaka, a lay Brother. [289] This man, they say, the offspring of a decayed family at Sāvatthi, sent a companion to offer marriage to a young gentlewoman. The question was asked, "Has he friend or comrade who can dispose of any matter that needs looking to?" Reply was made, "No, there was none." "Then he must make some friends first," they said to him. The man followed this advice, and struck up a friendship with the four gatekeepers. After this he made friends by degrees with the town warders, the astrologers, the nobles of the court, even with the commander-in-chief and the viceroy; and by association with them he became the king's friend, and after that a friend of the eighty chief Elders, and through Elder Ānanda, with the Tathāgata himself. Then the Master established his family in the Refuges and the Virtues, the king gave him high place, and he was known as Mitta-gandhaka, the "man of many friends [1]." The king bestowed a great house upon him, and caused his nuptial feast to be celebrated, and a world of people from the king downwards sent him gifts. Then his wife received a present sent by the king, and the viceroy's present sent by the viceroy, and the present of the commander-in-chief, and so forth, having all the people of the city bound to her. On the seventh day, with great ceremony the Dasabala was invited by the newly married pair, great gifts were bestowed on the Buddha and his company to the number of five hundred; at the end of the feast

they received the Master's thanks and were both established in the fruit of the First Path.

In the Hall of Truth all were talking about it. "Brethren, the layman Mitta-gandhaka followed his wife's advice, and by her means became a friend to every one, and received great honour at the king's hand; and having become friends with the Master both husband and wife were established in the fruit of the First Path." The Master entering asked what they talked of. They told him. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has received great honour by reason of this woman. In days long gone by, when he was an animal, by her advice he made many friends, and was set free from anxiety on a son's behalf." So saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, certain men of the marches used to make a settlement, wheresoever they could best find their food, dwelling in the forest, and killing for meat for themselves and their families the game which abounded there. [290] Not far from their village was a large natural lake, and upon its southward shore lived a Hawk, on the west a she-hawk; on the north a Lion, king of the beasts; on the east an Osprey, king of the birds; in the middle dwelt a Tortoise on. a small island. The Hawk asked the she-hawk to become his wife. She asked him, "Have you any friend?" "No, madam," he replied. "We must have some one who can defend us against any danger or trouble that may arise, and you must find some friends." "Whom shall

I make friends with?" "Why, with king Osprey who lives on the eastern shore, and with the Lion on the north, and with the Tortoise who dwells in the middle of this lake." He took her advice and did so. Then the two lived together (it should be said that on a little islet in the same lake grew a kadamba tree, surrounded by the water on all sides) in a nest which they made.

Afterwards there were given to them two sons. One day, while the wings of the younglings were yet callow, some of the country folk went foraging through the woods all day and found nothing. Not wishing to return home empty-handed, they went down to the lake to catch a fish or a tortoise. They got on the island, and lay down beneath the kadamba tree; and there being tormented by the bites of gnats and mosquitoes, to drive these away, they kindled a fire by rubbing sticks together, and made a smoke. The smoke rising annoyed the birds, and the young ones uttered a cry. "'Tis the cry of birds!" said the country folk. "Up, make up the fire: we cannot lie here hungry, but before we lie down we will have a meal of fowls' flesh." They made the fire blaze, and built it up. But the mother bird hearing the sound, thought, "These men wish to eat our young ones. We made friends to save us from that danger. I will send my mate to the great Osprey." [291] Then she said, "Go, my husband, tell the Osprey of the danger which threatens our young," repeating this stanza:

"The country churls build fires upon the isle,
To eat my young ones in a little while:
O Hawk! to friend and comrade give the word,
My children's danger tell to every bird!"

The cock-bird flew at all speed to the place, and gave a cry to announce his arrival. Leave given, he came near to the Osprey,

and made his greeting. "Why have you come?" asked the Osprey. Then the cock repeated the second stanza:

"O wingèd fowl! chiefest of birds art thou:
So, Osprey king, I seek thy shelter now.
Some country-folk a-hunting now are fain
To eat my young: be thou my joy again!"

"Fear not," said the Osprey to the Hawk, and consoling him he repeated the third stanza:

"In season, out of season, wise men make
Both friends and comrades for protection's sake:
For thee, O Hawk! I will perform this deed;
The good must help each other at their need."

[292] Then he went on to ask, "Have the churls climbed up the tree, my friend?" "They are not climbing yet; they are just piling wood on the fire." "Then you had better go quickly and comfort my

friend your mate, and say I am coming." He did so. The Osprey went also, and from a place near to the kadamba tree he watched for the men to climb, sitting upon a tree-top. Just as one of the boors who was climbing the tree had come near to the nest, the Osprey dived into the lake, and from wings and beak sprinkled water over the burning brands, so that they were put out. Down came the men, and made another fire to cook the bird and its young; when they climbed again, once more the Osprey demolished the fire. So whenever a fire was made, the bird put it out, and midnight came. The bird was much

distressed: the skin under his stomach had become quite thin, his eyes were blood-shot. Seeing him, the hen-bird said to her mate, "My lord, the Osprey is tired out; go and tell the Tortoise, that he may have a rest." When he heard this, the bird approaching the Osprey, addressed him in a stanza:

"Good help the good: the necessary deed
Thou hast in pity done for us at need.
Our young are safe, thou living: have a care
Of thy own self, nor all thy strength outwear."

On hearing these words, loud as a lion's roar he repeated the fifth stanza:

"While I am keeping guard about this tree,
I care not if I lose my life for thee:
So use the good: thus friend will do for friend:
Yea, even if he perish at the end."

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[293] But the sixth stanza was repeated by the Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, as he praised the bird's goodness:

"The egg-born bird that flies the air did a most painful work,
The Osprey, guarding well the chicks before the midnight murk."

Then the Hawk said, "Rest awhile, friend Osprey," and then away to the Tortoise, whom he aroused. "What is your errand, friend?" asked the Tortoise.—"Such and such a danger has come upon us, and the royal Osprey has been labouring hard ever since the first watch, and is very weary; that is why I have come to you." With these words he repeated the seventh stanza:

"Even they who fall through sin or evil deed
May rise again if they get help in need.
My young in danger, straight I fly to thee:
O dweller in the lake, come, succour me!"

On hearing this the Tortoise repeated another stanza:

"The good man to a man who is his friend,
Both food and goods, even life itself, will lend.
For thee, O Hawk! I will perform this deed:
The good must help each other at their need."

His son, who lay not far off, hearing the words of his father thought, "I would not have my father troubled, but I will do my father's part," and therefore he repeated the ninth stanza:

"Here at thy ease remain, O father mine,
And I thy son will do this task of thine.
[294] A son should serve a father, so ’tis best;
I'll save the Hawk his young ones in the nest."

The father Tortoise addressed his son in a stanza:

"So do the good, my son, and it is true
That son for father service ought to do.
Yet they may leave the Hawk's young brood alone,
Perchance, if they see me so fully grown."

With these words the Tortoise sent the Hawk away, adding, "Fear not, my friend, but go you before and I will come presently after." He dived into the water, collected some mud, and went to the island, quenched the flame, and lay still. Then the countrymen

cried, "Why should we trouble about the young hawks? Let us roll over this cursed [1] Tortoise, and kill him! He will be enough for all." So they plucked some creepers and got some strings, but when they had made them fast in this place or that, and torn their clothes to strips for the purpose, they could not roll the Tortoise over. The Tortoise lugged them along with him and plunged in deep water. The men were so eager to get him that in they fell after: splashed about, and scrambled out with a belly-full of water. "Just look," said they: "half the night one Osprey kept putting out our fire, and now this Tortoise has made us fall into the water, and swallow it, to our great discomfort. Well, we will light another fire, and at sunrise we will eat those young hawks." Then they began to make a fire. The hen-bird heard the noise they were making, and said, "My husband, sooner or later these men will devour our young and depart: you go and tell our friend the Lion." [295] At once he went to the Lion, who asked him why he came at such an unseasonable hour. The bird told him all from the beginning, and repeated the eleventh stanza:

"Mightiest of all the beasts, both beasts and men
Fly to the strongest when beset with fear.
My young ones are in danger; help me then:
Thou art our king, and therefore I am here."

This said, the Lion repeated a stanza:

"Yes, I will do this service, Hawk, for thee:
Come, let us go and slay this gang of foes!
Surely the prudent, he who wisdom knows,
Protector of a friend must try to be."

Having thus spoken, he dismissed him, saying, "Now go, and comfort your young ones." Then he went forward, churning up

the crystal water.

p. 187

When the churls perceived him approaching, they were frightened to death: "The Osprey," they cried, "put out our fire-brands; the Tortoise made us lose the clothes we had on: but now we are done for. This Lion will destroy us at once." They ran this way and that: when the Lion came to the foot of the tree, nothing could he see. [296] Then the Osprey, the Hawk, and the Tortoise came up, and accosted him. He told them the profitableness of friendship, and said, "From this time forth be careful never to break the bonds of friendship." With this advice he departed: and they also went each to his own place. The hen-hawk looking upon her young, thought—"Ah, through friends have my young been given back to me!" and as she rejoiced, she spoke to her mate, and recited six stanzas declaring the effect of friendship:

"Get friends, a houseful of them without fail,
Get a great friend: a blessing he'll be found [1]:
Vain strike the arrows on a coat of mail.
And we rejoice, our younglings safe and sound.

"By their own comrade's help, the friend who stayed to take their part,
One chirps, the fledglings chirp reply, with notes that charm the heart.

"The wise asks help at friend's or comrade's hand,
Lives happy with his goods and brood of kind:
So I, my mate, and young, together stand,
Because our friend to pity was inclined.

"A man needs king and warriors for protection:
And these are his whose friendship is perfection:
Thou cravest happiness: he is famed and strong;
He surely prospers to whom friends belong.

"Even by the poor and weak, O Hawk, good friends must needs be found:
See now by kindness we and ours each one are safe and sound.

"The bird who wins a hero strong to play a friendly part,
As thou and I are happy, Hawk, is happy in his heart."

[297] So she declared the quality of friendship in six stanzas. And all this company of friends lived all their lives long without breaking the bond of friendship, and then passed away according to their deeds.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that he won to bliss by his wife's means; it was the same before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time the married pair were the pair of Hawks, Rāhula was the young Tortoise, Moggallāna was the old Tortoise, Sāriputta the Osprey, and I was myself the Lion.

Footnotes

183:1 Literally "binder of friends."

186:1 Reading *kāla-.*

187:1 Reading *sukhāgamāya.*

No. 487.

UDDĀLAKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"With uncleansed teeth," etc.—This story the Master told, while dwelling in Jetavana, about a dishonest man. This man, even though dedicate to the faith that leads to salvation, notwithstanding to gain life's necessaries fulfilled the threefold practice of knavery. The Brethren brought to light all the evil parts in the man as they conversed together in the Hall of Truth: "Such a one, Brethren, after he had dedicated himself to this great faith of Buddha which leads to salvation, yet lives in deceit!" The Master came in, and would know what they talked of there. They told him. Said he, "This is not now the first time; he was deceitful before," and so saying he told a story of the past.

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[293] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was chaplain, and a wise, learned man was he. On a certain day, he went into his park to disport him, and seeing a beauteous light-skirts fell in love with her, and took up his abode with her. He got her with child, and when she perceived it she said to him: "Sir, I am with child; when he is born, and I am to name him, I will give him his grandfather's name." But he thought, "It can never be that the name of a noble family should be given to a slave-girl's bastard." Then he said to her, "My dear, this tree here is called Uddāla [2], and you may name the child Uddālaka because he was conceived here." Then he

gave her a seal-ring, and said, "If it be a girl use this to help bring her up; but if a boy, bring him to me when he grows up."

In due time she brought forth a son, and named him Uddālaka. When he grew up, he asked his mother, "Mother, who is my father?"—"The chaplain, my boy."—"If that is so, I will learn the holy books." So receiving the ring from his mother, and a teacher's fee, he journeyed to Takkasilā and learnt there of a world-renowned teacher. In the course of his studies he saw a company of ascetics. "These must surely have the perfect knowledge," thought he, "I will learn of them." Accordingly he renounced the world, so eager he was for knowledge, and did menial service for them, begging them in return to teach him their own wisdom. So they taught him all they knew; but among the whole five hundred of them not one there was outdid him in knowledge, he was the wisest of them all. Then they gathered together and appointed him to be their teacher. He

said to them, "Venerable sirs, you always live in the woodland eating of fruits and roots; why do you not go in the paths of men?" "Sir," they said, "men are willing to give us gifts, but they make us show gratitude by declaring the law, they ask us questions: for fear of this we go not ever among them." He answered, "Sirs, if you have me, let a universal monarch ask questions, leave me to settle them, and fear nothing." So he went on pilgrimage with them, seeking alms, and at last came to Benares, [299] and stayed in the king's park. Next day, in company with them all, he sought alms in a village before the city gate. The folk gave them alms in plenty. On the day following the ascetics traversed the city, the folk gave them alms in plenty.

The ascetic Uddālaka gave thanks, and blest them, and answered questions. The people were edified, and gave all they had need of in great abundance. The whole city buzzed with the news, "A wise teacher is come, a holy ascetic," and the king got wind of it." Where do they live?" asked the king. They told him, "In the park." "Good," quoth he, "this day I will go and see them." A man went and told it to Uddālaka, saying, "The king is to come and see you to-day." He called the company together, and said, "Sirs, the king is coming: win favour in the eyes of the great for one day, it is enough for a lifetime." "What must we do, teacher?" they asked. Then he said, "Some of you must be at the swinging penance [1], some squat on the ground [2], some lie upon beds of spikes, some practise the penance of the five fires [3], others go down into the water, others again recite holy verses in this place or that." They did as he bade. Himself with wise men eight or ten sat upon a prepared seat with a head-rest disputing, a fair volume beside him laid upon a beautiful standish, and listeners all around. At that moment the king with his chaplain and a great company came into the park, and when he saw them all deep in their sham austerities, he was pleased and thought, "They are free from all fear of evil states hereafter." Approaching Uddālaka, he greeted him graciously and sat down on one side; then in the delight of his heart began speaking to the chaplain, and recited the first stanza [4]:

"With uncleansed teeth, and goatskin garb and hair
All matted, muttering holy words in peace:
Surely no human means to good they spare,
Surely they know the Truth, have won Release."

[300] Hearing this, the chaplain replied, "The king is pleased where he should not be pleased, and I must not be silent." Then he repeated the second stanza:

"A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
  A learned sage may fail to follow right.
A thousand Vedas will not safety bring,
  Failing just works, or save from evil plight."

Uddālaka, when he heard these words thought to himself, "The king was pleased with the ascetics, be they what you will; but this man comes a clap over the snout of the ox when he goes too fast, drops dirt in the dish all ready to eat: I must talk to him." So he addressed to him the third stanza:

"A thousand Vedas will not safety bring
  Failing just works, or save from evil plight:
The Vedas then, must be a useless thing:
  True doctrine is—control yourself, do right."

[301] At this the chaplain recited the fourth stanza:

"Not so: the Vedas are no useless thing:
  Though works with self-control, true doctrine is.
To study well the Vedas fame will bring,
  But by right conduct we attain to bliss."

Now thought Uddālaka, "It will never do to be on ill terms with this man. If I tell him I am his son, he needs must love me; I will tell him I am his son." Then he recited the fifth stanza:

"Parents and kinsmen claim one's care;
A second self our parents are:

I'm Uddālaka, a shoot,
Noble brahmin, from thy root."

"Are you indeed Uddālaka?" he asked. "Yes," said the other. Then he said, "I gave your mother a token, where is it?" He said, "Here it is, brahmin," and handed him the ring. The brahmin knew the ring again, and said, "Without doubt you are a brahmin; but do you know the duties of a brahmin?" He enquired concerning these duties in the words of the sixth stanza:

[302]

"What makes the brahmin? how can he be perfect? tell me this:
What is a righteous man, and how wins he Nirvana's bliss?"

Uddālaka explained it in the seventh stanza:

"The world renounced, with fire, he worship pays,
    Pours water, lifts the sacrificial pole:
As one who does his duty men him praise,
    And such a brahmin wins him peace of soul."

The chaplain listened to his account of the brahmin's duties, but found fault with it, reciting the eighth stanza as follows:

"Not sprinkling makes the brahmin pure, perfection is not this,
Nor peace nor kindness thus he wins nor yet Nirvana's bliss."

Hereupon Uddālaka asked, "If this does not make the brahmin, then what does?" reciting the ninth stanza:

"What makes the brahmin? how can he be perfect? tell me this:
What is a righteous man? and how wins he Nirvana's bliss?"

[303] The chaplain answered by reciting another stanza:

"He has no field, no goods, no wish, no kin,
  Careless of life, no lusts, no evil ways:
Even such a brahmin peace of soul shall win,
  So as one true to duty men him praise."

After this Uddālaka recited a stanza:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa [1],
All these can be compassionate, can win Nirvana's bliss:
Who among all the saints is there who worse or better is?"

Then the brahmin recited a stanza, to show that there is no higher or lower from the moment sainthood is won:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa,
All these can be compassionate, can win Nirvana's bliss:
None among all the saints is found who worse or better is."

But Uddālaka found fault with this, reciting a couple of stanzas:

"Khattiya, Brahmin, Vessa, Sudda, and Caṇḍāla, Pukkusa,
All these can virtuous be, and all attain Nirvana's bliss:
None among all the saints is found who worse or better is.
You are a brahmin, then, for nought: vain is your rank, I wis."

[304] Here the chaplain recited two stanzas more, with a similitude:

"With canvas dyed in many a tint pavilions may be made:

The roof, a many-coloured dome: one colour is the shade.

"Even so, when men are purified, so is it here on earth:
The good perceive that they are saints, and never ask their birth."

Now Uddālaka could not say nay to this, and so he sat silent. Then the brahmin said to the king, "All these are knaves, O king, all India will come to ruin through knavery. Persuade Uddālaka to renounce his asceticism, and to be chaplain under me; let the rest leave their asceticism, give them shield and spear and make them your men." The king consented, and did so, and they all entered the service of the king.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the man was a knave." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time the dishonest Brother was Uddālaka, Ānanda was the king, and I was the chaplain."

Footnotes

188:1 Translated and discussed in Fick, *Sociale Gliederung zu Buddhas Zeit,* p. 13 foll. Compare No. 377 (iii. 153 of this translation).

188:2 *Cassia Fistula.*

189:1 See *Journ. P. T. S.* 1884, p. 95. Fick translates "sollen sich wie Fledermäuse benehmen," and compares the "hen-saint" and "cow saint," Oldenberg's *Buddha,* p. 68.

189:2 As though they had remained so for years, after the manner of some modern *fakeers.*

189:3 One to each point of the compass, and the sun above.

189:4 The first four stanzas are repeated from iii. 236-7, in this translation iii. 155.

191:1 Compare above, p. 127, and note the order of the first two. Cf. iii. 194.

No. 488.

BHISA-JĀTAKA.

"May horse and kine," etc. This story the Master told whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. The circumstances will appear under the Kusa Birth [1]. [305] Here again the Master asked—"Is it true, Brother, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir, it is true." "For what cause?" "For sin's sake, Sir." "Brother why do you backslide, after embracing such a faith as this which leads to salvation; and all for sin's sake? In days of yore, before the Buddha arose, wise men who took to the religious life, even they who were outside the pale, made an oath, and renounced a suggested idea connected with temptations or desires!" So saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a great brahmin magnifico who owned a fortune of eighty crores of money. The name they gave him was my lord Mahā-Kañcana, the Greater Lord of Gold. At the time when he could but just go upon his feet, another son was born to the brahmin, and they called him my lord Upa-Kañcana, the Lesser Lord of Gold. Thus in succession seven sons came, and youngest of all came a daughter, whom they named Kañcana-devī, the Lady of Gold.

Mahā-Kañcana, when he grew up, studied at Takkasilā all the arts and sciences, and returned home. Then his parents desired to establish him in a household of his own. "We will fetch you,"

said they, "a girl from a family to be a fit match for you, and then you shall have your own household." But he said, "Mother and father, I want no household. To me the three kinds of existence [2] are terrible as fires, beset with chains like a prison-house, loathsome as a dunghill. Never have I known of the deed of kind, not so much as in a dream. You have other sons, bid them be heads of families and leave me alone." Though they begged him again and again, sent his friends to him and besought him by their lips, yet he would none of it. Then his friends asked him, "What do you wish, my good friend, that you care nothing for the enjoying of love and desire?" He told them how he had renounced all the world. When the parents understood this, they made the like proposal to the other sons, but none of them would hear of it; nor yet again did the Lady Kañcanā. By and bye the parents died. The wise Mahā-Kañcana did the obsequies for his parents; with the treasure of eighty crores he distributed

alms munificently to beggars and wayfaring men; then taking with him his six brothers, his sister, a servant man and handmaiden, and one companion, [306] he made the great retirement and retired into the region of Himalaya. There in a delightsome spot near a lotus-lake they built them an hermitage, and lived a holy life eating of the fruits and roots of the forest. When they went into the forest, they went one by one, and if ever one of them saw a fruit or a leaf he would call the rest: there telling all they had seen and heard, they picked up what there was—it seemed like a village market. But the teacher, the ascetic Mahā-Kañcana, thought to himself: "We have cast aside a fortune of eighty crores and taken up the religious life, and to go about greedily seeking for wild fruits is not seemly. From

henceforth I will bring the wild fruits by myself." Returning then to the hermitage, in the evening he gathered all together and told them his thought. "You remain here," said he, "and practise the life of the recluse, I will fetch fruit for you." Thereat Upa-Kañcana and all the rest broke in, "We have become religious under your wing, it is you should stay behind and practise the life of the recluse. Let our sister remain here also, and the maid be with her: we eight will take turns to fetch the fruit, but you three shall be free from taking a turn." He agreed. Thenceforward these eight took a turn to bring in fruit one at a time: the others each received his share of the find, and carried it off to his dwelling-place and remained in his own leaf-hut. Thus they could not be together without cause or reason. He whose turn it was would bring in the provender (there was one enclosure), and laying it on a flat stone would make eleven portions of it; then making the gong sound he would take his own portion and depart to his place of dwelling; the others coming up at the gong-sound, without hustling, but with all due ceremony and order, would take each his allotted portion of the find, then returning to his own place there would eat it, and resume his meditation and religious austerity. After a time they gathered lotus fibres and ate them, and there they abode, mortifying themselves with scorching heat and other kind of torments, their senses all dead, striving to induce the ecstatic trance.

By the glory of their virtue Sakka's throne trembled. "Are these released from desire only," said he, "or are they sages? [307] Are they sages? I will find out now." So by his supernatural power for three days he caused the Great Being's share to disappear. On the first day, seeing no share for him, he thought, "My share must have been forgotten." On the second day," There must be

some fault in me: [1] he has not provided my share in the way of due respect." On the third, "Why can it be they provide no share for me? If there be fault in me I will make my peace." So at evening he sounded upon

the gong. They all came together, and asked who had sounded the gong. "I did, my brothers." "Why, good master?" "My brothers, who brought in the food three days ago?" One uprose, and said, "I did," standing in all respect. "When you made the division did you set apart a share for me?" "Why yes, master, the share of the eldest." "And who brought food yesterday?" Another rose, and said, "I did," then stood respectfully waiting. "Did you remember me?" "I put by for you the share of the eldest." "To-day who brought the food?" Another arose, and stood respectfully waiting. "Did you remember me in making the division?" "I set aside the share of the eldest for you." Then he said, "Brothers, this is the third day I have had no share. The first day when I saw none, I thought, Doubtless he that made the division has forgotten my share. The second day, I thought there must be some fault in me. But to-day I made up my mind, that if fault there were, I would make my peace, and therefore I summoned you by the sound of this gong. You tell me you have put aside for me these portions of the lotus fibres: I have had none of them. I must find out who has stolen and eaten these. When one has forsaken the world and all the lusts thereof, theft is unseemly, be it no more than a lotus-stalk." When they heard these words, they cried out, [308] "Oh what a cruel deed!" and they were all much agitated.

Now the deity which dwelt in a tree by that hermitage, the chiefest tree of the forest, came out and sat down in their midst. There was likewise an elephant, which had been unable under his training to be impassible, and brake the stake he was bound to, and escaped into the woods: from time to time he used to come and salute the band of sages, and now he came also and stood on one side. A monkey also there was, that had been used to make sport with serpents, and had escaped out of the snake-charmer's hands into the forest: he dwelt in that hermitage, and that day he also greeted the band of ascetics, and stood on one side. Sakka, resolved to test the ascetics, was there also in a shape invisible beside them. At that moment the Bodhisatta's younger brother, the recluse Upa-Kañcana, arose from his seat, and saluting the Buddha, with a bow to the rest of the company, said as follows: "Master, setting aside the rest, may I clear myself from this charge?" "You may, brother." He, standing in the midst of the sages, said, "If I ate those fibres of yours, such and such am I," making a solemn oath in the words of the first stanza:

"May horse and kine be his, may silver, gold,
A loving wife, these may he precious hold,
May he have sons and daughters manifold,
  Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [1]."

p. 195

On this the ascetics put their hands over their ears, crying, "No, no, sir, that oath is very heavy!" And the Bodhisatta also said, "Brother, your oath is very heavy: you did not eat the food, sit down on your pallet." He having thus made his oath and sat down, up rose the second brother, and saluting the Great Being, recited the second stanza to clear himself:

[309]

"May he have sons and raiment at his will,
Garlands and sandal sweet his hands may fill,
His heart be fierce with lust and longing still,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

When he sat down, the others each in his turn uttered his own stanza to express his feeling:

"May he have plenty, win both fame and land,
Sons, houses, treasures, all at his command,
The passing years may he not understand,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"As mighty warrior chief may he be known,
As king of kings set on a glorious throne,
The earth and its four corners all his own,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"Be he a brahmin, passion unsubdued,
With faith in stars and lucky days imbued,
Honoured with mighty monarchs' gratitude,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"A student in the Vedic lore deep-read,
Let all men reverence his holihead,
And of the people be he worshipped,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

"By Indra's [1] gift a village may he hold,
Rich, choice, possest of all the goods fourfold [2],
And may he die with passions uncontrolled,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

[310] "A village chief, his comrades all around,
His joy in dances and sweet music's sound;
May the king's favour unto him abound:
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [3]."

"May she be fairest of all womankind,
May the high monarch of the whole world find
Her chief among ten thousand to his mind,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [4]."

"When all the serving handmaidens do meet,
May she all unabashed sit in her seat,
Proud of her gains, and may her food be sweet.
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [5]."

"The great Kajañgal cloister be his care,

And may he set the ruins in repair,

And every day make a new window there,

Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [1]."

"Fast in six hundred bonds may he be caught,
From the dear forest to a city brought,
Smitten with goads and guiding-pikes, distraught,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away [2]."

"Garland on neck, tin earring in each ear,
Bound, let him walk the highway, much in fear,
And schooled with sticks to serpent kind [3] draw near,
Brahmin, who stole thy share of food away."

[312] When oath had been taken in these thirteen stanzas, the Great Being thought, "Perhaps they imagine I am lying myself, and saying that the food was not there when it was." So he made oath on his part in the fourteenth stanza:

"Who swears the food was gone, if it was not,

Let him enjoy desire and its effect,

May worldly death be at the last his lot.

The same for you, sirs, if you now suspect."

When the sages had made their oath thus, Sakka thought to himself, "Fear nothing; I made these lotus fibres disappear in order to test these men, and they all make oath, loathing the deed as if it were a snot of spittle. Now I will ask them why they loathe lust and desire." This question he put by questioning the Bodhisatta in the next stanza, after having assumed a visible form:

"What in the world men go a-seeking here
That thing to many lovely is and dear,
Longed-for, delightful in this life: why, then,
Have saints no praise for things desired of men?"

By way of answer to this question, the Great Being recited two stanzas:

"Desires are deadly blows and chains to bind,
In these both misery and fear we find:
When tempted by desires imperial kings [4]
Infatuate do vile and sinful things.

"These sinners bring forth sin, to hell they go
At dissolution of this mortal frame.
[313] Because the misery of lust they know [5]
Therefore saints praise not lust, but only blame."

When Sakka had heard the Great Being's explanation, much moved in heart he repeated the following stanza:

"Myself to test these sages stole away
That food, which by the lake-side I did lay.
Sages they are indeed and pure and good.
O man of holy life, behold thy food!"

Hearing which the Bodhisatta recited a stanza:

"We are no tumblers, to make sport for thee,
No kinsmen nor no friends of thine are we.
Then why, O king divine, O thousand-eyed,
Thinkst thou the sages must thy sport provide?"

And Sakka recited the twentieth stanza, making his peace with him:

"Thou art my teacher, and my father thou,
From my offence let this protect me now.
Forgive me my one error, O wise sage!
They who are wise are never fierce in rage."

[314] Then the Great Being forgave Sakka, king of the gods, and on his own part to reconcile him with the company of sages recited another stanza:

"Happy for holy men one night has been,
When the Lord Vāsava by us was seen.
And, sirs, be happy all in heart to see
The food once stolen now restored to me."

Sakka saluted the company of sages, and returned to the world of gods. And they caused the mystic trance and the transcendent faculties to spring up within them, and became destined for Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, wise men of old made an oath and renounced sin." This said, he declared the Truths. At the conclusion of the Truths,

the backsliding brother was established in the fruit of the First Path. Identifying the Birth, he recited three stanzas:

"Sāriputta, Moggallāna, Puṇṇa, Kassapa, and I,
Anuruddha and Ānanda then the seven brothers were.

"Uppalavaṇṇā was the sister, and Khujjuttarā the maid,
Sātāgira was the spirit, Citta householder the slave,

"The elephant was Pārileyya, Madhuvāseṭṭha was the ape,
Kāḷudāyi then was Sakka. Now you understand the Birth."

Footnotes

192:1 No. 531: vol. v. p. 279 (Pali).

192:2 Of sense, of body, without body or form (in the *kāma-, rūpa-, arūpa-loka*).

193:1 Or "it is to remind me respectfully of this that he provides no share for me."

194:1 The meaning is, that a man whose heart is set on these things feels pain to part with them, and is hence unfit to die from a Buddhist point of view. The verse is therefore a curse.

195:1 Vāsava.

195:2 The scholiast explains this as: populous, rich in grain, in wood, in water. This verse is said by the friendly ascetic.

195:3 Spoken by the slave man.

195:4 Spoken by Kañcanā.

195:5 Spoken by the slave girl.

196:1 Spoken by the tree-spirit. Kajañgala, the scholiast informs us, was a town where materials were hard to be got. There in Buddha Kassapa's time a god had a hard job of it repairing the ruins of an old monastery.

196:2 Spoken by the elephant.

196:3 The monkey says this: his task was to play with a snake. See above.

196:4 Lords of Beings, "an allusion to Sakka" *(schol.)*.

196:5 Sutta Nipāta, 50.

No. 489.

SURUCI-JĀTAKA.

"I am," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling hard by Sāvatthi in the mansion of Migāra's mother [1], how she, Visākhā the great lay Sister, received Eight Boons. One day she had heard the Law preached in Jetavana, and returned home after inviting the Buddha with his followers for the next day. But late in that night a mighty tempest deluged the four continents of the world. [315] The Blessed One addressed the Brethren as follows. "As the rain falls in Jetavana, so, Brethren, falls the rain in the four continents of the world. Let yourselves be drenched to the skin: this is my last great world-storm!" So with the Brethren, whose bodies were already drenched, by his supernatural power he disappeared from Jetavana, and appeared in a room of Visākhā's mansion. She cried, "A marvel indeed! a thing mysterious! O the miracle done by the power of the Tathāgata! With floods running knee deep, aye, with floods running waist-deep, not so much as the foot or the robe of a single Brother will be wet!" In joy and delight she waited upon the Buddha and all his company. After the meal was done, she said to the Buddha, "Verily I crave boons at the hands of the Blessed One." "Visākhā, the Tathāgatas have boons beyond measure [2]." "But such as are permitted, such as are blameless?" "Speak on, Visākhā." "I crave that all my life long I may have the right to give to the Brethren clokes for the rainy season, food to all that come as guests, food to travelling priests, food to the sick, food to those who wait on the sick, medicine to the sick, a continual distribution of rice

gruel; and to the Sisters all my life long robes for bathing in." The Master replied, "What blessing have you in view, Visākhā, when you ask these eight boons of the Tathāgata?" She told him the benefit she hoped for, and he said, "It is well, it is well, Visākhā, it is well indeed, Visākhā, that this is the benefit you hope for in asking the eight boons of the Tathāgata." Then he said, "I grant you the eight boons, Visākhā." Having granted her the eight boons and thanked her he departed.

One day when the Master was dwelling in the Eastern park, they began to talk of it in the Hall of Truth: "Brother, Visākhā the great lay Sister, notwithstanding her womanhood, received eight boons at the Dasabala's hands. Ah, great are her virtues!" The Master came in and asked what they spoke of. They told him. Said he, "It is not now the first time this woman has received boons from me, for she received such before"; and he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there reigned a king Suruci in Mithilā. This king, having a son born to him, gave him the name of Suruci-Kumāra, or Prince Splendid. When he grew up, he determined to study at Takkasilā; so thither he went, and sat down in a hall at the city gate. [316] Now the

son of the king of Benares also, whose name was Prince Brahmadatta, went to the same place, and took his seat on the same bench where Prince Suruci sat. They entered into converse together, and became friends, and went both together to the teacher. They paid the fee, and studied, and ere long their education was complete. Then they took leave of their teacher,

and went on their road together. After travelling thus a short distance, they came to a stop at a place where the road parted. Then they embraced, and in order to keep their friendship alive they made a compact together: "If I have a son and you a daughter, or if you have a son and I a daughter, we will make a match of it between them."

When they were on the throne, a son was born to king Suruci, and to him also the name of Prince Suruci was given. Brahmadatta had a daughter, and her name was Sumedhā, the Wise Lady. Prince Suruci in due time grew up, went to Takkasilā for his education, and that finished returned. Then his father, wishing to mark out his son for king by the ceremonial sprinkling, thought to himself, "My friend the king of Benares has a daughter, so they say: I will make her my son's consort." For this purpose he sent an ambassade with rich gifts.

But before they had yet come, the king of Benares asked his queen this question: "Lady, what is the worst misery for a woman?" "To quarrel with her fellow-wives." "Then, my lady, to save our only daughter the Princess Sumedhā from this misery, we will give her to none but him that will have her and no other." So when the ambassadors came, and named the name of his daughter, he told them, "Good friends, indeed it is true I promised my daughter to my old friend long ago. But we have no wish to cast her into the midst of a crowd of women, and we will give her only to one who will wed her and no other." This message they brought back to the king. But the king was displeased. "Ours is a great kingdom," said he, "the city of Mithilā covers seven leagues, the measure of the whole kingdom is three hundred leagues. Such a king should have sixteen thousand women at the least." But Prince Suruci, hearing the

great beauty of Sumedhā, [317] fell in love from hearing of it only. So he sent word to his parents, saying, "I will take her and no other: what do I want with a multitude of women? Let her be brought." They did not thwart his desire, but sent a rich present and a great ambassade to bring her home. Then she was made his queen consort, and they were both together consecrated by sprinkling.

He became king Suruci, and ruling in justice lived a life of high happiness with his queen. But although she dwelt in his palace for ten thousand years, never son nor daughter she had of him.

Then all the townsfolk gathered together in the palace courtyard, with upbraidings. "What is it?" the king asked. "Fault we have no other to find," said they, "but this, that you have no son to keep up your line.

You have but one queen, yet a royal prince should have sixteen thousand at the least. Choose a company of women, my lord: some worthy wife will bring you a son." "Dear friends, what is this you say? I passed my word I would take no other but one, and on those terms I got her. I cannot lie, no host of women for me." So he refused their request, and they departed. But Sumedhā heard what was said. "The king refuses to choose him concubines for his truth's sake," thought she; "well, I will find him some one." Playing the part of mother and wife to the king, she chose at her own will a thousand maidens of the warrior caste, a thousand of the courtiers, a thousand daughters of householders, a thousand of all kinds of dancing girls, four thousand in all, and delivered them to him. And all these dwelt in the palace for ten thousand years, and never a son or daughter

they brought between them. In this way she three times brought four thousand maidens but they had neither son nor daughter. Thus she brought him sixteen thousand wives in all. Forty thousand years went by, that is to say, fifty thousand in all, counting the ten thousand he had lived with her alone. Then the townsfolk again gathered together with reproaches. "What is it now?" the king asked. [318] "My lord, command your women to pray for a son." The king was not unwilling, and commanded so to pray. Thenceforward praying for a son, they worship all manner of deities and offer all kinds of vows; yet no son appeared. Then the king commanded Sumedhā to pray for a son. She consented. On the fast of the fifteenth day of the month, she took upon her the eightfold sabbath vows [1], and sat meditating upon the virtues in a magnificent room upon a pleasant couch. The others were in the park, vowing to do sacrifice with goats or kine. By the glory of Sumedhā's virtue Sakka's dwelling place began to tremble. Sakka pondered, and understood that Sumedhā prayed for a son; well, she should have one. "But I cannot give her this or that son indifferently; I will search for one which shall be suitable." Then he saw a young god called Naḷākara, the Basket-weaver. He was a being endowed with merit, who in a former life lived in Benares, when this befel him. At seed-time as he was on his way to the fields he perceived a Pacceka Buddha. He sent on his hinds, bidding them sow the seed, but himself turned back, and led the Pacceka Buddha home, and gave him to eat, and then conducted him again to the Ganges bank. He and his son together made a hut, trunks of fig-trees for the foundation and reeds interwoven for the walls; a door he put to it, and made a path for walking. There for three months he made the Pacceka Buddha dwell; and after the rains were over, the two of them, father and son, put on him

the three robes and let him go. In the same manner they entertained seven Pacceka Buddhas in that hut, and

gave them the three robes, and let them go their ways. So men still tell how these two, father and son, turned basket-weavers, and hunted for osiers on the banks of the Ganges, and whenever they spied a Pacceka Buddha did as we have said. When they died, they were born in the heaven of the Thirty-Three, and dwelt in the six heavens of sense one after the other in direct and in reverse succession, enjoying great majesty among the gods. These two after dying. in that region were desirous of winning to the upper god-world. Sakka perceiving that one of them would be the Tathāgata, [319] went to the door of their mansion, and saluting him as he arose and came to meet him, said, "Sir, you must go into the world of men." But he said, "O king, the world of men is hateful and loathsome: they who dwell there do good and give alms longing for the world of the gods. What shall I do when I get there?" "Sir, you shall enjoy in perfection all that can be enjoyed in that world; you shall dwell in a palace made with stones of price, five and twenty leagues in height. Do consent." He consented. When Sakka had received his promise, in the guise of a sage he descended into the king's park, and showed himself soaring above those women to and fro in the air, while he chanted, "To whom shall I give the blessing of a son, who craves the blessing of a son?" "To me, Sir, to me!" thousands of hands were uplifted. Then he said, "I give sons to the virtuous: what is your virtue, what your life and conversation?" They drew down their uplifted hands, saying, "If you would reward virtue, go seek Sumedhā." He went his ways through the air, and stayed at the window of her bedchamber. Then they went and told her,

saying, "See, my lady, a king of the gods has come down through the air, and stands at your bedchamber window, offering you the boon of a son!" With great pomp she proceeded thither, and opening the window, said, "Is this true, Sir, that I hear, how you offer the blessing of a son to a virtuous woman?" "It is, and so I do." "Then grant it to me." "What is your virtue, tell me; and if you please me, I grant you the boon." Then declaring her virtue she recited these fifteen stanzas.

"I am king Ruci's consort-queen, the first he ever wed;
With Suruci ten thousand years my wedded life I led.

"Suruci king of Mithilā, Videha's chiefest place,
I never lightly held his wish, nor deemed him mean or base,
In deed or thought or word, behind his back, nor to his face.

[320] "If this be true, O holy one, so may that son be given:
But if my lips are speaking lies, then burst my head in seven.

"The parents of my husband dear, so long as they held sway,
And while they lived, would ever give me training in the Way.

"My passion was to hurt no life, and willingly do right:
I served them with extremest care unwearied day and night.

"If this be true, etc.

"No less than sixteen thousand dames my fellow-wives have been:
Yet, brahmin, never jealousy nor anger came between.

"At their good fortune I rejoice; each one of them is dear;
My heart is soft to all these wives as though myself it were.

"If this be true, etc.

"Slaves, messengers, and servants all, and all about the place,
I give them food, I treat them well, with cheerful pleasant face.

"If this be true, etc.

"Ascetics, brahmins, any man who begging here is seen,
I comfort all with food and drink, my hands all washen clean.

"If this be true, etc.

"The eighth of either fortnight, the fourteenth, fifteenth days,
And the especial fast I keep, I walk in holy ways [1].

"If this be true, O holy one, so may that son be given:
But if my lips are speaking lies, then burst my head in seven."

[321] Indeed not a hundred verses, nor a thousand, could suffice to sing the praise of her virtues: yet Sakka allowed her to sing her own praises in these fifteen stanzas, nor did he cut the tale short though he had much to do elsewhere; then he said "Abundant and marvellous are your virtues"; then in her praise he recited a couple of stanzas:

"All these great virtues, glorious dame, O daughter of a king,

Are found in thee, which of thyself, O lady, thou dost sing.

"A warrior, born of noble blood, all glorious and wise,
Videha's righteous emperor, thy son, shall soon arise."

When these words she heard, in great joy she recited two stanzas, putting a question to him:

[322]

"Unkempt, with dust and dirt begrimed, high-poiséd in the sky,

Thou speakest in a lovely voice that pricks me to the heart.

"Art thou a mighty god, O sage and dwellst in heaven on high?
O tell me whence thou comest here, O tell me who thou art!"

He told her in six stanzas:

"Sakka the Hundred-eyed thou seest, for so the gods me call
When they are wont to assemble in the heavenly judgement hall.

"When women virtuous, wise, and good here in the world are found,
True wives, to husband's mother kind even as in duty bound [2],

"When such a woman wise of heart and good in deed they know,
To her, though woman, they divine, the gods themselves will go.

"So lady, thou, through worthy life, through store of good deeds done,
A princess born, all happiness the heart can wish, hast won.

"So thou dost reap thy deeds, princess, by glory on the earth,
And after in the world of gods a new and heavenly birth.

"O wise, O blessed! so live on, preserve thy conduct right:
Now I to heaven must return, delighted with thy sight."

[323]"I have business to do in the world of gods," quoth he, "therefore I go; but do thou be vigilant." With this advice he departed.

In the morning time, the god Naḷakāra was conceived within her womb. When she discovered it, she told the king, and he did what was necessary for a woman with child [1]. At the end of ten months she brought forth a son, and they gave him Mahā-panāda to his name. All the people of the two countries came crying out, "My lord, we bring this for the boy's milk-money," and each dropt a coin in the king's courtyard: a great heap there was of them. The king did not wish to accept this, but they would not take the money back, but said as they departed, "When the boy grows up, my lord, it will pay for his keep."

The lad was brought up amid great magnificence; and when he came of years, aye, no more than sixteen, he was perfect in all

accomplishments. The king thinking of his son's age, said to the queen, "My lady, when the time comes for the ceremonial sprinkling of our son, let us make him a fine palace for that occasion." She was quite willing. The king sent for those who had skill in divining the lucky place for a building [2], and said to them: "My friends, get a master-mason [3], and build me a palace not far from my own. This is for my son, whom we are about to consecrate as my successor." They said it was well, and proceeded to examine the surface of the ground. At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Perceiving this, he at once summoned Vissakamma [4], and said, "Go, my good Vissakamma, make for Prince Mahā-panāda a palace half a league in length and breadth and five and twenty leagues in height, all with stones of price." Vissakamma took on the shape of a mason, and approaching the workmen said, "Go and eat your breakfast, then return." Having thus got rid of the men, he struck on the earth with his staff; in that instant up rose a palace, seven storeys high, of the aforesaid size. Now for Mahā-panāda these three ceremonies were done together: the ceremony for consecrating the palace, the ceremony for spreading above him the royal umbrella, the ceremony of his marriage. At the time of the ceremony all the people of both countries gathered together, and spent seven years a-feasting, nor did the king dismiss them: their clothes, their ornaments, their food and their drink [324] and all the rest of it, these things were

all provided by the royal family. At the seven years' end they began to grumble, and king Suruci asked why. "O king," they said, "while we have been revelling at this feast seven years have gone by. When will the feast come to an end?" He answered, "My

good friends, all this while my son has never once laughed. So soon as he shall laugh, we will disperse again." Then the crowd went beating the drum and gathered the tumblers and jugglers together. Thousands of tumblers were gathered, and they divided themselves into seven bands and danced; but they could not make the prince laugh. Of course he that had seen the dancing of dancers divine could not care for such dancers as these. Then came two clever jugglers, Bhaṇḍu-kaṇṇa and Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa, Crop-ear and Yellow-ear, and say they, "We will make the prince laugh." Bhaṇḍu-kaṇṇa made a great mango tree, which he called Sanspareil, grow before the palace door: then he threw up a ball of string, and made it catch on a branch of the tree, and then up he climbed into the Mango Sanspareil. Now the Mango Sanspareil they say is Vessavaṇa's mango [1]. And the slaves of Vessavaṇa took him, as usual, chopt him up limb-meal and threw down the bits. The other jugglers joined the pieces together, and poured water upon them. The man donned upper and under garments of flowers, and rose up and began dancing again. Even the sight of this did not make the prince laugh. Then Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa had some fire-wood piled in the court-yard and went into the fire with his troop. When the fire was burnt out, the people sprinkled the pile with water. Paṇḍu-kaṇṇa with his troop rose up dancing with upper and under [2] garments of flowers. When the people found they could not make him laugh, they grew angry. Sakka, perceiving this, sent down a divine dancer, bidding him make prince Mahā-panāda laugh. Then he came and remained poised in the air above the royal courtyard, [325] and performed what is called the Half-body dance: one hand, one foot, one eye, one tooth, go a-dancing, throbbing, flickering to and fro, all the rest stone still. Mahā-panāda, when he saw this, gave a little smile. But the crowd roared and roared with laughter, could not cease laughing, laughed themselves out of their wits, lost control

of their limbs, rolled over and over in the royal courtyard. That was the end of the festival. The rest of it—

Great Panāda, mighty king,
With his palace all of gold,

[3]

must be explained in the Mahā-panāda Birth [4].

p. 205

King Mahā-panāda did good and gave alms, and at his life's end went to the world of gods [1].

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, brethren, Visākhā has received a boon of me before," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Bhaddaji was Mahā-panāda, Visākhā the Lady Sumedhā, Ānanda was Vissakamma, and I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

198:1 Her real name was Visākhā; she was the most distinguished among the female disciples of Buddha. See her history in Hardy's *Manual,* 220; Warren, § 101. The reason for her title is given in Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* p. 470, from the *Dhammapada,* p. 245. See the story in *Mahāvagga*, viii. 15.

198:2 Or "are above granting boons (before they know what they are)": so Rhys Davids and Oldenberg in *Mahāvagga,* i. 54. 4, viii. 15. 6.

200:1 The eight *sīlāni*: against taking life, theft, impurity, lying, intoxicating liquors, eating at forbidden hours, worldly amusements, unguents and ornaments.

202:1 For the exact meaning of pāṭihāriyapakkho see Childers, p. 618.

202:2 *sassudevā-patibbatā. Sassudevā* should be a separate word.

203:1 See p. 79, p. 23 note 1, vol. ii. p. 1 note 4. There was a ceremony called *garbharakṣaṇa* which protected against abortion (Bühler, *Ritual-Litteratur,* in *Grundriss der indo-iran. Philologie,* p. 43).

203:2 Compare ii. 297 (p. 208 of this translation)

203:3 Like rerzrwv, a carpenter or mason.

203:4 The celestial architect.

204:1 See No. 281 (transl. vol. ii. p. 271). The juggling trick here described is spoken of by mediaeval travellers. See Yule's *Marco Polo,* vol. i. p. 308 (ed. 2).

204:2 *na* is a misprint for *ca.*

204:3 These words are the beginning of the stanzas in No. 264 (transl. ii. p. 231). Cp. *Thera-gāthā,* p. 22.

204:4 No. 264 (transl. vol. ii. p. 229).

No. 490.

PAÑC-ŪPOSATHA-JĀTAKA.

"Thou art content," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about five hundred lay Brethren who were under the Sabbath vows. At that time they say that the Master, seated upon the Buddha's glorious seat, in the Hall of Truth, in the midst of folk of all the four kinds [2], looking around upon the gathering with a gentle heart, perceived that this day the teaching would turn on the tale of the lay Brethren [3]. Then he addressed these, and said, "Have the lay Brethren taken upon them the Sabbath vows?" "Yes, Sir, they have," was the answer. "It was well done, this sabbath celebration was the practice of wise men of old: the wise men of old, I say, kept the sabbath celebration in order to subdue the sins of passion and lust." Then at their request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there was a great forest which separated the kingdom of Magadha from the two kingdoms that marched with it. The Bodhisatta was born in Magadha, as one of a great brahmin family. When he grew up, he renounced his desires, and departed, and went into that forest, where he made him an hermitage and dwelt there. Now not very far from this hermitage, in a clump made of bamboos, [326] lived a Wood-pigeon with his mate; in a certain ant-hill lived a Snake; in one thicket a Jackal had his lair, in another a Bear. These four creatures used to visit the sage from time to time, and listened to his discourse.

One day the Pigeon and his mate left their nest and went a-foraging for food. The hen went behind, and as she went, a Hawk pounced on her

and carried her off. Hearing her outcry the cock turned and looked, and beheld him bearing her away! The Hawk killed her in the midst of her cries, and devoured her. Now burned the cock-bird with the fire of love for his mate thus torn from him. Then thought he, "This passion torments me exceedingly; I will not go seek my food until I have found how to subdue it." So cutting short his quest, away he went to the ascetic, and taking upon him the vow for the subduing of desire, he lay down on one side.

The Snake also thought he would seek for food; so out of his hole came he, and sought something to eat on a cow-track near one of the frontier villages. Just then there was a bull belonging to the village headman, a glorious creature white all over, which after feeding went down on his knees at the foot of a certain ant-hill, and tossed the earth with his horns in sport. The Snake was terrified at the noise of the bull's hooves, and darted forward to hide in the ant-hill. The bull happened to tread on him, whereupon the Snake was angry and bit the bull; and the bull died then and there. When the villagers found out that the bull was dead, they all ran together weeping, and honoured the dead with garlands, and buried him in a grave, and returned to their homes. The Snake came forth when they had departed, and thought, "Through anger I have deprived this creature of life, and I have caused sorrow to the hearts of many. Never again will I go out to get food until I have learnt to subdue it." Then he

turned and went to the hermitage, and taking upon him the vow for the subduing of anger, lay down on one side.

The Jackal likewise went to seek food, and found a dead elephant [1]. He was delighted: "Plenty of food here!" cried he, and went and took a bite of the trunk—it was as though he bit on a tree-trunk. He got no pleasure of that, and bit by the tusk—he might have been biting a stone. He tried the belly—it might have been a basket. So he fell on to the tail, [327] it was like an iron bowl. Then he attacked the rump, and lo! it was soft as a cake of ghee. He liked it so well that he ate his way inside. There he remained, eating when he was hungry, and when he was athirst drinking the blood; and when he lay down, spreading the beast's inwards and lungs as a bed to lie on. "Here," thought he, "I have found me both food and drink, and my bed; what is the use of going elsewhere?" So there he stayed, well content, in the elephant's belly, and never came out at all. But by and bye the corpse grew dry in the wind and the heat, and the way out by the rear was closed. The Jackal tormented within lost flesh and blood, his body turned yellow, but how to get out he could not see. Then one day came an unexpected storm; the duct was drenched and grew soft, and began to gape open. When he saw the chink, the Jackal cried, "Too long have I been here in torment, and now I will out

by this hole." Then he went at the place head first. Now the passage was narrow, and he went fast, so his body was bruised and he left all his hair behind him. When he got out he was bare as a palm-trunk, not a hair to be seen on him. "Ah," thought he, "it is my greed has brought all this trouble upon me. Never again

will I go out to feed, until I have learnt how to subdue my greed." Then he went to the hermitage, and took on him the vow for subduing of greed, and lay down on one side.

The Bear too came out of the forest, and being a slave to greediness, went to a frontier village of the kingdom of Mala. "Here is a bear!" cried the villagers all; and out they came armed with bows, sticks, staves, and what not, and surrounded the thicket wherein he lay. He finding himself encompassed with a crowd, rushed out and made away, and as he went they belaboured him with their bows and cudgels. He came home with a broken head and running with blood. "Ah," thought he, "it is my exceeding greed which has brought all this trouble upon me. Never again will I go out for food until I have learnt how to subdue it." So he went to the hermitage, and took on him the vow for subduing of greediness, and lay down on one side. [328]

But the ascetic was unable to induce the mystic ecstasy, because he was full of pride for his noble birth. A Pacceka Buddha, perceiving that he was possessed with pride, yet recognised that he was no common creature. "The man (thought he) is destined to be a Buddha, and in this very cycle he will attain to perfect wisdom. I will help him to subdue his pride, and I will cause him to develop the Attainments." So as he sat in his hut of leaves, the Pacceka Buddha came down from the Higher Himalaya, and seated himself on the ascetic's slab of stone. The ascetic came out and saw him upon his own seat, and in his pride was no longer master of himself. He went up and snapt fingers at him, crying out, "Curse you, vile good-for-naught, bald-pate hypocrite, why are you sitting on my seat?" "Holy man," said the other, "why are you possessed with pride? I have penetrated the wisdom of a Pacceka Buddha, and I tell you that during this very

cycle you shall become omniscient; you are destined to become a Buddha! When you have fulfilled the Perfect Virtues [1], after the lapse of another such period of time, a Buddha you shall be; and when you have become a Buddha, Siddhattha will be your name." Then he told him of name and clan and family, chief disciples, and so forth, adding, "Now why are you so proud and passionate? The thing is unworthy of you." Such was the advice of the Pacceka Buddha. To these words the other said nothing: no salutation even, no question as to when or where or how he should become a Buddha. Then the visitor

said, "Learn the measure of your birth and my powers [1] by this: if you can, rise up in the air as I do." So saying, he arose in the air, and shook off the dust of his feet upon the coil of hair which the other wore on his head, and then returned back to the Higher Himalaya. At his departure the ascetic was overcome with grief. "There is a holy man," said he, "with a heavy body like that, passes through the air like a cotton-fleck blown by the wind! Such a one, a Pacceka Buddha, and I never kissed his feet, because of my pride of birth, never asked him when I should become Buddha. What can this birth do for me? In this world the thing of power is a good life; [329] but this pride of mine will bring me to hell. Never again will I go out to seek for wild fruits until I have learned bow to subdue my pride." Then he entered his leaf-hut, and took upon him the vow for subduing pride. Seated upon his pallet of twigs, the wise young noble subdued his pride, induced the mystical trance, developed the Faculties and the Attainments, then came forth and sat down on the stone seat which was at the end of the covered walk.

Then the Pigeon and the others came up, saluted him and sat on one side. The Great Being said to the Pigeon, "On other days you never come here at this time, but you go seeking food: are you keeping a sabbath fast to-day?" "Yes, Sir, I am." Then he said, "Why so?" reciting the first stanza:

"Thou art content with little, I am sure.
  Dost want no food, O flying pigeon, now?
Hunger and thirst why willingly endure?
  Why take upon thee, Sir, the sabbath vow?"

To which the Pigeon made answer in two stanzas:

"Once full of greediness my mate and I
  Sported like lovers both about this spot.
Her a hawk pounced on, and away did fly:
  So, torn from me, she whom I loved was not!

"In various ways my cruel loss I know;
  I feel a pang in everything I see;
Therefore to sabbath vows for help I go,
  That passion never may come back to me."

[330] When the Pigeon had thus praised his own action with regard to the vows, the Great Being put the same question to the Snake and all the rest one by one. They declared each one the thing as it was.

"Tree-dweller, coiling belly-crawling snake,
  Armed with strong fangs and poison quick and sure,
These sabbath vows why dost thou wish to take?
  Why thirst and hunger willingly endure?"

"The headman's bull, all full of strength and might,
  With hump all quivering, beautiful and fair,

He trod on me: in anger I did bite:
Pierced with the pain he perished then and there.

"Out pour the village people every one,
Weeping and wailing for the sight they see.
Therefore to sabbath vow for help I run,
That passion never more come back to me."

"Carrion to thee is food both rich and rare,
Corpses on charnel-ground that rotting lie.
Why doth a Jackal thirst and hunger bear?
Why take the sabbath vows upon him, why?"

"I found an elephant, and liked the meat
So well, within his belly I did stay.
But the hot wind and the sun's parching heat
Dried up the passage where I pushed my way.

"All thin and yellow I became, my lord!
There was no path to go by, I must stay.
Then came a storm that vehemently poured,
Damping and softening that postern way.

"Then to get out again not slow was I,
Like the Moon issuing from Rāhu's jaws [1]:
[331] Therefore to sabbath vows for help I fly
That greed may keep far from me: there's the cause."

"It was thy manner once to make a meal
Of ants upon the ant-heap, Master Bear:
Why willing now hunger and thirst to feel?
Why willing now the sabbath vow to swear?"

"From greed exceeding scorned I my own home,
To Malatā I made all haste to flee.
Out from the village all the folk did come,
With bows and bludgeons they belaboured me.

"With blood besmeared and with a broken head
Back to my dwelling I made haste to flee.

Therefore to sabbath vows I now have fled
That greed may never more come nigh to me."

Thus did they all four praise their own deed in taking of these vows upon them; then rising up and saluting the Great Being, they asked him this question, "Sir, on other days you go out at this time to seek for wild fruits. Why is it to-day you go not, but observe the sabbath vows?" They recited this stanza:

"That thing, Sir, which thou hadst a mind to learn
To our best knowledge we have told it now:
But we would ask a question in our turn:
Why thou, O brahmin, takest the sabbath vow?"

[332] He explained it to them:

"'Twas a Pacceka Buddha, who but came
And stayed a moment in my hut, and showed
My comings and my goings, name and fame,
My family, and all my future road.

"Then eaten up by pride, I did not throw
Myself before his feet; I asked no more.
Therefore to sabbath vows for help I go,
That pride may not come nigh me as of yore."

In this manner the Great Being explained his own keeping of these vows. Then he admonished them, and sent them away, and went into his hut. The others returned each to his own place. The Great Being without interrupting his ecstasy became destined for the World of Brahma, and the others abiding by his admonition, went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having ended this discourse, said, "Thus, lay Brethren, the sabbath vows were the custom of wise men of old, and must be kept now." Then he identified the Birth. "At that time Anurudha was the Pigeon, Kassapa was the Bear, Moggallāna the Jackal, Sāriputta the Snake, and I myself was the ascetic."

Footnotes

205:1 This story shows a new phase of the episode of the Man or Woman who cannot be made to laugh. Closely allied to it are those tales where someone cannot shiver or cannot fear (e.g. Grimm, no. 4).

205:2 Brethren, Sisters, Lay Brethren, Lay Sisters.

205:3 See Introd. Story to no. 148.

206:1 Compare no. 148, i. 502 (transl. i. 315).

207:1 These are ten, which are preliminary to attaining the state of a Buddha. See Childers, p. 335 *a* for list.

208:1 *i.e*. that your birth is nothing to my powers.

209:1 A monster who was supposed to swallow the moon in eclipse.

No. 491.

MAHĀ-MORA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"If I being captured," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a backsliding Brother. To this Brother the Master said, [333] "Is it true, as I am told, that you have backslidden?" "Yes, Sir, it is true." "Brother," said he, "will not this lust for pleasure confound a man like you? The hurricane that overwhelms Mount Sineru is not put to the blush before a withered leaf. In days of yore this passion has confounded holy beings, who for seven thousand years held aloof from following the lusts that arise within." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by a Peahen in a border country. When the due time had passed, the mother laid her egg in the place where she was feeding, and went away. Now the egg of a mother which is healthy comes to no harm, if there be no danger from snakes or such-like vermin. This egg therefore being of a golden colour like to a *kaṇikāra* [2] bud, when it was ripe, cracked of its own force, and issued forth a peachick of the colour of gold, with two eyes like gunja fruit, and a coral beak, and three red streaks ran round his throat and down the middle of his back. When he grew up his body was big as a tradesman's barrow, very fine to behold, and all the dark peafowl gathered together and chose him to be their king.

One day, as he was drinking water out of a pool, he espied his own beauty, and thought, "I am fairest of all peacocks. If I remain with

them among the paths of men, I shall fall into some danger: I will go away to Himalaya, and there dwell alone in a pleasant place." So in the night time, when all the peafowl were in their secret retreats, unknown to any he departed to Himalaya, and traversing three ranges of mountains settled in the fourth. This was in a forest where he found a vast natural lake all covered with lotus, and not far away a huge banyan tree hard by a hill; in the branches of this tree he alighted. In the heart of this hill was a delightsome cave; and being desirous to dwell there, he alighted on a flatland just at the mouth of it. Now to this place it was impossible to climb, whether up from below or down from above; [334] free it was from all fear of birds, wildcats, serpents, or men. "Here is a delightful place for me!" he thought. That day he remained there, and on the next coming forth from the cave he sat on the hill-top facing the east. When he saw the sun's globe arise, he protected himself for the coming day by reciting the verse "There he rises, king all-seeing [1]." After this he went out seeking for food. In the evening he returned again, and sat on the top of the hill facing the west; then, when he saw the sun's globe sinking out of sight, he protected himself against the coming night by reciting the verse "There he sets, the king all-seeing [2]." In this manner his life was passed.

But one day a hunter who lived in the forest caught sight of him as he sat on the hill-top, and went home again. When his time came to die, he told his son of it: "My son, in the fourth range of

the mountains, in the forest, lives a golden peacock. If the king wants one you know where to find him."

One day the chief queen of the king of Benares (her name was Khemā) saw a vision in the dawning, and the vision was after this fashion: a golden peacock was preaching the Law, she was listening with approval, the peacock having finished his discourse arose to depart, she cried out upon it "The king of the peacocks is escaping, catch him!" And as she was uttering these words, she awoke. When she awoke, and perceived that it was a dream, she thought, "If I tell the king it was a dream, he will take no notice of it; but if I say it is the longing of a woman with child, then he will take notice." So she made as though she had a craving as they who are with child, and lay down. The king visited her and asked what was her ailment. "I have a craving," said she. "What is it you desire?" "I wish, my lord, to hear the discourse of a golden-hued peacock." "But where can we get such a peacock, lady?" "If one cannot be found, my lord, I shall die." "Do not trouble about it, my lady; if there exist such a one anywhere, it shall

be got for you." Thus he consoled her, and then went away and sitting down asked his courtiers the question: "Look you, my queen desires to hear the discourse of a golden peacock. [335] Are there such things as golden peacocks?" "The brahmins will know that, my lord." The king enquired of the brahmins. Thus the brahmins made answer: "O great king! It is said in our verses of lucky marks, Of water-beasts fish, tortoises, and crabs, of land-beasts deer, wild-geese, peacocks, and partridges, these creatures and men too can be of a golden colour." Then the king

gathered together all the hunters that were in his domains, and asked them, had they ever before seen a golden peacock. They all answered, no, except the one whose father had told him what he had seen. This one said, "I have never seen one myself, but my father told me of a place where a golden peacock is to be found." Then the king said, "My good man, this means life and death to me and my queen: catch him and bring him hither." He gave the man plenty of money and sent him off. The man gave the money to his wife and son, and went to the place, and saw the Great Being. He set snares for him, each day telling himself the creature would certainly be caught; yet he died without catching him. And the queen too died without having her heart's desire. The king was very angry and wroth, for he said, "My beloved queen has died on account of this peacock"; and he caused the story to be written upon a golden plate, how that in the fourth range of Himalaya lives a golden peacock, and they who eat his flesh will be ever young and immortal. This plate he placed in his treasury, and afterwards died. After him another king rose up, who read what was written upon the plate, and being desirous to be immortal and ever young, sent a hunter to catch him; but he died first like the other. In this manner six kings succeeded and passed away, six hunters died unsuccessful in Himalaya. But the seventh hunter, sent by the seventh king, being unable to catch the bird through seven years, although each day he expected to do it, began to wonder, why there was no catching this peacock's feet in a snare. So he watched the bird, and saw him at his prayers for protection morning and evening, and thus he argued the case: "There is no other peacock in the place, and it is clear this must be a bird of holy life. [336] It is the power of his holiness, and of the protecting charm, which makes his feet never to catch in my snare." Having come to this conclusion, he went to the borderland and caught a

peahen, which he trained at finger-snap to utter her note, at clap of hand to dance. Taking her with him, he returned; then setting his snare before the Bodhisatta had recited his charm, he snapt his fingers, and made her utter a cry. The peacock heard it: on the instant, the sin which for seven thousand years had lain quiescent, reared itself up like a cobra spreading his hood at a blow. Being sick with lust, he could not recite his protecting charm, but making all haste towards her, he came

down from the air with his feet right in the snare: that snare which for seven thousand years had no power to catch him, now caught his foot fast. When the hunter spied him dangling at the end of the stick, he thought to himself, "Six hunters failed to catch this king of the peacocks, and for seven years I could not. But to-day, so soon as he became lust-sick for this peahen, he was unable to repeat his charm, came to the snare and was caught, and there he dangles head downwards. So virtuous is the being which I have hurt! To hand over such a creature to another for the sake of a bribe is an unseemly thing. What are the king's honours to me? I will let him go." But again he thought, "'Tis a monstrous mighty and strong bird, and if I go up to him he may think I have come to kill him, he will be in fear of his life, and in struggling he may break a leg or a wing. I will not go near him, but I will stand in hiding and cut the snare with an arrow. Then he can go his ways at his own will." So he stood hidden, and stringing his bow fitted an arrow to the string and drew it back.

Now the peacock was thinking, "This hunter has made me sick with lust, and when he sees me caught he will not be careless of

me. Where can he be?" He looked this way, and he looked that way, and spied the man standing with bow ready to shoot. [337] "No doubt he wants to kill me and go," thought he, and in fear of death repeated the first stanza asking for his life:

"If I being captured wealth to thee shall bring,
    Then wound me not, but take me still alive.
I pray thee, friend, conduct me to the king:
    Methinks a most rich guerdon he will give."

Hereupon the hunter thought, "The great peacock imagines I am going to shoot him with this arrow: I must relieve his mind," to which end he recited the second stanza:

"I have not set this arrow to the bow,
    To do thee hurt, O peacock king, to-day:
I wish to cut the snare and let thee go,
    Then follow thy own will, and fly away."

To this the peacock replied in two stanzas:

"Seven years, O hunter, first thou didst pursue,
    Enduring thirst and hunger night and day:
Now I am in the snare, what wouldst thou do?
    Why wish to loose me, let me fly away?

"Surely all living things are safe for thee:
    Taking of life thou hast forsworn this day:
For I am in the snare, yet thou wouldst free,
    Yet thou wouldst loose me, let me fly away."

[338] Then this follows:

"When a man swears to hurt no living thing:
    When all that live, for him, from fear are free:

What blessing in the next birth will this bring?
    O royal peacock, answer this for me!"

"When all that live, for him, from fear are free,
    When the man swears to hurt no living thing,
Even in the present world, well praised is he,
    Him after death to heaven his worth will bring."

"There are no gods, so many men do say:
    The highest bliss this life alone can bring;
This yields the fruit of good or evil way;
    And giving is declared a foolish thing.
So I snare birds, for holy men have said it:
Do not their words, I ask, deserve my credit?"

Then the Great Being determined to tell the man the reality of another world; and as he swung at the end of the rod head-downwards, he repeated a stanza:

"All clear to vision sun and moon both go
    High in the sky along their shining way.
What do men call them in the world below?
    Are they of this world or another, say!"

[339] The hunter repeated a stanza:

"All clear to vision sun and moon both go
    High in the sky along their shining way.
They are no part of this our world below,
    But of another: that is what men say."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"Then they are wrong, they lie who such things say;
Without all cause, who say this world can bring
Alone the fruit of good or evil way,
Or who declare giving a foolish thing."

As the Great Being spoke, the hunter pondered, and then repeated a couple of stanzas:

"Verily this is true which thou dost say:
How can one say that gifts no fruit can bring?
That here one reaps the fruit of evil way
Or good; that giving is a foolish thing?

"How shall I act, what do, what holy way
Am I to follow, peacock king, O tell!
What manner of ascetic virtue—say,
That I be saved from sinking into hell!"

[340] The Great Being thought, when he heard this, "If I solve this problem for him, the world will seem all empty and vain. I will tell him for this time the nature of upright and holy ascetic brahmins." With this intent he repeated two stanzas:

"They on the earth, who hold the ascetic vows,
In yellow clad, not dwelling in a house,
Who go forth early for to get their food,
Not in the afternoon [1]: these men are good.

Visit in season such good men as these,
And question any one it shall thee please:
They will explain the matter, for they know,
About the other world and this below."

Thus speaking, he terrified the man with the fear of hell. The other attained to the perfect state of a Pacceka Bodhisatta; for he lived with his knowledge on the point of ripening, like a ripe lotus bud looking for the touch of the sun's rays. As the hunter hearkened to his discourse, standing where he was, he understood all in a moment the constituent parts of existing things, grasped their three properties [1], and penetrated to the knowledge of a Pacceka Buddha. This comprehension of his, and the setting free of the Great Being from the snare, came both in one instant. The Pacceka Buddha, having annihilated his lusts and desires, standing on the uttermost verge of existence [2], uttered his aspiration in this stanza:

[341]

"Like as the serpent casts his withered skin,
A tree her sere leaves when the green begin:
So I renounce my hunter's craft this day,
My hunter's craft for ever cast away."

Having uttered this sublime aspiration, he thought, "I have just now been set free from the bonds of sin; but at home I have many a bird held fast in bondage, and how am I to set them free?" So he asked the Great Being: "King Peacock, there are many birds I left in bondage at home, how can I set them free?" Now the Bodhisattas, who are omniscient, have a better knowledge and comprehension of ways and means than a Pacceka Buddha; therefore he answered, "As you have broken the power of lust, and penetrated the knowledge of a Pacceka Buddha, on that ground make an Act of Truth, and in all India there shall be no creature left in bonds." Then the other, entering

by the door which the Bodhisatta thus opened for him, repeated this stanza, making an Act of Truth:

"All those my feathered fowl that I did bind,
Hundreds and hundreds, in my house confined,
Unto them all I give their life to-day,
And freedom: let them homewards fly away."

[342] Then by his Act of Truth, though late, they were all set free from confinement, and twittering joyously went home to their own places. At the same moment throughout all India all creatures bound were set free, and not one was left in bondage, not so much as a cat. The Pacceka Buddha uplifted his hand, and rubbed his forehead: immediately the family mark disappeared, and the mark of the religious appeared in its place. He then, like an Elder of sixty years, fully dressed, carrying the eight necessary things [3]. made a reverential obeisance to the royal Peacock,

and walking around him right-wise, rose up in the air, and went away to the cavern on the peak of Mount Nanda. The peacock also, rising up from the snare, took his food and departed to the place in which he lived.

The last stanza was repeated by the Master, telling how for seven years the hunter went about snare in hand, and was then set free from pain by the peacock king:

"The hunter traversed all the forest land
To catch the lord of peacocks, snare in hand.

The glorious lord of peacocks he set free

From pain, as soon as he was caught, like me."

Having ended this discourse, the Master declared the Truths: now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother attained to sainthood: then he identified the Birth by saying, "At that time I was the peacock king."

Footnotes

210:1 Printed by Fausbøll, *Ten Jatakas*, p. 111. Compare *Mora Jātaka,* no. 159 (ii. 33, transl. p. 23).

210:2 Pterospermum Acerifolium.

211:1 The first line of a hymn given in the first Peacock Birth (ii. 33, transl. p. 23).

211:2 Vol. ii. p. 35 (transl. p. 24).

214:1 This was strictly forbidden to the Brethren.

215:1 Impermanence, suffering, unreality.

215:2 That is, on the point of entering Nirvana.

215:3 Bowl, three robes, girdle, razor, needle, water-strainer.

No. 492.

TACCHA-SŪKARA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"I wandered, searching far," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about two ancient Elders.

Mahā-Kosala, they say, in giving his daughter to King Bimbisāra [2], allotted her a village of Kāsi for bath-money. [343] After Ajātasattu had murdered his father [3], King Pasenadi destroyed that village. In the battles betwixt them for it, victory at the first lay with Ajātasattu. And the King of Kosala, having the worst, asked his councillors, "What can we devise to take Ajātasattu?" They answered, "Great king, the Brethren have great skill of magical charms. Send messengers to them, and get the opinion of the Brethren at the monastery." This pleased the king. Accordingly, he caused men to be sent, bidding them go thither, and hiding themselves, overhear what the Brethren should say. Now at Jetavana are many king's officers who have renounced the world. Two among these, a pair of old Elders, dwelt in a leaf hut on the outskirts of the monastery: the name of one of them was Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa, of the other the Elder Mantidatta. These had slept all the night through, and awoke at peep of day. The Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa said, as he kindled the fire, "Elder Datta, Sir." "Well, Sir?" "Are you asleep?" "No, I am not asleep: what's to do now?" "A born fool that King of Kosala is; all he knows is how to eat a mess of food." "What do you mean, Sir?" "He lets himself be beaten by Ajātasattu, who is no better than a worm in his own belly." "What should he do, then?" "Why, Elder Datta, you know the order of battle is of three kinds: Waggon Battle, Wheel Battle, and Lotus Battle [4]. It is the Waggon Battle

he ought to use in order to catch Ajātasattu. Let him post valiant men on his two flanks on the hill-top, and then show his main battle in front: once he gets in between, out with a shout and a leap, and they have him like a fish

in a lobster-pot. That is the way to catch him." Now all this the messengers heard; and then went back and told the king. He immediately set out with a great host, and took Ajātasattu prisoner, and bound him in chains. After punishing him thus for some days, he released him, advising him not to do it again, and by way of consolation gave him his own daughter, the Princess Vajirā, in marriage, and finally dismissed him with great pomp.

There was much gossip about it among the Brethren indoors: "Ajātasattu was caught by the King of Kosala, through following the directions of Elder Dhanuggaha-tissa!" They talked of the same in the Hall of Truth, and the Master entering, asked them what the talk was. They told him. Then he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Dhanuggaha-tissa has shown himself expert in strategy." And he told them a story of the past.

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[344] Once upon a time, a carpenter, who dwelt in a village hard by the city gate of Benares, went into the forest to cut wood. He found a young Boar fallen into a pit, which he brought home and reared, naming him Carpenter's Boar. The Boar became his servant: trees he turned over with his snout, and brought to him: he hitched the measuring-line around his tusk and pulled it along, fetched and carried adze, chisel, and mallet in his teeth.

When he grew up, he was a monstrous burly beast. The carpenter, who loved him as his own son, and feared lest some one might do him a mischief there, let him go free in the forest. The Boar thought, "I cannot live alone by myself in this forest: what if I search out my kindred, and live in their midst?" So he sought all through that multitude of trees for Boars, until seeing a herd of them, he was glad, and recited three stanzas:—

"I wandered, searching far and wide the woods and hills around:
I wandered, searching for my kin: and lo, my kin are found!

"Here are abundant roots and fruits, with plenteous store of food;
What lovely hills and pleasant rills! to dwell here will be good.

"Here will I dwell with all my kin, not anxious, at my ease,
Having no trouble, fearing nought from any enemies [1]."

The Boars on hearing this verse responded with the fourth stanza:—

"A foe is here! some otherwhere take refuge, go thy ways:
Ever the choicest of the herd, O Carpenter [2], he slays!"

"Who is that foe? Come tell me true, my kindred, so well met,
Who is't destroys you? though he has not quite destroyed you yet."

[345] "A king of beasts! striped up and down he is, with teeth to bite:
Ever the choicest of the herd he slays—a beast of might!"

"And have our bodies lost their strength? have we no tusks to show?
We shall o'ercome him if we work together: only so."

"Sweet words to hear, O Carpenter, of which my heart is fain:
Let no Boar flee! or he shall be after the battle slain!"

Carpenter's Boar now having made them all of one mind asked, "At what time will the tiger come?" "To-day he came early in the morning and took one, to-morrow he will come early in the morning." The Boar was skilled in warfare, and knew the place of advantage to take, so that victory might be won. He searched about for a place, and made them take food while it was yet night; then very early in the morning, he explained to them how the order of battle is of three kinds, the Waggon Battle, and so forth; after which he arranged the Lotus [1] Battle in this manner. In the midst he placed the sucking pigs, and around them their mothers, next to these the barren sows, next a circle of young porkers, next the young ones with tusks just a-budding, next the big tuskers, and the old Boars outside all. Then he posted smaller squads of ten, twenty, thirty apiece here and there. He made them dig a pit for himself, and for the tiger to fall into a hole of the shape of a winnowing basket: between the two holes was left a spit of ground for himself to stand on. Then he with the stout fighting-boars went around everywhere encouraging the Boars.

[346] As he was thus engaged the sun rose. The Tiger, coming forth from the hermitage of a sham ascetic, appeared upon the hill-top. The Boars cried, "Our enemy is come, Sir!" "Fear not," said he, "whatever he does, you do the same." The Tiger gave himself a shake, and as though about to depart, made water; the Boars did the same. The Tiger looked at the Boars and roared a great roar; they did the same. Observing what they were at, he thought, "They have changed somehow; to-day they face me out as enemies, in orderly bands: some warrior has been mustering them; I must not go near them to-day." In fear of death he turned tail, and fled to the sham ascetic; and he, seeing the Tiger empty-handed, recited the ninth stanza:—

"Hast thou abjured all killing? hast thou sworn
Safety for every living creature born [2]?
Surely thy teeth their wonted virtue lack.
You find a herd, and come a beggar back!"

The Tiger thereupon repeated three stanzas:—

"My teeth no longer bite,
My strength exhausted quite:
Brother by brother all together stood:
Therefore I wander lonely in the wood.

p. 219

"Once they would hurry-scurry all about
To find their holes, a panic-stricken rout.
But now they grunt in serried ranks compact:
Invincible, they stand and face me out. [1]

[347]"They all agree together now, a leader they have got;
When all agree they may hurt me: therefore I want them not."

To this the sham ascetic replied with the following stanza:—

"Alone the hawk subdues the birds, alone
The Titans are by Indra overthrown:
And when a herd of beasts the mighty tiger sees,
Ever the best he picks, and kills them at his ease."

Then the Tiger recited one:—

"No hawk, no tiger lord of beasts, not Indra can command
A kindred host that tiger-like [2] combine to make a stand."

Thereat the sham ascetic, to egg him on, recited two stanzas:—

"The little tiny feathered fowl in flocks and coveys fly,
In heaps together up they rise, together skim the sky.

"Down stoops the hawk, and all alone, down on them as they play,
Harries and kills them at his will: that is your tiger's way."

[348] This said, he further encouraged him: "Royal Tiger, you know not your own power. One roar only, and a spring—there will not be two of them left together, I dare swear!" The Tiger did so.

To explain this, the Master said a stanza:—

"Then he with cruel greedy eye, deeming these words were true,
Took heart, and with his fangs all bare leaped on the tuskèd crew."

Well, the Tiger went back and stood there awhile on the hill. The Boars told Carpenter's Boar that he was come again. "Fear not," said he, comforting them, and then took his stand upon the ridge between the two pits. The Tiger with all speed sprang towards the Boar, but the Boar rolled tail over snout in the first hole. The Tiger could not check his onset, and fell all of a heap into the pit shaped like to a winnowing fan. Up jumped the Boar in a trice, buried his tusks in the Tiger's thigh, pierced him to the heart, devoured the flesh, bit at him, bundled him over into the further pit, crying, "There, take the varlet!" [349] They who came first got one chance apiece of nozzling a mouthful, those who came later went about asking, "How does tiger's-meat taste?"

Carpenter's Boar came out of the pit, and, looking round upon the others, said, "Well, don't you like it?" But they answered, "My lord, you have done for the Tiger, and that's one; but there is another left worse than ten tigers." "Who is that, pray?" "A sham ascetic, who eats the meat which the Tiger brings him from time to time." "Come along then, and we will catch him." So they quickly sprang off together.

Now the sham ascetic was watching the road, and expecting the Tiger to come every minute. And what should he see coming but the Boars! "They have killed the Tiger, methinks, and now they are come to kill me!" Away he ran, and climbed up a wild fig-tree. "He has climbed a tree?" said the Boars to their leader. "What tree?" "A fig-tree." "All right, we shall have him directly." He made the young Boars grub away the earth from its roots, and the sows bring each as much water as their mouths would hold, till there the tree stood upright bare down to the roots. Then he sent the others out of the way, and, going down on his knees, struck at the roots with his tusk: clean through the root he cut, as with an axe, down came the tree, but the man never got as far as the ground: he was torn to pieces and eaten on the way. Observing this marvel, the tree-spirit recited a stanza:-

"United friends, like forest trees—it is a pleasant sight:
The Boars united, at one charge the Tiger killed outright."

And the Master recited another stanza, how that both of them were destroyed:—

"The brahmin and the tiger both thus did the Boars destroy,
And roared a loud and echoing roar in their exceeding joy."

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[350] Again the Boar asked, "And have you another foe?" "No, my lord," they replied. Then they proposed to sprinkle him for their King. Water was fetched. Espying the shell which the sham ascetic used for his drinking, which was a precious conch with the spiral turned right-wise [1], they filled it with water, and consecrated Carpenter's Boar there on the root of the fig-tree, there the water of consecration was poured upon him. A young sow they made his consort. Hence arose the custom which still prevails, that in consecrating a king they seat him upon a chair of fig-wood, and sprinkle him from a conch with spirals that run to the right.

This also the Master explained by reciting the last stanza:—

"The Boars beneath the wild fig-tree the holy water poured,
Upon the Carpenter, and cried, Thou art our King and Lord!"

When he had ended this discourse, the Master said, "No, Brethren, this is not the first time that Dhanuggaha-tissa has shown himself clever in strategy, but he was the same before." With these words, he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the sham ascetic, Dhanuggaha-tissa Carpenter's Boar, and I myself was the tree-sprite."

Footnotes

216:1 Compare No. 283 (trans. Vol. ii. 275).

216:2 See Vol. ii. pp. 164, 275.

216:3 Pasenadi was Mahā-Kosala's son, Aj. killed *his* father Bimbisāra.

216:4 See ii. 275, note 2.

217:1 One line occurs on p. 71, line 21, of the text (last couplet on p. 45, above).

217:2 *Sic.*

218:1 Note that this disagrees with the Introduction.

218:2 These two lines are the same as the first half of a stanza on p. 337.

219:1 The same stanza occurs in ii. 407 (trans. p. 277).

219:2 The text is uncertain. Doubtless it means the host is a match for the tiger.

220:1 A rarity, much prized, and used for consecration of a king.

No. 493.

MAHĀ-VĀṆIJA-JĀTAKA.

"Merchants from many," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about some traders who lived in Sāvatthi. These, we hear, when going away on business bent, came with gifts to the Master, sheltering themselves in the Refuges and the Virtues. "Sir," they said, "if we return safe and sound, we will kiss your feet." With five hundred cartloads of merchandise they set out, and came soon to a wild forest, where they could see no road. Astray, waterless and sans food, they traversed the forest until, seeing a huge banyan tree which was haunted by dragons, they unyoked the carts and sat down beneath it. Looking upon its leaves, they saw them all glossy as though wet with water, and the branches seemed to be full of water, which made them think thus: "It appears as though water were running through this tree. What if we cut a branch of it facing the east? we shall find something to drink." [351] On this one climbed up the tree and cut off a branch: out gushed a stream of water thick as a palm-trunk, and in this they washed, of this they drank. Next they cut a branch on the southern side: out from it came all manner of choice food, and they ate of it. They then cut a branch on the west side of the tree: out sprang women fair and beauteously adorned, with whom they took their pleasure. Lastly, they cut one of the northern branches: from it fell the seven things of price, and they took them and filled the five hundred carts, and returned to Sāvatthi. There they caused the treasure to be carefully guarded. Bearing in their hands garlands and perfumes and the like, they repaired to Jetavana and saluted the Master and paid worship to him, and then sat on one side.

That day they listened to the preaching of the Law; and the next, they brought a munificent present, and renounced the merit of the whole, saying, "The merit of this gift, Sir, we renounce in favour of a tree-deity who gave us the whole treasure." The meal finished, the Master asked them, "What tree-deity do you give this merit to?" The merchants told the Tathāgata the manner how they had received the treasure by a banyan tree. Said the Master, "This treasure you have received for your moderation, and because you have not given yourselves into the power of desire; but in former days men were immoderate, and were in the power of desire, and thereby they lost treasure and life both." Then at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time hard by [1] Benares was this same wild forest and this same banyan tree. The merchants strayed from the way and saw the banyan tree.

The Master, in his perfect wisdom, explained the matter in these verses:—

"Merchants from many a kingdom came, and all together met,
Chose them a chief, and straight set out a treasure for to get.

"To this parched forest, poor in food, their way the travellers made,
And spied a mighty banyan tree with cool and pleasant shade.

"There underneath that shady tree those merchants all did sit,
And reasoned thus, with folly clothed and poverty of wit:

"Full moist the tree is, and it seems as water there did flow:
One of the branches let us cut which to the eastwards grow."

"The branch was cut; then pure and clear the trickling waters flow:
The merchants washed, the merchants drank till they had drunk enow.

"Again in poverty of wit, with folly clothed, they say,
"One of the branches on the south come let us cut away."

[352] "This branch being cut, both rice and meat out in a stream it brings,
Thick porridge, ginger, lentil soup and many other things.

"The merchants ate, the merchants drank, they took their fill of it,
Then said again, with folly clothed, in poverty of wit:

"Come, fellow-merchants, let us cut a western branch away."
Out came a bevy of fair girls all pranked in brave array.

"And O the robes of many hues, jewels and rings in plenty!
Each merchant had a pretty maid, each of the five and twenty.

"These all together stood around beneath the leafy shade:
These and the merchants in the midst, much merriment they made.

"Again in poverty of wit, with folly clothed, they say,
"One of the branches on the north come let us cut away."

"But when the northern branch was cut, out came a stream of gold,
Silver in handfuls, precious rugs, and jewels manifold;

"And robes of fine Benares cloth, and blankets thick and thin.
The merchants then to roll them up in bundles did begin.

"Again they said in witlessness and folly, as before:
"Come let us cut it by the root, and then we may get more."

"O then uprose their chief, and said, with a respectful bow,
"What mischief does the banyan do, good sirs? God bless you now!

"The eastern branch gave water-streams, the southern gave us food,
The western gave us pretty maids, the northern all things good:
What mischief does the banyan do, good sirs? God bless you now!

"The tree that gives you pleasant shade, to sit or lie at need,
You should not tear its branches down, a cruel wanton deed."

"But they were many, he was one whose voice forbade them do't:
They struck the whetted axes in to fell it by the root."

[353] Then the Serpent King, who saw them draw near to the root that they might fell the tree, thought to himself: "I gave these fellows water to drink when they were thirsty, then I gave them food divine, then beds to lie on and maidens to attend them, then treasures to fill five hundred waggons, and now they say, Let us cut down the tree from the root! Greedy they are beyond bounds, and except the chief of the caravan they shall all die." Then he mustered an army: "So many armed in mail stand forth, so many archers, so many with sword and shield."

To explain this the Master repeated a stanza:

"Then five and twenty mail-clad snakes stood forth and took the field,
Three hundred bowmen, and six thousand armed with sword and shield."

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[354] The following stanza is said by the Serpent King:

"Strike down the men, and bind them fast, spare not the life of one,
Burn them to cinders save the chief, and then your task is done."

And so did the serpents. Then they loaded the rugs from the northern branch and all the rest of it upon the five hundred waggons, and conveyed the waggons and the chief of the caravan to Benares, and put up the goods in his house, and taking leave of him returned to their own place of abode.

When the Master had seen this, he repeated two stanzas of admonition:

"So let the wise his own good see, and let him never go
A slave to greed, that he disarm the purpose of his foe.

"So let him, seeing this evil thing, pain rooted in desire,
Shake off desire and fetters, and to holy life aspire."

Having ended this discourse, he said, "Thus, Brethren, in days of yore merchants possessed with greed came to dire destruction, therefore you must not give place to greed." Then having declared the Truths (now at the conclusion of the Truths those merchants became established in the fruit of the First Path)—he identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the King of the Serpents, and I was the caravan chief."

Footnotes

222:1 Reading *nissāya,* as Fausbøll suggests.

No. 494.

SĀDHĪNA-JĀTAKA.

[355] *"A wonder in the world," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about lay Brethren who took on the fast-day vows. On that occasion the Master said: "Lay Brethren, wise men of old, by virtue of their keeping the fast-day vows, went in the body to heaven, and there dwelt for a long time." Then at their request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there was a King Sādhīna in Mithilā, who reigned in righteousness. At the four city gates, and in the midst of it, and at his own palace door he caused to be made six alms-halls, and with his almsgiving made a great stir through all India. Daily six hundred thousand pieces were spent in alms: he kept the Five Virtues, he observed the fast-day vows; and they of the city also, following his admonitions, gave alms and did good, and as they died, came to life at once in the city of the gods.

The princes of heaven, sitting in full conclave in Sakka's justice hall, praised Sādhīna's virtuous life and goodness. The report of him made all the other gods desirous to see him. Sakka, king of the gods, perceiving their mind, asked, "Do you wish to see King Sādhīna?" They replied, yes they did. Then he commanded Mātali, "Go to my palace Vejayanta, yoke my chariot, and bring Sādhīna hither. "He obeyed the command and yoked the chariot, and went to the kingdom of Videha.

It was then the day of full moon. At the time when people had partaken of their evening meal, and were sitting by their doors at their ease, Mātali drove his chariot side by side with the moon's disk. All the people called out, "See, two moons are in the sky!" But when they saw the chariot pass by the moon, and come towards them, then they cried, "'Tis no moon, but a chariot; a son of the gods, it would seem. For whom is he bringing this divine car, with his team of thorobreds, creatures of the imagination? Will it not be for our king? Yes, our king is a righteous and good king!" In their delight they joined hands with reverence, and standing repeated the first stanza:

"A wonder in the world was seen, that made the hair uprise:
For great Videha's king is sent a chariot from the skies!"

[356] Mātali brought the car close, and then whilst the people worshipt with flowers and perfumes, he drove it thrice round the city right-wise. Then he proceeded to the king's door, and there stayed the chariot, and stood still before the western window, making a sign that he should ascend. Now that day the king himself had inspected his alms-halls, and had given directions how they were to distribute; which done, he took on him the fast-day vows, and thus spent the day. Just then he was seated on a gorgeous dais, facing the eastern window, with his courtiers all around, discoursing to them on right and justice. At that moment Mātali invited him to enter the chariot, and having done this went away with him.

To explain this, the Master repeated the following stanzas:

"The god most mighty, Mātali, the charioteer, did bring
A summons to Vedeha, who in Mithilā was king.

"O mighty monarch, noble king, mount in this car with me:
Indra would see thee, and the gods, the glorious Thirty-three,
And now they sit in conclave all, bethinking them of thee."

"Then King Sādhīna turned his face, and mounted in the car:
Which with its thousand steeds then bore him to the gods afar.

"The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet
Cried, "Welcome mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet!
O King! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat."

"And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithilā town,
Ay, Vāsava [1] offered him all joys, and prayed him to sit down.

"Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand."

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[357] Sakka king of the gods gave him the half of the city of the gods, ten thousand leagues in extent, and of twenty-five millions of nymphs, and of the palace Vejayanta. And there he dwelt for seven hundred years by man's reckoning, enjoying felicity. But then his merit was exhausted in that character in heaven; dissatisfaction arose in him, and so he spoke to Sakka in these words, repeating a stanza:

"I joyed, when erst to heaven I came,
    In dances, song and music clear:
Now I no longer feel the same.
    Is my life done, does death draw near,
Or is it folly, king, that I must fear?"

Then Sakka said to him:

"Thy life's not done, and death is far,
  Nor art thou foolish, mighty one:
But thy good deeds exhausted are
  And now thy merit is all done.

"Still here abide, O mighty king, by my divine command;
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand [2]."

[358] But the Great Being refused, and said to him:

"As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,
So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another's hand.

"I care not blessings to receive given by another's hand,
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my deeds I stand.

"I'll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand."

On hearing this, Sakka then gave orders to Mātali: "Go now, convey King Sādhīna to Mithilā, and set him down in his own park." He did so. The king walked to and fro in his park; the park-keeper espied

him, and, after asking him who he was, went to King Nārada with the news. When he learnt of the king's arrival, he sent on the keeper with these words: "You go on before, and prepare two seats, one for him and one for me." He did so. Then the king asked him, "For whom do you prepare these two seats?" He replied, "One for you, and one for our king. Then the king said, "What other being shall sit down in my presence?" He sat upon one seat, and put his feet on the other. King Nārada came up,

and having saluted his feet, sat down on one side: now it is said he was the seventh in direct descent from the king, and at that time the age of man was fivescore years. So long was the time which the Great Being had spent, by the might of his goodness. He took Nārada by the hands, and, going up and down in the pleasaunce, recited three stanzas:

"Here are the lands, the conduit round through which the waters go,
The green grass clothing it about, the rivulets that flow,

[359] "The lovely lakes, that listen when the ruddy geese give call,
Where lotus white and lotus blue and trees like coral [1] grow,
—But those who loved this place with me, O say, where are they all?"

"These are the acres, this the place,
The pleasaunce and the fields are here:
But seeing no familiar face,
To me it seems a desert drear."

Hereupon Nārada said to him: "My lord, since you departed to the world of the gods seven hundred years have gone by; I am the seventh in line from you, your attendants have all gone down into the jaws of death. But this is your own rightful realm, and I beg you receive it." The king answered, "My dear Nārada, I came not here to be king, but to do good I came hither, and good I will do." He then said as follows:

"Celestial mansions I have seen, shining in every place,
The Thirty-three archangels, and their monarch, face to face.

"Joys more than human I have felt, a heavenly home was mine,
With all that heart could wish, among the Thirty-three divine.

"This I have seen, and to do deeds of virtue I came down:
And I will live a holy life: I want no royal crown.

[360] "The Path that never leads to woe, the Path the Buddhas show,
Upon that Path I enter now by which the holy go."

So spake the Great Being, by his omniscience compressing all into these stanzas. Then Nārada again said to him, "Take the rule of the kingdom upon you;" and he replied, "My dear son, I want no kingdom; but for seven days I wish to distribute again the alms given during these seven hundred years." Nārada was willing, and doing as he was

requested, prepared a vast largess for distribution. For seven days the king gave alms; and on the seventh day he died, and was born in the heaven of the Thirty-three.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Such is the performance of the holy-day vows which it is duty to keep," and declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, some of the lay Brethren entered on the fruition of the First Path, and some of the Second:) and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was King Nārada, Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the King Sādhīna."

Footnotes

225:1 Another name of Indra.

225:2 The scholiast explains:"I will give you the half of my merit, so remain here by my power."

226:1 *Erythrina indica.*

No. 495.

DASA-BRĀHMAṆA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"The righteous king," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about a gift incomparable. This has been explained in the Sucira [2] Birth of the Eighth Book. We learn that the king, while making this distribution of gifts, examined five hundred Brethren with the Master their chief, and gave to the most holy saints among them. Then they sat talking in the Hall of Truth, and telling of his goodness thus: "Brother, the king, in giving the incomparable gift, gave it in a case of much merit." The Master, entering, would know what they talked of sitting there: and they told him. Said he: "'Tis no wonder, Brethren, [361] that the King of Kosala, being the follower of such as I am, gives with discrimination. Wise men of old, ere yet the Buddha had arisen, even they gave with discrimination." With these words, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kuru and the city called Indapatta, was reigning a king Koravya, of the stock of Yuddhiṭṭhila. His adviser in things temporal and spiritual was a minister named Vidhūra. The king, with his great almsgiving, set all India in a commotion; but amongst all those who received and enjoyed these gifts, not one there was who kept so much as the Five Virtues: all were wicked to a man, and the king's giving brought him no satisfaction. The king thought, "Great is the fruit of discriminate giving;" and, being desirous to give unto the virtuous, he determined to take counsel with the wise Vidhūra.

When, therefore, Vidhūra came to wait on him, the king bade him be seated, and put the question to him.

Explaining this, the Master recited half the first stanza. All the rest are question and answer of the king and Vidhūra.

"The righteous King Yudhiṭṭhila once asked Vidhūra wise [1]:

"Vidhūra, seek me brahmins good, in whom much wisdom lies:

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So I would give, my friend, that I may reap a crop of good."

"'Tis hard to find such holy men, such brahmins, wise and good,
Who keep them spotless from all lust, that they may eat your food.

"Of brahmins, O most mighty king, ten several kinds are there:
Listen, while I distinguish them, and all these kinds declare.

"Some carry sacks upon their backs, root-filled and fastened tight;
They gather healing herbs, they bathe, and magic spells recite.

"These are physician-like, O king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

[362] Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Some carry bells and go before, and as they go they ring,
A chariot they can drive with skill, and messages can bring:

"These are like servants, mighty king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"With waterpot and crooked staff some run to meet the king,
Through all the towns and villages, and as they follow, sing—
"In wood or town we never budge, until a gift you bring"!

"Like tax-men these importunate, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Some with long nails and hairy limbs, foul teeth, and matted hair,
Covered with dust and dirt-begrimed as beggar-men they fare:

"Hewers of wood, O mighty king! and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

[363] Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:
Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Myrobolan and vilva fruit, rose-apple, mangoes ripe [1],
The labuj-fruit and planks of wood, tooth-brush and smoking-pipe,

"Sugar-cane baskets, honey sweet, and ointment too, O king,
All these they make their traffick in, and many another thing.

"These are like merchants, O great king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Some follow trade and husbandry, keep flocks of goats in fold,
They give and take in marriage, and their daughters sell for gold [2].

"Like Vessa and Ambaṭṭha [3] these; and brahmins they too hight:
Such Brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

[364] "Some chaplains fortunes tell, or geld and mark a beast for pay:
With proffered food the village folk invite them oft to stay.
There kine and bullocks, swine and goats are slaughtered many a day.

"Like butchers base are these, O king, and brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Some brahmins, armed with sword and shield, with battle-axe in hand,
Ready to guide a caravan before the merchants stand.

"Like herdmen these, or bandits bold, yet brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Some build them huts and lay them traps in any woodland place,
Catch fish and tortoises, the hare, wild-cat and lizard chase.

"Hunters are these, O mighty king, and brahmins they too hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

[365] "Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

"Others for love of gold lie down beneath the royal bed,
At soma-sacrifice: the kings bathing above their head [1].

"These are like barbers? O great king, but brahmins too they hight:
Such brahmins shall we seek for, now you know this kind aright?"

Quoth King Koravya:

"These have no right to such a name: lost is their brahminhood:

Vidhūra, find me other men who shall be wise and good,

"Men free from deeds of evil lust, that they may eat my food:
So would I give, that I myself may reap a crop of good."

[367] Thus having described those who are brahmins in name only, he went on to describe the brahmins in the highest sense in the following two stanzas:

"But there are brahmins, too, my lord, men very wise and good,

Free from the deeds of evil lust, to eat your offered food.

"One only meal of rice they eat: strong drink they never touch:
And now you know this kind aright, say shall we look for such?"

When the king heard his words, he asked "Where, friend Vidhūra, where dwell these brahmins, worthy of the best things?" "In the further Himalaya, O king, in a cave of Mount Nanda." "Then, wise sir, bring me those brahmins hither, by your power." Then in great joy the king recited this stanza:

"Vidhūra, bring those brahmins here, so holy and so wise,

Invite them, O Vidhūra, here, let no delay arise!"

The Great Being agreed to do as he was requested, adding this: "Now, O king! send the drum beating about the city, to proclaim that the city must be gloriously adorned, and all the people of it must give alms, and undertake the holy-day vows, and pledge themselves to virtue; and you with all your court must take the holy-day vows upon you." Himself at early dawn, having taken his meal, and taken the holy-day vows, at eventide he sent for a basket of the colour of jasmine, and together with the monarch made a salutation with the full prostration [1], [368] and he called to memory the virtues of the Pacceka Buddhas, uttering these words: "Let the five hundred Pacceka Buddhas who dwell in

Northern Himalaya, in the cave of Mount Nanda, to-morrow partake of our food!" he cast eight handfuls of flowers into the air. At once these flowers fell upon the five hundred Pacceka Buddhas, in the place where they dwelt. They pondered, and understood the fact, and accepted the invitation, saying, "Reverend Sirs, we are invited by the wise Vidhūra, and no mean creature is he: he has the seed of a Buddha within him, and in this very cycle a Buddha he will be. Let us show him favour." The Great Being understood that they would comply, by token that the flowers did not return. Then he said, "O great king! to-morrow the Pacceka Buddhas will come; do them honour and worship." Next day the king did them great honour, preparing precious seats for them upon a great dais. The Pacceka Buddhas, in Lake Anotatta, having waited for the time when their bodily needs were seen to, travelled through the air and descended in the royal courtyard. The king and the Bodhisatta, faith in their hearts, received the bowls from their hands, and caused them to come up on the terrace, seated them, gave them the gift-water [2] into their hands, and served them with food hard and soft most delightful.

After the meal, he invited them for the next day, and so on for seven days following, presenting them with many gifts, and on the seventh day he gave them all the requisites. Then they gave him thanks, and passing through the air returned to the same place, and the requisites also went with them.

The Master, after finishing this discourse, said: "No wonder, Brethren, that the king of Kosala being my follower, has given me the gift incomparable, for wise men of old when as yet there was no Buddha, did the same." Then he identified the Birth: "At

that time Ānanda was the king, and the wise Vidhūra was I myself."

Footnotes

227:1 See Fick, *Sociale Gliederung,* p. 140.

227:2 No such title appears. The incomparable gift is referred to in No. 424, Āditta jātaka, but the reader is referred to Mahāgovinda Sutta.

228:1 This line occurs in iii. 401 (p. 202 of the translation).

229:1 The fruits and trees named are: myrobolan *(terminalia chebula)*, emblic myrobolan *(emblica officinalis)*, mango, rose-apple *(Eugenia jambu)*, beleric myrobolan, *artocarpus lacucha,* vilva *(aegle marmelos)*, *rājāyatana* wood *(? Buchanania latifolia)*. Brahmins were forbidden to sell fruits or healing herbs, honey and ointment, not to say other things.

229:2 *I.e.* arrange a marriage in which the man pays them a price.

229:3 A mixt caste, sprung from a brahmin father and a Vaiçya woman.

230:1 After a soma offering, the custom was for a king to bathe on a gorgeous couch. A brahmin lay beneath, and the holy water, washing off the king's sins, washed them on to the brahmin, who received the bed and all its ornaments as recompense for playing scapegoat. Fick, *Sociale Gliederung,* p. 143, note, quoting Oldenberg, *Religion des Veda,* pp. 407ff.

231:1 Lit. prostration of "the five rests," so as to touch the ground with forehead both elbows, waist, knees, and feet.

231:2 Water poured into the right-hand in ratifying some promise made or gift bestowed.

No. 496.

BHIKKHĀ-PARAMPARA-JĀTAKA.

[369] *"I saw one sitting," etc.*—This story the Master told, whilst dwelling in Jetavana, about a certain landowner. He was a true and faithful believer, and showed honour continually to the Tathāgata and the Order. One day these thoughts came to him. "I show honour constantly to the Buddha, that precious jewel, and the Order, that precious jewel, by bestowing upon them delicate food and soft raiment. Now I should like to do honour to that precious jewel the Law: but how is one to show honour to that?" So he took plenty of perfumed garlands and such like things, and proceeded to Jetavana, and greeting the Master, asked him this question: "My desire is, Sir, to show honour to the jewel of the Law: how is a man to set about it?" The Master replied, "If your desire is to honour the jewel of the Law, then show honour to Ānanda, the Treasurer of the Law." "It is well," he said, and promised to do so. He invited the Elder to visit him, and brought him next day to his house in great pomp and splendour; he placed the Elder upon a magnificent seat, and worshipt him with perfumed garlands and so forth, gave him choice food of many kinds, presented cloth of great price sufficient for the three robes. Thought the Elder, "This honour is done to the jewel of the Law; it befits not me, but it befits the chief Commander of the Faith." So the food placed in the bowl, and the cloths, he took to the monastery, and gave it to Elder Sāriputta. He thought likewise, "This honour is done to the jewel of the Law; it befits simply and solely the Supreme Buddha, lord of the Law," and he

gave it to the Dasabala. The Master, seeing no one above himself, partook of the food, accepted the cloth for robes. And the Brethren chatted about it in the Hall of Truth: "Brethren, so and so the landowner, meaning to show honour to the Law, made a gift to Elder Ānanda, Treasurer of the Law; he thought himself unworthy of it, and gave it to the Commander of the Faith; and he, thinking himself not worthy, to the Tathāgata. But the Tathāgata, seeing no one above himself, knew that he was worthy of it as Lord of the Law, and ate of the food, and took that cloth for robes. Thus the gift of food has found its master, by going to him whose right it was." The Master entering, asked them what they talked of as they sat there. They told him. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that food given has fallen to the lot of the worthy by successive steps; so it did long ago, before the Buddha's day." With these words, he told them a story of the past.

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[370] Once upon a time Brahmadatta ruled righteously in Benares, having renounced the ways of sin, and he kept the Ten Royal Virtues. This being so, his court of justice became so to say empty. The king, by way of searching out his own faults, questioned every one, beginning with those who dwelt about him; but not in the women's apartments, nor in the city, nor in the near villages, could he find any one who had a fault to tell of him [1]. Then he made up his mind to try the country

folk. So handing over the government to his courtiers, and taking the chaplain with him, he traversed the kingdom of Kāsi in disguise; yet he found no one with a fault to tell of him.

At last he came to a village on the frontier, and sat down in a hall without the gate. At that time, a landowner of that village, a rich man worth eighty crores, in going down with a great following to the bathing place, saw the king seated in the hall, with his dainty body and skin of a golden colour. He took a fancy to him, and entering the hall, said, "Stay here awhile." Then he went to his house, and had got ready all manner of dainty food, and returned with his grand retinue carrying vessels of food. At the same time, an ascetic from Himalaya came in and sat down there, a man who had the Five Transcendent Faculties. And a Pacceka Buddha also, from a cave on Mount Nanda, came and sat there. The landowner gave the king water to wash his hands, and prepared a dish of food with all manner of fine sauces and condiments, and set before the king. He received it and gave it to the brahmin chaplain. The chaplain took it and gave to the ascetic. The ascetic walked up to the Pacceka Buddha, in his left hand holding the vessel of food, and in his right the waterpot, first offered the water of gift [1], and then placed the food in the bowl. He proceeded to eat, without inviting any to share, or asking leave. When the meal was done, the landowner thought: "I gave this food to the king, and he to his chaplain and the chaplain to the ascetic, and the ascetic to the Pacceka Buddha; the Pacceka Buddha has eaten it without leave asked. What means this manner of giving? [371] Why did the last eat without with your leave or by your leave? I will ask them one by one." Then he approached each in turn, and saluting them, asked his question, while they made answer:

"I saw one worthy of a throne, who from a kingdom came
To deserts bare from palaces, most delicate of frame.

"On him in kindness I bestowed picked paddy-grains to eat,
A mess of rice all cooked so nice such as men pour on meat.

"You took the food, and gave it to the brahmin, eating none:
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

"My teacher, pastor, zealous he for duties great and small,
I ought to give the food to him, for he deserves it all."

"Brahmin, whom even kings respect, say why did you not eat [2]
The mess of rice, all cooked so nice, which men pour over meat.

"You knew not the gift's scope, but to the sage you past it on:
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

"I keep a wife and family, in houses too I dwell,

I rule the passions of a king, my own indulge as well.

"Unto a wise ascetic man long dwelling in the wood,
Old, practised in religious lore, I ought to give the food.

"Now the thin sage I ask, whose skin shows all the veins beneath,
With nails grown long, and shaggy hair, and dirty head and teeth:

"Have you no care for life, O lonely dweller in the wood?
How is this monk a better man to whom you gave the food?"

"Wild bulbs and radishes I dig, catmint and herbs seek I,
Wild rice, black mustard shake or pick, and spread them out to dry,

"Jujubes, herbs, honey, lotus-threads, myrobolan, scraps of meat,
This is my wealth, and these I take and make them fit to eat.

[372] "I cook, he cooks not: I have wealth, he nothing: I'm bound tight
To worldly things, but he is free: the food is his by right."

"I ask the Brother, sitting there, with cravings all subdued;
—This mess of rice, all cooked and nice, which men pour on their food,

"You took it, and with appetite eat it, and share with none;
With all due deference I ask, what is it you have done?"

"I cook not, nor I cause to cook, destroy nor have destroyed;
He knew that I possess no wealth, all sins I do avoid.

"The pot he carried in his right, and in his left the food,
Gave me the broth men pour on meat, the mess of rice so good;

"They have possessions, they have wealth, to give their duty is:
Who asks a giver to partake, he is a foe, y-wis."

[373] On hearing these words, the landowner in high delight repeated the last two stanzas:

"It was a happy chance for me to-day that brought the king:

I never knew before how gifts abundant fruit would bring.

"Kings in their kingdoms, brahmins in their work, are full of greed,
Sages in picking fruits and roots: Brethren from sin are freed."

The Pacceka Buddha having discoursed to him, then departed to his own place, and the ascetic likewise. And the king, after remaining a few days with him, went away to Benares.

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[374] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "It is not the first time, Brethren, that food went to him who deserved it, for the same thing has happened before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, the landowner who did honour to the Law was the landowner in the story, Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta the chaplain, and I myself was the ascetic who lived in Himalaya."

Footnotes

232:1 Compare vol. ii. no. 151, p. 1.

233:1 See p. 231, note 2.

233:2 Gotama is here only the clan-name of the brahmin, vaḍḍham is the right reading, *boiled rice.*

BOOK XV. VĪSATI-NIPĀTA.

No. 497.

MĀTAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

[375] *"Whence comest thou," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the hereditary king Udena. At that time, the reverend Piṇḍola-bhāradvāja passing from Jetavana through the air, used generally to pass the heat of the day in king Udena's park at Kosambī. The Elder, we are told, had in a former existence been king, and for a long time had enjoyed glory in that very park with his retinue. By virtue of the good then by him performed, he used to sit there in the heat of the day, enjoying the bliss of Attainment which was its fruit.

One day he was in that place, and sitting under a sal-tree in full flower, when Udena came into the park with a large number of followers. For seven days he had been drinking deep, and he wished to take his pleasure in the park. He lay down on the royal seat in the arms of one of his women, and being foxed soon fell asleep. Then the women who sat singing around threw down their instruments of music, and wandered about the pleasance gathering flowers and fruit. By and by they saw the Elder, and came up, and saluting him sat down. The Elder sat where he was and discoursed to them. The other woman by shifting her arms awoke the king, who said, "Where are those drabs gone?" She replied, "They are sitting in a ring round an ascetic." The king grew angry, and went to the Elder, abusing and reviling: "Out on

it, I'll have the fellow devoured by red ants!" So in rage he caused a basket full of red ants to be broken over the Elder's body. But the Elder rose up in the air, and admonished the king; then to Jetavana he went, and alighted at the gateway of the Perfumed Chamber. "Whence have you come?" asked the Tathāgata: and he told him the fact. "Bhāradvāja," quoth he, "this is not the first time Udena has done despite to a religious man, but he did the same before." Then at the Elder's request, he told a story of the past.

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[376] Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Great Being was born outside the city, as a Caṇḍāla's son, and they gave him the name of Mātaṅga, the Elephant [1]. Afterwards he attained wisdom, and his fame was blown abroad as the Wise Mātaṅga. Now at that time one Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā [2], daughter of a Benares merchant, every month or

two used to come and disport her in the park with a crowd of companions. One day, the Great Being had gone to town on some business, and as he was entering the gate met Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā. He stept aside, and stood quite still, From behind her curtain Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā spied him, and asked, "Who is that?" "A Caṇḍāla, my lady." "Bah," says she, "I have seen something that brings bad luck," and washing her eyes with scented water she turned back. The people with her cried out, "Ah, vile outcast, you have lost us free food and liquor to-day!" In rage they pummelled Mātaṅga the wise with hands and feet, and made him senseless, and went away. After a while he recovered consciousness, and thought, "The crowd around Diṭṭha-

maṅgalikā beat me for no reason, an innocent man. I will not budge till I get her, not a moment before." With this resolve, he went and lay down at the door of her father's house. When they asked him why he lay there, his reply was, "All I want is Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā." One day passed, then a second, a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. The resolve of the Buddhas is immovable; therefore on the seventh day they brought out the girl and gave her to him. Then she said, "Rise up, master, and let us go to your house." But he said, "Lady, I have been well pummelled by your people, I am weak, take me up on your back and carry me." So she did, and in full view of the citizens went forth from the city to the Caṇḍāla settlement.

There for a few days the Great Being kept her, without transgressing in any way the rules of caste. Then he thought, "Only by renouncing the world, and in no other way, shall I be able to show this lady the highest honour and give her the best gifts." [377] So he said to her, "Lady, if I fetch nothing out of the forest, we cannot live. I will go into the forest; wait till I return, but do not worry." He laid injunctions upon the household not to neglect her, and went into the forest, and embraced the life of a religious ascetic, with all diligence; so that in seven days he developed the Eight Attainments and the Five Supernatural Faculties. Then he thought, "Now I shall be able to protect Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā." By his supernatural power he went back, and alighted at the gate of the Caṇḍāla village, whence he proceeded to the door of Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā's house. She, when she heard of his return, came out, and began to weep, saying, "Why have you deserted me, master, and become an ascetic?" He said, "Never mind, lady, now I will make you more glorious than your former glory. Will you be able to say in the midst of the people just this: "My husband is not Mātaṅga, but the Great Brahma?" "Yes,

master, I can say it." "Very well, when they ask you where is your husband, you must reply, He is gone to Brahma's heaven. If they ask, when he will come back, you must say, In seven days he will come, breaking the moon's disk when she is at the full." With these words, he went away to Himalaya.

Now Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā said what she had been told here and there in Benares, amidst a great crowd. The people believed, saying, "Ah, he is Great Brahma, and therefore does not visit Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā, but thus and thus it will be." On the night of full moon, at the time when the moon stands still in mid-course, the Bodhisatta assumed the appearance of Brahma, and amidst a blaze of light which filled all the kingdom of Kāsi, and the city of Benares twelve leagues in extent, broke through the moon and came down: thrice he made circuit above the city of Benares, and received the worship of the great crowd with perfumed garlands and such like, and then turned his face towards the Caṇḍāla village. The devotees of Brahma gathered together, and went to the Caṇḍāla village. They covered Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā's house with white cloths, swept the ground with four manner of sweet smelling things, scattered flowers, [378] burnt incense, spread an awning, prepared a splendid seat, lit a lamp of scented oil, laid at the door sand white and smooth as a silver plate, scattered flowers, put up banners. Before the house thus decorated the Great Being came down, and entered, and sat a little while on the seat. At that time Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā was in her monthly terms. His [1] thumb touched her navel, and she conceived. Then the Great Being said to her, "Lady, you are with child, and you shall bring forth a son; you and your son shall receive the highest honour and tribute; the water that washes

your feet shall be used by kings for the ceremonial sprinkling throughout all India, the water you bathe in shall be an elixir of immortality, those who sprinkle it on their heads shall be set free from all disease and shall not know ill luck, they who lay the head on your feet and salute you shall give a thousand pieces of money, they who stand within your hearing and salute you shall give a hundred, they who stand in your sight and salute you shall give one rupee each. Be vigilant!" With this admonition, in view of the crowd, he rose up and re-entered the moon.

The devotees of Brahma collected, and stood there through the whole night; in the morning they caused her to enter a golden palanquin, and taking it upon their heads, bore her into the city. A great concourse came to her, crying aloud, "The wife of Great Brahma!" and did worship with scented garlands and other such things; those who were allowed to lay the head on her feet and salute her gave a purse of a thousand pieces, those who might salute her within hearing gave a hundred, those who might salute her standing within her sight gave one rupee each. Thus they included in their progress the whole city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and received a sum of eighteen crores.

Having thus made the circuit of that city, they brought her to the centre of it, and there built a great pavilion, and set curtains about it,

and caused her to dwell there amidst much glory and prosperity. Before the pavilion, they began to build seven great entrance gates, and a palace with seven storeys: much new merit was set to their account.

In that same pavilion, Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā brought forth a son. On his name-day, [379] the brahmins gathered together, and named him Maṇḍavya-kumāra, the Prince of the Pavilion, because he was born there. In ten months the palace was finished: from that time she [1] dwelt in it, highly honoured. And Prince Maṇḍavya grew up amid great magnificence. When he was seven or eight years old, the best teachers in the length and breadth of India gathered together, and they taught him the three Vedas. From the age of sixteen he provided food for the brahmins, and sixteen thousand brahmins were fed continually; at the fourth embattled gateway the alms were distributed to the brahmins.

Now on one great day of festival they prepared a quantity of rice porridge, and sixteen thousand brahmins sat by the fourth embattled gateway and partook of this food, accompanied with fresh ghee of a golden yellow, a decoction of honey and lump sugar; and the prince himself, brilliantly adorned with jewels, with golden slippers upon his feet, and a staff of fine gold in his hand, was walking about and giving directions, "Ghee here, honey here." At that time, the wise Mātaṅga seated in his hermitage in the Himalayas, turned his thoughts to see what news there was of Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā's son. Perceiving that he was going in the wrong way, he thought, "To-day I will go, and convert the young man, and I will teach him how to give so that the gift shall bring much fruit." He went through the air to Lake Anotatta, and there washed his mouth, and so forth; standing in the district of Manosilā [2], he donned the pair of coloured garments, girt his girdle about him, put on the ragged robe, took his earthen bowl, and went through the air to the fourth gateway, where he alighted just by the alms-hall, and stood on one side. Maṇḍavya, looking this way and that, espied him. "Where do you come from," cried he, "you ascetic, you

misbegotten outcast, a goblin and no man?" and he repeated the first stanza:

[380]

"Whence comest thou, in filthy garments drest,
    A creature vile and goblin-like, I vow,
A robe of refuse-rags across thy breast,
    Unworthy of a gift—say, who art thou?"

The Great Being listened, then with gentle heart addressed him in the words of the second stanza:

"The food, O noble sir! is ready set,
    The people taste, and eat, and drink of it:
You know we live on what we chance to get;
    Rise! let the low-caste churl enjoy a bit."

p. 239

Then Maṇḍavya recited the third stanza:

"For brahmins, for my blessing, by my hand
    This food is got, the gift of faithful heart.
Away! what boots it in my sight to stand?
    ’Tis not for such as thou: vile wretch, depart!"

[381] Thereupon the Great Being repeated a stanza:

"They sow the seed on high ground and on low,
    Hoping for fruit, and on the marshy plain:
In such a faith as this thy gifts bestow;
    Worthy recipients so thou shalt obtain."

Then Maṇḍavya repeated a stanza:

"I know the lands wherein I mean to sow,
The proper places in this world for seed,
Brahmins highborn, that holy scriptures know:
These are good ground and fertile fields indeed

Then the Great Being repeated two stanzas:

"The pride of birth, o'erweening self-conceit,
Drunkenness, hatred, ignorance, and greed,—
Those in whose hearts these vices find their seat,—
They all are bad and barren fields for seed.

"The pride of birth o'erweening, self-conceit,
Drunkenness, hatred, ignorance, and greed,—
[382] Those in whose hearts these vices find no seat,
They all are good and fertile fields for seed."

These words the Great Being repeated again and again; but the other grew angry, and cried—"The fellow prates overmuch. Where are my porters gone, that they do not cast out the churl?" Then he repeated a stanza:

"Ho Bhaṇḍakucchi, Upajjhāya ho!
And where is Upajotiya, I say?
Punish the fellow, kill the fellow, go—
And by the throat hale the vile churl away!"

[1]

The men hearing his call, came up at a run, and saluting him, asked, "What are we to do, my lord?" "Did you ever see this base outcast?" "No, Sire, we did not know he had come in at all: some juggler he is doubtless, or cunning rogue."—"Well, why do you stand there?"—"What are we to do, my lord?"—"Why, strike the

fellow's mouth, break his jaw, tear his back with rods and cudgels, punish him, take the wretch by the throat, knock him down, away with him out of this place!" But the Great Being, ere they could come at him, rose up in the air, and there poised, repeated a stanza:

[383]

"Revile a sage! to swallow blazing fire as much avails,
Or bite hard iron, or dig down a mountain with your nails."

Having uttered these words, the Great Being rose high in the air, while the youth and the brahmins gazed at the sight.

Explaining this, the Master recited a stanza:

"So spake the sage Mātaṅga, champion of truth and right,
Then in the air he rose aloft before the brahmins' sight."

He turned his face to the eastwards, and coming down in a certain street, with intent that his footsteps might be visible, he begged alms near the eastern gate; then, having collected a quantity of mixt victuals, he sat him down in a certain hall and began to eat. But the deities of the city came up, finding it intolerable that this king should so speak as to annoy their sage. So the eldest goblin among them seized hold of Maṇḍavya by the neck, and twisted it, and the others seized the other brahmins and twisted their necks. But through pity for the Bodhisatta, they did not kill Maṇḍavya: "he is his son," they said, and only tormented him. Maṇḍavya's head was twisted so that it

looked backwards over his shoulders; hands and feet were stiff and stark; his eyes were turned up, as though he were a dead man: there he lay stark. The other brahmins turned round and round, drabbling spittle at the mouth. People went and told Diṭṭha-maṅgalikā, "Something has happened to your son, my lady!" She made all haste thither, and seeing him cried, "Oh, what is this!" and recited a stanza:

"Over the shoulder twisted stands his head;
  See how he stretches out a helpless arm!
White are his eyes as though he were quite dead:
  O who is it has wrought my son this harm?"

[384] Then the bystanders repeated a stanza, telling her about it:

"A hermit came, in filthy garments drest,
  A creature vile and goblin-like to see,
With robe of refuse-rags across his breast:
  The man who treated thus thy son, is he."

On hearing this, she thought: "No other has the power, the wise Mātaṅga without doubt it must be! But one who is stedfast, and full of goodwill to all creatures, will never go away and leave all these folk to torment. Now in what direction can he have gone?" which question she put in the following stanza:

"In what direction went the wise one hence?
  O noble youths, pray answer me this thing!
Come let us make atonement for the offence,
  Our son to life again that we may bring."

The young men answered her in this manner:

"That wise one, up into the air rose he,
  Like moon in mid-career the fifteenth day:
The sage, truth-consecrated, fair to see,
  Towards the east moreover bent his way."

This answer given, she said, "I will seek my husband!" and bidding take with her pitchers of gold and cups of gold, surrounded with a company of waiting women, she went and found the place where his footsteps had touched the ground; these she followed, until she came to him sitting upon a seat, and eating his meal. [385] Approaching she saluted him, and stood still. On seeing her he placed some boiled rice in his bowl. Diṭṭha maṅgalikā poured water for him from a golden pitcher; he at once washed his hands and rinsed out his mouth. Then she said, "Who has done this cruel thing to my son?" repeating this stanza:

"Over the shoulder twisted stands his head;
  See how he stretches out a helpless arm!
White are his eyes, as though he were quite dead:
  O who is it has wrought my son this harm?"

The stanzas which follow are said by the two alternately:

"Goblins there are, whose might and power is great,
  Who follow sages, beautiful to see:
They saw thy son ill-minded, passionate,
  And they have treated thus thy son for thee."

"Then it is goblins who this thing have done:
  Do not be wroth, O holy man, with me!

O Brother! full of love towards my son
Hither for refuge to thy feet I flee!"

"Then let me tell thee that my mind doth hide
Nor then nor now a thought of enmity:
Thy son, through fancied knowledge, drunk with pride,
Knows not the meaning of the Vedas three."

"O Brother! verily a man may find
All in a trice his sense quite gone blind.
Forgive me my one error, O wise sage!
They who are wise are never fierce in rage [1]."

[386] The Great Being, thus pacified by her, replied, "Well, I will give you the elixir of immortal life, to make the goblins depart"; and he recited this stanza:

"This fragment of my leavings take with thee,
Let the poor fool Maṇḍavya eat a piece:
Thy son shall be made whole, restored to thee,
And so the goblins shall their prey release."

When she heard the words of the Great Being, she held out a golden bowl, saying, "Give me the elixir of immortality, my lord!" The Great Being dropt in it some of his rice gruel, and said, "First put the half of this into your son's mouth; the rest mix with water in a vessel, and put it in the mouths of the other brahmins: they shall all be made whole." Then he arose and departed to Himalaya. She carried off the pitcher upon her head, crying, "I have the elixir of immortality!" Arrived at the house, she first put some of it in her son's mouth. The Goblin fled away; the king got up, and brushed off the dust, asking, "What is this, mother?"—"You know well enough what you have done; now see the miserable plight of your dolesmen!" When he looked at

them, he was filled with remorse. [387] Then his mother said, "Maṇḍavya, my dear son, you are a fool, and you do not know how to give so that the gift may bear fruit. Such as these are not fit for your bounty, but only such as are like the wise Mātaṅga. Henceforward give nothing to evil men like these, but give to the virtuous." Then she said:—

"Thou art a fool, Maṇḍavya, small of wit,
Not knowing when to do good deeds is fit:
Thou givest to those whose sinfulness is great,
To evildoers and intemperate.

"Garments of skin, a mass of shaggy hair,
  Mouth like an ancient well with grass o'ergrown,
And see what ragged clouts the creatures wear!
  But fools are saved not by such things alone.

"When passion, hate, and ignorance, afar from men are driven,
Give to such calm and holy men: much fruit for this is given."

"Therefore from this time forward give not to wicked men like this; but whoso in this world has reached the eight Attainments, righteous ascetics and brahmins who have gained the Five Transcendent Faculties, Pacceka Buddhas, to these give your gifts. Come my son, let me give these our servants the elixir of immortality, [388] and make them whole." So saying, she had the leavings of the rice gruel taken, and put in a pitcher of water, and sprinkled over the mouths of the sixteen thousand brahmins. Each one got up, and brushed off the dust.

Then these brahmins, having been made to taste the leavings of a Caṇḍāla, were put out of caste by the other brahmins. In shame they departed from Benares, and went to the kingdom of Mejjha, where they lived with the king of that country. But Maṇḍavya remained where he was.

At that time there was a brahmin named Jātimanta, one of the religious, who lived hard by the city of Vettavatī on the banks of the river of that name; and he was a man mightily proud of his birth. The Great Being went thither, resolved to humble the man's pride; and he

made his abode near him, but further up stream. One day, having nibbled at a tooth-stick [1], he let it fall into the river, resolving that it should get entangled in Jātimanta's knot of hair. Accordingly, as he was washing in the water, the stick became entangled in his hair. "Curse the brute!" said he, when he saw it, "where has this come from, with a pest! I will enquire." He proceeded up stream, and finding the Great Being, asked him, "What caste are you of?"—"I am a Caṇḍāla."—"Did you drop a tooth-stick into the river?"—"Yes, I did."—"You brute! curse you, vile outcast, a murrain on you, don't stay here, but go further down stream." But even when he went to live down stream, the tooth-sticks he dropt floated against the current, and stuck in Jātimanta's hair. "Curse you!" quoth he, "if you stay here, in seven days your head shall burst into seven pieces!" The Great Being thought, "If I allow myself to be angry with the man, I shall not be keeping my virtue; but I will find a way to break down his pride." On the seventh day, he prevented the sunrise. All the world was put out: they came to the ascetic Jātimanta, and asked, "Is it you, Sir, who prevent the sun from rising?" He said, "That is no doing of mine; but there is a Caṇḍāla living by the riverside, and his doing it must be." Then the people came to the Great Being, and asked him, "Is it you, Sir, who keep the sun from rising?" [389] "Yes, friends," said he. "Why?" they asked. "The ascetic who is your favourite reviles me, an innocent man;

when he comes and falls at my feet to ask for mercy, then I will let the sun go." They went and dragged him along, and cast him down before the Great Being's feet, and tried to appease him, saying, "Sir, pray let the sun go." But he said, "I cannot let him go; if I do so, this man's head will burst into seven pieces." They said, "Then, Sir, what are we to do?" "Bring me a lump of clay." They brought it. "Now place it upon the head of this ascetic, and let the ascetic down into the water." After making these arrangements, he let the sun rise. No sooner was the sun set free [2], the lump of clay split in seven, and the ascetic plunged under the water. Having thus humbled him, the Great Being pondered: "Where now are those sixteen thousand brahmins?" He perceived they were with the king of Mejjha, and resolved to humble them; by his supernatural power he alighted in the neighbourhood of the city, and bowl in hand tramped the city seeking alms. When the brahmins descried him, they said, "Let him stay here but a couple of days, and he will leave us without a refuge!" In all haste they went to the king, crying, "O mighty king, here is a juggler and mountebank come: take him prisoner!" The king was ready enough. The Great Being, with his mess of mixt victuals, was sitting beside a wall, on a

bench, and eating. There, as he was busy partaking of the food, the king's messengers found him, and striking him with a sword, killed him. After his death, he was born in the Brahma world. It is said that in this birth the Bodhisatta was a [1]mongoose-tamer, and in this servile occupation was put to death. The deities were angry, and poured down upon the whole kingdom of Mejjha a torrent of hot ashes, and wiped it out from among kingdoms. Therefore it is said:

"So the whole nation was destroyed of Mejjha, as they say,
For glorious Mātaṅga's death, the kingdom swept away."

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[390] When the Master had ended this discourse, he said: "It is not now the first time that Udena has abused religious men, but he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Udena was Maṇḍavya, and I myself was the wise Mātaṅga."

Footnotes

235:1 Also a name of a man of the Caṇḍāla caste, which was the lowest.

235:2 Lit. "one who has seen good omens."

237:1 Reading *assa.*

238:1 Adding *sā,* with one MS.

238:2 Part of the Himalaya region.

239:1 The last two lines occur on p. 205 (above, p. 128).

241:1 These two lines occur above, p. 313 (p. 197 of this volume).

243:1 The Indians use a fibrous stick for cleansing the teeth.

243:2 Taking *pahata-* as used for *pahīna-.*

No. 498.

CITTA-SAMBHŪTA-JĀTAKA.

"Every good deed," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about two fellow-priests of the reverend Mahā-kassapa, who lived happily together. This pair, we are told, were most friendly, and had share for share in all things with the utmost fairness: even when they walked for alms, together they went out and together came in, nor could they endure to be apart. In the Hall of Truth sat the Brethren, praising their friendship, when the Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there. They told him; and he replied, "Their friendship in one existence, Brethren, is nothing to wonder at; for wise men of old kept friendliness unbroken throughout three or four different existences." So saying, he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the realm of Avanti, and the city of Ujjenī, reigned a great king named King Avanti. At that time, a Caṇḍāla village lay outside Ujjenī, and there the Great Being was born. Another person was born the son of his mother's sister. The one of these two was named Citta, and the other Sambhūta.

These two when they grew up, having learnt what is called the art of sweeping in the Caṇḍāla breed, thought one day they would go and show off this art at the city gate. So one of them showed off at the north gate, and one at the east. Now in this city were two women wise in the omens

of sight, the one a merchant's daughter and the other a chaplain's. These went forth to make merry in the park, having ordered food to be brought hard and soft, garlands and perfumes; and it so happened that one went out by the northern gate and one the eastern. Seeing the two young Caṇḍālas showing their art, the girls asked "Who are these?" Caṇḍālas, they were informed. "This is an evil omen to see!" they said, [391] and after washing their eyes with perfumed water, they returned back. Then the multitude cried, "O vile outcasts, you have made us lose food and strong drink which would have cost us nothing!" They belaboured the two kinsmen, and did them much misery and mischief. When they recovered their senses, up they got and joined company, and told each the other what woe had befallen him, weeping and wailing, and wondering what to do now. "All this misery has come upon us," they thought, because of our birth. We shall never be able to play the part of Caṇḍālas; let us conceal our birth, and go to Takkasilā in the disguise of young brahmins, and study there." Having made this decision, they went thither, and followed their studies in the law under a far-famed master. A rumour was blown abroad over India, that two young Caṇḍālas were students, and had concealed their birth. The wise Citta was successful in his studies, but Sambhūta not so.

One day a villager invited the teacher, intending to offer food to the brahmins. Now it happened that rain fell in the night, and flooded all the hollows in the road. Early in the morning the teacher summoned wise Citta, and said, "My lad, I cannot go, do you go with the young men, and pronounce a blessing, eat what you get for yourself and bring home what there is for me." Accordingly he took the young brahmins, and went. While the young men bathed, and rinsed their mouths, the people

prepared rice porridge, which they set ready for them, saying, "Let it cool." Before it was cool, the young men came and sat down. The people gave them the water of offering, and set the bowls in front of them. Sambhūta's wits were somewhat muddled, and imagining it to be cool, took up a ball of the rice and put it in his mouth, but it burnt him like a red-hot ball of metal. In his pain he forgot his part altogether, and glancing at wise Citta, he said, in the Caṇḍāla dialect; "Hot, aint it?" [392] The other forgot himself too, and answered in their manner of speech, "Spit it out, spit it out." At this the young men looked at each other, and said, "What kind of language is this?" Wise Citta pronounced a blessing.

When the young men came home, they gathered in little knots and sat here and there discussing the words used. Finding that it was the dialect of the Caṇḍālas, they cried out on them, "O vile outcasts! you have been tricking us all this while, and pretending to be brahmins!" And they beat them both. One good man drove them out, saying, "Away! the blot's in

the blood. Be off! Go somewhere and become ascetics." The young brahmins told their teacher that these two were Caṇḍālas.

The pair went out into the woods, and there took up the ascetic life, and after no long time died, and were born again as the young of a doe on the banks of the Nerañjarā. From the time of their birth they always went about together. One day, when they had fed, a hunter espied them under a tree ruminating and cuddling together, very happy, head to head, nozzle to nozzle, horn to horn. He cast a javelin at them, and killed them both by one blow.

After this they were born as the young of an osprey, on the bank of Nerbudda. There too, when they grew up, after feeding they would cuddle together, head to head and beak to beak. A bird snarer saw them, caught them together, and killed them both.

Next the wise Citta was born at Kosambī, as a chaplain's son; the wise Sambhūta was born as the son of the king of Uttarapañcāla. From their name-days they could remember their former births. But Sambhūta was not able to remember all without breaks, and all he could remember was the fourth or Caṇḍāla birth; Citta however remembered all four in due order. When Citta was sixteen years old, he went away and became an ascetic in Himalaya, [393] and developed the Faculty of the religious ecstasy, and dwelt in the bliss of ecstatic trance. Wise Sambhūta after his father's death had the Umbrella spread over him, and on the very day of the umbrella ceremony, in the midst of a great concourse, made a ceremonial hymn, and uttered two stanzas in aspiration. When they heard this, the royal wives and the musicians all chanted then, saying, "Our king's own coronation hymn!" and in course of time all the citizens sang it, as the hymn which their king loved. Wise Citta, in his dwelling place in Himalaya, wondered whether his brother Sambhūta had assumed the Umbrella, or not. Perceiving that he had, he thought, "I shall never be able to instruct a young ruler; but when he is old, I will visit him, and persuade him to be an ascetic." For fifty years he went not, and by that time the king was increased with sons and daughters; then by his supernatural power, he went, and alighted in the park, and sat down on the seat of ceremony like an image of gold. Just then a lad was picking up sticks, and as he did so he sang that hymn. Wise Citta called him to approach; he came up with an obeisance, and waited. Citta said to him, "Since early morning you have been

singing that hymn; do you know no other?"—"Oh yes, sir, I know many more, but these are the verses the king loves, that is why I sing no others."—"Is there any one who can sing a refrain to the king's hymn?"—"No, Sir."—"Could you?"—"Yes, if I am taught one."—"Well, when the king chants these two verses, you sing this by way of a third," and he recited a hymn. "Now," said he, "go and sing this before the king, and the king will be pleased with

you, and make much of you for it." The lad went to his mother quickly, and got himself drest up spick and span; then to the king's door, and sent in word that a lad would sing him a refrain to his hymn. The king said, "Let him approach." When the lad had come in, and saluted him, quoth the king, "They say you will sing me an answering refrain to my hymn?" [394] "Yes, my lord," said he, "bring in the whole court to hear." As soon as the court had assembled, the lad said, "Sing your hymn, my lord, and I will answer with mine." The king repeated a pair of stanzas:

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
    No deed without result, and nothing vain:
I see Sambhūta mighty grown and great,
    Thus do his virtues bear him fruit again.

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
    No deed without result, and nothing vain.
Who knows if Citta also may be great,
    And like myself, his heart have brought him gain?"

At the end of this hymn, the lad chanted the third stanza:

"Every good deed bears fruit or soon or late,
No deed without result, and nothing vain.
Behold, my lord, see Citta at thy gate,
And like thyself, his heart has brought him gain."

On hearing this the king repeated the fourth stanza:

"Then art thou Citta, or the tale didst hear
From him, or did some other make thee know?
Thy hymn is very sweet: I have no fear;
A village and a bounty [1] I bestow."

[395] Then the lad repeated the fifth stanza:

"I am not Citta, but I heard the thing.
It was a sage laid on me this command—
Go and recite an answer to the king,
And be rewarded by his grateful hand."

Hearing this, the king thought, "It must be my brother Citta; now I'll go and see him"; then he laid his bidding upon his men in the words of these two stanzas:

"Come, yoke the royal chariots, so finely wrought and made:
Gird up with girths the elephants, in necklets bright arrayed.

"Beat drums for joy, and let the conchs be blown,
Prepare the swiftest chariots I own:
For to that hermitage I will away,
To see the sage that sits within, this day."

So he spoke; then mounting his fine chariot, he went swiftly to the park gate. There he checked his chariot, and approached wise Citta with

an obeisance, and sat down on one side; greatly pleased, he recited the eighth stanza:

"A precious hymn it was I sang so sweet
  While thronging multitudes around me pressed;
For now this holy sage I come to greet
  And all is joy and gladness in my breast."

[396] Happy from the instant he saw wise Citta, he gave all necessary directions, bidding prepare a seat for his brother, and repeated the ninth

stanza:

"Accept a seat, and for your feet fresh water: it is right
To offer gifts of food to guests: accept, as we invite."

After this sweet invitation, the king repeated another stanza, offering him the half of his kingdom:

"Let them make glad the place where thou shalt dwell,
  Let throngs of waiting women wait on thee;
O let me show thee that I love thee well,
  And let us both kings here together be."

When he had heard these words, wise Citta discoursed to him in six stanzas:

"Seeing the fruit of evil deeds, O king,
Seeing what profit deeds of goodness bring,
I fain would exercise stern self-control,
Sons, wealth, and cattle cannot charm my soul.

"Ten decades has this mortal life, which each to each succeed:
This limit reached, man withers fast like to a broken reed.

"Then what is pleasure, what is love, wealth-hunting what to me?
What sons and daughters? know, O king, from fetters I am free.

"For this is true, I know it well—death will not pass me by:
And what is love, or what is wealth, when you must come to die?

[397] "The lowest race that go upon two feet
  Are the Caṇḍālas, meanest men on earth,
When all our deeds were ripe, as guerdon meet
  We both as young Caṇḍālas had our birth.

"Caṇḍālas in Avanti land, deer by Nerañjara,
Ospreys by the Nerbudda, now brahmin and Khattiya."

[398] Having thus made clear his mean births in time past, here also in this birth he declared the impermanency of things created, and recited four stanzas to arouse an effort:

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:

The aged have no hiding where to flee.

Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:

All deeds which grow to misery, eschew.

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
The aged have no hiding where to flee.
Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds whose fruit is misery, eschew.

p. 249

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:

The aged have no hiding where to flee.

Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:

All deeds that are with passion stained, eschew.

"Life is but short, and death the end must be:
Old age will sap our strength, we cannot flee.

Then, O Pañcāla, what I bid thee, do:
All deeds that lead to lowest hell, eschew."

[399] The king rejoiced as the Great Being spoke and repeated three stanzas:

"True is that word, O Brother! which you say,
You like a holy saint your words dictate:
But my desires are hard to cast away,
By such as I am; they are very great.

"As elephants deep sunken in the mire
Cannot climb out, although they see the land:
So, sunken in the slough of strong desire
Upon the Brethren's Path I cannot stand.

"As father or as mother would their son
Admonish, good and happy how to grow:
Admonish me how happiness is won,
And tell me by which way I ought to go."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"O lord of men! thou canst not cast away
These passions which are common to mankind:
Let not thy people unjust taxes pay,
Equal and righteous ruling let them find.

"Send messengers to north, south, east, and west
The brahmins and ascetics to invite:
Provide them food and drink, a place to rest,
Clothes, and all else that may be requisite.

[400] "Give thou the food and drink which satisfies
Sages and holy brahmins, full of faith:
Who gives and rules as well as in him lies
Will go to heaven all blameless after death.

"But if, surrounded by thy womankind
Thou feel thy passion and desire too strong,

This verse of poetry then bear in mind
And sing it in the midst of all the throng:

"No roof to shelter from the sky, amid the dogs he lay,
His mother nursed him as she walked: but he's a king to-day."

Such was the Great Being's advice. Then he said, "I have given you my counsel. And now do you become an ascetic or not, as you think fit; but I will follow up the result of my own deeds." Then he rose up in the air, and shook off the dust of his feet over him, and departed to Himalaya. [401] And the king saw it, and was greatly moved; and relinquishing his kingdom to his eldest son, he called out his army, and set his face in the direction of Himalaya. When the Great Being heard of his coming, he

went with his attendant sages and received him, and ordained him to the holy life, and taught him the means of inducing mystic ecstasy. He developed the Faculty of mystical meditation. Thus these two together became destined for Brahma's world.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he said: "Thus, Brethren, wise men of old continued firm friends through the course of three or four existences." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the wise Sambhūta, and I myself was the wise Citta."

Footnotes

244:1 Taking *koṇḍa-* to be the same as *kuṇḍa-*.

247:1 Lit. a hundred (pieces of money): or (with the scholiast) "A hundred villages I do bestow."

No. 499.

SIVI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"If there be any human," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the gift incomparable. The circumstances have been fully told in Book VIII. under the Sovīra Birth [2]. But here the king, on the seventh day, gave all the requisites and asked for thanks; but the Master went away without thanking him. After breakfast the king went to the monastery, and said, "Why did you return no thanks, Sir?" The Master said, "The people were unpurified, your majesty." He went on to declare the Law, reciting the stanza that begins "To heaven the avaricious shall not go [3]." The king, pleased at heart, did reverence to the Tathāgata by presenting an outer robe of the Sivi country, worth a thousand pieces of money; then he returned to the city.

Next day they were talking of it in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, the king of Kosala gave the gift incomparable: and, not content with that, when the Dasabala had discoursed to him, the king gave him a Sivi garment worth a thousand pieces! How insatiate the king is in giving, sure enough!" The Master came in, and asked what they talked of as they sat there: they told him. He said, "Brothers, things external are acceptable, true: but wise men of old, who gave gifts till all India rang again with the fame of it, each day distributing as much as six hundred thousand pieces, were unsatisfied with external gifts; and, remembering the proverb, Give what you prize and love will arise, they even pulled out their eyes and gave to those that asked." With these words, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when the mighty King Sivi reigned in the city of Ariṭṭhapura in the kingdom of Sivi, the Great Being was born as his son. They called his name Prince Sivi. When he grew up, he went

to Takkasilā and studied there; [402] then returning, he proved his knowledge to his father the king, and by him was made viceroy. At his father's death he became king himself, and, forsaking the ways of evil, he kept the Ten Royal Virtues and ruled in righteousness. He caused six alms-halls to be builded, at the four gates, in the midst of the city, and at his own door. He was munificent in distributing each day six hundred thousand pieces of money. On the eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth days he never missed visiting the alms-halls to see the distribution made.

Once on the day of the full moon, the state umbrella had been uplifted early in the morning, and he sat on the royal throne thinking over the gifts he had given. Thought he to himself, "Of all outside things there is nothing I have not given; but this kind of giving does not content me. I want to give something which is a part of myself. Well, this day when I go to the alms-hall, I vow that if any one ask not something outside me, but name what is part of myself,—if he should mention my very heart, I will cut open my breast with a spear, and as though I were drawing up a water-lily, stalk and all, from a calm lake, I will pull forth my heart dripping with blood-clots and give it him: if he should name the flesh of my body, I will cut the flesh off my body and give it, as though I were graving with a graving tool: let him name my

blood, I will give him my blood, dropping it in his mouth or filling a bowl with it: or again, if one say, I can't get my household work done, come and do me a slave's part at home, then I will leave my royal dress and stand without, proclaiming myself a slave, and slave's work I will do: should any men demand my eyes, I will tear out my eyes and give them, as one might take out the pith of a palm-tree." Thus he thought within him:

"If there be any human gift that I have never made,
Be it my eyes, I'll give it now, all firm and unafraid."

Then he bathed himself with sixteen pitchers of perfumed water, and adorned him in all his magnificence, and after a meal of choice food he mounted upon an elephant richly caparisoned [403] and went to the alms-hall.

Sakka, perceiving his resolution, thought, "King Sivi has determined to give his eyes to any chance comer who may ask. Will you be able to do it, or no?" He determined to try him; and, in the form of a brahmin old and blind, he posted himself on a high place, and when the king came to his alms-hall he stretched out his hand and stood crying, "Long live the king!" Then the king drove his elephant towards him, and said, "What do you say, brahmin?" Sakka said to him, "O great king! in all the inhabited world there is no spot where the fame of

your munificent heart has not sounded. I am blind, and you have two eyes." Then he repeated the first stanza, asking for an eye:

"To ask an eye the old man comes from far, for I have none:
O give me one of yours, I pray, then we shall each have one."

When the Great Being heard this, thought he, "Why that is just what I was thinking in my palace before I came! What a fine chance! My heart's desire will be fulfilled to-day; I shall give a gift which no man ever gave yet." And he recited the second stanza:

"Who taught thee hitherward to wend thy way,
O mendicant, and for an eye to pray?
  The chiefest portion of a man is this,
And hard for men to part with, so they say."

(The succeeding stanzas are to be read two and two, as may easily be seen.)

"Sujampati among the gods, the same
Here among men called Maghavā by name,
[404] He taught me hitherward to wend my way,
Begging, and for an eye to urge my claim.

"'Tis the all-chiefest gift for which I pray [1].
Give me an eye! O do not say me nay!
  Give me an eye, that chiefest gift of gifts,
So hard for men to part with, as they say!"

"The wish that brought thee hitherward, the wish that did arise
Within thee, be that wish fulfilled. Here, brahmin, take my eyes.

"One eye thou didst request of me: behold, I give thee two!
  Go with good sight, in all the people's view;
  So be thy wish fulfilled and now come true."

So much the king said. But, thinking it not meet that he should root out his eyes and bestow them there and then, he brought the brahmin indoors with him, and sitting on the royal throne, sent for a surgeon named Sīvaka. "Take out my eye, "he then said.

Now all the city rang with the news, that the king wished to tear out his eyes and give them to a brahmin. Then the commander-in-chief, and all the other officials, and those beloved of the king, gathered together from city and harem, and recited three stanzas, that they might turn the king from his purpose:

"O do not give thine eye, my lord; desert us not, O king!
Give money, pearls and coral give, and many a precious thing:

"Give thorobreds caparisoned, forth be the chariots rolled,
O king, drive up the elephants all fine with cloth of gold:

[405] "These give, O king! that we may all preserve thee safe and sound,
Thy faithful people, with our cars and chariots ranged around."

Hereupon the king recited three stanzas:

"The soul which, having sworn to give, is then unfaithful found,
Puts his own neck within a snare low hidden on the ground.

"The soul which, having sworn to give, is then unfaithful found,
More sinful is than sin, and he to Yama's house [1] is bound.

"Unasked give nothing; neither give the thing he asketh not,
This therefore which the brahmin asks, I give it on the spot."

Then the courtiers asked, "What do you desire in giving your eyes?" repeating a stanza:

"Life, beauty, joy, or strength—what is the prize,
O king, which motive for your deed supplies?
Why should the king of Sivi-land supreme
For the next world's sake thus give up his eyes?"

[406] The king answered them in a stanza:

"In giving thus, not glory is my goal,
Not sons, not wealth, or kingdoms to control:
  This is the good old way of holy men;
Of giving gifts enamoured is my soul."

[2]

To the Great Being's words the courtiers answered nothing; so the Great Being addressed Sīvaka the surgeon in a stanza:

"A friend and comrade, Sīvaka, art thou:
Do as I bid thee—thou hast skill enow—
  Take [3] out my eyes, for this is my desire,
And in the beggar's hands bestow them now."

But Sīvaka said, "Bethink you, my lord! to give one's eyes is no light thing."—"Sīvaka, I have considered; [407] don't delay, nor talk too much in my presence." Then he thought, "It is not fitting that a skilful surgeon like me should pierce a king's eyes with the lancet," so he pounded a number of simples, rubbed a blue lotus with the powder, and brushed it over the right eye: round rolled the eye, and there was great pain. "Reflect, my king, I can make it all right."—"Go on, friend, no delay, please." Again he rubbed in the powder, and brushed it over the eye: the eye started from the socket, the pain was worse than before. "Reflect, my king, I can still restore it."—"Be quick with the job!" A third time he smeared a sharper powder, and applied it: by the drug's power round went the eye, out it came from the socket, and hung dangling at the end of the tendon. "Reflect, my king, I can yet restore it again."—"Be quick." The pain was extreme, blood was trickling, the king's

garments were stained with the blood. The king's women and the courtiers fell at his feet, crying, "My lord, do not sacrifice your eyes!" loudly they wept and wailed. The king endured the pain, and said, "My friend, be quick." "Very well, my lord," said the physician; and with his left hand grasping the eyeball took a knife in his right, and severing the tendon, laid the eye in the Great Being's hand [1]. He, gazing with his left eye at the right and enduring the pain, said, "Brahmin, come here." When the brahmin came near, he went on—"The eye of omniscience is dearer than this eye a hundred fold, aye a thousand fold: there you have my reason for this action," and he gave it to the brahmin, who raised it and placed it in his own eye socket. There it remained fixt by his power like a blue lotus in bloom. When the Great Being with his left eye saw that eye in his head, he cried —"Ah, how good is this my gift of an eye!" [408] and thrilled straightway with the joy that had arisen within him, he gave the other eye also. Sakka placed this also in the place of his own eye, and departed from the king's palace, and then from the city, with the gaze of the multitude upon him, and went away to the world of gods.

The Master, explaining this, repeated a stanza and a half:

"So Sivi spurred on Sīvaka, and he fulfilled his mind.
He drew the king's eyes out, and to the brahmin these consigned:
And now the brahmin had the eyes, and now the king was blind."

In a short while the king's eyes began to grow; as they grew, and before they reached the top of the holes, a lump of flesh rose up inside like a ball of wool, filling the cavity; they were like a doll's eyes, but the pain ceased. The Great Being remained in the

palace a few days. Then he thought, "What has a blind man to do with ruling? I will hand over my kingdom to the courtiers, and go into my park, and become an ascetic, and live as a holy man." He summoned his courtiers, and told them what he intended to do. "One man," said he, "shall be with me, to wash my face, and so forth, and to do all that is proper, and you must fasten a cord to guide me to the retiring places." Then calling for his charioteer, he bade him prepare the chariot. But the courtiers would not allow him to go in the chariot; they brought him out in a golden litter, and set him down by the lake side, and then, guarding him all around, returned. The king sat in the litter thinking of his gift.

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot; and he pondering perceived the reason. "I will offer the king a boon," thought he, "and make his eye well again." So to that place he came; and not far off from the Great Being, he walked up and down, up and down.

To explain this the Master recited these stanzas:

"A few days past; the eyes began to heal, and sound to appear:
The fostering king of Sivi then sent for his charioteer.

[409] "Prepare the chariot, charioteer; to me then make it known:
I go to park and wood and lake with lilies overgrown."

"He sat him in a litter by the waterside, and here
Sujampati, the king of gods, great Sakka, did appear."

"Who is that?"cried the Great Being, when he heard the sound of the footsteps. Sakka repeated a stanza:

"Sakka, the king of gods, am I; to visit thee I came:
Choose thou a boon, O royal sage! whate'er thy wish may name."

The king replied with another stanza:

"Wealth, strength, and treasure without end, these I have left behind:
O Sakka, death and nothing more I want: for I am blind."

Then Sakka said, "Do you ask death, King Sivi, because you wish to die, or because you are blind?"—"Because I am blind, my lord."—"The gift is not everything in itself, your majesty, it is given with an eye to the future. Yet there is a motive relating to this visible world. Now you were asked for one eye, and gave two; make an Act of Truth about it." Then he began a stanza:

"O warrior, lord of biped kind, declare the thing that's true:
If you the truth declare, your eye shall be restored to you."

On hearing this, the Great Being replied, "If you wish to give me an eye, Sakka, do not try any other means, but let my eye be restored as a consequence of my gift." Sakka said, "Though they call me Sakka, king of the gods, your majesty, yet I cannot give an eye to any one else; but by the fruit of the gift by thee given, and by nothing else, your eye shall be restored to you." Then the other repeated a stanza, maintaining that his gift was well given:

[410]

"Whatever sort, whatever kind of suitor shall draw near,
Whoever comes to ask of me, he to my heart is dear:
If these my solemn words be true, now let my eye appear!"

Even as he uttered the words, one of his eyes grew up in the socket. Then he repeated a couple of stanzas to restore the

other:

"A brahmin came to visit me, one of my eyes to crave:
Unto that brahmin mendicant the pair of them I gave.

"A greater joy and more delight that action did afford.
If these my solemn words be true, be the other eye restored!"

On the instant appeared his second eye. But these eyes of his were neither natural nor divine. An eye given by Sakka as the brahmin, cannot be natural, we know; on the other hand, a divine eye cannot be produced in anything that is injured. [411] But these eyes are called the

eyes of Truth Absolute and Perfect. At the time when they came into existence, the whole royal retinue by Sakka's power was assembled; and Sakka standing in the midst of the throng, uttered praise in a couple of stanzas:

"O fostering King of Sivi land, these holy hymns of thine
Have gained for thee as bounty free this pair of eyes divine.

"Through rock and wall, o'er hill and dale, whatever bar may be,
A hundred leagues on every side those eyes of thine shall see."

Having uttered these stanzas, poised in the air before the multitude, with a last counsel to the Great Being that he should be vigilant, Sakka returned to the world of gods. And the Great Being, surrounded by his retinue, went back in great pomp to the city, and entered the palace called Candaka, the Peacock's Eye. The news that he had got his eyes again spread abroad all through the Kingdom of Sivi. All the people gathered together to see him, with gifts in their hands. "Now all this multitude is come

together," thought the Great Being, "I shall praise my gift that I gave." He caused a great pavilion to be put up at the palace gate, where he seated himself upon the royal throne, with the white umbrella spread above him. Then the drum was sent beating about the city, to collect all the trade guilds [1]. Then he said, "O people of Sivi! now you have beheld these divine eyes, never eat food without giving something away!" and he repeated four stanzas, declaring the Law:

"Who, if he's asked to give, would answer no,
Although it be his best and choicest prize?
People of Sivi thronged in concourse, ho!
Come hither, see the gift of God, my eyes!

[412] "Through rock and wall, o'er hill and dale, whatever bar may be,
A hundred leagues on every side these eyes of mine can see.

"Self-sacrifice in all men mortal living,
Of all things is most fine:
I sacrificed a mortal eye; and giving,
Received an eye divine.

"See, people! see, give ere ye eat, let others have a share.
This done with your best will and care,
Blameless to heaven you shall repair."

In these four verses he declared the Law; and after that, every fortnight, on the holy day, even every fifteenth day, he declared the Law in these same verses without cessation to a great gathering of people. Hearing which, the people gave alms and did good deeds, and went to swell the hosts of heaven.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he said, "Thus Brethren, wise men of old gave to any chance comer, who was not content with outside gifts, even their own eyes, taken out of

their head." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Sīvaka the physician, Anaruddha was Sakka, the Buddha's followers were the people, and I myself was King Sivi."

Footnotes

250:1 See *Avadāna Çātaka,* iv. 4 (34), and the note on p. 127 of Feer's translation (Musée Guimet): *Jātaka Mālā* no. 2, *Çibi Jātaka: Cariyā-piṭaka* no. 8, *Sivirāja-C. Milinda-pañha,* iv. i. 42 (p. 179 of the translation).

250:2 This is the *Āditta jātaka,* No. 424 (iii. 280 of this translation).

250:3 *Dhammapada,* 177.

252:1 *Vanibbako* in line 3 seems to be written by dittography. Some genitive would be looked for, and Fausbøll's *vanibbino* may be right; the form occurs in iii. 312.4 (Pali).

253:1 The scholiast explains this to mean Hell.

253:2 The scholiast adds: "The supreme Buddha, while explaining the *Cariyā-piṭaka* to Sariputta, Captain of the Faith, to make clear the saying that omniscience was dearer even than both eyes," quoted two lines from the *Cariyā-piṭaka,* p. 78, 16-17, beginning *na me dessā...*

253:3 Reading *laddha tvaṁ* as two words.

254:1 This scene appears to be represented on the Stupa of Bharhut: see Cunningham, Plate XLVIII. 2.

256:1 This should strictly be *-seṇiyo:* perhaps all the officers or soldiers, compare ii. 12. 8, 52. 21.

No. 500.

SIRIMANDA-JĀTAKA.

"Of wisdom full," etc.—This Problem of Sirimanda will be given at large in the Mahā-ummagga [1].

No. 501.

ROHANTA-MIGA-JĀTAKA.

[413] *"In fear of death," etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about the reverend Ānanda, who made renunciation of his life. This renunciation will be described in Book XXI., under the Culla-haṁsa Birth [2], the Subduing of Dhanapāla. When this reverend man had renounced his life for the Master's sake, they gossiped about it in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, the reverend Ānanda, having attained to the detailed knowledge of the course of religious training, renounced his life for the Dasabala." The Master came in, asking what they spoke of as they sat there. They told him. Said he, "Brothers, this is not the first time he has laid down his life for my sake; he has done it before." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, his chief consort's name was Khemā. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in the Himalaya region, as a stag: golden-hued he was and beautiful, and his younger brother, named Citta-miga, or Dapple Deer, was also of the colour of gold, and so also his younger sister Sutanā. Now the Great Being's name was Rohanta, and he was king of the deer. Traversing two ranges of the mountains, in the third he lived beside a lake called Lake Rohanta, and surrounded by a herd of eighty thousand deer. He used to support his parents, who were old and blind.

Now a hunter, who lived in a village of hunters near Benares, came to the Himalayas, and saw the Great Being. He returned to

his

p. 258

village, and on his death-bed told his son, "My boy, in such a part of our hunting-ground there is a golden deer; if the king should ask, you may tell him of it."

One day Queen Khemā, in the dawning, saw a dream, and this was the manner of that dream. A gold-coloured stag sat on a golden seat, and he discoursed to the queen on the Law with a honey-sweet voice, like the sound of a golden bell tinkling. She listened with great delight to this discoursing, but before the discourse was ended the deer rose and went away; and she awoke, crying out—"Catch me the stag!" The attendants, hearing her cry, burst out a-laughing. "Here's the house shut close, door and window; not even a breath of air can get in, and at such a time my lady calls out to catch her the stag!" [414] By this time she understood that it was a dream. But she said to herself, "If I say, it is a dream, the king will make no account of it; but if I say, it is my woman's craving, he will attend to it with all care. I *will* hear the discourse of the golden stag!" Then she lay down as though sick. The king came in: "What is wrong with my queen?" said he. "Oh, my lord, only my natural craving."—"What do you wish?"—"I wish to hear the discourse of a righteous golden stag."—"Why, my lady, what you crave does not exist: there is no such thing as a golden stag." She said, "If I don't get it, die I must on the spot." She turned her back on the king, and lay still. "If there is one, it shall be caught," said the king. Then he questioned his courtiers and brahmins, just as in the Peacock Birth [1], whether there were such things as golden deer. Finding that there were, he summoned the huntsmen, and asked,

"Which of you has seen or heard of such a creature?" The son of the hunter we spoke of told the story as he heard it. "My man," said the king, "when you bring me this deer I will reward you richly; go and bring it here." He gave the money for his expenses, and dismissed him. The man said, "Never fear: if I cannot bring the stag I will bring his skin; if I can't get that I will bring his hair." Then the man returned home, and gave the king's money to his family. Then he went out and saw the royal stag. "Where shall I lay my snare," he mused, "so as to catch him?" He saw his chance at the drinking-place. He twisted a stout cord of leather thongs, and set it with a pole at the place where the Great Being went down to drink water.

Next day, the Great Being with the eighty thousand deer during his search for food came thither to drink water at the usual ford. Just as he was going down, he was caught in the noose. Then he thought, "If I cry out the cry of capture [2], all my troop will flee in

terror without drinking." [415] Although he was fast at the end of the pole, he stood pretending to drink, as if he were free. When the eighty thousand deer had drunk, and now stood clear of the water, he thrice jerked at the noose, to break it if possible. The first time he cut his skin, the second time cut into his flesh, and the third time he strained a tendon, so that the snare touched the bone. Then, unable to break it, he uttered the cry of capture: all the herd of deer fled terrified in three troops. Citta-miga could not see the Great Being in any of the three troops: "This danger," thought he, "which has come upon us, has fallen on my brother." Then returning, he saw him there fast caught. The Great Being caught sight of him, and cried, "Don't stand there, brother, there

is danger here!" Then, urging him to flee, he repeated the first stanza:

"In fear of death, O Cittaka, those herds of creatures flee:
Go thou with them, and linger not, for they shall live with thee."

The three stanzas which follow are said by the two alternately:

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

"Then blind, with none to care for them, our parents [1] both must die:
O go, and let them live with thee: O do not linger nigh!"

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

[416] He took his stand, supporting the Bodhisatta on the right side, and cheering him.

Sutanā also, the young doe, ran about among the deer, but could not find her brothers anywhere. "This danger," she thought, "must have fallen upon my brothers." She turned back and came to them; and the Great Being, as he saw her come, repeated the fifth stanza:

"Go, timid doe, and run away; an iron snare holds me:
Go with the rest, and linger not, and they shall live with thee."

The three next stanzas are said alternately as before:

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'm ready to lay down my life, I will not leave thee here."

"Then blind, with none to care for them, our parents both must die:
O go, and let them live with thee: O do not linger nigh!"

"No, no, Rohanta, I'll not go; my heart has drawn me near;
I'll lose my life, but never leave thee snared and captured here."

Thus she also refused to obey; and stood by his left side consoling him.

Now the huntsman saw the deer scampering off, and heard the cry of capture. "It must be the king of the herd is caught!" he said; and, tightening his girdle, he grasped the spear to give him the death,

and ran quickly up. The Great Being repeated the ninth stanza as he saw him coming:

"The furious hunter, arms in hand, see him approaching near!
And he will slay us here to-day with arrow or with spear."

[417] Citta did not flee, though he saw the man. But Sutanā, not being strong enough to stand still, ran a little way for fear of death. Then with the thought—"Where shall I flee if I desert my two brothers?" she returned again, renouncing her own life [1], with death on her brow, and stood by the left side of her brother.

To explain this, the Master recited the tenth stanza:

"The tender doe in panic fear a little way did fly,
Then did a thing most hard to do, for she returned to die."

When the hunter came up, he saw these three creatures standing together. A pitiful thought arose in his heart, as he guessed they were brothers and sister born of one womb. "Only

the king of the herd," thought he, "is caught in the snare; the other two are bound with the ties of honour. What kin can they be to him?" which question he asked thus:

"What are these deer that wait upon the prisoner, though free,
Nor for the sake of very life will leave him here, and flee?"

Then the Bodhisatta answered:

"My brother and my sister these, of one same mother born:
Nor for the sake of very life will leave me here forlorn."

These words made his heart more exceedingly soft. Citta, that royal stag, perceiving that his heart grew soft, said, "Friend hunter, do not imagine that this creature is a deer and no more. He is king of fourscore thousand deer, one of virtuous life, tenderhearted to all creatures, of great wisdom; he supports his sire and dam, now blind and old. If you slay a righteous being like this, in slaying him you slay dam and sire, my sister and me, all five; but if you grant my brother his life, you bestow life on the five of us." [418] Then he repeated a stanza:

"Grown blind, with none to care for them, they both will perish so:
O grant thou life to all the five, and let my brother go!"

When the hunter heard this pious discourse, he was glad at heart. "Fear not, my lord," said he, and repeated the next stanza:

"So be it: see I now set free the parent-fostering deer:
His parents when they find him safe shall make a merry cheer."

As he said this, he thought: "What do I want with the king and his honours? If I hurt this royal deer, either the earth will gape and swallow me up, or a thunderbolt will fall and strike me. I will let him go." So approaching the Great Being, he pulled down the pole, and cut the leather thong; then he embraced the deer, and laid him close to the water, tenderly and gently loosed him out of the noose, joined the ends of the tendon, and the lips of the flesh-wound, and the edges of the skin, washed off the blood with water, pitifully chafed him again and again. By the power of his love and the Great Being's perfection all grew whole again, sinews, flesh, and skin: hide and hair covered the foot: no one could have guessed where he had been wounded. The Great Being stood there, full of happiness. Citta looked on him and rejoiced, and rendered thanks to the hunter in this stanza:

"Hunter, be happy now, and may thy kindred happy be,
As I am happy to behold the mighty stag set free."

Now the Great Being thought, "Is it of his own doing this hunter snared me, or at the bidding of another?" and he asked the cause of his capture. The huntsman said: "My lord, I have nothing to do with you; but the king's consort, Khemā, desires to hear you discourse of righteousness; therefore I snared you at the king's bidding."—"That being so, my good friend, you did a bold thing to set me free. [419] Come, bring me to the king, and I will discourse before the queen."—"Indeed, my lord, kings are cruel. Who knows what may come of it? I don't care for any honour the king might show me: go where you will." But again the Great Being thought it was a bold thing to set him free; he must give him a chance of winning the promised honour. So he said, "Friend, chafe my back with your hand." He did so; his hand became covered with golden hairs. "What shall I do with these

hairs, my lord?"—"Take them, my friend, show them to the king and queen, tell them here are hairs from that golden stag; take my place, and discourse to them in the words of these verses I shall repeat: when she hears you, that will alone be sufficient to satisfy her craving." "Recite the Law, O king!" said the man; and the other taught him ten stanzas of the holy life, and described the Five Virtues, and dismissed him with a warning to be vigilant. The hunter treated the Great Being as one would treat a teacher: thrice he walked round him right-wise, did the four obeisances, and wrapping the hairs in a lotus leaf went away. The three animals accompanied him for a little way, then after feeding and drinking, returned to their parents.

Father and mother questioned him: "Rohanta, my son, we heard you were caught, and how came you free?" They put the question in a stanza:

"How didst thou win thy liberty when life was nearly done:
How did the hunter set thee free from treacherous trap, my son?"

p. 262

In answer to which the Bodhisatta repeated three stanzas:

"Cittaka won me liberty with words that charmed the ear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear.

"Sutanā won me liberty with words that charmed the ear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear.

[420] "The hunter gave me liberty, these charming words to hear,
That touched the heart, that pierced the heart, words uttered sweet and clear."

His parents expressed their gratitude, saying:

"He with his wife and family, O happy may they be,

As we are happy to behold Rohanta now set free!"

Now the huntsman came out of the wood, and went to the king; then saluting him stood on one side. The king when he saw him said:

"Come tell me, hunter: dost thou say, "See the deer's hide I bring":

Or hast thou no deer's hide to show because of any thing?"

The hunter replied:

"Into my hands the creature came, into my privy snare,

And was fast caught: but others, free, attended on him there.

"Then pity made my flesh to creep, a pity strange and new.
If I should slay this deer (thought I) then I shall perish too."

"What were these deer, O hunter, what their nature and their ways,
What colour theirs, what quality, to merit such high praise?"

The king put this question several times over, as one much astonished. The hunter replied in this stanza:

[421]

"With silvery horns and graceful shape, with hide and fell most bright,

Red slot, and shining brilliant eyes all lovely to the sight."

As he repeated this stanza, the huntsman placed in the king's hand those golden hairs of the Great Being, and in another verse summed up the description of the character of these deer:

"Such is their nature and their ways, my lord, and such these deer:

They used to find their parents food: I could not fetch them here."

In these words he described the qualities of the Great Being, and of the stag Citta, and of Sutanā the doe; adding this, "The royal stag, O king, showed me his hairs, commanding me to take his place, and to declare the Law before the queen in ten stanzas of a holy life [1]."[422] Then sitting upon a golden throne, he declared the Law in those stanzas.

The queen's craving was satisfied. The king was pleased, and repeated these stanzas, as he rewarded the huntsman with great honour

"A jewelled earring give I thee, a hundred drachms of gold,
A lovely throne like flower of flax, with cushions laid fourfold [1],

"Two wives of equal rank and worth, a bull and kine five score,
My benefactor! and I'll rule with justice evermore.

"Trade, farming, gleaning [2], usury, whate'er thy calling be,
See that thou sin not, but by these support thy family."

[423] When he heard these words of the king's, he answered, "No house or home for me; grant me, my lord, to become an ascetic." The king's consent given, he handed over the king's rich gifts to his wife and family, and went away to Himalaya, where he embraced the ascetic life, and cultivated the Eight Attainments, and became destined for Brahma's world. And the king clave to the Great One's teaching, and went to swell the hosts of heaven. The teaching endured for a thousand yèars.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, long ago as now Ānanda renounced life for my sake." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Channa was the huntsman and Sāriputta

[p a r a g r a p h c o n t i n u e s]

the king, a sister was Queen Khemā; some of the king's family were the father and mother, Uppalavaṇṇā was Sutanā, Ānanda was Citta, the Sākiya clan were the eighty thousand deer, and I was myself the royal stag Rohanta."

"To friends and courtiers, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In war and travel, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In town and village, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"In every land and realm, O king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To brahmins and ascetics all, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To beasts and birds, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"Do righteously, O warrior king; from this all blessings flow:
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"With watchful vigilance, O king, on paths of goodness go:
The brahmins, Indra, and the gods have won their godhead so.

"These are the maxims told of old: and following wisdom's ways
The goddess of all happiness herself to heaven did raise."

In this manner did the huntsman declare the Law, as the Great Being had shown him, with a Buddha's skill, as though he were bringing down to earth the heavenly Ganges. The crowd with a thousand voices cried approval. The queen's longing was satisfied when she heard the discourse.

Footnotes

257:1 No. 546, vol. vi. 329 (Pali).

257:2 No. 533, vol. v. 333 (Pali).

258:1 *Mora jātaka:* No. 129, Vol. ii. p. 53.

258:2 Correct vol. ii. 153 (trans. p. 109) and iii. 184 (p. 122), where it is translated (with Childers) "loud and long," "a succession of cries."

259:1 The word "parents" is supplied by the scholiast: it is "those" in the text.

260:1 i.e. accepting death as her fate (written on the forehead).

262:1 The Burmese recension reads: Then the king seated him on his royal throne inlaid with seven kinds of jewels; and sitting himself with his queen on a lowly seat, placed to one side, with a reverential obeisance, he begged him to speak. The hunter spoke thus, declaring the Law:

"Unto thy parents, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

"To wife and child, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven the king shall go.

263:1 *catussado* is so explained by the scholiast. On p. 309. 26 (=p. 195 note 2 above) he paraphrases it as "rich in four different things" there specified. The word *ussado* is derived by Childers from Skt. *utsad* and rendered "protuberance." It also may mean "sprinkled" or "covered" (Skt. *utsādita*), iii. 512. 10, iv. 60. 6.

263:2 The MS. *uñchācariyāya* gives a syllable too many, and should perhaps be *uñchācariyā,* then the sentence is anacoluthic.

No. 502.

HAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"There go the birds," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Elder Ānanda's renunciation of life. Then also the Brethren were talking in the Hall of Truth about the Elder's good qualities, when the Master came in and asked them what they sat talking of there. He said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ānanda has renounced his life for my sake, but he did the same before." And then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, there reigned in Benares a king named Bahuputtaka, or the Father of Many Sons, and his Queen Consort was Khemā. At that time the Great Being dwelt on Mount Cittakūṭa, and he was the chief of ninety thousand wild geese, having come to life as a golden goose. [424] And at that time, as already recounted, the queen saw a dream, and told the king she had conceived a woman's craving to hear a Golden Goose discourse of the Law. When the king enquired, were there any such creatures as golden geese, he was told yes, there were on Mount Cittakūṭa. Then he had made a lake which he called Khemā, and caused to be planted all manner of food-corn, and daily in the four quarters made proclamation of immunity to be cried, and sent forth a hunter to catch geese. How this man was sent forth, and his watching of the birds, and how news was told the king when the golden geese came, and in what manner the

snare was set and the Great Being was caught in the snare, how Sumukha chief captain of the geese saw him not in the three divisions of the geese, and returned, all this will be set forth in the Mahāhaṁsa Birth [1]. Now as then the Great Being was caught in the noose and stick; and even as he hung in the noose at the end of the stick, he stretched forth his neck looking along the way that the geese had gone, and espying Sumukha as he came, thought, "When he comes I will put him to the test." So when he came, the Great Being repeated three stanzas:

"There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear:
O golden-yellow Sumukha, depart! what want you here?

"My kith and kin deserted me, away they all have flown,
Without a thought they fly away: why are you left alone?

"Fly, noble bird! with prisoners no fellowship can be:
Sumukha, fly! nor lose the chance while you may yet be free."

[425] To which Sumukha replied, sitting on the mud—

"No, I'll not leave you, Royal Goose, when trouble draweth nigh:
But stay I will, and by your side will either live or die."

Thus Sumukha, with a lion's note; and Dhataraṭṭha answered with this stanza:

"A noble heart, brave words are these, Sumukha, which you say:
'Twas but to put you to the test I bade you fly away."

As they were thus conversing together, up comes the huntsman, staff in hand, at the top of his speed. Sumukha encouraged Dhataraṭṭha, and flew to meet the man, respectfully declaring

the virtues of the royal bird. Immediately the hunter's heart was softened; which Sumukha perceiving, went back, and stood encouraging the king of the geese. And the hunter approaching the king of the geese, recited the sixth stanza:

"They foot it by unfooted ways, birds flying in the sky:
And did you not, O noble Goose, afar the snare espy?"

The Great Being said:

"When life is coming to an end, and death's hour draws anigh,
Though you may close upon it come nor trap nor snare you spy [1]."

[426] The hunter, pleased with the bird's remark, then addressed three stanzas to Sumukha.

"There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear:
And you, O golden-yellow fowl, are still left waiting here.

"They ate and drank, the ruddy geese: uncaring, they are flown;
Away they scurry through the air, and you are left alone.

"What is this fowl, that when the rest deserting him have flown,
Though free, you join the prisoner—why are you left alone?"

Sumukha replied:

"He is my comrade, friend, and king, dear as my life is he:
Forsake him—no, I never will, until death calls for me."

On hearing this the hunter was much pleased, and thought within him—"If I should harm virtuous creatures like these, the earth would gape open and swallow me up. What care I for the king's reward? I will set them free." And he repeated a stanza:

"Now seeing that for friendship's sake you are prepared to die,
I set your king and comrade free, to follow where you fly."

This said, he drew down Dhataraṭṭha from the stick, and loosed the noose, and took him to the bank, and pitifully washed the blood from him, [427] and set the dislocated muscles and tendons. And by reason of his

kindness of heart, and by the might of the Great Being's Perfections [1], on the instant his foot became whole again, and not a mark showed where he had been caught. Sumukha beheld the Great Being with joy, and gave thanks in these words:

"With all your kindred and your friends, O hunter, happy be [2],
As I am happy to behold the King of birds set free."

When the hunter heard this, he said, "Now you may depart, friend." Then the Great Being said to him, "Did you capture me for your own purposes, my good sir, or at the bidding of another?" He told him the facts. The other wondered whether it were better to return to Cittakūṭa, or go to the town. "If I go to the town," he thought, "the hunter will be rewarded, the queen's craving will be appeased, Sumukha's friendship will be made known, then also by virtue of my wisdom I shall receive the lake Khemā, as a free gift. It is better therefore to go to the city." This determined, he said, "Huntsman, take us on your carrying-pole to the king, and he shall set me free if he will."—"My lord, kings are hard; go your ways."—"What! I have softened a hunter like thee, and shall I not find favour with a king? Leave that to me; your part, friend, is to convey us to him." The man did so.

When the king set eyes on the geese, he was delighted. He placed both the geese on a golden perch, gave them honey and fried grain to eat and sweetened water to drink, and holding his hands out in supplication prayed them to speak of the Law. The king of the geese seeing how eager he was to hear first addressed him in pleasant words. These are the stanzas expressing the converse of king and goose one with another.

Now has his honor health and wealth, and is the kingdom full

Of welfare and prosperity, and does he justly rule?"

[428] "O here is health and wealth, O Goose, and here's a kingdom full
Of welfare and prosperity, with just and righteous rule."

"Is there no blemish seen amid your court, and are your foes
Far off; and like the shadow on the south, which never grows [3]?"

"There is no blemish seen amid my courtiers, and my foes
Far off are like the shadow on the south, which never grows [3]."

"And is your queen of equal birth, obedient, sweet of speech,
Fruitful, fair, famous, waiting on your wishes, doing each?"

"O yes, my queen's of equal birth, obedient, sweet of speech,
Fruitful, fair, famous, waiting on my wishes, doing each."

"O fostering ruler! have you sons a many, nobly bred,
Quickwitted, easy men to please whatever thing be sped?"

"O Dhataraṭṭha! sons I have of fame, five score and one:

Tell them their duty: they'll not leave your good advice undone."

On hearing this, the Great Being gave them admonition in five stanzas:

"He that puts off until too late the effort to do good,

Though nobly bred, with virtue dowered, yet sinks beneath the flood.

[429] "His knowledge fades, great loss is his; as one moonblind at night [1]
Sees all things swollen twice their size with his imperfect sight.

"Who sees the truth in falsity no wisdom gains at all,
As on a rugged mountain-path the deer will often fall.

"If any strong courageous man loves virtue, follows right,
Though but a low-born churl, he burns like bonfires in the night.

"By using this similitude all wisdom's truths explain,
Cherish your sons till wise they grow, like seedlings in the rain."

[430] Thus did the Great Being discourse to the king the livelong night. The queen's craving was appeased. By sunrise he established him in the virtues of kings, and exhorted him to be vigilant, then with Sumukha flew out of the northern window and to Cittakūṭa away.

After this discourse, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, this man offered his life for me before," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Channa was the huntsman, Sāriputta the king, a sister was Queen Khemā, the Sākiya tribe was the flock of geese, Ānanda was Sumukha, and I was the Goose King myself."

Footnotes

264:1 No. 534, where the king of the geese is named Dhataraṭṭha.

265:1 This couplet occurs in ii. 52 (p. 35 of translation), and iii. 331 (p. 204,"When ruin...").

266:1 The Ten Perfections of the Bodhisatta are given in Childers' Dictionary, p. 335 *a.*

266:2 This line occurs in iii. 331 (p. 204 of translation, "O hunter...").

266:3 The last three words come from the scholiast's note.

No. 503.

SATTIGUMBA-JĀTAKA. [2]

"With, a great host," etc.—This story the Master told while sojourning in the deer-park Maddakucchi, about Devadatta. When Devadatta threw the stone [3], and a fragment pierced the Blessed One's foot, there was great pain in it. Numbers of the Brethren gathered to see the Tathāgata. Now when the Blessed One saw the people gathered together, he said to them, "Brethren, this place is crowded: there will be a great gathering. Come now, carry me in

a litter to Maddakucchi." So then the Brethren did. Jīvaka made the Tathāgata's foot well. The Brethren sitting before the Master talked of it: "Sirs, a sinner is Devadatta and sinners are all his people; the sinner keeps company with the sinful." The Master asked, "What do ye talk of, Brethren?" They told him. Said he, "It has been so before, and this is not the first time Devadatta the sinner has kept sinful company." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Pañcāla reigned in the city of Uttara-Pañcāla. The Great Being was born as the son of the king of the Parrots, in a grove of silk-cotton trees which grew on a high table-land in the heart of a forest: there were two brothers. Up wind from this hill was a robber village, where five hundred robbers dwelt: under its lee was a hermitage with five hundred sages.

About the time when the parrots were moulting came a whirlwind that carried off one of the parrots, [431] and he fell in the robber village among the robbers' weapons: and because he fell there, they called him Sattigumba, or Bristling Spears. The other parrot fell in the hermitage, among the flowers which grew on a sandy spot, from which cause he was named Pupphaka, the Flower-bird. Sattigumba grew up amongst the robbers, Pupphaka with the sages.

One day the king in brave array, at the head of a great company, drove out in his splendid chariot to hunt the deer. Not far from the city, he entered a grove beautiful with a rich crop of flowers and fruit. He said, "If any one lets a deer go by him, he shall answer it!" Then he descended from the chariot, and took cover, standing, bow in hand in the hut assigned him. The beaters beat the bushes to put up the game. An antelope rose and looked for a way; he saw a gap by the king, got through it, and away. Everyone asked who had let the deer go past. It was the king! Hearing this they went and made fun of him. The king in his self-conceit could not stomach the sport. "Now I'll catch that deer!" cried he, and up into his chariot. "Full speed!" he said to the charioteer, and away he went after the deer. So quick went the king, that the others could not keep up with him: king and charioteer, these two alone, went on till midday, but saw no deer. The king then turned back; and seeing near the robber village a delightful glen, he alighted, bathed and drank, and came up from the water. Then the charioteer brought out a rug from the chariot, and spread it beneath the shade of a tree; the king lay on it, the charioteer sat at his feet chafing them: the king now dozed, now awoke. The people of the robber village, all the robbers even, had gone forth into the woods to attend the king: thus in the village no one was left but Sattigumba and the cook,

a man named Patikolamba. At that moment Sattigumba coming out of

the village, and seeing the king, thought, "What if we kill yon fellow as he sleeps, and take his ornaments!" So he returned to Patikolamba, and told him all about it.

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[432] To explain this the Master recited five stanzas:

"With a great host Pañcāla's king went out to hunt the deer;
Deep in the woods the monarch strayed, and not a soul was near.

"Lo, he beholds within the wood a shelter thieves had made,
Out came a Parrot and forthwith these cruel words he said:—

"'A young man riding in a car, with jewels many a one,
And on his brow a golden crown shines ruddy like the sun!

"Both king and driver lie asleep there in the high midday:
Come, let us spoil them of their wealth and take it quick away!

"'Tis quiet as the deep midnight: both king and driver sleep:
Their wealth and jewels let us take and keep,
Kill them, and pile boughs on them in a heap."

Thus addressed, the man went out and looked, and seeing that it was a king, he was frightened, and recited this stanza:

"Why, Sattigumba, art thou mad? what words are these I hear?
Kings are like blazing bonfires, and most perilous to come near."

The bird answered in another stanza:

"Fool's talk, Patikolamba, this; and thou art mad, not I:
My mother's naked; why contemn the calling we live by [1]?"

[433] Now the king awoke, and hearing them talk together in the language of men, perceiving the danger, he recited the following stanza to arouse his charioteer:

"Up with you quick, friend charioteer, and yoke the chariot:
Seek we another shelter, since this parrot I like not."

He rose quickly, and put to the team, then recited a stanza:

"The car is yoked, O mighty King, is yoked and ready there:
Step in, O King! and let us go seek shelter otherwhere."

No sooner was he inside, than away flew the thoroughbreds swift as the wind. When Sattigumba saw the chariot departing, overwhelmed with excitement he repeated two stanzas:

"Now where are all the fellows gone that used to haunt this spot?
Away Pañcāla flies, let go because they saw him not.

"Shall he get clear away with life? Take javelin, spear, and bow:
Away Pañcāla flies, behold! O do not let him go!"

So he raved, fluttering to and fro: meanwhile in due course the king came to the hermitage of the sages. At that time the sages were all gone gathering fruits and roots, [434] and only the Parrot Puppha [1] was left in the hermitage. When he saw the king, he went to meet him, and addressed him courteously.

Then the Master recited four stanzas to explain:

The parrot with his ruddy beak right courteously did say,

"Welcome, O King! a happy chance directed thee this way!

Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

"The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet [2],
Though few and little, take the best we have, O King, and eat.

"And this cool water, from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.

"All gleaning in the wood are they who here are wont to live:
Arise, O King, thyself and take: I have no hands to give."

The king pleased at this courteous address, answered with a couple of stanzas:

"No better fowl was ever hatched; a very righteous bird:

But the other parrot over there said many a cruel word.

"O let him not go hence alive, O come and slay or bind!
He cried: I sought this hermitage, and safety here I find."

Thus addressed by the king, Pupphaka uttered two stanzas:

"Brothers we are, O mighty King, of one self mother bred,

Reared both together in one tree, in different pastures fed.

"For Sattigumba to the thieves, I to the sages came;
Those bad, these good, and hence it comes our ways are not the same."

[435] He then explained the differences in detail, repeating a pair of stanzas:

"There wounds and bonds and trickery, cheating and shabby turns,

Raiding, and deeds of violence: such is the lore he learns.

"Here self-control, sobriety, kindness, the right and true,
Shelter and drink for strangers: these were round me as I grew."

Next he declared the Law to the king in the following stanzas:

"To whomsoever, good or bad, a man shall honour pay,

Vicious or virtuous, that man holds him beneath his sway.

"Like as the comrade one admires, like as the chosen friend,
Such will become the man who keeps beside him, in the end.

"Friendship makes like, and touch by touch infects, you'll find it true:
Poison the arrow, and ere long the quiver's poisoned too.

"The wise eschews bad company, for fear of staining touch:

Wrap rotten fish in grass, you'll find the grass stinks just as much.

And they who keep fool's company themselves will soon be such.

[436] "Sweet frankincense wrap in a leaf, the leaf will smell as sweet.
So they themselves will soon grow wise, that sit at wise men's feet.

"By this similitude the wise should his own profit know,
Let him eschew bad company and with the righteous go:
Heaven waits the righteous, but the bad are doomed to hell below."

The king was pleased with this exposition. Then the sages returned also. The king greeted the sages, saying, "Be gracious, sirs, come and take up your abode in my grounds," and prevailed on them to accept the invitation. When he got home again, he proclaimed immunity for all parrots. The sages came thither too and visited him. And the king gave them his park to live in, and took care of them so long as he lived. When he went to swell the hosts of heaven, his son had the royal umbrella raised over him, and he also took care of the sages, and so it went on from father to son through seven generations of kings all bounteous in alms. And the Great Being dwelt in the woods, until he passed away according to his deeds.

When this lesson was ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, you see that Devadatta kept bad company before, as he now does." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was Sattigumba, [437] his followers were the robbers, Ānanda was the king, the Buddha's followers were the sages, and I myself was Parrot Pupphaka."

Footnotes

267:1 *Nyctalops.*

267:2 Comp. no. 513 *(Jayaddisa)* in vol. v.

267:3 Hardy, *Manual,* p. 320.

269:1 "He means the robber chief's wife, who went about clad in a garment of branches. "My mother is naked": why do you despise the robber's trade?"—*Scholiast.* The Juāngs or Patuas in Orissa, or "leaf-wearers," wear only a bunch of leaves tied before and behind.

270:1 *Sic.*

270:2 *Diospyros embryopteris* and *Buchanania latifolia* are named.

No. 504.

BHALLĀṬIYA-JĀTAKA.

"Was a king Bhallāṭiya," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana about Mallikā, the Jessamine Bride [1]. One day we are told there was a quarrel between her and the king about conjugal rights. The king was angry and would not look at her. "I suppose," she thought, "the Tathāgata does not know that the king is wroth with me." When the Master learnt of it, next day, he sought alms in Benares, accompanied by the Brethren, and then repaired to the gate of the king's palace. The king came to meet him, and relieved him of his bowl, took him up on the terrace, set the Brethren

down in due order, gave them the water of welcome, offered them excellent food; after the meal he sat down on one side. "Why," asked the Master, "why does not Mallikā appear?" He said, "'Tis her own foolish pride in her prosperity." The Master said, "O great king! long, long ago when you were a fairy, you kept apart for one night from your mate, and then went mourning for seven hundred years." Then at his request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Bhallāṭiya reigned in Benares. Seized with a desire to eat venison broiled on charcoal, he gave the kingdom in charge to his courtiers, girt himself with the five weapons, and with a well-trained pack of clever pedigree hounds he issued forth from the city and went to Himalaya. He travelled

along the Ganges until he could get no higher, then followed a tributary stream for some distance, killing deer and pig, and eating the flesh broiled, until he had climbed to a great height. There when the pleasant stream ran full, the water was breast-high, but at other times, it was no more than knee-deep. At that time there were fish and tortoises of all sorts gambolling, sand at the water's edge like silver, trees on both banks bending beneath a load of flowers and fruit, many a bird and bee well drunken with the juice of fruit and honey of flowers flitted about in the shade, whither herds of all manner of deer did frequent. Now on the bank of this beautiful mountain stream [438] two fairies fondly embraced and kissed one another, then fell a weeping and wailing most pitifully.

As the king climbed Mount Gandhamādana by way of this river bank, he espied these two fairies. "What can they be weeping about in this manner?" thought he. "I will question them." A glance to his hounds, a snap of the fingers, and at this sign the thoroughbred dogs, which knew their work well, crept into the underwood and crouched down on their bellies. As soon as he saw they were out of the way, he laid down his bow and quiver and other weapons by a tree that stood near, and without letting his footsteps be heard stole gently up to the fairies, and asked them, "Why do you weep?"

To explain this, the Master repeated three stanzas:

"Was a king Bhallāṭiyo
And out a-hunting he would go;
    Climbs the Fragrant Mount, and finds it
Full of sprites and flowers that blow.

"Straight he quiets every hound,
Lays bow and quiver on the ground,
    Forward steps, to ask a question
Where a pair of fays were found.

"'Winter's gone: then why return
To talk and talk beside the burn?
    O you human-seeming creatures,
What men call you I would learn."

To the king's question, the male fairy said nothing; but his mate answered as follows:

"Malla, Three-peak, Yellow Hill [1]
We traverse, following each cool rill.
[439] Human-like the wild things deem us:
Huntsmen call us [2] goblins still."

Then the king recited three stanzas:

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
    O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this weeping? come, confess!

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
    O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this sorrowing? come, confess!

"Though like lovers you caress
You weep as full of deep distress.
    O you human-seeming creatures,
Why this mourning? come, confess!"

The stanzas which follow were said by each in course of address and answer:

"We apart one night had lain,
Both loveless, full of bitter pain,
    Thinking each of each: but never
Will that night come back again."

"Why then spend that night alone
Which cost you many a sigh and groan,
[440] O you human-seeing creatures—
Money lost? a father gone?"

"Shaded thick yon river flows
Between the rocks: a storm arose:
    Then with anxious care to find me
Right across my loved one goes.

"All the while with busy feet
I gathered thyme and meadowsweet [3]
    All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

"Clustering harebell, violet blue,
And white narcissus fresh with dew,
    All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

p. 274

"Then I plucked a bunch of rose,
That is the fairest flower that grows,
    All to make my love a garland
And myself, when we should meet.

"Flowers next and leaves I found,
And strewed them thickly on the ground,
    Where the livelong night together
We might slumber soft and sound.

"Sandal and sweet woods anon
I pounded small upon a stone,
  Perfume for my love's limbs making,
Sweetest perfume for my own.

"By the river flowing fast
I gathered lilies [1] to the last:
[441] Evening came—the river swelling
Made it hopeless to get past.

"There we stood on either shore,
Each on other gazing o'er.
  How we laughed and cried together!
Ah! that night we suffered sore.

"Morning came, the sun was high
And soon we saw the river dry.
  Then we crossed, and close embracing
Both at once we laugh and cry.

"Seven hundred years but three
Since we were parted, I and he.
  When two loving hearts are severed
Seems a whole long life to be."

"What the limit of your years?
If this by rumour old appears.
  Or the teaching of the elders,
Tell it me, and have no fears."

"A thousand summers, strong and hale,
Never deadly pains assail,
  Little sorrow, bliss abundant,
To the end love's joys prevail."

[442] The king thought as he listened, "These creatures, who are less than human, go weeping for seven hundred years for one night's parting: and here am I, lord of a realm of three hundred leagues, leaving all my magnificence and wandering about the forest. It is a great mistake." He returned immediately. Arrived at Benares, the courtiers asked him whether he had seen any

marvellous thing in the Himalayas. [443] He told them the whole story, and thenceforward gave alms and enjoyed his wealth.

Explaining this matter, the Master repeated this stanza:

"Thus instructed by the fays
The King returned upon his ways,
  Ceased to hunt, and fed the needy,
And enjoyed the fleeting days."

Two more stanzas he added:

"Take a lesson from the fays:
And quarrel not, but mend your ways.
  Lest you suffer, like the fairy,
Your own error all your days.

"Take a lesson from the fays:
And bicker not, but mend your ways.
  Lest you suffer, like the fairy,
Your own error all your days."

Now rose the Lady Mallikā from her couch, when she heard the Tathāgata's admonition, and joining hands she made reverent obeisance, while she repeated the last stanza:

"Holy man, with willing mind
I hear thy words so good and kind.
  Blessings on thee! thou hast spoken,
All my sorrow's left behind."

[444] Ever afterwards the King of Kosala lived with her in harmony.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the King of Kosala was the fairy, Lady Mallikā was his mate, and I myself was King Bhallāṭiya."

Footnotes

271:1 The pretty story of King Pasenadi and this "beggar-maid" is told in Hardy's *Manual,* p. 285. For this introduction cf. no. 306 in vol. iii.

273:1 The names given are Mallaṁgiri, Tikūṭa, Paṇḍaraka.

273:2 Reading *ti* for *va* with one MS.

273:3 The flowers given in the translation are not the same as those named in the text, which proudly defy English verse. Amongst them are: Alangium Hexapetalum, Gaertnera Racemosa, Cassia Fistula, Bignonia Suaveolens, Vitex Nigundo, Shorea Robusta.

274:1 Pterospermum Acerifolium.

No. 505.

SOMANASSA-JATAKA.

"Who does thee harm, etc."—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, how Devadatta went about to slay him. Then the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has sought to slay me, but he did the same thing before." Then he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Kuru and the city of Uttarapañcāla, a king reigned whose name was Reṇu. At that time there was an ascetic Mahārakkhita, who dwelt in Himalaya with a company of five hundred other ascetics. While visiting the country to get salt and

seasoning, he came to Uttarapañcāla, and then abode in the royal park. Seeking alms with his people, he came to the king's door, and the king beholding the sages and being pleased with their manners, invited them to be seated upon a magnificent dais, and gave them good food to eat. He then asked them to remain in his park for the rain-season. He accompanied them into the park, and provided places to dwell in, gave them the things necessary for the religious life, and took leave of them. After that they all received their meals in the palace. Now the king was childless, and desired sons, but no sons were born to him.

When the season of rains was over, Mahārakkhita said, "Now the Himalaya region is pleasant; let us return thither." Then he took leave of the king, who showed them all honour and bounty, and departed. On the journey at noontide he left the high road, and with his people sat down on the soft grass beneath a shady tree. The ascetics began to talk. "There is no son," they said, "in the palace to keep up the royal line. It would be a blessing if the king could get a son, and continue the succession." Mahārakkhita hearing their talk, pondered: [445] "Will the king have a son, or no?" He perceived that the king would have a son, and said, "Do not be anxious, sirs; this night at dawn a son of the gods will come down, and will be conceived by the queen consort." A sham ascetic heard it, and thought—"Now I will become a confidant of the royal house." When the time came for the ascetics to leave, he lay down and made as though he were sick. "Come, let us go," they said. "I cannot," said he. Mahārakkhita learnt why the man lay still. "Follow us when you can," he said, and with the rest of the sages went on to Himalaya.

Now the cheat ran back as fast as he could, and standing at the palace door, sent in a message that one of Mahārakkhita's attendants was come. He was summoned at once by the king, and going up to the terrace, sat in a seat which they showed him. The king greeted him, and sitting on one side, asked after the health of the sages. "You have come back very soon," he said; "what is the cause of your so speedy return?" "O mighty king," he replied, "as the sages were all sitting comfortably together, they began to say how great a blessing it would be if the king could have a son to keep up his line. When I heard it, I pondered whether the king should get a son or no; and by divine vision I beheld a mighty son of the gods, and saw that he was about to descend, that he might be conceived by your queen

consort Sudhammā. Then I thought, If they know not, they may perchance destroy the life conceived, so I must tell them; and to tell you the news, O king, I am come. Now I have told it, let me depart again." "No, no, friend," quoth the king, "that must not be"; and highly delighted he brought the cheat into his park, and assigned him a place to dwell in. Thenceforward he lived in the king's household, and got his food there, and his name was Dibbacakkhuka, the man of Divine Vision.

Then the Bodhisatta came down from the heaven of the Thirty-three, and was conceived there; and when he was born they gave him the name of Somanassa Kumāra, Prince Delight, and he was reared after the manner of princes.

Now the false ascetic in a corner of the park used to plant vegetables and pot-herbs and runners, and by selling these to the market gardeners he amassed much wealth. When the Bodhisatta was seven years old, [446] there was a rebellion on the frontier. The king went out to quell it, giving the ascetic Dibbacakkhuka into the prince's charge, with orders not to neglect him. One day the prince went out to see the ascetic. He found him with both yellow robes, upper and under, knotted up, holding a water jar in each hand, and watering his plants. "This false ascetic," thought he, "instead of doing the ascetic's duty, does the work of a gardener." Then he asked—"What are you doing, gardener, worldling?" So he put him to shame, and left him without salute. "Now I have made an enemy of this fellow," thought the man. "Who knows what he will do? I must make an end of him at once."

About the time when the king was to return, the man threw his stone bench on one side, broke his waterpot to bits, scattered grass about in his hut, smeared all his body with oil, went into the hut and lay down on his pallet, wrapped up head and all, making as though he were in much pain. The king returned, and made a circuit about the city right-wise. But before he would enter his own house, he went to see his friend Dibbacakkhuka. Standing by the door of the hut, he saw all in disorder, and entered wondering what was the matter. There was the man lying down. The king chafed his feet, repeating the first stanza:

"Who does thee harm or scorn?
  Why dost thou sorrow sore?
Whose parents now must mourn?
  Who lies here on the floor?"

At this the impostor rose up groaning, and said the second stanza:

"Thee I rejoice to see
  O King, though absent long!
[447] Your son, who came to me,
  Wrought unprovoked this wrong."

The connexion of the following verses is clear; they are arranged in due succession.

"Executioners, what ho!
Servants, take your swords and go,
Strike Prince Somanassa dead,
Hither bring his noble head!'

"The royal messengers went forth, and to the prince they cry—
"His majesty has cast thee off; and thou O prince must die!"

"There the prince lamenting stands,
Craving grace with folded hands:
"Spare me yet awhile, and bring
Me alive to see the King!"

"They heard his prayer, and to the King his son the servants led.
He saw his father from afar, and thus to him he said:

"Let thy men take sword and slay,
Only hear me first, I pray!
O great monarch! tell me this—
What is it I've done amiss?"

[448] The king answered, "High estate is fallen very low: your error is very great," and explained it in this stanza:

"Water morn and eve he draws,
Tends the fire without a pause.
Dare you call this holy man
Worldling? answer if you can!"

"My lord," said the prince, "if I call a worldling a worldling, what harm is done!" and he repeated a stanza:

"He possesses trees and fruits,
And, my lord, all kinds of roots,
Tends them with incessant care:
Then he's worldly, I declare."

"And that is the reason," he went on, "why I called him a worldling. If you do not believe me, enquire of the market gardeners at the four gates." The king made enquiry. [449] They said, "Yes, we buy from him vegetables and all sorts of fruit." When he found out this greengrocery business, he made it

known. The prince's people went into the man's hut, and ferreted out a bundle of rupees and small coins, the price of the green food, which they showed to the king. Then the king knew the Great Being was guiltless, and said a stanza:

"True it was that trees and roots
He possessed, with many fruits,
Tending with incessant care,
Worldly, as thou didst declare."

Then the Great Being thought, "While an ignorant fool like this is of the king's household, the best thing to do is to go to Himalaya and embrace the religious life. First I will proclaim his sin before the company here assembled, and then this very day I will go and become a religious." So with a bow to the company, he cried,

"Hear ye people as I call,
Country folk and townsmen all:
By this fool's advice the King
Guiltless men to death would bring."

This said, he asked leave to do it in the next stanza:

"Thou a strong wide spreading tree,
I an offshoot fixt in thee,
Here beseech thee, bending low,
Leave to quit the world and go!"

[450] The following stanzas give the conversation of the king with his son.

"Prince, enjoy the wealth you own,

And ascend the Kuru throne.

Do not leave the world, to bring

Sorrow on yourself—be King!"

"What of joy can this world give?
When in heaven I used to live
There were sights and sounds and smell,
Taste and touch [1], the heart loves well!

"Joys of heaven, and nymphs divine,
I renounced, that once were mine.
With a King so weak as thou
I will stay no longer now."

"If I am foolish-weak, my son,
This once forgive me what I've done.
And if I do the same again,
Do what thou wilt, I'll not complain."

The Great Being then repeated eight stanzas, admonishing the king.

[451]

"A thoughtless act, or done without premeditation had,

Like the miscarriage of a drug, the issue must be bad.

"A thoughtful act, wherein is careful policy pursued,
Like a successful medicine, the issue must be good.

"The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue contest;
A bad King will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in a sage can ne’er be justified [2].

"The warrior prince takes careful thought, and well-weighed judgement gives:
When Kings their judgement ponder well, their fame for ever lives [2].

"Kings should give punishment with careful measure:
Things done in haste they will repent at leisure.

Are there good resolutions in the heart,
No late repentance brings her bitter smart.

"They who do deeds which no repentance bring,
Carefully weighing every single thing,
Gain what is good, and do what satisfies
The holy, win the approval of the wise.

"What ho, my executioners!" you cried,
"Go seek my son, and where you find him, slay!"
Where I was sitting by my mother's side
They found me, dragged me cruelly away.

"A tender nursling, treated in this way,
I felt their cruel handling very sore.
Delivered from a cruel doom to-day
I'll leave the world, and live in it no more."

[452] When the Great Being had thus discoursed, the king said to his queen,

"So my young son, Sudhammā, says me nay,
Prince Somanassa, delicate and kind.
Now since I cannot gain my end to-day,
Thyself must see if thou canst turn his mind."

But she urged him to renounce the world in this stanza:

"O be the holy life thy pleasure, son!
Renounce the world, to righteousness stick fast:
Who of all creatures cruel is to none,
Blameless to Brahma's world will come at last."

Then the king repeated a stanza:

"This is a marvel which I hear from thee,
Sorrow to sorrow heaping up on me.
[453] I asked thee to persuade our son to stay,
Thou dost but urge him more to haste away."

Again the queen repeated a stanza:

"There are who live from sin and sorrow free,
Blameless, and who Nirvana's height attain:
If of their noble path the prince would be
A partner, to withhold him is in vain."

In reply the king recited the last stanza:

"Surely ’tis good to venerate the wise,
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise [1].
The queen has heard their words and learned their lore,
She feels no pain and has no longing more."

The Great Being then saluted his parents, asking them to pardon him if he did amiss, and with a reverent obeisance to the company set his face towards Himalaya. When the people had returned, he, with the deities who had come thither in human shape, traversed the seven ranges of hills and arrived at Himalaya. In a leaf-hut made by the heavenly architect Vissakamma he entered upon the religious life, and there he was waited upon by deities in the shape of a princely retinue until his sixteenth year. But the deceitful ascetic was set upon by the crowd and beaten to death. The Great Being cultivated the Faculty of Ecstasy, and became destined to Brahma's heaven.

[454] This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus Brethren, he went about to slay me in former days, as now," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the impostor, Mahāmāyā was the mother, Sāriputta was Rakkhita, and I myself was Prince Somanassa."

Footnotes

279:1 *passehi* is probably for *phassehi* (objects of touch): *rūpa* corresponds to the eye.

279:2 These stanzas occur in Vol. iii. pp. 105 and 154 (translation, pp. 70, 103).

280:1 These two lines occur in iii. 306 (translation, p. 191).

No. 506.

CAMPEYYA-JĀTAKA.

"Who is it like," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the fast-day vows. The Master said, "It is well done, lay Brethren, that ye have taken upon you the fast-day vows. Wise men of old likewise even renounced the glory of being a Serpent King, and lived under these vows." Then at their request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Aṅga was king in the kingdom of Aṅga, and Magadha king in Magadha, betwixt the realms of Aṅga and Magadha was a river Campā, where was a place where serpents dwelt, and here a serpent king Campeyya held sway.

Sometimes King Magadha took the Aṅga country, sometimes King Aṅga took Magadha. One day King Magadha, having fought a battle with Aṅga and got the worse, mounted his charger and took to flight, pursued by Aṅga's warriors. When he came to the Campā river, it was in flood. But he said, "Better death drowned in this river than death at the hands of my enemies!" Then man and horse plunged in the stream.

Now the serpent king Campeyya had built him under the water a jewelled pavilion; and there at this moment in the midst of his court he was carousing deep. But the king and his horse plunged into the river just in front of the Serpent King. The serpent, beholding this magnificent monarch, conceived a liking for him.

Rising from his seat, he made the king sit down upon his own throne, bidding him fear nought, and asked why he came plunging into the water. The king told him all as it was. Then said the serpent, "Fear nothing, O great king! I will make you master of both kingdoms." Thus he consoled him, and for seven days he showed him high honour. On the seventh day he with King Magadha left the serpent palace. Then by the Serpent King's power, King Magadha got possession of King Aṅga, and slew him, and ruled over the two realms together. From that time there was firm affiance between him and the Serpent King. [455] Year by year he caused a jewelled pavilion to be built on the bank of the river Campā, and offered tribute to the Serpent King at great cost: the Serpent King would come forth with a large retinue from his palace to receive the tribute, and all the people beheld the glory of the Serpent King.

At that time the Bodhisatta was one of a poor family, and he used to go down with the king's people to the riverside. There seeing the Serpent King's glory, he became covetous of it; and in this desire [1] he died, and seven days after the death of the serpent king Campeyya, the Bodhisatta, having given alms and lived a virtuous life, came into being in his palace on his royal couch: his body was like a great festoon of jessamine. When he saw it, he was filled with remorse. "As a consequence of my good deeds," quoth he, "I have power laid up in the six chief worlds of sense [2], as corn is laid up in a granary. But see, here am I born in this reptile shape; what care I for life!" And so he had thoughts of putting an end to himself. But a young female serpent, named Sumanā, seeing him, gave the lead to the rest, "This must be Sakka, mighty in power, born here to us!" Then they all came and

made offering to him, with all manner of musical instruments in their hands. That serpent's palace of his became as it were the palace of Sakka, the thought of death left him: he put off his serpent shape, and sat on the couch in magnificence of dress and adornment. From that time great was his glory, and he ruled over the serpents. Another time again he repented, thinking, "What care I for this reptile shape? I will live under the fasting vows, and from this place I will shake myself free, amongst men I will go, and learn the Truths, and I will make an end of pain." But afterwards he still remained in that same palace, fulfilling the fasting vows, and when the young female serpents came about him all gaily adorned, he generally violated his rule of virtue. After that he went forth from the palace into the park, but they followed him thither, and his vow was broken as before. Then he thought: "I must leave this palace, and go into the world of men, and there must I live under the fasting vows." [456] So then on the fast-days he went forth from the palace, and lay on the top of an antheap by the high road, not far from a frontier village. Said he, "Those who desire my skin or any part of me, let them take it; or if any would have me a dancing snake, let them make me so." Thus did he yield his body as a gift, and contracting his hood he lay there observing the fast-day vows.

Those who went to and fro on the highway espying him, did him worship with scents and perfumes. And the dwellers in that frontier village, holding him to be a serpent king of great power, set up a pavilion over him, spread sand before it, did worship with perfumes and scented things. Now people began to crave sons by his aid, having faith in the Great Being and doing him worship. The Great Being kept there the fasting vows on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the half-moon, lying upon the

antheap; and on the first day of the lunar half he would return to his palace; and as he thus fulfilled his vows, time went by.

p. 283

One day his consort Sumanā spoke to him thus: "My lord, you are wont to go among men to keep your fast-vows. The world of men is dangerous, full of fear. Suppose some danger should come upon you, tell me now by what sign I shall learn of it." Then the Great Being led her to the side of a lucky pond, and said, "If any one strike me or do me hurt, the water in this pond will become turbid. If a roc bird carry me off, the water will disappear. If a snake-charmer seize me, the water will turn to the colour of blood." These three signs explained to her, he went forth from his palace to keep the fast of the fourteenth day, went and lay down on the antheap, illuminating the antheap with the sheen of his body. White was his body as a coil of pure silver, like a ball of red wool was his head: now in this Birth the Bodhisatta's body was thick as a plough-head, in the Bhūridatta Birth [1] thick as a thigh, in the Saṅkhapāla Birth [2] as big round as a trough-canoe with an outrigger.

In those days there was a young brahmin of Benares come to Takkasilā to study at the feet of a world-renowned teacher, from whom [457] he had learned the charm which commands all things of sense. Going home along that road, what should he see but the Great Being."This snake I will catch," thinks he, "and I will travel through town and village and royal city, making him dance and amassing great profits." Then he procured magical herbs, and repeating the magic charm he approached the snake. No sooner he heard the sound of this charm, than the Great Being felt his ears as it were pierced by burning splinters, his

head was as though broken by the blow of a sword. "What have we here!" thought he; putting forth his head from the hood, he beheld the snake-charmer. Then he thought, "My poison is powerful, and if I am angry and send forth the breath of my nostrils [3] his body will be shattered and scattered like a fist-full of chaff; then my virtue will be broken. I will not look upon him. "Closing his eyes he drew his head within the hood. The brahmin snake-charmer ate a herb, repeated his charm, spat upon him: by virtue of herb and charm, wherever the spittle touched him, blains arose. Then the man seized him by the tail, dragged him, laid him out at full length: with a goat's-foot staff he squeezed him till he was weak, then catching tight hold on his head, crushed him hard. The Great Being opened his mouth wide; the man dropt spittle in it, and by the herb and charm broke his teeth; the mouth was full of blood. But the Great Being so feared lest he break his virtue, that he bore all this torment and never so much as opened an eye to glance at him. Then the man said, "I'll weaken this royal snake!" From tail to head he squeezed the snake's body as though he would crush his very bones to powder. Then he wrapt him in

what they call the cloth-wrap, gave him what they call the rope-rubbing, caught him by the tail and gave him the cotton blow, as they call it [1]. The Great Being's body was all smeared with blood, and he was in great pain. Seeing that the serpent was now weak, [458] the man made an osier basket in which he laid the snake. Then he carried him to the village, and made him perform to the crowd. Black or blue or what not, round figure and square figure, little or large—whatever the brahmin desires, that the Great Being will do, dancing, spreading his hood as if by hundreds or

by thousands [2]. The people were so pleased that they gave much money: in one day he would take a thousand rupees, and things worth another thousand. At the first the man had intended to let him go free when he should gain a thousand pieces of money; but when he got it, he thought, "In a small frontier village I have gained all this: from kings and courtiers how much wealth may I look to win!" So he bought a cart and a pleasure-car, and in the cart loaded his goods, while he sat in the carriage. Thus with an attendant throng he traversed town and village, making the Great Being perform, and went on with the intent to show him off before King Uggasena in Benares; and then he would let him go.

He used to kill frogs and give them to the royal snake. But the snake each time refused to eat, that none might be killed for his sake. Then the man gave him honey and fried corn. But the Great Being refused to eat these also; for he thought, "If I take food, I shall be in this basket till I die."

In a month's time the brahmin was come to Benares. There he got much money by making the snake perform in the villages beyond the gates. The king also sent for him, and commanded a performance: the man promised this for the morrow, which was the last day of the half-month. Then the king sent a drum beating about the city, with proclamation, that on the morrow a royal snake would dance in the palace court; let the people then gather to see it in their multitudes. Next day the courtyard of the palace was adorned, and the brahmin summoned. He brought in the Great Being in a jewelled basket on a gay rug, which he set down, and himself took a seat. "The king came down from the upper storey, and sat on his royal seat in the midst of a great concourse of people. The brahmin took out the Great Being, and

made him dance. The people could not keep still: thousands of kerchiefs waved in the air; a shower of jewels in all seven kinds fell about the Bodhisatta.

It was now the full month since the Serpent was caught; and for all that time he had taken no food. [459] Now Sumanā began to think—

"My dear husband tarries long. It is now a month since he has not returned; what can the matter be?" So she went and looked at the pond: lo, the water was red as blood! Then she knew that he must have been caught by a snake-charmer. Forth from the palace she came, and to the antheap; she saw the place where he had been caught, and the place where he had been tormented, and she wept. Then she went to the frontier village, and enquired; and learning all the fact, she went on to Benares, and in the midst of the people, above the palace court in the air she stood now lamenting. The Great Being as he danced looked up in the air, and saw. her, and being ashamed crept into his basket, and there he lay. When he crept into the basket, the king cried out, "What is the matter now?" Looking this way and that way, he saw her poised in the air, and recited the first stanza:

"Who is it like the lightning shines, or like a blazing star?
Goddess or Titaness? methinks no human thing you are."

Their conversation is given in the stanzas following:

"No Goddess I, nor Titaness, nor human, mighty king
A female of the serpent kind, come for a certain thing."

"Full of wrath and rage you show,
From your eyes the teardrops flow:
  Say what wrong or what desire
Brings you, lady? I would know."

"Crawling serpent, fierce as flame!
So they called him: one there came,
  Seized him for his profit, sire:
Freedom for my lord I claim!"

How could such a starveling wight
Catch a creature full of might?
  Daughter of the serpents, say,
How to discern the snake aright?"

[460] "Such his might, that e'en this town
He could burn to cinders down.
  But he loves the holy way,
And seeks austerity's renown."

Then the king asked how the man had caught him. She replied in the following stanza:

"On holy days [1] the royal snake
At the four-ways used to take
  Holy vows: a juggler caught him.
Free my husband for my sake!"

After these words she added yet these other two stanzas, begging his release:

"Lo sixteen thousand women gay with jewel and with ring,
Beneath the waters counted him their refuge and their king.

"Justly, gently set him free,
Buy the Serpent liberty,

With gold, a hundred kine, a village:
That will merit win for thee."

[461] Then the king recited three stanzas:

"Justly now and gently see
I buy the Serpent liberty
With gold, a hundred kine, a village,
That will merit win for me."

"A jewelled earring give I thee, a hundred drachms of gold,
A lovely throne like flower of flax with cushions laid fourfold! [1]

"A bull, a hundred kine, two wives of equal birth with thee:
Release the holy Snake: the deed will meritorious be."

To this the hunter made reply:

"I want no gifts, your majesty,
But let the Serpent now go free.
Thus I now release the Serpent:
The deed will meritorious be."

After this speech he took the Great Being out of his basket. The Serpent King came forth and crept into a flower, where he put off his shape and reappeared in the form of a young man magnificently arrayed: there he stood, as though he had cleft the earth and come through. And down from the sky came Sumanā, and stood beside him. The Serpent King stood reverently joining his hands in respect to the king.

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[462] To make all clear, the Master recited two stanzas:

"The Serpent King Campeyyaka addressed the King, now free:

"O King of Kāsi, fostering lord, all honour now to thee!

I do thee reverence, ere I go again my home to see."

"Superhuman beings may
Hardly win belief, they say.
  If you speak the truth, O Serpent,
Where's your palace? Show the way."

But the Great Being, to make him believe, swore an oath as follows in these two stanzas:

"Should the wind move mountains high,

Moon and sun fall from the sky,

  Flow upstream the running rivers,

I, O King! could never lie.

"Split the sky, the sea run dry,
Bounteous mother earth awry
  Crumpling [2] roll, uproot Mount Meru,
Yet, O King, I could not lie!"

p. 287

But notwithstanding this assurance, he still disbelieved the Great Being, and said—

"Superhuman beings may

Hardly win belief, they say.

[463] If you speak the truth, O Serpent!

Where's your palace? Show the way."

Again he repeated the same stanza, adding, "You must be grateful for the good deeds wrought by me: whether I should

believe you to be right or not, however, that is for me to decide." This he made clear in the next stanza:

"Deadly envenomed, full of might,
Quick in quarrel, shining bright,
  You are freed by me from prison:
Then is gratitude my right."

The Great Being made oath thus to win his belief:

"He that will no thanks return,
Happiness should never learn:
  He should die in basket-prison,
He in horrid hell should burn!"

Now the king believed him, and thanked him thus:

"As that vow of thine is true,
Anger flee and hate eschew:
  As we flee the fire in summer,
May the roc-birds flee from you!" [1]

The Great Being too on his part said another stanza meaning to thank the king:

"As a mother would have done
To an only well-loved son,
  You are kind to all the serpents:
We will serve you, every one."

[464] Now the king eager to visit the serpent's world, gave command that his army should be made ready to go in the following stanza:

"Yoke the royal cars, and stand
Trained Cambodian mules at hand,
  Elephants in golden trappings:
We will visit serpent-land!"

The next is a stanza of the Perfect Wisdom:

"Bounce the tabors, thump the drums,
Conch and cymbal sounds and thrums,
  Glorious mid a host of women
See King Uggasena comes."

At the moment he left the city, the Great Being by his power made visible in the serpent world an enclosing wall of seven precious things, and gate-towers, and all the road of approach to the abode of the serpents he made to be gloriously adorned. By this road the king with his following entered the palace, and saw a delightful spot with mansions in it.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The lord of Kāsi saw the ground sprinkled with golden sand,
Fair flowers of coral [1] strewn around, gold towers on every hand.

"So then the King did enter in Campeyya's halls divine,
Which like the brazen thunderbolt [2] or ruddy sun did shine.

"Into Campeyya's halls divine the King his entrance made:
A thousand perfumes scent the air, a thousand trees give shade.

"Within Campeyya's palace once the King his step advanced,
Celestial harps made melody, fair serpent-maidens danced."

[465] "He is shown a golden seat
Cushioned and with sandal sweet,
  Where the bevy of fair maidens
Tread the halls with thronging feet."

No sooner was he there seated, than they set before him food divine of choice flavour, and they gave it also to the sixteen thousand women and to the rest of the company. For seven days he with his retinue partook of the divine food and drink, and enjoyed all manner of pleasure. Sitting in his fair seat he praised the glory of the Great Being. "O King of the serpents," said he, "why did you leave all this magnificence, to lie on an ant-heap, in the world of men, and to keep the fast-day vows?" The other told him.

To explain this, the Master said:

"There the King in pleasure stayed.

To Campeyya then he said:

"Glorious mansions these of thine!

Ruddy like the sun they shine.

Such on earth are none to see:

Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"Fair and fine these damsels stand,
  Who with taper-fingers hold
Drink in either red-stained hand,
  Breast and body girt with gold.
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

[466]

"River, fishpond, glassy-fair,

Each with well-built landing-stair,

Such on earth are none to see:

Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"Heron, peacock, heavenly geese,
Charms of cuckoo like to these,
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"'Mango, sal, and tilak grown,
Cassia [1], trumpet-flower [2] full-blown,
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?

"See the lakes! and wafted o'er
Scents divine on every shore:
Such on earth are none to see:
Why wouldst thou a hermit be?"

"'Not for life or sons or pelf
Do I wrestle with myself;
'Tis my craving, if I can,
To be born again as Man."

To this answer the king replied:

"Bravely drest, eyes red and bleared,

Broad-shouldered, shaven head, and beard,

Like an angel-King addressing

All the world, with sandal smeared.

"Great in might, in power divine,
Lord of all desires, incline,
Serpent-King, to rede my question—
How our world surpasses thine?"

[467] This was answered by the Serpent-King as follows:

"Comes control and cleansing when
One is in the world of men,
    Only there: once man, I'll never
See nor birth nor death again."

The, king listened, and thus replied:

"Surely ’tis good to venerate the wise
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise [3].
When thee and all these maids I behold,
I will do virtuous actions manifold."

To him the Serpent-King said:

"Surely ’tis good to venerate the wise
In whom deep wisdom and high thoughts arise.
When me and all these maids thou dost behold,
Then do thou virtuous actions manifold."

p. 290

After this speech, Uggasena wished to go, and he took leave, saying, "Serpent King, I have stayed long here, and I must go." The Great Being pointed to his treasure, and offered him whatever he wished to take, saying this,

"I renounce it, gold untold,
Tree-high silver-heaps, behold!
    Take and make you walls of silver,
Take and houses make of gold.

[468] "Pearls, five thousand loads, I ween,
Coral blushing in between,

Take and spread them in thy palace
Till nor earth nor dirt be seen.

"Such a mansion as I tell
Build, and there, O monarch! dwell:
Rich will be Benares city:
Rule it wisely, rule it well."

The king agreed to this suggestion. Then the Great Being sent proclamation about the city by beat of drum: "Let all the attendants of the king take what they will of my wealth, gold and fine gold!" And he sent the treasure to the king loaded in several hundred carts. After this the king left the serpent world with great pomp, and returned to Benares. From that time, they say, the ground was all golden throughout India.

This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus wise men of old left the glories of the serpent world, to keep the fast-day vows." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was the snake-charmer, Rāhula's mother was Sumanā, Sariputta was Uggasena, and I was myself Campezya King of the Snakes."

Footnotes

282:1 Reading with two MS., *patthayamāno.*

282:2 The six *devalokā.*

283:1 No. 543 (vi. 157 Pali).

283:2 No. 524 (v. 161 Pali).

283:3 Reputed to be poisonous. Compare ii. 55 and 206 of this translation.

284:1 These appear to be technical terms.

284:2 That is, by his swift motion giving the appearance of thousands of hoods.

285:1 Fourteenth and fifteenth are named.

286:1 This couplet, and half the next, occur above, p. 422.

286:2 Reading *saṁvaṭṭaye,* as Fausball suggests.

287:1 "The serpent tribe" is the literal translation.

288:1 See Schol. p. 142.

288:2 Bronze thunderbolts, shaped somewhat like those which Zeus grasps in Greek vase paintings, are still used in North India as charms.

289:1 *Cassia Fistula.*

289:2 *Bignonia Suaveolens.*

289:3 See above, p. 280; and iii. 306 (translation, p. 190).

No. 507.

MAHĀ-PALOBHANA-JĀTAKA.

"From Brahma's heaven," etc.—This story the Master told while dwelling in Jetavana, about the defilement of the sanctified. The circumstances have already been given. Here again said the Master, "Women cause defilement even in sanctified souls," and then told this story of the past.

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[469] Once upon a time in Benares—here the story of the past is to be expanded as in the Culla-palobhana Birth [1]. Now once again the Great Being came down from Brahma's world as the King of Kāsi's son, and his name was Prince Anitthi-gandha, the Woman-hater. In the hands of a woman he would not be; they must needs dress as men to give him the breast; he dwelt in a closet of meditation, and never a woman he saw. [2]

To explain this, the Master repeated four stanzas.

"From Brahma's heaven a god came down, and here upon this earth
As a King's son whose every wish was law, he had his birth.

"To Brahma's heaven no deed of lust, no mention, ever came:
So born into this world, the prince now loathed its very name.

"Within the palace he had made a closet all his own,
Where deep in meditation plunged he passed his days alone.

"The King, grown anxious for his son, laments to know him there:
One only son I have, and he for pleasures will not care."

The fifth stanza describes the king's lamentation:

"O who can tell me what to do! O is there no device?
Who'll teach him joys of love to crave, and who can him entice?"

The next stanza and half a stanza, are those of perfect wisdom:

"A girl there was, of graceful shape, of fair and lovely skin:
She knew a world of pretty songs, and well could dance and spin.
This maiden sought his majesty, and thus she did begin."

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[470] The other line is spoken by the young girl:

"I will entice him, if thou wilt in marriage grant him me."

The king made answer to the maid, and thus and thus said he:

"Do but succeed in tempting him, thy husband he shall be."

The king now gave orders that all opportunity should be afforded her, and sent her to attend upon the prince. In the morning, taking her lute she went and stood just without the prince's sleeping chamber, and touching the lute with her finger-tips tried to tempt him by singing in a sweet voice.

To explain this, the Master said:

"The maiden went within the house, and where she stood apart,
Sang ditties sweet and languishing, to pierce a lover's heart.

"There as the maiden stood and sang, the prince, who heard the sound,
Straight fell in fancy, and he asked the servants waiting round—

"What is that sound of melody that comes to me so clear,
Piercing the heart with thoughts of love, delightful to my ear?"

"A maid, your highness, fair to see, of dalliance infinite:
Wouldst thou enjoy the sweets of love, yield, yield to this delight."

"Ho, hither, nearer let her come, and let her sing yet more,
Here let her sing before my face within my closet door!'

"She who had sung without the wall stood in the chamber there:
She caught him, as an elephant is caught in woodland snare.

"He felt the joy of love, and lo! see jealousy full-grown:
"No other man shall love!" cries he, "but I will love alone!"

"No other man, but I alone!" he cries; and then away—
Seizes a sword, and runs amuck all other men to slay!

[471] "The people shouting in alarm all to the palace fly:
"Thy son is slaying every one all unprovoked!" they cry.

"Him did the warrior King arrest, and banish from his face:
"Within the boundaries of my realm thou shalt not find a place."

"He took his wife and travelled on till by the sea he stood
There built a hut of leaves, and lived on gleanings from the wood.

"A holy hermit flying came over the ocean high,
Entered the hut what time the meal was standing ready by.

"The woman tempted him:— now see how vile a thing was done!
He fell from chastity, and all his magic power was gone!

"The evening came; the prince returns, and from his gleaning brings
Hung to his pole a plenteous store of roots and wild-wood things.

"The hermit sees the prince approach: down to the shore goes he,
Thinking to travel through the air, but sinks into the sea!

"But when the prince beheld the sage down-sinking in the sea,
Pity sprang up within him, and these verses then said he:—

"Hither not sailing on the sea, by magic power you came,
But now you sink; an evil wife has brought you to this shame [1].

"Seducing traitresses, they tempt the holiest to his fall:
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee afar from all [2].

"Soft-speaking, hard to satisfy, as rivers hard to fill;
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee far from them still [2].

"And whomsoever they may serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up, as fuel burns cast in a blazing fire." [2]

"The hermit heard the prince's word; he loathed the world so vain:
Turned to his former Path [3], and rose up in the air again.

"No sooner had the prince beheld how in the air he rose,

He grieved and with a purpose firm the holy life he chose;

"Then, turned religious, wholly quelled his lust and hot desire;
And passion quelled, to Brahma's world henceforth he did aspire."

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[473] This discourse ended, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, for woman's sake even sanctified souls do sin;" then he declared the Truths: (now at the conclusion of the Truths, the backsliding Brother achieved sainthood:) after which he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time I myself was Prince Anitthigandha."

Footnotes

291:1 No. 263, vol. ii. p. 227 of this translation.

291:2 Reading, as Fausball suggests, *agacchat' orena.*

292:1 These are the same as the first two stanza, ii. 228 (translation).

292:2 These are the same as the first six lines, ii. 226 (translation).

292:3 That is, he returned to the Path of holiness.

No. 508.

PAÑCA-PAṆḌITA JĀTAKA.

The Birth of the Five Wise Men will be given in the Mahā-ummagga [1].

No. 509.

HATTHI-PĀLA JĀTAKA.

"At last we see," etc.—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Renunciation. Then with these words,—"It is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata made the Renunciation, but it was so before,"—the Master told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time there reigned in Benares a king named Esukārī. His chaplain had been from the days of his youth his favourite companion. They were both childless. As the two were sitting together one day in a friendly manner, they thought, "We have great glory, but never a

son or a daughter: now what is to be done?" Then the king said to the chaplain, "Friend, if a son is born in your house, he shall be lord of my kingdom; but if I have a son, he shall be master of your wealth." The two made a bargain of it on these terms.

One day, as the chaplain approached his revenue-village, and entered by the southern gate, outside the gate he saw a wretched woman who had many sons: [474] seven sons she had, all hale and hearty; one held pot and plate for cooking, one mat and bedding, one went on before and one followed behind, one held a finger of her, one sat on her hip and one on her shoulder. "Where," asked the chaplain, "is the father of these lads?" "Sir," she replied, "the lads have no father at all for certain." "Why

then," said he," how did you get seven fine sons like that?" [1] Disregarding the rest of the jungle, she points out a banyan tree that stood by the city gate, and quoth she, "I offered prayer, Sir, to the deity which inhabits this tree, and he answered me by giving these lads." "You may go, then, "said the chaplain; and descending from his chariot, he went up to the tree and taking hold of a branch shook it, saying, "O divinity, what has the king failed to give thee? Year by year he offers thee tribute of a thousand pieces of money, and thou givest him no son. What has this beggar wife done for thee, that thou givest her seven? Thou shalt grant the king a son within seven days, or I will have thee cut down by the roots and chopt up piecemeal." Thus upbraiding the deity of the banyan tree, he went away. Day after day for six days he did the same, and on the sixth, grasping the branch he said—"Only one night is left, tree-god; if you do not grant a son to my king, down you come!"

The deity of the tree reflected, till she knew exactly what was the matter. "Yon brahmin," thought she, "will destroy my home if he gets no son: well, by what means can I get him a son?" Then she went before the four great kings [2], and told them. "Well," said they, "we cannot give the man a son." To the eight-and-twenty war-lords of the Goblins she went next, and all they said was the same. To Sakka king of the gods she came, and told him. He pondered within himself: "Shall the king get sons worthy of him, or no?" [475] Then he looked about and saw four meritorious sons of the gods. These, it is said, had been in a former existence weavers of Benares; and all their winnings by that trade they would divide into five heaps; of these four were their own shares, but the fifth they gave away in common. When born anew from that place they came to the Heaven of the Thirty-three, thence

again they were born into the Yāma world [1], thence in due succession they past up and down through the six celestial worlds and enjoyed much glory. Just then the time was when they were due to go from the Heaven of the Thirty-three to the Yāma Heaven. Sakka went to seek them, and summoned them, and said, "Holy sirs, you must go to the world of men, to be conceived in the womb of King Esukārī's chief consort." "Good, my lord," said they to these words, "we will go. But we do not want anything to do with a royal house: we will be born in the chaplain's family, and while yet young we will renounce the world." Then Sakka approved them for their promise, and returned, and told all to the deity that lived in the tree. Much pleased, the tree-god took leave of Sakka, and went to her dwelling place.

But next day up came the chaplain, and with him strong men whom he had gathered, having each a razor-adze or the like. The chaplain approached the tree, and seizing a branch, cried out —"What ho, god of the tree! This is now the seventh day. since I begged a favour of you: the time of thy destruction is come!" The tree-deity by her great power cleft the tree-trunk and came forth, and in a sweet voice addressed him thus: "One son, brahmin? pooh! I will give you four." Said he, "I want no sons; give one to my king." "No," she said, "I will give only to you." "Then give two to the king and two to me." "No, the king shall have none, you shall have all four; but they shall be only given to you, for they will not live in a worldly household: in the days of their youth they will renounce the world." "Just give me the sons, and I will see to it they do not renounce the world," said he. Thus the deity

granted his prayer for children, and returned to her dwelling place. Ever afterwards that deity was held in high honour.

Now the eldest god came down, [476] and was conceived by the brahmin's wife. On his name day they called him Hatthipāla, the Elephant Driver; and to hinder him from renouncing the world, they entrusted him to the care of some keepers of elephants, amongst whom he grew up. When he was old enough to walk on his feet, the second was born of the same woman. At his birth they named him Assapāla, or Groom, and he grew up amongst those who kept horses. The third at his birth was called Gopāla, the Cowherd, and he grew up amongst the cattle-breeders. Ajapāla, or Goatherd, was the name given to the fourth, when he also was born; and he grew up among the goat-herds. When they grew older they were lads of auspicious omen.

Now for fear of their renouncing the world, all the ascetics who had so done were banished from the kingdom: in the whole realm of Kāsi not one was left. The lads were rough: in what way soever they

went, they plundered those gifts of ceremony which were sent here or there.

When Hatthipāla was sixteen years old, the king and the chaplain seeing his bodily perfection, thought thus within them. "The lads are grown big. When the umbrella of royalty is uplifted, what shall be done with them?—As soon as the ceremony of sprinkling is done upon them, they will grow very masterful: ascetics will come, they will see them and will become ascetics also; once they have done this, the whole country will be in

confusion. First let us test them, and afterwards have the ceremonial sprinkling." So they both dressed themselves up like ascetics, and went about seeking alms until they came to the door of the house where Hatthipāla lived. The lad was pleased and delighted to see them; approaching, he greeted them with respect, and recited three stanzas:

"At last we see a brahmin like a god, with top-knot great,
With teeth uncleansed, and foul with dust, and burdened with a weight [1].

"At last we see a sage, who takes delight in righteousness,
With robes of bark to cover him, and with the yellow dress.

"Accept a seat, and for your feet fresh water; it is right
To offer gifts of food to guests—accept, as we invite."

[477] Thus he addressed them one after the other. Then the chaplain said to him: "Hatthipāla my son, you say this because you do not know us. You think we are sages from the Himalayas, but such we are not, my son. This is King Esukārī, and I am your father the chaplain." "Then," said the lad, "why are you dressed like sages?" "To try you," said he. "Why try me?" he asked. "Because, if you see us without renouncing the world, we are ready to perform the ceremony of sprinkling, and make you king." "Oh, my father," quoth he, "I want no royalty; I will renounce the world." Then his father replied, "Son Hatthipāla, this is not a time for renouncing the world;" and he explained his intent in the fourth stanza:

"First learn the Vedas, get you wealth and wife
And sons, enjoy the pleasant things of life,
Smell, taste, and every sense: sweet is the wood
To live in then, and then the sage is good."

Hatthipāla replied with a stanza:

"Truth comes not by the Vedas nor by gold;
Nor getting sons will keep from getting old;
[478] From sense there is release, as wise men know;
In the next birth we reap as now we sow."

In answer to the young man, the king now recited a stanza:

"Most true the words that from thy lips do go:
In the next birth we reap as now we sow,
Thy parents now are old: but may they see
A hundred years of health in store for thee."

"What do you mean, my lord?" asked the prince, and repeated two stanzas:

"He who in death, O King, a friend can find,
And with old age a covenant hath signed;
For him that will not die be this thy prayer,
A hundred years of life to be his share.

"As one who on a river ferries o’er
A boat, and journeys to the other shore,
So mortals do inevitably tend
To sickness and old age, and death's the end."

[479] In this manner he showed these persons how transient are the conditions of mortal life, adding this advice: "As you stand there, O great king, and as I speak with you, even now sickness, old age, and death are drawing nearer to me. Then be vigilant!" So saluting the king and his father, he took with him his own attendants, and forsook the kingdom of Benares, and departed

with the intent to embrace the religious life. And a great company of people went with the young man Hatthipāla; "for," said they, "this religious life must be a noble thing." The company extended a league long. He with this company proceeded until he came to the Ganges bank. There he induced the mystic trance by gazing at the water of the Ganges. "There will be a great concourse here," thought he. "My three younger brothers will come, my parents, king, queen, and all, they with their attendants will embrace the religious life. Benares will be empty. Until they come I will remain here." So he sat there, exhorting the crowd assembled.

Next day the king and his chaplain thought, "And so Prince Hatthipāla has really renounced his claim on the kingdom, and is sitting on the Ganges bank, whither he went to follow the religious life, and took a great multitude with him. But let us try Assapāla, and sprinkle him to be king." So as before in the dress of ascetics they went to his door. Pleased he was when he saw them, and went up to them, and repeating the lines "At last," and so forth, he did as the other had done. The others did as before, and told him the cause of their coming. He said, "Why is the White Umbrella offered first to me, seeing I have a brother Prince Hatthipāla?" They answered, "Your brother has gone away, my son, to embrace the religious life; he would have nothing to do with royalty." "Where is he now?" [480] asked the lad. "Sitting on the bank of the Ganges." "Dear ones," he said, "I care not for that which my brother has spewed out of his mouth. Fools and they who are

scant of wisdom cannot renounce this sin, but I will renounce it." Then he declared the Law to father and king in two stanzas which he recited:

"Pleasures of sense are but morass and mire [1];
The heart's delight brings death, and troubles sore.
Who sink in these morasses come no nigher
In witless madness to the further shore [2].

"Here's one who once inflicted grief and pain:
Now he is caught, and no release is found.
That he may never do such things again
I'll build impenetrable walls around."

"There you stand, and even as I speak with you, sickness, old age, and death are approaching nearer." With this admonition, [481] and followed by a company of people a league long, he went to his brother Prince Hatthipāla. Who declared the Law to him, being poised in the air, and said, "Brother, there will be a great concourse to this place; let us both stay here together." The other agreed to stay there.

Next day king and chaplain went in the same manner to the house of Prince Gopāla: and by him being greeted with the same gladness, they explained the cause of their coming. He like Assapāla refused their offer. "For a long time," said he, "I have desired to embrace the religious life; like a cow gone astray in the forest, I have been wandering about in search of this life. I have seen the path by which my brothers have gone, like the track of a lost cow; and by that same path I will go." Then he repeated a stanza:

"Like one who seeks a cow has lost her way,
Who all perplext about the wood doth stray.

So is my welfare lost; then why hang back,
King Esukārī, to pursue the track?"

"But," they replied, "come with us for a day, son Gopālaka, for two or three days come with us; make us happy and then you shall renounce the world." He said, "O great king! never put off till the morrow what ought to be done to-day; if you want luck, take to-day by the forelock." Then he recited another stanza:

"To-morrow! cries the fool; next day! he cries.
No freehold in the future! says the wise;
The good within his reach he'll ne’er despise."

[482] Thus spake Gopāla, declaring the Law in the two stanzas; and added, "There you stand, and even as I talk with you, are approaching disease, old age, and death." Then followed by a company of people a league in length, he made his way to his two brothers. And Hatthipāla poised in the air declared the Law to him also.

Next day in the same manner king and chaplain repaired to the house of Prince Ajapāla, who greeted them with joy as the others had done. They told the cause of their coming, and proposed to upraise the umbrella of royalty. The prince said: "Where are my brothers?" They answered, "Your brothers will have nothing to do with the kingdom; they have renounced the White Umbrella, and with a company that covers three leagues they are sitting upon the Ganges bank." "I will not put upon my head that which my brothers have spewed out of their mouths, and so live; but I too will undertake the religious life." They said, "My son, you are very young; your welfare is our care; grow older, and you shall

embrace the religious life." But the lad said, "What is this you say? Surely death comes in youth as in age! No one has a mark in hand or foot to show whether he will die young or die old. I know not the time of my death, and therefore I will now renounce the world altogether." He then recited two stanzas:

"Oft have I seen a maiden young and fair,
Bright-eyed [1], intoxicate with life, her share
Of joy untasted yet, in youth's first spring:
Death came and carried off the tender thing.

"So noble, handsome lads, well-made and young,
Round whose dark chins the beard [2] in clusters clung—
I leave the world and all its lusts, to be
A hermit: go thou home, and pardon me."

[483] Then he went on, "There you stand, and even as I talk with you disease, old age, and death are approaching me." He saluted them both, and at the head of a league-long company he repaired to the Ganges bank. Hatthipāla poised in the air declared the Law to him also, and sat down to wait for the great gathering which he expected.

Next day the chaplain began to meditate as he sat upon his couch. "My sons," thought he; "have embraced the religious life; and now I am alone the withered stump of a man. I will follow the religious life also." Then he addressed this stanza to his wife:

"That which has branching boughs a tree they call:
Disbranched, it is a trunk, no tree at all.
So is a sonless man, my high-born wife:
'Tis time for me to embrace the holy life."

This said, he summoned the brahmins before him: sixty thousand of them came. Then he asked them what they meant to do. [484] "You are our teacher," they said. "Well," quoth he, "I shall seek out my son and embrace the religious life." They answered, "Hell is not hot for you alone; we will do likewise." He handed over his treasure, eighty crores,

to his wife, and at the head of a league-long train of brahmins departed to the place where his sons were. And unto this company as before Hatthipāla declared the Law, poised on high in the air.

Next day thought the wife to herself, "My four sons have refused the White Umbrella to follow the life of the religious; my husband has left his fortune of eighty thousand, and his position of royal chaplain to boot, and gone to join his sons:—what am I to do all by myself? By the way my son has gone I will go also." And quoting an ancient saw she recited this stanza of aspiration:

"The rain-months past, the geese break net and snare,
With a free flight like herons through the air; [1]
So by the path of husband and of son
I'll seek for knowledge as they two have done."

"Since this I knew," she said to herself, "why should I not renounce the world?" With this purpose she summoned the brahmin women, and said to them: [485] "What do you mean to do with yourselves?" They asked, "What do you?"—"As for me, I shall renounce the world."—"Then we will do the same." So leaving all her splendour, she went after her sons, taking with

her a league-long company of women. To this company also Hatthipāla declared the Law, sitting poised in the air.

Next day the king asked, "Where is my chaplain?" "My lord," they replied, "the chaplain and his wife have left all their wealth behind, and have gone after their sons with a company that covers two or three leagues." Said the king, "Masterless money comes to me," and sent to fetch it from the chaplain's house. The chief queen now wanted to know what the king was doing. He is fetching the treasure," she was told, "from the chaplain's house." "And where is the chaplain?" she asked. "Gone to be a religious, wife and all." "Why," thought she, "here is the king fetching into his own house the dung and the spittle dropt by this brahmin and his wife and his four sons! Infatuate fool! I will teach him by a parable." She got some dog's-flesh, and made a heap of it in the palace courtyard. Then she set a snare round it, leaving the way open straight upwards. The vultures seeing it from afar swooped down. But the wise among them noticed that a snare had been set around it; and feeling they were too heavy to rise up straight, they disgorged what they had eaten, and without being caught in the snare rose up and flew away. Others blind with folly devoured the vomit of the first, and being heavy could not get clear away but were caught in the snare. They brought

one of the vultures to the queen, and she carried it to the king. "See, O king!" said she, "there is a sight for us in the courtyard." Then opening a window, "Look at those vultures, your majesty!" Then she repeated two stanzas:

"The birds that ate and vomited in the air are flying free:

But those which ate and kept it down are captured now by me.

[486] "A brahmin vomits out his lusts, and wilt thou eat the same
A man who eats a vomit, sire, deserves the deepest blame."

At these words the king repented; the three states of existence [1] seemed as blazing fires; and he said, "This very day I must leave my kingdom and embrace the religious life." Full of grief, he lauded his queen in a stanza:

"Like as a strong man lends a helping hand
To weaker, sunk in mire or in quicksand:
So, Queen Pañcātī, thou hast saved me here,
With verses sung so sweetly in mine ear."

No sooner had he thus said, than on the instant he sent for his courtiers, eager to undertake the religious life, and said to them, "And what will you do?" They answered, "What will you?" He said," I will seek Hatthipāla and become a religious." "Then," said they, "we, my lord, will do the same." The king left his sovranty over Benares, that great city, twelve leagues in extent, and said, "Let who will upraise the White Umbrella." Then surrounded by his courtiers, at the head of a column three leagues in length, he went to the presence of the young man. To this body also Hatthipāla declared the Law, sitting high in the air.

The Master repeated a stanza which told how the king renounced this world.

"Thus Esukārī, mighty king, the lord of many lands,
From King turned hermit, like an elephant that bursts his bands."

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[487] Next day the people who were left in the city gathered before the palace door, and sent in word to the queen. They

entered, and saluting the queen, stood on one side, repeating a stanza:

"It is the pleasure of our noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
So in the king's place now we pray thee stand;
Cherish the realm, protected by our hand."

She listened to what the crowd said, and then repeated the remaining stanzas:

"It is the pleasure of the noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Renouncing lusts and pleasures every one.

"It is the pleasure of the noble king
To be a hermit, leaving everything.
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Where’er they be, renouncing lusts each one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by [1],
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Renouncing lusts and pleasures every one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by,
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Where’er they be, renouncing lusts each one.

"Time passes on, night after night goes by,
Youth's beauties one by one must fade and die:
Now know that I will walk the world alone,
Each bond thrown off, nor passion's power I own."

[488] In these stanzas she declared the Law to the great crowd; then summoning the courtier's wives said to them, "And what will you do?" "Madam," say they, "what will you?"—"I will embrace the religious life."—"Then so will we do." So the queen set open the doors of all the storehouses of gold in the palace, and she caused to be engraved on a golden plate, "In such a place is a great treasure hidden"; any one who chose might have it. This gold plate she fastened to a pillar upon the great dais, and sent the drum beating the proclamation about the city. Then leaving all her magnificence she departed from the city. Then was the whole city in a garboil: the cry was, "Our king and queen have left the city to join the religious; what are we to do now?" Thereupon the people all left their houses, and all that was in them, and went out, taking their sons by the hand; all the shops stood open, but no one so much as turned to look at them: the whole city was empty.

And the queen with an attendant train of three leagues in length went to the same place as the others. To this company also Hatthipāla declared the Law, poised in the air above them; and then with the whole train a dozen leagues long he set out for Himalaya.

All Kāsi was in an uproar, crying how young Hatthipāla had emptied the city of Benares, twelve leagues in extent, and how with a huge company he is off to Himalaya to embrace the religious life; "surely then," said they, "much more should we do it!" In the end this company grew so that it covered thirty leagues; [489] and he with this great company went to Himalaya.

Sakka in his meditation perceived what was afoot. "Prince Hatthipāla," he thought, "has made the Renunciation; there will be a great gathering of people, and they must have a place to live in." He gave orders to Vissakamma: "Go, make a hermitage six and thirty leagues long and fifteen broad, and gather in it all that is necessary for the religious." He obeyed; and made on the Ganges bank in a pleasant spot a hermitage of the required size, prepared in the leaf-huts pallets strewn with twigs or strewn with leaves, made ready all things necessary for the religious. Each hut had its doors, each its promenade; there were separate places for night and day living; all was neatly worked over with whitewash; there were benches for rest. Here and there were flowering-trees all laden with fragrant blooms of many colours; at the end of each promenade was a well for drawing water, and beside it a fruit-tree, and each tree bore all manner of fruits. This was all done by divine power. When Vissakamma had finished the hermitage, and provided the leaf huts with all things needful, he inscribed in letters of vermilion upon a wall "Whoso will embrace the religious life is welcome to these necessary things." Then by his supernatural power he banished from that place all hideous sounds, all hateful beasts and birds, all unhuman beings, and went back to his own place.

Hatthipāla came upon this hermitage, Sakka's gift, by a footpath, and saw the writing. Then he thought, "Sakka must have perceived that I have made the Great Renunciation." He opened a door, and entered a hut, and taking those things which mark the ascetic he went out again, and along the promenade, walking up and down a few times. Then he admitted the rest of the company to the religious life, and went to inspect the hermitage. He set apart in the midst a habitation for women

with young boys, one next it for the old women, the next for childless women; the other huts all round he allotted to men.

[490] Then a certain king, hearing that there was no king in Benares, went to see, and found the city adorned and decorated. Entering the royal palace, he saw the treasure lying in a heap. "What!" said he, "to renounce a city like this, and to become a religious so soon as the chance came, this is truly a noble thing!" Asking the way of some drunken fellow he went to find Hatthipāla. When Hatthipāla perceived he was come to the skirt of the forest, he went out to meet him, and poised in the air declared the Law to his company. Then he led them to the hermitage, and received the whole band into the Brotherhood. In the same manner six other kings joined them. These seven kings renounced their wealth. The hermitage, six and thirty leagues in extent, was filling continually. When some great man had thoughts of lust or any such thing, he would declare the Law to him, and teach them the thought of the Perfections and the Ecstasy; these then generally developed

the mystic trance; and two-thirds of them were born again in Brahma's world, while the third being divided into three parts, one part was born in Brahma's world, one in the six heavens of sense, one having performed a seer's mission was born in the world of men. Thus they enjoyed each of the three their own merit [1]. Thus Hatthipāla's teaching saved all from hell, from animal birth, from the world of ghosts, and from being embodied as a Titan.

In this island of Ceylon, those who made the Renunciation were: Elder Dhammagutta, who made the earth to quake; Elder Phussadeva, a citizen of Kaṭakandhakāra; Elder Mahāsaṁgharakkhita, from Uparimaṇḍalakamalaya; Elder Malimahādeva; Elder Mahādeva, from Bhaggiri; Elder Mahāsīva, from Vāmantapabbhāra; Elder Mahānāga, from Kāḷavallimaṇḍapa; those in the company of Kuddāla, of Mūgapakkha, of Cūlasutasoma, of Ayoghara the Wise, and last of all Hatthipāla. Therefore said the Blessed One, "Make haste, ye happy!" etc. [2], that is, happiness will come only if they use all speed.

[491] When he had ended this discourse, the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation long ago, as now"; which said he identified the Birth: "At that time, King Suddhodana was King Esukārī, Mahāmāyā his queen, Kassapa the chaplain, Bhaddakāpilānī his wife, Anuruddha was Ajapāla, Moggallāna was Gopāla, Sāriputta was Hatthipāla, the Buddha's followers were the rest, and I myself was Hatthipāla."

Footnotes

293:1 Vol. vi. p. 339 (Pali).

294:1 Or (taking the reading in the text), "not seeing any other way out of it." Courtesans in India were said to be married to certain trees: perhaps this woman belongs to that class.

294:2 Four Lords of the Earth, North, South, East, and West.

295:1 Third of the Heavens of Sense, Hardy: *Manual,* p. 25.

296:1 See *Sṁnyutta Nikāya,* p. 1.

298:1 This line occurs in iii. 241 (iii. 158 of the translation).

298:2 Nirvana.

299:1 "With eyes like the flower of *Pandanus Odoratissimus.*"

299:2 "Beard as it were covered with *Carthamus Tinctorius.*"

300:1 The scholiast refers to a story describing how a spider in the rains wove a net that enclosed a flock of golden geese, how two of the younger birds at the end of the rains broke through by main force, and how the rest followed by the same gap and flew away.

301:1 Sensual, Bodily, and Formless, referring to the three correspondent worlds.

302:1 See *Saṁnyutta Nikāya,* I. p. 3.

No. 510.

AYOGHARA-JĀTĀKA.

"Life once conceived, etc." This story the Master told about the Great Renunciation. Here again he said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation, for he did the same before." And he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the queen consort conceived, and when her full time was come she brought forth a son just after dawn of day. Now in a former existence, another wife of the same husband had prayed that she might be able to devour the child of this woman; she, it is said, was barren, and being angry with mother and son uttered this prayer, for which cause she came into being as

p. 305

a goblin. The other became the king's consort, and brought forth this son. Well, the she-goblin found her chance, and putting on a horrific shape caught up the child from under the mother's eyes and made off. The queen screamed with a loud voice—"A goblin is carrying off my son!" The other champed and mumbled him like an onion, and swallowed him down; then after various transformations of her limbs, which annoyed and frightened the queen, departed. When the king heard, he was dumb: what could be done, thought he, against a goblin?

Next time the queen was in childbed, he set a strong guard about her. She bore another son; the goblin again came, and devoured him too, and departed.

The third time it was the Great Being conceived in her womb. The king gathered a number of people together, and said: "Each son my queen has brought forth, a she-goblin comes and devours him. [492] What is to be done?" Then some one said, "Goblins are afraid of a palm-leaf; you should bind one such leaf on each of her hands and feet." Another said, "It is an iron house they fear; one should be made." The king was willing. He summoned all the smiths in his realm and bade them build him an iron house, and set overseers over them. Right in the town in a pleasant place they builded a house; pillars it had, and all the parts of a house, all made of nothing but iron: in nine months there it stood finished, a great hall foursquare: it shone, lighted continually with lamps.

When the king knew that she drew near her time, he had the iron house fitted up, and took her into it. She brought forth a son with the marks of goodness and luck upon him, and they gave him the name of Ayoghara-Kumāra, the Prince of the Iron House. The king gave him in charge to nurses, and placed a great guard about the place, while he with his queen made the circuit of the whole city rightwise, and then went up to his magnificent terrace. Meanwhile the she-goblin wanting water to drink had been destroyed in trying to fetch some of the water of Vessavaṇa.

In the iron house the Great Being grew up, and increased in wisdom, and there also he was educated in all the sciences.

The king asked his courtiers, "What is my son's age?" They replied, "He is sixteen years old, my lord: a hero, mighty and strong, fit to master a thousand goblins!" The king determined to place the kingdom in his son's hands. He had the city decorated, and gave order that the lad be brought to him out of the iron house. The courtiers obeyed: all Benares was decorated, that great city of twelve leagues in extent; they decked out the state elephant in magnificent caparison, and drest the boy in his best, and placed him upon the elephant's back, saying, "My lord, make a circuit rightwise about the rejoicing city, your inheritance, and salute your father the King of Kāsi; for this day you shall receive the

White Umbrella." The Great Being made his ceremonial circuit rightwise, and seeing the beautiful parks, the beautiful colours, lakes, plots of ground, all the beautiful houses and so forth, [493] thought thus within himself: "All this while my father has kept me close in prison, never let me see this city so richly adorned. What fault can there be in me?" He put this question to the courtiers. "My lord," they said, "there is no fault in you; but a she-goblin devoured your two brothers, therefore your father made you live in an iron house, and the iron house has saved your life." These words made him think again, "For ten months I was in my mother's womb, as it might have been the Hell of the Iron Caldron or the Hell of Dung [1]; and when I came forth from the womb, for sixteen years I dwelt in this prison, never a chance of looking outside. Though I have escaped the hands of the goblin I am neither free from old age nor death. What care I for royalty? Once established in the royal place it is hard for one to

get away. This very day will I ask my father's leave to embrace the religious life, and I will go to Himalaya and do so."

Accordingly after his procession about the city was over, he went to the king's palace, and saluted the king, and stood waiting. The king seeing his bodily beauty, looked at his courtiers with strong love in his eyes. "What do you wish us to do, Sire?" they asked. "Take my son and put him on a pile of jewels, sprinkle him from the three conchs, uplift the White Umbrella with its festoons of gold." But the Great Being saluted his father, and said, "Father, I want nothing to do with royalty. I wish to embrace the religious life, and I crave your leave to do so." "Why would you leave your royalty, my son, and embrace the religious life?"—"My lord, for ten months I was in my mother's womb, as it were the Hell of Dung; once born, for fear of a goblin I dwelt sixteen years in a prison, with never a chance even of looking outside,—I seemed as it were cast into the Ussada hell. Now safe from the goblin I am neither safe from old age nor death, for death no man can conquer. I am weary of existence. Until disease, old age, death comes upon me I will follow the life of the religious, walking in righteousness. No kingdom for me! My lord, grant your permission!" Then he declared the Law to his father thus:

[494]

"Life once conceived within the womb, no sooner has begun,
Than on it goes continually, its course is never done [2].

p. 307

"No warlike prowess nor no mighty strength
Can keep men from old age and death at length;

All being plagued with birth and age I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Great kings by force and violence subdue
Hosts of four arms [1], terrific to the view;
Over death's host they win no victory:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Though horses, elephants, and cars, and men
Surround them, some have yet got free again;
But from the hands of death no man gets free:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"With horses, elephants, and cars, and men,
Heroes destroy and crush and crush again;
But to crush death no man so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Mad elephants in rut with oozing skin
Trample whole towns and slay the men within,
To trample death no one so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Archers who most strong-armed and skilful are,
Wound like a flash of lightning from afar,
But to wound death no man so strong I see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Great lakes, their woods and rocks, to ruin fall,
After a while ruin shall come to all,
In time all brought to nothing they shall be
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Like as a tree upon a river brink,
Or as a drunkard sells his coat for drink [2],
Such is the life of those who mortals be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me."

[495] "The body's elements dissolve—they fall
Young, old, the middle-aged, men, women—all,
Fall as the fruit falls from a shaken tree:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Man's prime is all unlike the queen whose reign
Rules o’er the stars [3]: it ne’er will come again.
For worn-out eld what joy or love can be?
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"While ghost and sprite and horrid goblin can
When angry breathe their poison-breath on man,
Gainst death their poison-breath no help can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"While ghost and sprite and horrid goblin can
When angry, be appeased by deed of man,
Work it with death, no softening knows he:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Those who do crime, and wrong, and hurtful things,

When known, are punished by the act of kings,

But against death no punishment can be:

So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Those who do crime, and wrong, and hurtful things
Can find a way to stay the hand of kings,
But how to stay death's hand no way can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Warriors or brahmins, men of high estate,
Men of much wealth, the mighty and the great,—
King Death no pity has, no ruth has he:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Lions and tigers, panthers, seize their prey,
And all devour it, struggle as it may;
From fear of their devouring death is free:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Upon the stage a juggler with his sleight
Performing can deceive the people's sight,
To cozen death, no trick so quick can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

[496] "Serpents enraged will with envenomed bite
Attack at once and kill a man outright;
For death no fear of poison-bite can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Serpents enraged with venomed fangs may bite,
The skilful leach can stay the poison's might;
To cure death's bite no man so strong can be:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Physicians' skill could cure the serpent's bite;
Now they are dead themselves and out of sight,
Bhoga, Vetaraṇī, Dhammantarī
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Some who in spells and magic lore are wise
Can walk invisible to other eyes,
Yet not so invisible but death can see:
So I'm resolved—a holy life for me.

"Safe is the man who walks in righteousness;
Religion well observed has power to bless;
Happy the righteous man and never he
While he is righteous falls in misery [1].

"Is it not true, his proper fruit from right or wrong shall spring?
Right leads to heaven, unrighteousness a man to hell must bring [2].

[499] When the Great Being had thus declared the Law in twenty-four stanzas, he said, "O great king! keep your kingdom to yourself; I want none of it. Even as I am talking with you, disease, old age, and death draw nearer to me. Stay where you are." Then, as a mad

elephant might burst his steel chains, as a young lion might break out of a golden cage, he burst his carnal desires; and saluting his parents, he departed. Then his father said, "I want not the Kingdom!" and leaving it went with him. When he was

gone, the queen and courtiers, brahmins, householders, and everyone else who dwelt in the city, left their houses and went away. There was a great concourse; the crowd covered twelve leagues. With this crowd he set out for Himalaya.

When Sakka perceived that he had departed, he sent Vissakamma to make a hermitage twelve leagues long and seven wide, and bade him put within it all things requisite for the ascetic life. How the Great Being proceeded to admit these into the Brotherhood, and admonished them, and how they became destined for Brahma's world, or entered upon the Third Path, all must be repeated again as before.

This discourse ended, the Master said: "Thus, Brethren, the Tathāgata has made the Great Renunciation before"; after which he identified the Birth: "At that time the king's parents were the mother and father, the Buddha's followers were their followers, and I was myself the Wise Ayoghara."

Footnotes

304:1 For the three *Kusalasampattayo* see Childers, p. 439.

304:2 *Dhammapada,* 116.

306:1 *Gūthanirayo.*

306:2 The scholiast explaining this quotes the following lines:

"First seed, then embryo, then shapeless flesh,
Then something solid, out of which soon grow
Thighs, hair on head and body, with the nails:
Whatever food or drink the mother takes,
The baby lives on, in his mother's womb."

307:1 Horse, Foot, Chariots, Elephants.

307:2 The text is: "like a drunkard's cloth," but this cryptic utterance is thus explained by the scholiast.

307:3 The Moon.

308:1 This stanza is given in the Introduction to the Jataka book, no. 224 (not in our translation): see Rhys Davids, *Buddhist Birth Stories,* p. 34. Also in *Dhammapada,* p. 126, *Theragāthā.* 35.

308:2 See *Dhammapada,* p. 90 in Fausboll's Commentary, 1. 3.

The Jataka, Vol. IV: Page Index

Title Page

page i
page ii
page iii
page iv

Contents

page v
page vi
page vii
page viii
page ix
page x
page xi
page xii

Additional Notes And Corrections.

page xiii

No. 439.: Catu-Dvāra-Jātaka.

page 1
page 2
page 3
page 4

No. 440.: Kaṇha-Jātaka.

page 5
page 6
page 7
page 8

No. 441.: Catu-Posathika-Jātaka.

page 9

No. 442.: Saṅkha-Jātaka.

page 10
page 11
page 12
page 13

No. 443.: Culla-Bodhi-Jātaka.

page 14
page 15
page 16

No. 444.: Kaṇhadīpāyana-Jātaka.

page 17
page 18
page 19
page 20
page 21
page 22

No. 445.: Nigrodha-Jātaka.

page 23
page 24
page 25
page 26
page 27

No. 446.: Takkaḷa-Jātaka.

page 28
page 29
page 30
page 31

No. 447.: Mahā-Dhamma-Pāla-Jātaka.

page 32
page 33
page 34
page 35

No. 448.: Kukkuṭa-Jātaka.

page 36
page 37

No. 449.: Maṭṭa-Kuṇḍali-Jātaka.

page 38
page 39

No. 450.: Biḷāri-Kosiya-Jātaka.

page 40
page 41
page 42
page 43
page 44

No. 451.: Cakka-Vāka-Jātaka.

page 45
page 46

No. 453.: Mahā-Maṅgala-Jātaka.

page 47
page 48
page 49

No. 454.: Ghata-Jātaka.

page 50
page 51
page 52
page 53
page 54
page 55
page 56
page 57

No. 455.: Māti-Posaka-Jātaka.

page 58
page 59
page 60

page 61

No. 456.: Juṇha-Jātaka

page 62
page 63
page 64

No. 457.: Dhamma-Jātaka.

page 65
page 66

No. 458.: Udaya-Jātaka.

page 67
page 68
page 69
page 70

No. 459.: Pānīya-Jātaka.

page 71
page 72
page 73
page 74
page 75

No. 460.: Yuvañjaya-Jātaka.

page 76
page 77
page 78

No. 461.: Dasaratha-Jātaka.

page 79
page 80
page 81
page 82

No. 462.: Saṁvara-Jātaka.

page 83
page 84
page 85
page 86

No. 463.: Suppāraka-Jātaka.

page 87
page 88
page 89
page 90

No. 464.: Culla-Kuṇāla-Jātaka.

page 91

No. 465.: Bhadda-Sāla-Jātaka.

page 92
page 93
page 94
page 95
page 96
page 97

page 98

No. 466.: Samudda-Vāṇija-Jātaka.

page 99
page 100
page 101
page 102
page 103
page 104

No. 467.: Kāma-Jātaka.

page 105
page 106
page 107
page 108
page 109

No. 468.: Janasandha-Jātaka.

page 110
page 111

No. 469.: Mahā-Kaṇha-Jātaka.

page 112
page 113
page 114
page 115

No. 472.: Mahā-Paduma-Jātaka.

page 116
page 117
page 118
page 119
page 120
page 121

No. 473.: Mittāmitta-Jātaka.

page 122
page 123

No. 474.: Amba-Jātaka.

page 124
page 125
page 126
page 127
page 128
page 129

No. 475.: Phandana-Jātaka.

page 130
page 131
page 132

No. 476.: Javana-Haṁsa-Jātaka.

page 133
page 134
page 135
page 136

No. 477.: Culla-Nārada-Jātaka.

page 137
page 138
page 139

No. 478.: Dūta-Jātaka.

page 140
page 141
page 142

No. 479.: Kāliṅga-Bodhi-Jātaka.

page 143
page 144
page 145
page 146
page 147
page 148

No. 480.: Akitta-Jātaka.

page 149
page 150
page 151
page 152

No. 481.: Takkāriya-Jātaka

page 153
page 154
page 155

page 156
page 157
page 158
page 159
page 160
page 161

No. 482.: Ruru-Jātaka.

page 162
page 163
page 164
page 165
page 166

No. 483.: Sarabha-Miga-Jātaka.

page 167
page 168
page 169
page 170
page 171
page 172
page 173
page 174

No. 484.: Sālikedāra-Jātaka.

page 175
page 176
page 177
page 178

No. 485.: Canda-Kinnara-Jātaka.

page 179
page 180
page 181
page 182

No. 486.: Mahā-Ukkusa-Jātaka.

page 183
page 184
page 185
page 186
page 187

No. 487.: Uddālaka-Jātaka.

page 188
page 189
page 190
page 191

No. 488.: Bhisa-Jātaka.

page 192
page 193
page 194
page 195
page 196
page 197

No. 489.: Suruci-Jātaka.

page 198
page 199
page 200
page 201
page 202
page 203
page 204
page 205

No. 490.: Pañc-Ūposatha-Jātaka.

page 206
page 207
page 208
page 209
page 210

No. 491.: Mahā-Mora-Jātaka.

page 211
page 212
page 213
page 214
page 215
page 216

No. 492.: Taccha-Sūkara-Jātaka.

page 217
page 218
page 219
page 220
page 221

No. 493.: Mahā-Vāṇija-Jātaka.

page 222
page 223

No. 494.: Sādhīna-Jātaka.

page 224
page 225
page 226
page 227

No. 495.: Dasa-Brāhmaṇa-Jātaka.

page 228
page 229
page 230
page 231

No. 496.: Bhikkhā-Parampara-Jātaka.

page 232
page 233
page 234

No. 497.: Mātaṅga-Jātaka.

page 235
page 236
page 237
page 238
page 239
page 240

page 241
page 242
page 243
page 244

No. 498.: Citta-Sambhūta-Jātaka.

page 245
page 246
page 247
page 248
page 249
page 250

No. 499.: Sivi-Jātaka.

page 251
page 252
page 253
page 254
page 255
page 256

No. 500.: Sirimanda-Jātaka.

page 257

No. 501.: Rohanta-Miga-Jātaka.

page 258
page 259
page 260
page 261

page 262
page 263

No. 502.: Haṁsa-Jātaka.

page 264
page 265
page 266
page 267

No. 503.: Sattigumba-Jātaka.

page 268
page 269
page 270
page 271

No. 504.: Bhallāṭiya-Jātaka.

page 272
page 273
page 274
page 275

No. 505.: Somanassa-Jataka.

page 276
page 277
page 278
page 279
page 280

No. 506.: Campeyya-Jātaka.

page 281
page 282
page 283
page 284
page 285
page 286
page 287
page 288
page 289
page 290

No. 507.: Mahā-Palobhana-Jātaka.

page 291
page 292
page 293

No. 509.: Hatthi-Pāla Jātaka.

page 294
page 295
page 296
page 297
page 298
page 299
page 300
page 301
page 302
page 303
page 304

No. 510.: Ayoghara-Jātāka.

page 305
page 306
page 307
page 308
page 309

The Jataka

Volume V

tr. H.T. Francis

ed. E. B. Cowell

[1905]

Contents Start Reading Page Index Text [Zipped]

VOLUME I | VOLUME II | VOLUME III | VOLUME IV | **VOLUME V** | VOLUME VI

This is volume five of the complete Jataka translation edited by E.B. Cowell. The Jataka is the treasure-house of stories about the Buddha's previous incarnations.

Title Page
Preface
Contents
Additional Notes and Corrections
No. 511.: Kiṁchanda-Jātaka.

No. 512.: Kumbha-Jātaka.
No. 513.: Jayaddisa-Jātaka.
No. 514.: Chaddanta-Jataka.
No. 515.: Sambhava-Jātaka.
No. 516.: Mahākapi-Jātaka.
No. 517.: Dakarakkhasa-Jātaka.
No. 518.: Paṇḍara-Jātaka.
No. 519.: Sambula-Jātaka.
No. 520.: Gaṇḍatindu-Jātaka.
No. 521.: Tesakuṇa-Jātaka.
No. 522.: Sarabhaṅga-Jātaka.
No. 523.: Alambusā-Jātaka.
No. 524.: Saṁkhapāla-Jātaka.
No. 525.: Culla-Sutasoma-Jātaka.
No. 526.: Naḷinikā-Jātaka.
No. 527.: Ummadantī-Jātaka.
No. 528.: Mahābodhi-Jātaka.
No. 529.: Sonaka-Jātaka.
No. 530.: Saṁkicca-Jātaka.
No. 531.: Kusa-Jātaka.
No. 532.: Sona-Nanda-Jātaka.
No. 533.: Cullahaṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 534.: Mahāhaṁsa-Jātaka.
No. 535.: Sudhābhojana-Jātaka.
No. 536.: Kuṇāla-Jātaka.
No. 537.: Mahā-Sutasoma-Jātaka.
Index of Subject Matters

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S

FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. V.

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PIAE MEMORIAE

EDWARDI BYLES COWELL

DOCTISSIMI DILECTISSIMI

ET

ROBERTI ALEXANDRI NEIL

DESIDERATISSIMI

SACRUM

PREFACE

THE delay in the issue of this volume calls for a few words of explanation. I had hoped that the late Mr. Neil of Pembroke would have collaborated with me in the fifth volume of the Jātaka Translation as he had already done in Vol. III. But this was not to be, and his premature death in 1901, which was generally acknowledged to be a serious loss to the cause of Oriental learning, no less than to that of Classical scholarship, threw upon me the burden of undertaking the entire volume without his efficient aid and criticism. The beloved Master of our "Guild of Translators," the late Professor Cowell, assisted me in my task so long as his increasing years and infirmities allowed him to continue his unwearied efforts for the advancement of Oriental studies, but he was not able to give to the work that minute and careful revision which he had so generously lavished on the four preceding volumes. My labours were also somewhat prolonged by the larger proportion of this volume which had to be versified. In rendering the *gāthās* I have done my best to give the exact sense of the Pali, so far as it was compatible with the exigencies of a metrical version, and if the result at times should strike the reader as rather feeble and pointless, I might urge in extenuation that the original is sometimes equally prosaic and commonplace. Moreover, although I have always regarded Childers' Pali Dictionary as a work of extraordinary merit for the time at which it appeared, yet it would no doubt greatly lighten the labours of translators from the Pali,

if the mass of critical annotations now scattered throughout the Pali Text Society's Publications and various other Oriental Journals could be gathered together and embodied in the new Pali Dictionary which Professor Rhys Davids has promised us. Meanwhile I have to thank Mrs. Bode for her very useful *Index to Pali words discussed in Translations* which appeared in the *P. T. Journal* for 1897-1901.

It only remains for me to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Professor Bendall for the kind help he has given me in the many difficulties I have referred to him, and for the readiness with which he has placed at my disposal the stores of his wide reading and critical scholarship. The sixth and last volume of the Translation, which was left unfinished by Professor Cowell, is now in the capable hands of Dr Rouse and will appear in due course edited and completed by him.

H. T. FRANCIS.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE,
Oct. 25th, 1905.

CONTENTS.

511. KIṀCHANDA-JĀTAKA 1

A priest who took bribes and gave false judgments is reborn to a state of suffering all day, but because he had kept half a fast-day, he enjoys great glory throughout the night. His king, who had become an ascetic, is transported by a river-nymph to the mango grove where the priest was reborn and hears the story of his alternate misery and bliss.

512. KUMBHA-JĀTAKA 5

How a forester accidentally discovered strong drink and how this led to the ruin of all India, until Sakka appeared on earth and by his exposition of the evils of drink induced a certain king to abstain from its use.

513. JAYADDISA-JĀTAKA 11

A female yakkha carries off a royal infant and rears him as her own offspring, teaching him to eat human flesh. In course of time the man-eater captures his royal brother, but sets him free on the condition that he should return as soon as he had redeemed his promise to a brahmin. The king's son surrenders himself as a victim in his father's stead, and the man-eater, who is now recognised as the king's brother, is converted and becomes an ascetic.

514. CHADDANTA-JĀTAKA 20

A royal elephant had two wives. One of them, owing to an imaginary slight, conceives a grudge against her lord, and afterwards, when she is reborn as the favourite wife of a certain king, she pretends to be sick, and to have seen in a dream an elephant with six tusks; and in order to recover from her sickness, she declares the possession of its tusks must be secured for her. A bold hunter, after crossing vast mountain ranges and encountering many difficulties and dangers, at length finds and slays the elephant, but the queen on receiving the tusks and hearing of the elephant's death is filled with remorse and dies of a broken heart.

515. SAMBHAVA-JĀTAKA 31

A king, anxious for a definition of goodness and truth, sends his brahmin chaplain to consult all the sages of India, and finally obtains the solution of his doubts from a boy only seven years old.

516. MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA 37

A husbandman, in looking for his strayed oxen, loses himself in a forest, and falling into a deep pit is rescued by a monkey. The man makes an attempt upon the life of his benefactor, and for his ingratitude is smitten with leprosy.

517. DAKARAKKHASA-JĀTAKA *see* MAHĀUMMAGGA-JĀTAKA 42

518. PAṆḌARA JĀTAKA 42

An ascetic worms out from a snake-king the secret wherein his strength lies and betrays him to his enemy, the garuḍa-king. The

garuḍa by means of this secret vanquishes the snake, but through pity sets him free. The snake invokes a curse on the ascetic, who is swallowed up by the earth to be reborn in hell.

519. SAMBULA-JATAKA 48

A prince is struck with leprosy and retires into a lonely forest, accompanied by his devoted wife, who carefully watches over him. She is rescued by Sakka from an ogre, and though she is suspected by her husband, yet by her virtue and faith she recovers him of his leprosy. He returns to rule over his kingdom but shows no gratitude to his wife, until at the reproof of his father he asks her forgiveness and restores her to her rightful position.

520. GAṆḌATINDU-JĀTAKA 54

An unrighteous king is reproved by a tree-sprite, and, as he travels with his chaplain on a tour of inspection through his dominions, many instances of the evil effects of his unjust rule are brought to his notice. Thenceforth the king rules his kingdom righteously.

521. TESAKUṆA-JĀTAKA 59

A king finds a nest containing three eggs. When the young birds are hatched from them the king adopts them as his children. They all give him sound advice in the ruling of his kingdom and are promoted to high office in the state.

522. SARABHAṄGA-JĀTAKA 64

An archer displays wonderful feats of skill in shooting. He declines the honours offered him by his king and retires to a

forest hermitage. Here he gathers around him a great company of disciples, solves the doubts of three kings as to the fate of certain notorious sinners, and converts them and a host of their followers to the ascetic life.

523. ALAMBUSA-JĀTAKA 79

An ascetic by his great holiness excites the jealousy of Sakka, who sends down a heavenly nymph to seduce him. After a temporary lapse, the saint recovers his virtue and attains to a state of ecstasy.

524. SAṀKHAPĀLA-JĀTAKA 84

After a life of holiness a certain king is reborn in the Nāga world. Growing weary of his state of glory he returns as a snake to earth, and would have perished at the hands of a band of ruffians, had he not been rescued by a rich householder travelling that way with a large retinue. The Nāga king invites his benefactor to his heavenly mansion and keeps him there in great honour for a whole year, when he too wishes to leave the Nāga world, to become an ascetic upon earth. By a recital of all that had happened to him and the Nāga king, he converts the ruler of the land to a life of charity and good works.

525. CULLA-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA 91

A king is so affected by the discovery of a grey hair on his head that he resigns his crown and resolves to become an ascetic. In spite of the entreaties of his parents, wife, children, and friends,

he persists in his resolution and together with his family and a great number of his subjects enters on the religious life.

526. NAḶINIKĀ-JĀTAKA 100

Sakka, jealous of a holy ascetic, appears to the king of the country and declares that the drought from which the land was suffering was due to the action of this ascetic, and that the only way to remedy this evil was to overcome his virtue. To this end the king's daughter visits him, disguised as an ascetic youth, and owing to his simplicity his fall is brought about. When his father returns, he cautions his son against the wiles of womankind and brings about his restoration to his former state of holiness.

527. UMMADANTĪ-JĀTAKA 107

A king is bewitched by the wife of his commander-in-chief. This officer by a ruse makes the king believe that his guilty secret is generally known, and by his wise counsel persuades him to give up his infatuation.

528. MAHĀBODHI-JĀTAKA 116

An ascetic finds favour with a king and is preferred to high honour, thereby exciting the envy of the king's councillors, who slander him to the king and lay a plot to kill him. He is saved by a warning from a dog. Afterwards the ascetic convicts the four wicked councillors of various heresies and brings about their disgrace and exile.

529. SONAKA-JĀTAKA 127

A king after many years is anxious to see again a friend of his early youth who had become a paccekabuddha, and in the form of a song he offers a reward to anyone that can tell him where he is to be found. His friend teaches a little boy a refrain to the song which he is to sing before the king and to claim the promised reward. So the king finds his friend, and owing to his instruction he abdicates in favour of his son and adopts the religious life.

530. SAṀKICCA-JĀTAKA 134

A prince who was eager to succeed to the throne proposes to murder his father. His friend, unable to dissuade him from his purpose, retires from the court and becomes an ascetic. The prince after the murder of his father is filled with guilty fears. His friend at length returns and, after describing all the various hells and the punishments of notorious sinners, by his admonition restores the king's peace of mind.

531. KUSA-JĀTAKA 141

A certain king has no heir, but at length, by the favour of Sakka, his chief queen miraculously gives birth to two sons. The elder is ill-favoured but supernaturally wise. He only consents to marry when a princess is found exactly like a golden image which he himself had fashioned. The bride is not to look upon her husband's face by daylight till she has conceived. When she accidentally discovers how ugly he is, she leaves him and returns to her father's kingdom. He follows her there and under a variety of menial disguises tries, but in vain, to win her affections. At length by Sakka's device she incurs the enmity of seven kings and is rescued from imminent death by her despised husband.

He returns with her to his own country where they live happily ever after.

532. SONA-NANDA-JĀTAKA 164

Two brahmin brothers become ascetics and watch over their aged parents. The younger one persists in supplying them with unripe fruits, and at length is sent away by the elder brother. The younger one by the help of a powerful king, whom he had made victorious over all his rivals, regains his brother's favour and is allowed once more to minister to his father and mother.

533. CULLA-HAṀSA-JĀTAKA 175

A king of wild geese is caught in a fowler's snare and deserted by all except his chief captain, who refuses to leave him. The fowler is so touched by this devotion that he would have released the captive bird, but they insist on being taken before the king of the country, and after preaching the Law to him the two birds are set at liberty and return home to their kith and kin.

534. MAHĀ-HAṀSA-JĀTAKA 186

A queen has a dream about golden geese and entreats the king to bring her one. The king has a decoy lake constructed and his fowler at length captures the king of the geese. The rest of the story is like the Cullahaṁsa-Jātaka.

535. SUDHĀBHOJANA-JĀTAKA 202

A rich miser is seized with a great longing to have some rice porridge, and to escape having to give some to any one else he

retires into a forest to cook it for himself. Sakka and other gods appear and claim a share of the porridge. The miser is converted by their admonitions, gives away all his money, and becomes an ascetic. He is afterwards called upon to award the prize of virtue to the best of four heavenly nymphs, the daughters of Sakka. He adjudges the prize to Honour, and on his rebirth in the deva world he is rewarded with the hand of this nymph and enjoys immense power.

536. KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA 219

A king of birds for the instruction of his friend, a royal cuckoo, relates many instances he had known, to illustrate the deceitfulness, ingratitude, and immorality of womenkind.

537. MAHĀ-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA 246

A king, who had been a yakkha in a former birth, develops a taste for human flesh and has his subjects murdered to supply himself with his favourite food. When his guilt is brought home to him, he refuses to give up his cannibalism and is driven out of his kingdom. He now dwells in a forest and preys upon all travellers that pass that way. At length he captures a king who had been his friend and teacher in early youth, but releases him on the condition that he should return after he has fulfilled a promise that he has made to a brahmin. The king returns into captivity, and the man-eater is so pleased with his good faith that he offers to grant him any four boons that he may ask of him. When asked to give up cannibalism he reluctantly consents and is eventually restored to his kingdom.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

No. 512. Jātaka-Mālā XVII. Kumbha-Jātaka.

No. 513. Cariyā-Piṭaka II. 9, Jayaddisa.

No. 516. Jātaka-Mālā XXIV. Mahākapi-Jātaka.

No. 524. Cariyā-Piṭaka II. 10, Saṅkhapāla.

No. 529. Cariyā-Piṭaka III. 5, Soṇapaṇḍita.

Page 25, line 34, for *firewood* read *fire-sticks* or, *fire-drills.*

BOOK XVI. TIṀSANIPĀTA.

No. 511.

KIṀCHANDA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "*Why dost thou," etc.*—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the observance of fast-days [1].

Now one day when a number of lay Brothers and Sisters, who were keeping a fast-day, came to hear the Law, and were seated in the Hall of Truth, the Master asked them if they were keeping fast-days, and on their saying that they were, he added, "And ye do well to observe fast-days: men of old, in consequence of keeping half a fast-day, attained to great glory," and at their request he told a tale of the past.

Once upon a time at Benares Brahmadatta ruled his kingdom righteously, and being a believer he was zealous in the observance of the duties of the fast-day, in the keeping of the commandments and in almsgiving. He also induced his ministers and the rest to take upon them vows of charity and the like. But his family priest was a backbiter, greedy of bribes, and a giver of unrighteous judgments. The king on a fast-day summoned his councillors and bade them keep the fast. The priest did not take upon himself the duties of the fast-day; so when he had in the day been taking bribes and giving false judgments, and then had come to court to pay his respects, the king, after first asking

each of his ministers if he were keeping the fast, questioned the priest, saying, "And are you, Sir, fasting?" He told a lie and said "Yes," and left the palace. Then a certain minister rebuked him, saying, "Surely you are not keeping the fast?" He said, "I took food early in the day, but when I go home I shall rinse my mouth and taking upon myself the duties of the fast-day, [2] I will eat nothing in the evening, and all night I will keep the moral law, and in this way I shall have kept half the fast-day." "Very good, Sir," they said. And he went home and did so. Now one day as he was seated at judgment, a certain woman, who kept the moral precepts, had a

case on, and not being able to go home, she thought, "I will not transgress the observance of the fast-day," and as the time drew near, she began to rinse her mouth. At that moment a lump of ripe mangoes was brought to the brahmin. He perceived that the woman was keeping the fast and said, "Eat this and so keep the fast." She did so. So much for the action of the brahmin. By and bye he died and was born again in the Himalaya country, in a lovely spot on the bank of the Kosiki branch of the Ganges, in a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, on a splendid royal couch in a golden palace. He was born again like one just awakened from sleep, well dressed and adorned, of exceeding beauty of form, and accompanied by sixteen thousand nymphs. All night long he enjoys this glory, for by being born as a Spirit in a phantom palace [1] his reward is corresponding to his deed. So at the approach of dawn he enters a mango-grove, and at the moment of his entrance his divine body disappears, he assumes a form as big as a palm tree, eighty cubits high, and his whole body is ablaze like a judas-tree in full flower. He has but one

finger on each hand, while his nails are as big as spades, and with these nails he digs into the flesh on his back and tearing it out eats it, and mad with the pain he suffers, he gives utterance to a loud cry. At sunset this body vanishes and his divine form reappears. Heavenly dancing girls, with various musical instruments in their hands, attend upon him, and in the enjoyment of great honour he ascends to a divine palace in a charming mango-grove. Thus did he, as the result of giving a mango fruit to a woman who was keeping a fast, acquire a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, but, in consequence of receiving bribes and giving false judgments, [3] he tears and eats the flesh from off his own back, whilst, owing to the fact of his having kept half the fast, he enjoys glory every night, surrounded by an escort of sixteen thousand dancing nymphs.

About this time the king of Benares, conscious of the sinfulness of desires, adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in a hut of leaves, in a pleasant spot on the lower Ganges, subsisting on what he could pick up. Now one day a ripe mango from that grove, the size of a large bowl, fell into the Ganges and was carried by the stream to a spot opposite the landing place used by this ascetic. As he was rinsing his mouth, he saw the mango floating in mid-stream, and crossing over he took and brought it to his hermitage and placed it in the cell where his sacred fire was kept [2]. Then, splitting it up with a knife, he ate just enough to support life, and covering up the rest with the leaves of the plantain tree, he repeatedly day by day ate of it, as long as it lasted. And when it was all consumed, he could not eat any other kind of fruit, but being a slave to his appetite for dainties, he vowed he would eat only ripe mango, and

going down to the river bank he sat looking at the stream, determined never to get up till he had found a mango. So he fasted there for six consecutive days, and sat looking for the fruit, till he was dried up by the wind and heat. Now on the seventh day a goddess of the river, by reflecting on the matter, found out the reason of his action, and thinking, "This ascetic, being the slave of his appetite, has sat fasting seven days, looking at the Ganges: it is wrong to deny him a ripe mango: for without it he will perish; I will give him one." So she came and stood in the air above the Ganges, and conversing with him uttered the first stanza:

Why dost thou on this river bank through summer heat remain?

Brahmin, what is thy secret hope? What purpose would’st thou gain?

[4] The ascetic on hearing this repeated nine stanzas:

Afloat upon the stream, fair nymph, a mango I did see;

With outstretched hand I seized the fruit and brought it home with me.

So sweet it was in taste and smell, I deemed it quite a prize;
Its comely shape might vie with biggest water-jar in size.

I hid it mid some plantain leaves, and sliced it with a knife;
A little served as food and drink to one of simple life.

My store is spent, my pangs appeased, but still I must regret,
In other fruits that I may find, no relish I can get.

I pine away; that mango sweet I rescued from the wave
Will bring about my death, I fear. No other fruit I crave.

I've told you why it is I fast, though dwelling by a stream
Whose broadening waves with every fish that swims are said to teem.

And now I pray thee tell to me, and flee thou not in fear,
O lovely maiden, who thou art, and wherefore thou art here.

Fair are the handmaids of the gods, like burnished gold are they,
Graceful as tiger brood along their mountain slopes that play.

Here also in the world of men are women fair to see,
But none amongst or gods or men may be compared to thee.
I ask thee then, O lovely nymph, endowed with heavenly grace,
Declare to me thy name and kin and whence derived thy race.

[5] Then the goddess uttered eight stanzas:

O'er this fair stream, by which thou sitst, O brahmin, I preside,

And dwell in vasty depths below, 'neath Ganges' rolling tide.

All clad with forest growth I own a thousand mountain caves,
Whence flow as many flooded streams to mingle with my waves.

[6] Each wood and grove, to Nāgas dear, sends forth full many a rill,
And yields its store of waters blue, my ample course to fill.

Oft borne upon these tribute streams are fruits from every tree,
Rose-apples, bread-fruit, dates and figs, with mangoes one may see.

And all that grows on either bank and falls within my reach,
I claim as lawful prize, and none my title may impeach.

Well knowing this, hearken to me, O wise and learned king,
Cease to indulge thy heart's desire—renounce the cursed thing.

O ruler erst of broad domains, thy act I cannot praise,

To long for death, in prime of youth, great folly, sure, betrays.

Brahmins and angels, gods and men, all know thy deed and name,
And saints who by their holiness attain on earth to fame—
Yea, all that wise and famous are, thy sinful act proclaim.

[7] Then the ascetic uttered four stanzas:

One who knows how frail our life is, and how transient things of sense,

Never thinks to slay another, but abides in innocence.

Honoured once by saints in council, owner of a virtuous name,
Now with sinful men conversing, thou dost win an evil fame.

Were I on thy banks to perish, nymph with comely form endowed,
Ill repute would rest upon thee, like the shadow of a cloud.

Therefore, goddess fair, I pray thee, every sinful deed eschew,
Lest, a bye-word of the people, thou have cause my death to rue.

[8] On hearing him, the goddess replied in five stanzas:

Well I know the secret longing, thine to bear so patiently,

And I yield myself thy servant and the mango give to thee.

Lo! foregoing sinful pleasures, pleasures hard to be resigned,

Thou hast gained, to keep for ever, holiness and peace of mind.

He that, freed from early bondage, hugs the chains he once forswore,
Rashly treading ways unholy, ever sinneth more and more.

I will grant thy earnest craving, and will bid thy troubles cease,
Guiding thee to cool recesses, where thou mayst abide in peace.

Herons, maynah birds and cuckoos, with the ruddy geese that love
Nectar from the bloom to gather, swans aloft in troops that move,
Paddy-birds and lordly peacocks, with their song awake the grove.

Saffron and kadamba blossoms lie as chaff upon the ground,
Ripest dates, the palms adorning, hang in clusters all around,
And, amidst the loaded branches, see how mangoes here abound!

[9] And singing the praises of the place she transported the ascetic thither, and, bidding him eat mangoes in this grove till he had satisfied his hunger, she went her way. The ascetic, eating mangoes till he had appeased his appetite, rested awhile. Then, as he wandered in the grove, he spied this Spirit in a state of suffering and he had not the heart to utter a word to him, but at sunset he beheld him attended by nymphs and in the enjoyment of heavenly glory and addressed him in three stanzas:

All the night anointed, fēted, with a crown upon thy brow,

Neck and arms bedecked with jewels—all the day in anguish thou!

Many thousand nymphs attend thee. What a magic power is this!
How amazing thus to vary from a state of woe to bliss!

What has led to thy undoing? What the sin that thou dost rue?
Why from thine own back dost ever eat the flesh each day anew?

[10] The Spirit recognized him and said, "You do not recognize me, but I was once your chaplain. This happiness that I enjoy in the night is due to you, as the result of my keeping half the fast-day; while the

suffering I experience by day is the result of the evil that I wrought. For I was set by you on the seat of judgment, and I took bribes and gave false decisions, and was a backbiter, and in consequence of the evil that I wrought by day, I now undergo this suffering," and he uttered a couple of stanzas:

Once in holy lore delighting I in sinful toils was cast,

Working evil for my neighbour, through the lengthening years I passed.

He that shall, backbiting others, love on their good name to prey,
Flesh from his own back will ever rend and eat, as I to-day.

And so saying, he asked the ascetic why he had come here. The ascetic told all his story at length. "And now, holy sir," the Spirit said, "will you stay here or go away?" "I will not stay, I will return to my hermitage." The Spirit said, "Very well, holy sir, I will constantly supply you with a ripe mango," and by an exercise of his magic power he transported him to his hermitage, and, bidding him dwell there contentedly, he exacted a promise from him and went his way. Thenceforth the Spirit constantly supplied

him with the mango fruit. The ascetic, in the enjoyment of the fruit, performed the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation and was destined to the Brahma-world.

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[11] The Master, having finished his lesson to the lay folk, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:--At the conclusion of the Truths, some attained to the First Path, some to the Second, and others to the Third Path:—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic was myself."

Footnotes

1:1 On the observance of *póya (uposatha)* days cf. Hardy's *Eastern Monachism,* p. 237: "fasting" includes doing no wrong to one's neighbour.

2:1 Cf. vol. i. p. 240. 5 (Pali).

2:2 Cf. *Mahāvagga*, i. 15. 2.

No. 512.

KUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"Who art thou," etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning five hundred women, friends of Visākhā, who were drinkers of strong drink. Now the story goes that a drinking festival was proclaimed at Sāvatthi, and these five hundred women, after providing fiery drink for their masters, at the end of the festival thought, "We too will keep the feast," and they all went to Visākhā and said, "Friend, we will keep the feast." She replied, "This is a drinking festival. I will drink no strong drink." They said, "Do you then give an offering to the supreme Buddha: we will keep the feast." She readily assented and sent them away. And after entertaining the Master, and making him a large offering, set out at eventide for Jetavana, with many a scented wreath in her hand, to hear the preaching of the Law, attended by these Women. Now they were eager for drink, when they started with her, and, when they stood in the gabled chamber, they took strong drink, and then accompanied

Visākhā into the presence of the Master. Visākhā saluted the Master and sat respectfully on one side. Some of the other women danced even before the Master; some sang; others made improper movements with their hands and feet; others quarrelled. The Master, in order to give them a shock, emitted a ray of light from his eyebrow; and this was followed by blinding darkness. These women were terrified and frightened with the fear of death, and so the effect of the strong drink wore off The

Master, disappearing from the throne on which he was seated, took his stand on the top of Mount Sineru, and emitted a ray of light from the hairs between his eyebrows [1], like as if it had been the rising of a thousand moons. The Master, just as he stood there, to produce a sensation amongst these women, spoke this stanza:

[2]No place for laughter here, no room for joy,
The flames of passion suffering worlds destroy.
Why overwhelmed in darkest night, I pray,
Seek ye no torch to light you on your way?

At the end of the stanza all the five hundred women were established in the fruition of the First Path. The Master came and sat down on the Buddha seat, in the shade of the Perfumed Chamber. Then Visākhā saluted him and asked, "Holy sir, whence has arisen this drinking of strong drink, that does violence to a man's honour and to a tender conscience?" And telling her he related a story of the past.

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[12] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was ruling in Benares, a forester, named Sura, who dwelt in the kingdom of Kāsi, went to the Himalayas, to seek for articles of merchandise. There was a certain tree there that sprang up to the height of a man with his arms extended over his head, and then divided into three parts. In the midst of its three forks was a hole as big as a wine jar, and when it rained this hole was filled with water. Round about it grew two myrobalan [3] plants and a pepper shrub; and the ripe fruits from these, when they were cut down, fell into the hole. Not far from this tree was some self-sown paddy. The parrots would pluck the heads of rice and eat them, perched on

this tree. And while they were eating, the paddy and the husked rice fell there. So the water, fermenting through the sun's heat, assumed a blood-red colour. In the hot season flocks of birds, being thirsty, drank of it, and becoming intoxicated fell down at the foot of the tree, and after sleeping awhile flew away, chirping merrily. And the same thing happened in the case of wild dogs, monkeys and other creatures. The forester, on seeing this, said, "If this were poison they would die, but after a short sleep they go away as they list; it is no poison." And he himself drank of it, and becoming intoxicated he felt a desire to eat flesh, and then making a fire he killed the partridges and cocks that fell down at the foot of the tree, and roasted their flesh on the live coals, and gesticulating with one hand, and eating flesh with the other, he remained one or two days in the same

spot. Now not far from here lived an ascetic, named Varuṇa. The forester at other times also used to visit him, and the thought now struck him, "I will drink this liquor with the ascetic." So he filled a reed-pipe with it, and taking it together with some roast meat he came to the hut of leaves and said, "Holy sir, [13] taste this liquor," and they both drank it and ate the meat. So from the fact of this drink having been discovered by Sura and Varuṇa, it was called by their names (surā and vāruṇī). They both thought, "This is the way to manage it," and they filled their reed-pipes, and taking it on a carrying-pole they came to a neighbouring village, and sent a message to the king that some wine merchants had come. The king sent for them and they offered him the drink. The king drank it two or three times and got intoxicated. This lasted him only one or two days. Then he asked them if there was any more. "Yes, sir," they said. "Where?" "In the

Himalayas, sir." "Then bring it here." They went and fetched it two or three times. Then thinking, "We can't always be going there," they took note of all the constituent parts, and, beginning with the bark of the tree, they threw in all the other ingredients, and made the drink in the city. The men of the city drank it and became idle wretches. And the place became like a deserted city. Then these wine merchants fled from it and came to Benares, and sent a message to the king, to announce their arrival. The king sent for them and paid them money, and they made wine there too. And that city also perished in the same way. Thence they fled to Sāketa, and from Sāketa they came to Sāvatthi. At that time there was a king named Sabbamitta in Sāvatthi. He shewed favour to these men and asked them what they wanted. When they said, "We want the chief ingredients and ground rice and five hundred jars," he gave them everything they asked for. So they stored the liquor in the five hundred jars, and, to guard them, they bound cats, one to each jar. And, when the liquor fermented and began to escape, the cats drank the strong drink that flowed from the inside of the jars, and getting intoxicated they lay down to sleep; and rats came and bit off the cats' ears, noses, teeth and tails. The king's officers came and told the king, "The cats have died from drinking the liquor." [14] The king said, "Surely these men must be makers of poison," and he ordered them both to be beheaded and they died, crying out, "Give us strong drink, give us mead [1]." The king, after putting the men to death, gave orders that the jars should be broken. But the cats, when the effect of the liquor wore off, got up and walked about and played. When they saw this, they told the king. The king said, "If it were poison, they would have died; it must be mead; we will drink it." So he had the city decorated, and set up a pavilion in the palace yard and taking his seat in this splendid pavilion on a

royal throne with a white umbrella raised over it, and surrounded by

his courtiers, he began to drink. Then Sakka, the king of heaven, said, "Who are there that in the duty of service to mother and the like diligently fulfil the three kinds of right conduct?" And, looking upon the world, he saw the king seated to drink strong drink and he thought, "If he shall drink strong drink, all India will perish: I will see that he shall not drink it." So, placing a jar full of the liquor in the palm of his hand, he went, disguised as a brahmin, and stood in the air, in the presence of the king, and cried, "Buy this jar, buy this jar." King Sabbamitta, on seeing him standing in the air and speaking after this manner, said, "Whence can this brahmin come?" and conversing with him he repeated three stanzas:

Who art thou, Being from on high,
  Whose form emits bright rays of light,
Like levin flash athwart the sky,
  Or moon illuming darkest night?

To ride the pathless air upon,
  To move or stand in silent space—
Real is the power that thou hast won,
  And proves thou art of godlike race.

Then, brahmin, who thou art declare,
  And what within thy jar may be,
[15] That thus appearing in mid air,
  Thou fain wouldst sell thy wares to me.

Then Sakka said, "Hearken then to me," and, expounding the evil qualities of strong drink, he said:

This jar nor oil nor ghee doth hold,
No honey or molasses here,
But vices more than can be told
Are stored within its rounded sphere.

Who drinks will fall, poor silly fool,
Into some hole or pit impure,
Or headlong sink in loathsome pool
And eat what he would fain abjure.
Buy then, O king, this jar of mine,
Full to the brim of strongest wine.

Who drinks, with wits distracted quite,
Like grazing ox that loves to stray,
[16] Wanders in mind, a helpless wight,
And sings and dances all the day.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks will run all shamelessly,
Like nude ascetic thro' the town,
And late take rest—so dazed is he—
Forgetting when to lay him down.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks, like one moved with alarm,
Totters, as tho' he could not stand,
And trembling shakes his head and arm,
Like wooden puppet worked by hand.
Buy then &c.

Who drink are burned to death in bed,
Or else a prey to jackals fall,
To bondage or to death are led,
And suffer loss of goods withal.
Buy then &c.

Who drinks is lost to decency
And talks of things that are obscene,

Will sit undressed in company,
  Is sick and every way unclean.
Buy then &c.

Uplifted is the man that drinks,
  His vision is by no means clear,
The world is all my own, he thinks,
  I own no earthly lord as peer.
Buy then &c.

Wine is a thing of boastful pride,
  An ugly, naked, cowardly imp,
To strife and calumny allied,
  A home to shelter thief and pimp.
Buy then &c.

Tho' families may wealthy be,
  And countless treasures may enjoy,
Holding earth's richest gifts in fee,
  This will their heritage destroy.
Buy then &c.

Silver and gold and household gear,
  Oxen and fields and stores of grain—
All, all is lost: strong drink, I fear,
  Has proved of wealthy home the bane.
Buy then &c.

[17] The man that drinks is filled with pride,
  And his own parents will revile,
Or, ties of blood and kin defied,
  Will dare the marriage bed defile.
Buy then &c.

She too that drinks will in her pride
  Her husband and his sire revile,
And, dignity of race defied,
  A slave to folly will beguile.
Buy then &c.

The man that drinks will dare to slay
  A righteous priest or brahmin true,
And then in suffering worlds for aye

The sinful deed will have to rue.
Buy then &c.

Who drink will sin in triple wise,
In word, in action, and in thought,
Then sink to Hell, to agonize
For all the evil they have wrought.
Buy then &c.

The man from whom men beg in vain,
E’en at the cost of heaps of gold,
From him when drunk their point they gain
And readily the lie is told.
Buy then &c.

Should one that drinks a message bear
And lo! some great emergency
Should suddenly arise, he'll swear
The thing has slipped his memory.
Buy then &c.

E’en modest folk, intoxicate
With wine, will most indecent be,
And wisest men, when drunk, will prate
And babble very foolishly.
Buy then &c.

Thro’ drink men, fasting, lie about,
The hard bare ground their resting place,
Huddled like swine, a shameless rout,
They undergo most foul disgrace.
Buy then &c.

Like oxen smitten to the ground
[1]Collapsing, in a heap they lie;
[18] Such fire is in strong liquor found,
No power of man with it can vie.
Buy then &c.

When all men, as from deadly snake,
In terror from the poison shrink,
What hero bold enough to slake
His thirst from such a fatal drink?
Buy then &c.

'Twas after drinking this, I ween,
The [2]Andhakas and Vṛishṇi race,
Roaming along the shore, were seen
To fall, each by his kinsman's mace.
Buy then &c.

Angels infatuate with wine
Fell from eternal heaven, O king,
With all their magic power divine:
Then who would taste the accursed thing?
Buy then &c.

Nor curds nor honey sweet is here,
But evermore remembering
What's stored within this rounded sphere,
Buy, prithee, buy my jar, O king.

[19] On hearing this the king, recognizing the misery caused by drink, was so pleased with Sakka that he sang his praises in two stanzas:

[20]

No parents had I sage to teach, like thee,

But thou art kind and merciful, I see;

A seeker of the Highest Truth alway;

Therefore I will obey thy words to-day.

Lo! five choice villages I own are thine,
Twice fifty handmaids, seven hundred kine,
And these ten cars with steeds of purest blood,
For thou hast counselled me to mine own good.

Sakka on hearing this revealed his godhead [1] and made himself known, and standing in the air he repeated two stanzas:

These hundred slaves, O king, may still be thine,
And eke the villages and herds of kine;
No chariots yoked to high-bred steeds I claim;
Sakka, chief god of Thirty Three, my name.

Enjoy thy ghee, rice, milk and sodden meat,
Still be content thy honey cakes to eat.
Thus, king, delighting in the Truths I've preached,
Pursue thy blameless path, till Heaven is reached.

Thus did Sakka admonish him and then returned to his abode in Heaven. And the king, abstaining from strong drink, ordered the drinking vessels to be broken. And undertaking to keep the precepts and dispensing alms, he became destined to Heaven. But the drinking of strong drink gradually developed in India.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was Sakka."

Footnotes

6:1 This manifestation is abundantly illustrated in Buddhist art, especially in that of the *Mahāyāna* school.

6:2 *Dhammapada,* p. 146.

6:3 Of different kinds, *Terminalia Chebula* and *Emblica officinalis.*

7:1 Another reading has, "Wine, O king, mead, O king."

10:1 *Pattakkhandhā.* Cf. note on *Cullavagga,* iv. 4. 7, Translation by Davids and Oldenberg, p. 13.

10:2 See Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāṇa* (Hall's ed.), vol. v. pp. 147-149. Cf. Jātaka, vol. IV. 81, vol. v. 267.

No. 513.

JAYADDISA-JĀTAKA.

[21] *"Lo! after," etc.*—This story the Master told of a Brother who supported his mother. The introductory story is like that told in the [2]Sāma Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, "Sages of old gave up the white umbrella with its golden wreath to support their parents," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there lived a king in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, in the kingdom of Kampilla, named Pañcāla. His queen consort conceived and bare a son. In a former existence her rival in the harem, being in a rage, said, "Some day I shall be able to devour your offspring," and putting up a prayer to this effect she was turned into an ogress. Then she found her opportunity and, seizing the child before the very eyes of the queen and crunching and devouring it as if it were a piece of raw flesh, she made off. A second time she did exactly the same thing, but on the third occasion, when the queen had entered into her lying-in chamber, a guard surrounded the palace and kept a strict watch. On the day when she brought forth, the ogress

again appeared and seized the child. The queen uttered a loud cry of "Ogress," and armed soldiers, running up when the alarm was given by the queen, went in pursuit of the ogress. Not having time to devour the child, she fled and hid herself in a sewer. The child, taking the ogress for its mother, put its lips to her breast, and she conceived a mother's love for the infant, and

repairing to a cemetery she hid him in a rock-cave and watched over him. And as he gradually grew up, she brought and gave him human flesh, and they both lived on this food. The boy did not know that he was a human being; but, though he believed himself to be the son of the ogress, he could not get rid of or conceal his bodily form. So to bring this about she gave him a certain root. And by virtue of this root he concealed his form and continued to live on human flesh. Now the ogress went away to do service to the great king Vessavaṇa [1], and died then and there. But the queen for the fourth time [22] gave birth to a boy, and because the ogress was now dead, he was safe, and from the fact of his being born victorious over his enemy the ogress, he was called Jayaddisa (prince Victor). As soon as he was grown up and thoroughly educated in all learning, he assumed the sovereignty by raising the umbrella, and ruled over the kingdom. At that time his queen consort gave birth to the Bodhisatta, and they called him prince Alīnasattu. When he grew up and was fully instructed in all learning, he became viceroy. But the son of the ogress by carelessly destroying the root was unable to hide himself, but living in the cemetery he devoured human flesh in a visible form. People on seeing him were alarmed, and came and complained to the king: "Sire, an ogre in a visible shape is eating human flesh in the cemetery. In course of time he will find his way into the city and kill and eat the people. You ought to have him caught." The king readily assented, and gave orders for his seizure. An armed force was stationed all round the city. The son of the ogress, naked and horrible to look upon, with the fear of death upon him, cried aloud and sprang into the midst of the soldiers. They, with a cry of "Here's the ogre," alarmed for their very lives, broke into two divisions and fled. And the ogre, escaping from thence, hid himself in the forest and no longer approached the haunts of men. And he took up his abode at the

foot of a banyan tree near a high-road through the forest, and as people travelled by it, he would seize them one by one, and entering the wood killed and ate them. Now a brahmin, at the head of a caravan, gave a thousand pieces of money to the warders of the forest, and was journeying along the road with five hundred waggons. The ogre in human shape leaped upon them with a roar. The men fled in terror and lay grovelling on the ground. He seized the brahmin, And

being wounded by a splinter of wood as he was fleeing, and being hotly pursued by the forest rangers, he dropped the brahmin and went and lay down at the foot of the tree where he dwelt. On the seventh day after this, king Jayaddisa proclaimed a hunt and set out from the city. Just as he was starting, [23] a native of Takkasilā, a brahmin named Nanda, who supported his parents, came into the king's presence, bringing four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money [1]. The king stopped to listen to them, and ordered a dwelling-place to be assigned to him. Then going to the chase, he said, "That man on whose side the deer escapes shall pay the brahmin for his verses." Then a spotted antelope was started, and making straight for the king escaped. The courtiers all laughed heartily. The king grasped his sword, and pursuing the animal came up with it after a distance of three leagues, and with a blow from his sword he severed it in two and hung the carcase on his carrying-pole. Then, as he returned, he came to the spot where the man-ogre was sitting, and after resting for a while on the kuça grass, he essayed to go on. Then the ogre rose up and cried "Halt! where are you going? You are my prey," and seizing him by the hand, he spoke the first stanza:

Lo! after my long seven days' fast
A mighty prey appears at last!
Pray tell me, art thou known to fame?
I fain would hear thy race and name.

The king was terrified at the sight of the ogre, and, becoming as rigid as a pillar, was unable to flee; but, recovering his presence of mind, he spoke the second stanza:

Jayaddisa, if known to thee,
Pañcāla's king I claim to be:
Hunting thro’ fen and wood I stray:
Eat thou this deer; free me, I pray.

[24] The ogre, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

To save thy skin, thou offerest me for food
This quarry, king, to which my claim is good:
Know I will eat thee first, and yet not balk
My taste for venison: cease from idle talk.

The king, on hearing this, called to mind the brahmin Nanda, and spoke the fourth stanza:

Should I not purchase the release I crave,
Yet let me keep the promise that I gave
A brahmin friend. To-morrow's dawn shall see
My honour saved, and my return to thee.

The ogre, on hearing this, spoke the fifth stanza:

Standing so near to death, what is the thing
That thus doth sorely trouble thee, O king?
Tell me the truth, that so perhaps we may
Consent to let thee go for one brief day.

[25] The king, explaining the matter, spoke the sixth stanza:

A promise once I to a brahmin made;
That promise still is due, that debt unpaid:
The vow fulfilled, to-morrow's dawn shall see
My honour saved, and my return to thee.

On hearing this, the ogre spoke the seventh stanza:

A promise to a brahmin thou hast made;
That promise still is due, that vow unpaid.
Fulfil thy vow, and let to-morrow see
Thy honour saved and thy return to me.

And having thus spoken, he let the king go. And he, being allowed to depart, said, "Do not be troubled about me; I will return at daybreak," and, taking note of certain landmarks by the way, he returned to his army, and with this escort made his entrance into the city. Then he summoned the brahmin Nanda, seated him on a splendid throne, and, after hearing his verses, presented him with four thousand pieces of money. And he made the brahmin mount a chariot and sent him away, bidding his servants conduct him straight to Takkasilā. On the next day, being anxious to return, he called his son, and thus instructed him.

The Master, to explain the matter, spoke two stanzas:

Escaped from cruel goblin he did come

Full of sweet longings to his lovely home:

[26] His word to brahmin friend he never broke,

But thus to dear Alīnasattu spoke.

"My son, reign thou anointed king to-day
Ruling o’er friend and foe with righteous sway;
Let no injustice mar thy happy state;
I now from cruel goblin seek my fate."

The prince, on hearing this, spoke the tenth stanza:

Fain would I learn what act or word

Lost me the favour of my lord,

That thou shouldst raise me to the throne

Which, losing thee, I would not own.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the next stanza:

Dear son, I fail to call to mind

A single word or act unkind,

But now that honour's debt is paid,

I'll keep the vow to ogre made.

[27] The prince, on hearing this, spoke a stanza:

Nay, I will go and thou stay here;

No hope of safe return, I fear.

But shouldst thou go, I'll follow thee

And both alike will cease to be.

On hearing this, the king spoke a stanza:

With thee doth moral law agree,
But life would lose all charm for me,
If on wood-spit this ogre grim
Should roast and eat thee, limb by limb.

Hearing this, the prince spoke a stanza:

If from this ogre thou wilt fly,
For thee I am prepared to die:
Yea, gladly would I die, O king,
If only life to thee I bring.

[28] On hearing this the king, recognizing his son's virtue, accepted his offer, saying, "Well, go, dear son." And so he bade his parents farewell and left the city.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke half a stanza:

Then the brave prince to his dear parents bade
A last farewell, with low obeisance made.

Then his parents and his sister and wife and the courtiers went forth from the city with him. And the prince here inquired of his father as to the way, and, after making careful arrangements and having admonished the others, he ascended the road and made for the abode of the ogre, as fearless as a maned lion. His mother, seeing him depart, could not restrain herself and fell fainting on the earth. His father, stretching out his arms, wept aloud.

The Master, making the matter clear, spoke the other half stanza:

His sire with outstretched arms, his son to stay,
Wept sore. His mother, grieving, swooned away.

And, thus making clear the prayer uttered by the father and the Act of Truth repeated by the mother and sister and wife, he uttered yet four more stanzas:

But when his son had vanished quite
From his despairing father's sight,
    With hands upraised the gods he praised
Kings Varuna and Soma hight,
Brahma and lords of Day and Night.
By these kept safe and sound of limb,
Escape, dear son, from ogre grim."

[29]

"As Rāma's fair-limbed mother won [1]
Salvation for her absent son,
When woods of Daṇḍaka he sought,
So for my child is freedom wrought;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed."

"Brother, in thee no fault at all
Open or secret I recall;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed."

"Void of offence art thou to me,
I too, my lord, bear love to thee;
And by this Act of Truth I've charmed
The gods to bring thee home unharmed."

[30] And the prince, following his father's directions, set out on the road to the dwelling of the ogre. But the ogre thought, "Kshatriyas have many wiles: who knows what will happen?" and climbing the tree he sat looking out for the coming of the king. On seeing the prince, he thought, "The son has stopped his father and is coming himself. There's no fear about him." And descending from the tree he sat with his back to him. On coming up the youth stood in front of the ogre, who then spoke this stanza:

Whence art thou, youth so fair and fine?
Knowest thou this forest realm is mine?
They hold their lives but cheap who come
Where savage ogres find a home.

Hearing this, the youth spoke this stanza:

I know thee, cruel ogre, well;
Within this forest thou dost dwell.
Jayaddisa's true son stands here:
Eat me and free my father dear.

Then the ogre spoke this stanza:

Jayaddisa's true son I know;
Thy looks confess that it is so.
[31] A hardship surely ‘tis for thee
To die, to set thy father free.

Then the youth spoke this stanza:

No mighty deed is this, I feel,
To die, and for a father's weal

And mother's love to pass away
And win the bliss of heaven for aye.

On hearing this, the ogre said, "There is no creature, prince, that

is not afraid of death. Why are not you afraid?" And he told him the reason and recited two stanzas:

No evil deed of mine at all,
Open or secret, I recall:
Well weighed are birth and death by me,
As here, so ’tis in worlds to be.

Eat me to-day, O mighty one,
And do the deed that must be done.
I'll fall down dead from some high tree,
Then eat my flesh, as pleaseth thee.

[32] The ogre, on hearing his words, was terrified and said, "One cannot eat this man's flesh"; and, thinking by some stratagem to make him run away, he said:

If ’tis thy will to sacrifice
    Thy life, young prince, to free thy sire,
Then go in haste is my advice
    And gather sticks to light a fire.

Having so done, the youth returned to him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke another stanza:

Then the brave prince did gather wood
And, rearing high a mighty pyre,
Cried, lighting it, "prepare thy food;
See! I have made a goodly fire."

The ogre, when he saw the prince had returned and made a fire, said, "This is a lion-hearted fellow. Death has no terrors for him. Up to this time I have never seen so fearless a man." And he sat there, astounded, from time to time looking at the youth. And he, seeing what the ogre was about, spoke this stanza:

Stand not and gaze in dumb amaze,
  Take me and slay, and eat, I pray,
[33] While still alive, I will contrive
  To make thee fain to eat to-day.

Then the ogre, hearing his words, spoke this stanza:

One so truthful, kindly, just,
  Surely never may be eaten,
Or his head, who eats thee, must
  Be to sevenfold pieces beaten.

The prince, on hearing this, said, "If you do not want to eat me, why did you bid me break sticks and make a fire?" and when the ogre replied, "It was to test you; for I thought you would run away," the prince said, "How now will you test me, seeing that, when in an animal form, I allowed

Sakka, king of heaven, to put my virtue to the test?" And with these words he spoke this stanza:—

[1]To Indra once like some poor brahmin drest
The hare did offer its own flesh to eat;
Thenceforth its form was on the moon imprest;
That gracious orb as Yakkha now we greet.

[34] The ogre, on hearing this, let the prince go and said,

As the clear moon from Rāhu's grip set free
Shines at midmonth with wonted brilliancy,
So too do thou, Kampilla's lord of might,
Escaped from ogre, shed the joyous light
Of thy bright presence, sorrowing friends to cheer,
And bring back gladness to thy parents dear.

And saying, "Go, heroic soul," he let the Great Being depart. And having made the ogre humble, he taught him the five moral laws, and, wishing to put it to the test whether or not he was an ogre, he thought, "The eyes of ogres are red and do not wink. They cast no shadow and are free from all fear. This is no ogre; it is a man. They say my father had three brothers carried off by an ogress; two of them must have been devoured by her, and one will have been cherished by her with the love of a mother for her child: this must be he. I will take him with me and tell my father, and have him established on the throne." And so thinking he cried, "Ho! Sir, you are no ogre; you are my father's elder brother. Well, come with me and raise your umbrella as emblem of sovereignty in your ancestral kingdom." And when he replied, "I am not a man," the prince said, "You do not believe me. Is there any one you will believe?" "Yes," he said, "there is in such and such a place an ascetic gifted with supernatural vision." So he

took the ogre with him and went there. The ascetic no sooner caught sight of them than he said, "With what object are you two descendants from a common ancestor walking here?" And with these words he told them how they were related. The man-eater believed and said, "Dear friend, do you go home: as for me, I am born with two natures in one form. I have no wish to be a king. I'll become an ascetic." So he was ordained to the religious life by the ascetic. Then the prince saluted him and returned to the city.

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[35] The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

Then did bold prince Alīnasattu pay
    All due obeisance to that ogre grim,
And free once more did wend his happy way
    Back to Kampilla, safe and sound of limb.

And when the youth reached the city, the Master explained to the townsfolk and the rest what the prince had done, and spoke the last stanza:

Thus faring forth afoot from town and country side,
    Lo! eager throngs proclaim
    The doughty hero's name,
Or as aloft on car or elephant they ride
    With homage due they come
    To lead the victor home.

The king heard that the prince had returned and set out to meet him, and the prince, escorted by a great multitude, came and

saluted the king. And he asked him, saying, "Dear son, how have you escaped from so terrible an ogre?" And he said, "Dear father, he is no ogre; he is your elder brother and my uncle." And he told him all about it and said, "You must go and see my uncle." The king at once ordered a drum to be beaten, and set out with a great retinue to visit the ascetics. The chief ascetic told them the whole story in full; how the child had been carried off by an ogress, and how instead of eating him she had brought him up as an ogre, and how they were related one to another. The king said, "Come, brother, do you reign as king." "No, thank you, Sire," he replied. "Then come and take up your abode in our park and I will supply you with the four requisites." He refused to come. Then the king made a settlement on a certain mountain, not far from their hermitage, and, forming a lake, prepared cultivated fields and, bringing a thousand families with much treasure, he founded a big village and instituted a system of almsgiving for the ascetics. This village grew into the town Cullakammāsadamma.

[36] The region where the ogre was tamed by the Great Being Sutasoma was to be known as the town of Mahākammāsadamma [1].

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the elder who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the king's household, the ascetic was Sāriputta, the man-eater was Aṅgulimāla, the young sister was Uppalavaṇṇā, the queen consort was Rāhula's mother, prince Alīnasattu was myself."

Footnotes

11:1 Should we not read *devatta-* for *devadatta-*?

11:2 Vol. VI. No. 540. Cf. also vol. IV. No. 510 *Ayogharajātaka.*

12:1 One of the four great demon-kings, the Hindū Plutus.

13:1 He ultimately gets four thousand pieces.

16:1 See *Rāmāyaṇa,* book iii.

18:1 See No. 316 Sasajātaka, vol. iii. p. 34 (English version). The commentary adds that in the present Kalpa the moon is marked by a yakkha instead of a hare.

19:1 The founding of a place of this name occurs at the end of the Mahāsutasoma-Jātaka, vol. v. p. 511.

No. 514.

CHADDANTA-JATAKA. [1]

"Large-eyed and peerless one," etc.—This was a story the Master, while sojourning at Jetavana, told of a female novice. A girl of good family at Sāvatthi, they say, recognizing the misery of the lay life, embraced asceticism, and one day went with other Sisters to hear the Law from the Bodhisatta, as he sat preaching from a magnificent throne, and observing his person to be endued with extreme beauty of form arising from the power of illimitable merit, she thought, "I wonder whether in a former existence those I once ministered to were this man's wives." Then at that very moment the recollection of former existences came back to her. "In the time of Chaddanta, the elephant, I was previously existing as this man's wife." And at the remembrance great joy and gladness sprang up in her heart. In her joyous excitement she laughed aloud as she thought, "Few wives are well disposed to their husbands; most of them are ill disposed. I wonder if I were well or ill disposed to this man." And calling back her remembrance, she perceived that she had harboured a slight grudge in her heart against Chaddanta, the mighty lord of elephants, who measured one hundred and twenty cubits, and had sent Sonuttara, a hunter, who with a poisoned arrow wounded and killed him. Then her sorrow awoke and her heart grew hot within her, and being unable to control her feelings, bursting into sobs she wept aloud. On Seeing this the Master broke into a smile, and on being asked by the assembly of the Brethren, "What, Sir, was the cause of your smiling?" he said,

"Brethren, this young Sister wept, on recalling a sin she once committed against me." And so saying he told a story of the past.

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[37] Once upon a time eight thousand royal elephants, by the exercise of supernatural powers moving through the air, dwelt near lake Chaddanta in the Himalayas. At this time the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the chief elephant. He was a pure white, with red feet and face. By and bye, when grown up, he was eighty-eight cubits high, one hundred and twenty cubits long. He had a trunk like to a silver rope, fifty-eight cubits long, and tusks fifteen cubits in circumference, thirty cubits long, and emitting six-coloured rays. He was the chief of a herd of eight thousand elephants and paid honour to pacceka buddhas. His two head queens were Cullasubhaddā and Mahāsubhaddā. The king elephant, with his herd numbering eight thousand, took up his abode in a Golden Cave. Now lake Chaddanta was fifty leagues long and fifty broad. In the middle of it, for a space extending twelve leagues, no sevāla or paṇaka plant is found, and it consists of water in appearance like a magic jewel. Next to this, encircling this water, was a thicket of pure white lilies, a league in

breadth. Next to this, and encircling it, was a thicket of pure blue lotus, a league in extent. Then came white and red lotuses, red and white lilies, and white esculent lilies, each also a league in extent and each encircling the one before. Next to these seven thickets came a mixed tangle of white and other lilies, also a league in extent, and encircling all the preceding ones. Next, in

water as deep as elephants can stand in, was a thicket of red paddy. Next, in the surrounding water, was a grove of small shrubs, abounding in delicate and fragrant blossoms of blue, yellow, red and white. So these ten thickets were each a league in extent. Next came a thicket of various kinds of kidney beans. Next came a tangle of convolvulus, cucumber, pumpkin, gourd and other creepers. Then a grove of sugar-cane of the size of the areca-nut tree. Then a grove of plantains with fruit as big as elephant's tusks. [38] Then a field of paddy. Then a grove of bread-fruit of the size of a water jar. Next a grove of tamarinds with luscious fruit. Then a grove of elephant-apple trees. Then a great forest of different kinds of trees. Then a bamboo grove. Such at this time was the magnificence of this region—its present magnificence is described in the Samyutta Commentary—but surrounding the bamboo grove were seven mountains. Starting from the extreme outside first came Little Black Mountain, next Great Black Mountain, then Water Mountain, Moon Mountain, Sun Mountain, Jewel Mountain, then the seventh in order Golden Mountain. This was seven leagues in height, rising all round the lake Chaddanta, like the rim of a bowl. The inner side of it was of a golden colour. From the light that issued from it lake Chaddanta shone like the newly risen sun. But of the outer mountains, one was six leagues in height, one five, one four, one three, one two, one a single league in height. Now in the north-east corner of the lake, thus girt about with seven mountains, in a spot where the wind fell upon the water, grew a big banyan tree. Its trunk was five leagues in circumference and seven leagues in height. Four branches spread six leagues to the four points of the compass, and the branch which rose straight upwards was six leagues. So from the root upwards it was thirteen leagues in height, and from the extremity of the branches in one direction to the extremity of the

branches in the opposite direction it was twelve leagues. And the tree was furnished with eight thousand shoots and stood forth in all its beauty, like to the bare Jewel Mount. But on the west side of lake Chaddanta, in the Golden Mount, was a golden cave, twelve leagues in extent. Chaddanta the elephant king, with his following of eight thousand elephants, in the rainy season lived in the golden cave; in the hot season he stood at the foot of the great banyan tree, amongst its shoots, welcoming the breeze from off the water. Now one day they told him, "The great Sāl grove is in flower." So attended by his herd he was

minded to disport himself in the Sāl grove, [39] and going thither he struck with his frontal globe a Sāl tree in full bloom. At that moment Cullasubhaddā stood to windward, and dry twigs mixed with dead leaves and red ants fell upon her person. But Mahāsubhaddā stood to leeward, and flowers with pollen and stalks and green leaves fell on her. Thought Cullasubhaddā, "He let fall on the wife dear to him flowers and pollen and fresh stalks and leaves, but on my person he dropped a mixture of dry twigs, dead leaves and red ants. Well, I shall know what to do!" And she conceived a grudge against the Great Being. Another day the king elephant and his attendant herd went down to lake Chaddanta to bathe. Then two young elephants took bundles of usīra root in their trunks and gave him a bath, rubbing him down as it were mount Kelāsa. And when he came out of the water, they bathed the two queen elephants, and they too came out of the water and stood before the Great Being. Then the eight thousand elephants entered the lake and, disporting themselves in the water, plucked various flowers from the lake, and adorned the Great Being as if it had been a silver shrine, and afterwards

adorned the queen elephants. Then a certain elephant, as he swam about the lake, gathered a large lotus with seven shoots and offered it to the Great Being. And he, taking it in his trunk, sprinkled the pollen on his forehead and presented the flower to the chief elephant, Mahāsubhaddā. On seeing this her rival said, "This lotus with seven shoots he also gives to his favourite queen and not to me," and again she conceived a grudge against him. Now one day when the Bodhisatta had dressed luscious fruits and lotus stalks and fibres with the nectar of the flower, and was entertaining five hundred pacceka buddhas, Cullasubhaddā offered the wild fruits she had got to the pacceka buddhas, and she put up a prayer to this effect: "Hereafter, when I pass hence, may I be reborn as the royal maiden Subhaddā in the Madda king's family, and on coming of age may I attain to the dignity of queen consort to the king of Benares. Then I shall be dear and charming in his eyes, and in a position to do what I please. So I will speak to the king and send a hunter with a poisoned arrow to wound and slay this elephant. [40] And thus may I be able to have brought to me a pair of his tusks that emit six-coloured rays." Thenceforth she took no food and pining away in no long time she died, and came to life again as the child of the queen consort in the Madda kingdom, and was named Subhaddā. And when she was of a suitable age, they gave her in marriage to the king of Benares. And she was dear and pleasing in his eyes, and the chief of sixteen thousand wives. And she recalled to mind her former existences and thought, "My prayer is fulfilled; now will I have this elephant's tusks brought to me." Then she anointed her body with common oil, put on a soiled robe, and lay in bed pretending to be

sick. The king said, "Where is Subhaddā?" And hearing that she was sick, he entered the royal closet and sitting on the bed he stroked her back and uttered the first stanza:

Large-eyed and peerless one, my queen, so pale, to grief a prey,
Like wreath that's trampled under foot, why fadest thou away?

On hearing this she spoke the second stanza:

As it would seem, all in a dream, a longing sore I had;
My wish is vain this boon to gain, and that is why I'm sad.

The king, on hearing this, spoke a stanza:

All joys to which in this glad world a mortal may aspire,
Whate'er they want is mine to grant, so tell me thy desire.

On hearing this the queen said, "Great king, my desire is hard to attain; I will not now say what it is, but I would have all the hunters that there are in your kingdom gathered together. [41] Then will I tell it in the midst of them." And to explain her meaning, she spoke the next stanza:

Let hunters all obey thy call, within this realm who dwell,
And what I fain from them would gain, I'll in their presence tell.

The king agreed, and issuing forth from the royal chamber he gave orders to his ministers, saying, "Have it proclaimed by beat of drum that all the hunters that are in the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, are to assemble." They did so, and in no long time the hunters that dwelt in the kingdom of Kāsi, bringing a present according to their means, had their arrival announced to the king. Now they amounted in all to about sixty thousand. And the king, hearing that they had come,

stood at an open window and stretching forth his hand he told the queen of their arrival and said:

Here then behold our hunters bold, well trained in venery,
Theirs is the skill wild beasts to kill, and all would die for me.

The queen, on hearing this, addressed then and spoke another stanza:

Ye hunters bold, assembled here,
Unto my words, I pray, give ear:
Dreaming, methought an elephant I saw,
Six-tusked [1] and white without a flaw:
His tusks I crave and fain would have;
Nought else avails this life to save.

The hunters, on hearing this, replied:

Ne’er did our sires in times of old
A six-tusked elephant behold:
[42] Tell us what kind of beast might be
That which appeared in dreams to thee.

After this still another stanza was spoken by them:

Four points, North, South, East, West, one sees,
Four intermediate are to these,
Nadir and zenith add, and then
Say at which point of all the ten
This royal elephant might be,
That in a dream appeared to thee.

After these words Subhaddā, looking at all the hunters, spied amongst them one that was broad of foot, with a calf swollen like an alms basket, big in the knee and ribs, thick-bearded, with yellow teeth, disfigured with scars, conspicuous amongst them all as an ugly, hulking fellow, named Sonuttara, who had once been an enemy of the Great Being. And she thought, "He will be able to do my bidding," and with the king's permission she took him with her and, climbing to the highest floor of the seven-storeyed palace, she threw open a window to the North, and stretching forth her hand towards the Northern Himalayas she uttered four stanzas:

Due north, beyond seven mountains vast,

One comes to Golden Cliff at last,

A height by goblin forms possessed

And bright with flowers from foot to crest.

Beneath this goblin peak is seen
A cloud-shaped mass of darkest green,
[43] A royal banyan tree whose roots
Yield vigour to eight thousand shoots.

There dwells invincible in might
This elephant, six-tusked and white,
With herd eight thousand strong for fight.
Their tusks to chariot-poles are like,
Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.

Panting and grim they stand and glare,
Provoked by slightest breath of air,
If they one born of man should see,
Their wrath consumes him utterly.

Sonuttara on hearing this was terrified to death and said:

Turquoise or pearls of brilliant sheen,

With many a gold adornment, queen,

In royal houses may be seen.

[44] What wouldst thou then with ivory do,

Or wilt thou slay these hunters true?

Then the queen spoke a stanza:

Consumed with grief and spite am I,

When I recall my injury.

Grant me, O hunter, what I crave,

And five choice hamlets thou shalt have.

And with this she said, "Friend hunter, when I gave a gift to the pacceka buddhas, I offered up a prayer that I might have it in my power to kill this six-tusked elephant and get possession of a pair of his tusks.

This was not merely seen by me in a vision, but the prayer that I offered up will be fulfilled. Do thou go and fear not." And so saying she reassured him. And he agreed to her words and said, "So be it, lady; but first make it clear to me and tell me where is his dwelling-place," and inquiring of her he spoke this stanza:

Where dwells he? Where may he be found?

What road is his, for bathing bound?

Where does this royal creature swim?

Tell us the way to capture him.

[45] Then by recalling her former existence she clearly saw the spot and told him of it in these two stanzas:

Not far this bathing-place of his,

A deep and goodly pool it is:

There bees do swarm and flowers abound,
And there this royal beast is found.

Now lotus-crowned, fresh from his bath
He gladly takes his homeward path,
As lily-white and tall he moves
Behind the queen he fondly loves.

Sonuttara on hearing this agreed, saying, "Fair lady, I will kill the elephant and bring you his tusks." Then in her joy she gave him a thousand pieces and said, "Go home meanwhile, and at the end of seven days you shall set out thither," and dismissing him she summoned smiths and gave them an order and said, "Sirs, we have need of an axe, a spade, an auger, a hammer, an instrument for cutting bamboos, a grass-cutter, an iron staff, a peg, an iron three-pronged fork; make them with all speed and bring them to us." And sending for workers in leather, she charged them, saying, "Sirs, you must make us a leather sack, holding a hogshead's weight; we have need of leather ropes and straps, shoes big enough for an elephant, and a leather parachute: make them with all speed and bring them to us." And both smiths and workers in leather quickly made everything [46] and brought and offered them to her. Having provided everything requisite for the journey, together with firewood and the like, she put all the appliances and necessaries for the journey, such as baked meal and so forth, in the leather sack. The whole of it came to about a hogshead in weight. And Sonuttara, having completed his arrangements, arrived on the seventh day and stood respectfully in the presence of the queen. Then she said, "Friend, all appliances for your journey are completed: take then this sack." And he being a stout knave, as strong as five elephants, caught up the sack as if it had been a bag of cakes, and, placing it on his hips, stood as it were with

empty hands. Cullasubhaddā gave the provisions to the hunter's attendants and, telling the king, dismissed Sonuttara. And he, with an obeisance to the king and queen, descended from the palace and, placing his goods in a chariot, set out

from the city with a great retinue, and passing through a succession of villages and hamlets reached the frontiers. Then he turned back the people of the country and went on with the dwellers on the borders till he entered the forest, and passing beyond the haunts of men he sent back the border people too, and proceeded quite alone on a road to a distance of thirty leagues, traversing a dense growth of kuça and other grasses, thickets of basil, reeds and rest-harrow, clumps of thick-thorn and canes, thickets of mixed growth, jungles of reed and cane, dense forest growth, impenetrable even to a snake, thickets of trees and bamboos, tracts of mud and water, mountain tracts, eighteen regions in all, one after another. The jungles of grass he cut with a sickle, the thickets of basil and the like he cleared with his instrument for cutting bamboos, the trees he felled with an axe, and the oversized ones he first pierced with an auger. Then, pursuing his way, he fashioned a ladder in the bamboo grove and climbing to the top of the thicket, he laid a single bamboo, which he had cut, over the next clump of bamboos, and thus creeping along on the top of the thicket he reached a morass. [47] Then he spread a dry plank on the mud, and stepping on it he threw another plank before him and so crossed the morass. Then he made a canoe and by means of it crossed the flooded region, and at last stood at the foot of the mountains. Then he bound a three-pronged grappling-iron with a rope and flinging it aloft he caused it to lodge fast in the mountain. Then climbing

up by the rope he drilled the mountain with an iron staff tipped with adamant, and knocking a peg into the hole he stood on it. Then drawing out the grappling-iron he once more lodged it high up on the mountain, and from this position letting the leather rope hang down, he took hold of it and descended and fastened the rope on the peg below. Then seizing the rope with his left hand and taking a hammer in his right he struck a blow on the rope, and having thus pulled out the peg he once more climbed up. In this way he mounted to the top of the first mountain and then commencing his descent on the other side, having knocked as before a peg into the top of the first mountain and bound the rope on his leather sack and wrapped it round the peg, he sat within the sack and let himself down, uncoiling the rope like a spider letting out his thread. Then letting his leather parachute catch the wind, he went down like a bird—so at least they say. Thus did the Master tell how in obedience to Subhaddā's words the hunter sallied forth from the city and traversed seventeen different tracts till he reached a mountainous region, and how he there crossed over six mountains and climbed to the top of Golden Cliff:

The hunter hearing, unalarmed,
Set forth with bow and quiver armed,
And crossing o’er seven mountains vast
Reached noble Golden Cliff at last.

Gaining the goblin-haunted height,
What cloud-shaped mass bursts on his sight?
A royal banyan ’tis whose roots
Support eight thousand spreading shoots.

[48] There stood invincible in might
An elephant six-tusked and white,
With herd eight thousand strong for fight;
Their tusks to chariot-poles are like:
Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.

Hard by a pool—'tis full to the brim,
Fit place for royal beast to swim;
Its lovely banks with flowers abound
And buzzing bees swarm all around.

Marking the way the creature went
Whene'er on bathing thought intent,
He sunk a pit, to deed so mean
Urged by the wrath of spiteful queen.

Here follows the story from beginning to end: the hunter, it is said, after seven years, seven months and seven days, having reached the dwelling-place of the Great Being in the manner related above, took note of his dwelling-place and dug a pit there, thinking, "I will take my stand here and wound the lord of elephants and bring about his death." Thus did he arrange matters and went into the forest and cut down trees to make posts and prepared a lot of material. [49] Then when the elephants went to bathe, in the spot where the king elephant used to stand, he dug a square pit with a huge mattock, and the soil that he dug out he sprinkled on the top of the water, as if he were sowing seed, and on the top of stones like mortars he fixed posts, and fitted them with weights and ropes and spread planks over them. Next he made a hole of the size of an arrow and threw on the top earth and rubbish, and on one side he made an entrance for himself, and so, when the pit was finished, at break of day he fastened on a false top knot and donned robes of yellow and, taking his bow and a poisoned arrow, he went down and stood in the pit.

The Master, to make the whole thing clear, said:

The pit with planks he first did hide,

Then bow in hand he got inside,

And as the elephant passed by,

A mighty shaft the wretch let fly.

The wounded beast loud roared with pain
And all the herd roared back again:
Crushed boughs and trampled grass betray
Where panic flight directs their way.

Their lord had well nigh slain his foe,
So mad with pain was he, when lo!
A robe of yellow met his eyes,
Emblem of sainthood, priestly guise
And deemed inviolate by the wise.

[50] The Master, falling into conversation with the hunter, spoke a couple of stanzas:

Whoso is marred with sinful taint

And void of truth and self-restraint,

Though robed in yellow he may be,

No claim to sanctity has he.

But one that's free from sinful taint,
Endued with truth and self-restraint,
And firmly fixed in righteousness,
Deserves to wear the yellow dress.

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[51] So saying, the Great Being, extinguishing all feeling of anger towards him, asked him, saying, "Why did you wound me? Was it for your own advantage or were you suborned by some one else?"

The Master explaining the matter then said:

The beast with mighty shaft laid low,
Unruffled still, addressed his foe:
"What object, friend, in slaying me,
And, pray, who instigated thee?"

Then the hunter told him and uttered this stanza:

The king of Kāsi's favoured queen
Subhaddā told me she had seen
Thy form in dreams, "and so," said she,
"I'll have his tusks; go, bring them me."

Hearing this, and recognizing that this was the work of Cullasubhaddā, he bore his sufferings patiently and thought, "She does not want my tusks; she sent him because she wished to kill me," and, to illustrate the matter, he uttered a couple of stanzas:

Rich store of goodly tusks have I,
Relics of my dead ancestry,
And this well knows that cursed dame,
'Tis at my life the wretch doth aim.

[52] Rise, hunter, and or ere I die.
Saw off these tusks of ivory:
Go bid the shrew be of good cheer,
"The beast is slain; his tusks are here."

Hearing his words the hunter rose up from the place where he was sitting and, saw in hand, came close to him to cut off his tusks. Now the elephant, being like a mountain eighty cubits

high, was but ineffectually cut. For the man could not reach to his tusks. So the Great Being, bending his body towards him, lay with his head down. Then the hunter climbed up the trunk of the Great Being, pressing it with his feet as though it were a silver rope, and stood on his forehead as if it had been

Kelāsa peak. Then he inserted his foot into his mouth, and striking the fleshy part of it with his knee, he climbed down from the beast's forehead and thrust the saw into his mouth. The Great Being suffered excruciating pain and his mouth was charged with blood. The hunter, shifting about from place to place, was still unable to cut the tusks with his saw. So the Great Being letting the blood drop from his mouth, resigning himself to the agony, asked, saying, "Sir, cannot you cut them?" And on his saying "No," he recovered his presence of mind and said, "Well then, since I myself have not strength enough to raise my trunk, do you lift it up for me and let it seize the end of the saw." The hunter did so: and the Great Being seized the saw with his trunk and moved it backwards and forwards, and the tusks were cut off as it were sprouts. Then bidding him take the tusks, he said, "I don't give you these, friend hunter, because I do not value them, [53] nor as one desiring the position of Sakka, Māra or Brahma, but the tusks of omniscience are a hundred thousand times dearer to me than these are, and may this meritorious act be to me the cause of attaining Omniscience." And as he gave him the tusks, he asked, "How long were you coming here?" "Seven years, seven months, and seven days." "Go then by the magic power of these tusks, and you shall reach Benares in seven days." And he gave him a safe conduct and let

him go. And after he had sent him away, before the other elephants and Subhaddā had returned, he was dead.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The hunter then the tusks did saw
From out that noble creature's jaw,
And with his shining, matchless prize
Home with all speed he quickly hies.

When he was gone, the herd of elephants not finding their enemy came back.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Sad at his death and full of fright,
The herd that took to panic flight,
Seeing no trace of cruel foe,
Returned to find their chief laid low.

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[54] And with them also came Subhaddā, and they all then and there with weeping and lamentation betook them to the pacceka buddhas who had been so friendly to the Great Being, and said, "Sirs, he who supplied

you with the necessaries of life has died from the wound of a poisoned arrow. Come and see where his dead body is exposed." And the five hundred pacceka buddhas passing through the air

alighted in the sacred enclosure. At that moment two young elephants, lifting up the body of the king elephant with their tusks, and so causing it to do homage to the pacceka buddhas, raised it aloft on a pyre and burned it. The pacceka buddhas all through the night rehearsed scripture texts in the cemetery. The eight thousand elephants, after extinguishing the flames, first bathed and then, with Subhaddā at their head, returned to their place of abode.

The Master, to make this matter clear, said:

They wept and wailed, as it is said,
Each heaping dust upon his head,
Then slow returning home were seen,
Behind their ever gracious queen.

And Sonuttara within seven days reached Benares with his tusks.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The hunter straight to Kāsi hies
Bearing his bright and matchless prize
—The noble creature's tusks, I mean,
Cheering all hearts with golden sheen—
And to that royal dame he said,
"Here are his tusks: the beast is dead."

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[55] Now in offering them to the queen, he said, "Lady, the elephant, against whom you conceived a grudge in your heart for a trifling offence, has been slain by me." "Do you tell me that

he is dead?" she cried. And he gave her the tusks, saying, "Be assured that he is dead: here are his tusks." She received the tusks adorned with six different coloured rays on her jewelled fan, and, placing them on her lap, gazed at the tusks of one who in a former existence had been her dear lord and she thought, "This fellow has come with the tusks he cut from the auspicious elephant that he slew with a poisoned shaft." And at the remembrance of the Great Being she was filled with so great sorrow that she could not endure it, but her heart then and there was broken and that very day she died.

The Master, to make the story clear, said:

His tusks no sooner did she see
—Her own dear lord of old was he
Than straight her heart through grief did break
And she, poor fool, died for his sake.

When he, almighty and all wise,
Broke into smiles before their eyes,
Straightway these holy Brethren thought,
"Sure Buddhas never smile for nought."

"She whom you used to see," he said,
"A yellow-robed ascetic maid,
Was erst a queen and I," he cried,
Was that king elephant who died."

"The wretch who took those tusks so white,
Unmatched on earth, so shining bright,
[56] And brought them to Benares town
Is now as Devadatta known."

Buddha from his own knowledge told
This long drawn tale of times of old,
In all its sad variety,
Though free from pain and grief was he.

That elephant of long ago
  Was I, the king of all the band,
And, Brothers, I would have you so
  This Birth aright to understand.

These stanzas were recorded by elders as they chanted the Law and sang the praises of the Lord of all Power.

[57] And on hearing this discourse a multitude entered the First Path, but the Sister afterwards by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood.

Footnotes

20:1 In the *Journal Asiatique* for 1895, tom. v., N. S., will be found a careful study by M. L. Feer of the Chaddanta-Jātaka, based on a comparison of five different versions—two Pali, one Sanskrit, two Chinese.

23:1 The Scholiast explains *chabbisāna* (Sanskrit *shaḍvishāna*) six-tusked as *chabbaṇṇa* six-coloured, perhaps more completely to identify the hero of the story with the Buddha.

No. 515.

SAMBHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"This rule," etc.—This story the Master when residing at Jetavana told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The circumstances leading to the introductory story will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth [1].

Once upon a time a king called Dhanañjaya Korabya reigned in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom. A brahmin named Sucīrata was his priest and adviser in things temporal and spiritual. The king ruled his kingdom righteously, in the exercise of almsgiving and other good works. Now one day he prepared a question about the service of Truth, and having seated the brahmin Sucīrata and paid him due honour, he put his question to him in the form of four stanzas:

This rule and lordship I disdain,
Sucīrata, for I would fain
Be great, and o'er the wide world reign.

p. 32

By right alone—wrong I eschew—
For whatsoe'er is good and true
Kings above all men should pursue.

By this for ever free from blame,
Here and hereafter, we may claim
Midst gods and men a glorious name.

Know, brahmin, that I fain would do
Whate’er is deemed both good and true,
So pray, when asked, declare to me
The Good and True, what they may be.

[58] Now this was a profound question, falling within the range of a Buddha. This is a question one should put to an Omniscient Buddha, and, failing him, to a Bodhisatta who is seeking the Gift of Omniscience. But Sucīrata, by reason of his not being a Bodhisatta, could not solve the question, and, so far from assuming an air of wisdom, he confessed his incompetency in the following stanza:

No one but Vidhura [1], O king,
Hath power to tell this wondrous thing,
What is, my lord, the Good and True,
That thou art ever fain to do.

The king on hearing his words said, "Go then, brahmin, at once," and he gave him a present to take with him, and in his eagerness to get him off, he repeated this stanza:

Lo! straight this weight of gold, my friend,
By thee to Vidhura I send;
Meet gift for sage who best can show
The Good and True that I would know.

[59] And with these words he gave him a tablet of gold, worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, on which to write the answer to the question, a chariot to travel in, an army to escort him, and a present to offer, and straightway despatched him. Issuing from the city of Indapatta, not going straight to Benares, he first visited all places wheresoever sages dwell, and, not finding any one in all India to solve the question, he gradually

approached Benares. Taking up his abode there, he went with a few followers to the house of Vidhura, at the time of the early meal, and having announced his arrival, he was invited in and found Vidhura at breakfast in his own house.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated the seventh stanza:

Then straight in haste did Bhāradvāja [2] wend
His way to Vidhura, and found his friend
Sitting at home, and ready to partake
Of simple fare, his early fast to break.

Now Vidhura was a friend of his youth, and had been educated in the family of the same master, so after partaking of the meal with him, when breakfast was over, and Sucīrata was comfortably seated, on being asked by Vidhura, "What brings you here, friend?" he told him why he had come and repeated the eighth stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila [1], and this his quest,
To ask thee, Vidhura, to tell to me
The True and Good, what it may surely be.

[60] At that time the brahmin thinking to collect the ideas of a number of people pursues his quest, like to one piling up as it were a very Ganges flood, and there is no time for solving the problem. So stating the case he repeated the ninth stanza:

O’erwhelmed by such a mighty theme
As ’twere by Ganges' flooded stream,
I cannot tell what this may be,
The Good and True you seek from me.

And so saying he added: "I have a clever son, far wiser than I am: he will make it clear to you. Go to him." And he repeated the tenth stanza:

A son I have, my very own,
’Mongst men as Bhadrakāra known;
Go seek him out, and he'll declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

On hearing this Sucīrata leaving Vidhura's house went to the dwelling of Bhadrakāra, and found him seated at breakfast in the midst of his people.

The Master, to clear up the matter, repeated the eleventh stanza:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To Bhadrakāra's home did hie,
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,
Seated at ease the youth was found.

On his arrival there he was hospitably received by the youth Bhadrakāra with the offer of a chair and gifts, and taking his seat, on being asked why he had come, he repeated the twelfth stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Bhadrakāra, to show me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

Then Bhadrakāra said to him, "Just now, Sir, I am intent on an intrigue with another man's wife. My mind is ill at ease, so I cannot

answer your question, but my young brother Sañjaya has a clearer intellect than I have. Ask him: he will answer your question." And in order to send him there, he repeated two stanzas:

Good venison I leave, a lizard to pursue:
How then should I know aught about the Good and True?

I've a young brother, you must know,
Named Sañjaya. So, brahmin, go
And seek him out, and he'll declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

He at once set out for the house of Sañjaya, and was welcomed by him and on being asked why he had come he told him the reason.

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered two stanzas:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To home of Sañjaya did hie,
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,
Seated at ease the youth was found.

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Sañjaya, to show to me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

But Sañjaya also was engaged in an intrigue and said to him, "Sir, I am in pursuit of another man's wife, and going down to the Ganges [62] I cross over to the other side. Evening and morning as I cross the stream, I am in the jaws of death: therefore my mind is disturbed, and I shall not be able to answer your question, but my young brother Sambhava, a boy of seven years, is a hundred thousand times superior to me in knowledge. He will tell you: go and ask him."

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

Death opens wide his jaws for me,
Early and late. How tell to thee
Of Truth and Goodness, what they be?

I've a young brother, you must know,
Called Sambhava. So, brahmin, go,
And seek him out. He will declare
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

On hearing this Sucīrata thought, "This question must be the most wonderful thing in the world. I fancy no one is equal to answering it," and so thinking he repeated two stanzas:

This marvel strange misliketh me,
Nor sire nor sons, none of the three,

Knows how to solve this mystery.

If ye thus fail, can this mere youth
Know aught of Goodness and of Truth?

On hearing this Sañjaya said, "Sir, do not regard young Sambhava as a mere boy. If there is no one that can answer your question, go and ask him." And, describing the qualities of the youth by similes that illustrated, the case, he repeated twelve stanzas:

[63]

Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,
    He knows right well and he can tell
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As the clear moon outshines the starry host,
Their meaner glories in his splendour lost,

E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears
To excel in Wisdom far beyond his years;
Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,
    He knows right well and he can tell
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As charming April doth all months outvie
With budding flowers and woodland greenery,

E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears &c.

As Gandhamādana, its snowy height
With forest clad and heavenly herbs bedight,
Diffusing light and fragrance all around,
For myriad gods a refuge sure is found,

E'en so the stripling &c.

As glorious fire, ablaze thro' some morass
With wreathing spire, insatiate, eats the grass
Leaving a blackened path, where'er it pass,

Or as a ghee-fed flame in darkest night
On choicest wood doth whet its appetite,
Shining conspicuous on some distant height,

E'en so the stripling &c.

An ox by strength, a horse by speed,
Displays his excellence of breed,
A cow by milk in copious flow,
A sage by his wise words we know.

E'en so the stripling &c.

[64] While Sañjaya was singing the praises of Sambhava, Sucīrata thought, "I will find out by putting the question to him," so he asked, "Where is your young brother?" Then he opened the window and

stretching forth his hand, he said, "You see yonder boy with a complexion like gold, playing with other youths in the street before the door of the mansion: that is my young brother. Go up to him and ask him; he will answer your question with all the charm of a Buddha." Sucīrata, on hearing his words, descended from the mansion, and drew nigh to the boy at the very moment that he was standing with his garment loose and thrown over his shoulder, [65] and picking up some dirt with both hands.

The Master, to explain the matter, repeated a stanza:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily
To home of Sambhava did hie,
And there out in the public way
The little boy was found at play.

The Great Being, when he saw the brahmin come and stand before him, asked, "Friend, what brings you here?" He replied, "Dear youth, I am wandering through all India, and not finding any one competent to answer the question I put to him, I have come to you." The boy thought, "There is a question, they say, that has not been decided in all India. He has come to me. I am old in knowledge." And becoming ashamed he dropped the dirt that he held in his hand, readjusted his garment and said, "Brahmin, ask on, and I will tell you with the fluent mastery of a Buddha," and in his omniscience he invited him to choose what he would ask. Then the brahmin asked his question in the form of a stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,
To ask thee, Sambhava, to show to me
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

What he wanted became clear to Sambhava, as it were the full moon in the middle of the sky. "Then listen to me," he said, and answering the question as to the Service of Truth he uttered this stanza:

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell aright,
E'en as a man of wisdom might,
The king shall know the Good and True,
But who knows what the king will do?

And as he stood in the street and taught the Truth with a voice sweet as honey, the sound spread over the whole of the city of Benares, to twelve leagues on every side Then the king and all his viceroys and other rulers assembled together, and the Great

Being in the midst of the multitude set forth his exposition of the Truth.

[66] Having thus promised in this stanza to answer the question, he now gave the answer as to the Service of Truth:

In answer to the king, Sucīrata, proclaim,
"To-morrow and To-day are never quite the same;
I bid thee then, O king Yudhiṭṭhila, be wise
And prompt to seize whate'er occasion may arise."

I fain would have thee too, Sucīrata, suggest
A thought in which his mind may profitably rest,
"A king all wicked ways should carefully eschew,
Nor, like bewildered fool, an evil course pursue."

To loss of his own soul he never should transgress,
Nor e'er be guilty of deeds of unrighteousness,
Himself ne'er be engaged in any evil way,
Nor ever in wrong path a brother lead astray.

These points to carry out whoso doth rightly know,
Like waxing moon, as king in fame doth ever grow.
A shining light to friends and dear unto his kin,
And, when his body fails, the sage to heaven will win.

[67] The Great Being thus, like to one making the moon to rise in the sky, answered the brahmin's question with all the mastery of a Buddha. The people roared and shouted and clapped their hands. And there arose a thousand cries of applause with great wavings of cloths and snapping of fingers. And they cast off the trinkets on their hands. And the value of what they threw down amounted to about a crore. And the king of Benares in his joy paid him great honour. And Sucīrata, after offering him a thousand weight of gold, wrote down the answer to the question

with vermilion on a golden tablet, and on coming to the city of Indapatta he told the king the answer as to the Service of Truth. And the king abiding steadfast in righteousness attained to heaven.

At the end of the lesson the Master said, "Not merely now, Brethren, but formerly too, the Tathāgata was great in answering questions," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was king Dhanañjaya, Anuruddha was Sucīrata, Kassapa Vidhura, Moggallāna Bhadrakāra, Sāriputta the youth Sañjaya, and I myself was the wise Sambhava."

Footnotes

31:1 Vol. vi. p. 329. Jātaka, No. 546.

32:1 Vidhura, the commentary explains, was the chaplain of the king of Benares.

32:2 Bhāradvāja is the family name of Sucīrata.

33:1 The Kurus were descended from Yudhishṭhira.

No. 516.

MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA.

"A king of Kāsi," etc.—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta's hurling a stone at him. [68] So when the Brethren blamed Devadatta for having suborned archers to shoot the Buddha and afterwards hurled a stone at him, the Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and so saying he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, a Brahmin husbandman in a village of Kāsi, after ploughing his fields, loosened his oxen and began to work with a spade. The oxen, while cropping leaves in a clump of trees, little by little escaped into the forest. The man, discovering that it was late, laid aside his spade to look for his oxen, and not finding them he was overcome with grief and wandered about the forest, seeking them, till he had entered the Himalaya region. There having lost his bearings he roamed about for seven days fasting, but seeing a tiṇḍuka tree he climbed up it to eat the fruit. Slipping off the tree he fell sixty cubits into a hell-like abyss, where he passed ten days. At that time the Bodhisatta was living in the shape of a monkey, and while eating wild fruits he caught sight of the man, and after practising with a stone he hauled the fellow out. While the monkey was asleep, the man split his head open with a stone. The Great Being, becoming aware of his action, sprang up

and perched on a branch of the tree and cried, "Ho! Sirrah, you walk on the ground; I will just point out to you the way from the top of the tree and then will be off." So he rescued the fellow from the forest, set him on the right road and then himself disappeared in the mountainous region. The man, because he had sinned against the Great Being, became a leper, and even in this world appeared as a preta in human form. For seven years he was overwhelmed with pain, and in his wanderings to and fro he found his way into the Migācira park in Benares, and spreading a plantain leaf in the enclosure he lay down, half maddened by his sufferings. At that moment the king of Benares came to the park and as he walked about he saw the man and asked him, "Who are you, and what have you done to bring this suffering upon you?" And he told the king the whole story at length.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

A king of Kāsi who, they say,
O’er great Benares once held sway,
With courtier friends the road to ch
Unto Migācira drew near.

[69] A brahmin there the king did see
—A walking skeleton was he—
His skin was white with leprous blood
And rough like gnarléd ebon wood [1].

Astonied at the piteous sight
Of this sore troubled, luckless wight,
"Alas! poor wretch," he cried, "declare
What name ’mongst ogres thou dost bear."

"Thy hands and feet are white as snow,

Thy head is whiter still, I trow,

Thy frame with leprous spots o’ergrown,

Disease has marked thee for its own.

"Thy back like spindles in a row
A long unequal curve doth show;
Thy joints are as black knots; I ween,
Thy like before was never seen.

"Whence cam’st thou then, so travel-worn,
Mere skin and bones, a wretch forlorn,
By heat of blazing sun opprest,
By thirst and hunger sore distrest?

"With frame so marred, an awful sight,
Scarce fit to look upon the light,
Thy very mother—no, not she
Would care her wretched son to see.

"What sinful deed was thine, I pray,
Or wrongfully whom didst thou slay?
What the offence I fain would know,
Reduced thee to this state of woe?"

Then the brahmin said:

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell thee true

E’en as a good man aye should do:

For one that never speaketh lies

Is praised in this world by the wise.

[70] Once in a lonely wood I took my way,
Seeking my kine that late had gone astray;
Through pathless tracts of jungle, fitting home
For the wild elephant, I heedless roam.

Lost in the maze of this vast wilderness,
From thirst and hunger suffering sore distress,

For seven long days I wander thro’ the wood
Where the fell tiger rears his savage brood.

E’en rankest poison I was fain to eat
When lo! a lovely tree my gaze doth meet;
O’er a sheer precipice it pendent swung,
And fragrant fruit from all its branches hung.

Whate’er had fallen to the wind's cold touch
I greedily devoured and relished much,
Then, still unsated, I climbed up the tree,
"That way," methought, "lies full satiety."

I ne’er had tasted such ripe fruit before,
And stretching forth my hand to gather more,
The branch, on which my body rested, broke,
As though clean severed by the woodman's stroke.

With broken bough head over heels I went,
With nought to check me in my swift descent
Over the side of rocky precipice,
Without escape from bottomless abyss.

The depth of water in the pool beneath

Saved me from being rudely crushed to death,

So there, poor luckless wight, without a ray

Of hope to cheer me, ten long nights I lay.

At length a monkey came—long-tailed was he
And made his home in some rock cavity
And as he stept from bough to bough, the brute
Did ever pluck and eat the dainty fruit.

But when my thin and pallid form he spied,
Touched with compassion for my woes, he cried,
"Alas! poor wretch, whom I see lying there
Thus overwhelmed with anguish and despair,
If man or goblin, who thou art, declare."

Then with due reverence I made reply;
"A man and doomed without escape am I:

But this I say, "All blessings light on thee,
If thou canst find a way of saving me."

The monkey stepping on the height above
Carried a heavy stone, his strength to prove,
And when by practice he was perfect grown,
The mighty one his purpose thus made known.

"Climb thou, good sir, upon my back and cast
Thy arms about my neck and hold me fast;
Then will I with all speed deliver thee
From the stone walls of thy captivity.'

I hearkened gladly, well remembering
The counsels of the glorious monkey-king,
And, climbing on his back, my arms I cast
Round the wise creature's neck and held him fast.

The monkey then,—so brave and strong was he—
Exhausted by the effort though he be,
From rocky fastness soon uplifteth me.

And having haled me out, the hero cried,
"I'm weary: stand as guard, Sir, by my side,
While I anon in peaceful sleep abide.

"Lion and tiger, panther eke and bear,
[71] If they should ever take me unaware,
Would kill me straight. To watch shall be thy care."

While, as I watched, he took a moment's rest,
An ugly thought was harboured in my breast.

"Monkeys and such like deer are good to eat;
What if I kill him and my hunger cheat?
The beast if slain would furnish savoury meat.

"When sated, here no longer will I stay
But well provisioned for full many a day
Out from this forest I will find a way."

Taking a stone his skull I well nigh broke,
But a lame hand put forth a feeble stroke.

The monkey quickly bounded up a tree,
And all bestained with blood regarded me
From far, with tearful eyes, reproachfully.

"God bless thee, act not thus, I pray, good sir,

For otherwise thy fate, I dare aver,

Will long all others from such deeds deter.

"Alas! for shame. What a return is this
For having saved thee from that dread abyss!

"Rescued from death thou playedst a treacherous part
And evil hast devised with evil heart.

"Vile wretch, beware lest sharpest agony
Springing from evil deed bring death to thee,
E'en as its fruit destroys the bamboo tree [1].

"I trust thee not, for thou wouldst work me ill:
Walk well in front that I may see thee still.

"From ravening beast escaped, thou mayst regain
The haunts of men: the path that stretches plain
Before thine eyes, follow as thou art fain."

At this the monkey dried his tears, and sped
Up to a mountain tarn, and bathed his head
From stain of blood—by me alas! 'twas shed—

There too, with burning pains through him accursed,
I dragged my tortured frame, to quench my thirst,

But when to that blood-stainéd lake I came,
The crimson flood appeared one mass of flame.

[72] Each liquid drop from it that did bedew
My body, straight into a pustule grew,
Like a cleft vilva-fruit, in size and hue.

The sores discharging yield a loathsome smell,
And whereso'er I fain would gladly dwell
In town and country-side, all fly pell mell.

Scattered by odours foul, the while they ply
Their sticks and stones, and "Come not thou too nigh
To us, poor wretch,' all men and women cry.

Such is the pain for seven long years I bear;
According to his deeds each man doth fare.

May good be with you all that here I see:
Betray ye not your friends. How vile is he
That sins against a friend with treachery.

All who on earth to friends have proved untrue,
As lepers here their sin must ever rue,
And when the body fails, in Hell are born anew.

[74] And while the man was speaking with the king, even as he spoke, the earth opened its mouth, and at that very moment the man disappeared and was reborn in Hell. The king, when the man was swallowed up in the earth, came forth from the park and entered the city.

The Master here ending his lesson said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the treacherous friend was Devadatta, I myself was the monkey-king."

Footnotes

38:1 Bauhinia Variegata.

41:1 The bamboo dies off after bearing fruit.

No. 517.

[75] DAKARAKKHASA-JĀTAKA.

All of this will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth [1].

No. 518.

PAṆḌARA-JĀTAKA.

"No man that lets," etc.—This was a story told by the Master, whilst sojourning at Jetavana, as to how Devadatta told a lie, and how the earth opened and swallowed him up. At that time, when Devadatta was being blamed by the Brethren, the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth," and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, five hundred trading folk took ship and set sail, and on the seventh day when they were out of sight of land, they were wrecked in mid ocean and all save one man became food for fishes. This one by favour of the wind reached the port of Karambiya, and landing naked and destitute he went about the place, begging alms. The people thought, "Here is an ascetic, happy and contented with little," and they showed him every hospitality. But he said, "I have enough to live upon," and when they offered him under and upper garments, he would have none of them. They said, "No ascetic can go beyond this in the way of contentment," and being the more exceedingly pleased with him, they built him a hermitage for a dwelling-place, and he went by the name of the Karambiya ascetic. While he was living here, he met with great honour and gain, and both a snake-king and a garuḍa-king came to pay their respects to him, and the name of the former was Paṇḍara. Now one day the garuḍa-king came to the ascetic

and after saluting him took his seat on one side and said, "Sir, our people,

when they attack snakes, many of them perish. We do not know the right way to seize snakes. There is said to be some mystery in the matter. You could, perhaps, wheedle them [76] out of the secret." "All right," said the ascetic, and when the garuḍa-king had taken his leave and departed, as soon as ever the snake-king arrived and with a respectful salutation had taken his seat, he asked him, saying, "King-snake, the garuḍas say that in seizing you, many of them are killed. In attacking you, how can they seize you securely?" "Sir," he replied, "this is our secret; if I were to tell it, I should bring about the destruction of all my kinsfolk." "What do you really suspect me of telling some one else? I'll tell no one. I only ask to satisfy my own curiosity. You may trust and tell me without the slightest fear." The snake-king promised to tell him and took his leave. The next day the ascetic again asked him, and then too he did not tell him. But on the third day when the snake-king had come and taken his seat, the ascetic said, "To-day is the third day since I asked you. Why do you not tell me?" "I am afraid, Sir, you might tell some one else." "I'll not say a word to a creature: tell me without any fear." Then the snake made him promise to tell no one, and said, "Sir, we make ourselves heavy by swallowing very big stones and lie down, and when the garuḍas come, we open our mouths wide, and show our teeth and fall upon them. They come on and seize us by the head, and while they strive to lift us up, heavy as we are, from the ground, the water streams from them, and they drop down dead in the midst of it. In this way a number of garuḍas perish. When they attack us, why in the world do they seize us by the

head? If the foolish creatures should seize us by the tail and hold us head downwards, they could force us to disgorge the stones we have swallowed, and so, making us a light weight, they could carry us off with them." Thus did the snake reveal his secret to this wicked fellow. Then, when the snake had gone away, up came the garuḍa-king, and saluting the Karambiya ascetic he asked, "Well! Sir, have you learned his secret from the snake-king?" [77] "Yes, Sir," he said, and told him everything just as it was told him. On hearing it, the garuḍa said, "The snake-king has made a great mistake. He ought not to have told another how to destroy his kinsfolk. Well, to-day I must first of all raise a garuḍa [1] wind and seize him." So, raising a wind, he seized Paṇḍara the snake-king by the tail and held him head downmost; and having thus made him disgorge the stones he had swallowed, he flew up into the air with him. Paṇḍaraka, as he was suspended head downwards in the air, sorely lamenting cried, "I have brought sorrow upon me," and he repeated these stanzas:

The man that lets his secret thought be known,
Random of speech, to indiscretion prone,
  Poor fool, at once is overcome by fear,
As I king-snake am by a bird o’erthrown.

The man who in his folly could betray
The thought that he should hide from light of day,
  By his rash speech is overcome by fear,
As I king-snake fall to this bird a prey.

No comrade ought thy inmost thoughts to share,
The best of friends ofttimes most foolish are,
And if too wise, of treachery beware.

I trusted him alas! for was not he
A holy man, of strict austerity?
  My secret I revealed; the deed is done
And now I weep for very misery.

Into my confidence the wretch did creep,
Nor could I any secret from him keep:
  From him the danger that I dread has come,
And now for very misery I weep.

[78] Judging his friend as faithful to the core
And moved by fear, or the strong love he bore,
  To some vile wretch his secret one betrays
And is o’erthrown, poor fool, to rise no more.

Whoso proclaims in evil company
The secret thought that still should hidden lie,
  ’Mongst men is counted as a poison-snake:
"From such an one, pray, keep aloof," they cry.

Fair women, silken robes and sandal wood,
Garlands and perfumes, even drink and food,
  Yea all desires—if only thou, O bird,
Come to our aid—shall be by us eschewed.

[79] Thus did Paṇḍaraka, suspended in the air head downwards, utter his lament in eight stanzas. The garuḍa, hearing the sound of his lamentation, reproved him and said, "King-snake, after divulging your secret to the ascetic, wherefore do you now lament?" And he uttered this stanza:

Of us three creatures living here, pray name
The one that rightly should incur the blame.
  Nor priest nor bird, but foolish deed of thine,
O snake, hath brought thee to this depth of shame.

On hearing this Paṇḍaraka repeated another stanza:

The priest, methought, must be a friend to me,
A holy man, of strict austerity:

[80] My secret I betrayed: the deed is done,
And now I weep for very misery.

Then the garuḍa repeated four stanzas:

All creatures born into this world must die;
Yet Wisdom's ways her children justify:
By knowledge, justice, self-restraint and truth
A man at length achieves his purpose high.

p. 45

Parents are kind all other kin above,
No third there is to show us equal love,
Not e’en to them betray thy secret thought,
Lest peradventure they should traitors prove.

Parents and kin of every degree,
Allies and comrades all may friendly be:
To none of them entrust thy hidden thought,
Or thou wilt later rue their treachery.

A wife may youthful be and good and fair,
Own troops of friends, and children's love may share:
Not e’en to her entrust thy hidden thought,
Or of her treachery thou must beware.

[81] Then follow these stanzas:

His secret no man should disclose, but guard like treasure-trove:
Disclosure of a secret thing no wise man would approve.

Wise men to woman or a foe their secrets ne’er betray;
Trust not the slaves of appetite; creatures of impulse they.

Whoso reveals his secret thought to one not overwise,
Fears the betrayal of his trust and at his mercy lies.

All such as know the secret thing that thou shouldst rather hide,
Threaten thy peace of mind; to none that secret thing confide.

By day to thine own self alone the secret dare to name,
But venture not at dead of night that secret to proclaim;

For close at hand, be sure, there stand men ready to betray
The slightest word they may have heard: so trust them not, I pray.

These five stanzas will appear in the Problem of the Five Sages in the Ummagga Birth.

Then follow these stanzas:

As some huge city fenced on every side
With moat, of iron wrought, has long defied
[82] All entrance of a foe to Fairy Land,
So e'en are they that do their counsels hide.

Who by rash speech to secrets give no clue,
But ever steadfast to themselves are true,
From them all enemies do keep aloof,
As men flee far when deadly snakes pursue.

When the Truth had been thus proclaimed by the garuḍa, Paṇḍaraka said:

A tonsured, nude ascetic left his home
And seeking alms did through the country roam:
To him my secret I alas! did tell,
And straight from happiness and virtue fell.

What line of conduct should a priest pursue,
What vows take on him, and what faults eschew?
How free himself from his besetting sin,
And at the last a heavenly mansion win?

[83] The garuḍa said:

By patience, self-restraint, long-suffering,
By calumny and ire abandoning,
Thus may a priest get rid of every sin,
And at the last a heavenly mansion win.

Paṇḍaraka, on hearing the garuḍa-king thus declare the Truth, begged for his life and repeated this stanza:

As mother gazing on her baby boy
Is thrilled in every limb with holy joy,
So upon me, O king of birds, bestow
That pity mothers to their children show.

Then the garuḍa in granting him his life repeated another stanza:

O snake, to-day from death I set thee free;
Of kinds of children there are only three,
[84] Pupil, adopted child and true-born son:
Of these rejoice that thou art surely one.

So saying, he alighted from the air and placed the snake upon the ground.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

The bird, so saying, straight released his foe
And gently bore him to the earth below;
"Set free to-day, go, safe from danger dwell
In water or on land. I'll guard thee well.

As a skilled leech to men with sickness curst,
Or a cool tank to those that are athirst,
As house that shelters from a chilling frost,
So I a refuge prove to thee, when lost."

And saying, "Be off," he let him go. And the snake disappeared in the abode of the nāgas. But the bird, returning to the dwelling-place of the garuḍas, said, "The snake Paṇḍaraka has won my confidence under oath and has been let loose by me. I will now put him to the test, to see what his feelings are towards me," and repairing to the abode of the nāgas, he raised a garuḍa wind. On seeing him the snake-king thought the garuḍa-king must have come to seize him, so he assumed a form that stretched to a thousand fathoms and making himself heavy by swallowing stones and sand [85] he lay down, keeping his tail beneath him and raising the hood upon his head, as if minded to bite the garuḍa-king. On seeing this the garuḍa repeated another stanza:

O snake, thou madest peace with thine old enemy;

But now thou showst thy fangs. Whence comes this fear to thee?

On hearing this the snake-king repeated three stanzas:

Ever suspect a foe, nor trust thy friend as staunch;

Security breeds fear, to kill thee root and branch.

What! trust the man with whom one quarrelled long ago!
Nay, stand upon thy guard. No one can love his foe.

Inspire a trust in all, but put thy trust in none,
Thyself suspected not, be to suspicion prone.

He that is truly wise ought every nerve to strain
That his true nature ne’er may be to others plain.

Thus did they talk one with another, and becoming reconciled and friendly they repaired together to the hermitage of the ascetic.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said,

The godlike graceful pair of them now see,
Breathing an air of holy purity;
[86] Like steeds well matched neath equal yoke they ran,
To seek the dwelling of that saintly man.

With regard to this the Master uttered another stanza:

Then to the ascetic straight king-snake did go,
And thus Paṇḍaraka addressed his foe,
"Know that to-day, all danger past, I'm free,
But ’tis not due to love of thine for me."

Then the ascetic repeated another stanza:

To that bird-king, I solemnly declare,
I greater love than e’er to thee did bear,
Moved by affection for that royal bird,
I of set purpose, not through folly, erred.

On hearing this, the snake-king repeated two stanzas:

The man that looks at this world and the next,
Ne’er finds himself with love or hatred vext,

’Neath garb of self-restraint thou fain wouldst hide
But lawless acts that holy garb belied.

[87] Thou, seeming noble, art with meanness stained,
And, as ascetic clad, art unrestrained;
By nature with ignoble thoughts accurst,
Thou in all kinds of sinful act art versed.

So to reprove him, he uttered this stanza, reviling him:

Informer, traitor, that wouldst slay
A guileless friend, be thy head riven
By this my Act of Truth, I pray,
Piecemeal, all into fragments seven.

So before the very eyes of the snake-king, the head of the ascetic was split into seven pieces, and at the very spot where he was sitting the ground was cleft asunder. And, disappearing into the Earth, he was re-born in the Avīci hell, and the snake-king and the garuḍa-king returned each to his own abode.

The Master, to make clear the fact that he had been swallowed up by the earth, repeated the last stanza:

Therefore I say, friends ne’er should treacherous be;
Than a false friend worse man is none to see.
Buried in earth the venomous creature lies,
And at the snake-king's word the ascetic dies.

[88] The Master here ended his discourse and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too, Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth," and he identified the Birth: "At that

time the ascetic was Devadatta, the snake-king Sāriputta, and the garuḍa-king was myself."

Footnotes

42:1 Vol. vi. p. 329, Jātaka, No. 546.

43:1 The wind agitated by the wings of Garuḍa. Cf. *Nāgānanda,* Boyd's English version, p. 59: "Garuḍa was in the habit of devouring one snake daily, catching it up from hell, whilst the ocean was cleft asunder from top to bottom by the wind of his wings."

No. 519.

SAMBULA-JĀTAKA.

"Tied to the spot," etc. This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of queen Mallikā. The introductory story is related at length in the Kummāsapiṇḍa [1] Birth. Now by the efficacy of a gift of three portions of sour gruel to the Tathāgata, she that very day rose to the position of chief queen, and being possessed of faithful servants and endued with the five feminine charms, full of knowledge, and a disciple of the Buddha, she showed herself a devoted wife. Her devotion was blazed abroad throughout the city. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth, how that queen Mallikā was a faithful and devoted wife. The Master, on his coming there, asked the Brethren what was the topic they were discussing as they sat together, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Brethren, she was a devoted wife"; and so saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time king Brahmadatta had a son named Sotthisena, and when he had come of age the king set him up as viceroy. His chief consort, Sambulā by name, was extremely beautiful, and gifted with so radiant a form that she appeared like a lamp-flame shining in

a sheltered spot. By and bye leprosy showed itself in Sotthisena and the physicians failed to cure it. When the sore discharged, he became so loathsome that in his depression he cried, "What

good is my kingdom to me? I shall perish without a friend in the wilderness." And, bidding them tell the king, he left his harem and departed. Sambulā, though he made many attempts to stop her, refused to return, and saying, "I will watch over you, my lord, in the forest," went forth from the city with him. On entering the forest, he built a hut of leaves and took up his abode in a shady and well-watered spot, where wild fruit abounded. How then did the royal lady watch over him? Why she rose up early in the morning, swept out his hermitage, set some water for him to drink, [89] furnished him with a tooth-stick and water to wash his mouth, and when his mouth was cleansed, she ground various simples and anointed his sores, and gave him luscious fruits to eat; when he had rinsed his mouth and washed his hands, she saluted him and said, "Be earnest in well-doing, my lord." Then taking a basket, a spade and a hook, she went into the forest to gather wild fruit, and she brought and set it on one side, and fetching water in a jar, she with various powders and clay washed Sotthisena and again offered him wild fruit. And when he had finished his meal, she brought him scented water and herself partook of the fruit. Then she arranged a board with a coverlet, and as he lay down on it, she bathed his feet, and after dressing and cleaning his head and back and feet, she came and lay down by the side of the bed. In this way did she watch over her lord. One day, as she was bringing fruit from the forest, she espied a mountain cave, and putting down the basket from her head, she stood on the edge of the cave, and, stepping down to bathe, she rubbed her body all over with yellow dye and took a bath. After washing herself, she climbed up again and put on her bark garment and stood on the edge of the pool. And the whole forest was lighted up with the radiance that was shed from her person. At that moment a goblin, going forth to find his prey,

caught sight of her, and falling in love with her, he repeated a couple of stanzas:

Tied to the spot and trembling as in fear,

Who in this rocky cave is standing here?

Tell us, I pray, O slender-waisted dame,

Who may thy kinsmen be, and what thy name.

Who art thou, lady, ever fair and bright,
And what thy birth that thou canst flood with light
This grove, fit home of every beast of prey?
An ogre I to thee due homage pay.

[90] On hearing what he said, she replied in three stanzas:

Prince Sotthisena, know full well, is heir to Kāsi throne,

And I, this prince's wedded wife, as Sambulā am known.

Videha's royal son is sick and in the forest lies;

Alone I tend him, mad with pain, or else he surely dies.

This savoury bit of venison I picked up in the wood,
And bear it to my lord to-day, now faint for want of food.

This is followed by stanzas spoken alternately by the goblin and the lady:

What good is this sick lord of thine, O Sambulā, to thee?

No wife, but nurse is what he craves. I will thy husband be.

With sorrow worn, a wretch forlorn, no beauty can I claim,
If thou art fain a bride to gain, go woo some fairer dame.

Four hundred wives have I to grace my home on yonder hill;
O lady, deign o’er them to reign, and each fond wish fulfil.

Fair maid so bright with golden light, whate’er is dear to thee
Is mine to give, so come and live a life of joy with me.

[91] But if denied to me as bride, thou art my lawful prey,
And wilt be good to serve as food to break my fast to-day.

(That ogre grim with his seven tufts inspiring dread alarm,
Found helpless Sambulā astray and seized her by the arm.

Thus held by him, that ogre grim, her lustful, cruel foe,
She still deplored her absent lord, nor e’er forgot his woe.)

No grief to me that I should be this hateful ogre's prey,
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away.

No gods are here, but absent far they flee,
Nor any guardians of the world I see,
To check the course of outrage and suppress
All acts of unrestrained licentiousness.

[92] Then was the abode of Sakka shaken by the efficacy of her virtue, and his throne of yellow marble showed signs of heat. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause, and, taking his thunderbolt, he came with all speed, and, standing above the goblin, spoke another stanza:

’Mongst women folk the chief in fame,
She's wise and perfect, bright as flame,
Shouldst thou eat her, thy skull be riven.
O goblin, into fragments seven.
So harm her not; let her go free,
For a devoted wife is she.

On hearing this the goblin let Sambulā go. Sakka thought: "This goblin will be guilty of the same thing again," and so he bound him with celestial chains and let him loose on the third mountain from thence, that he might not return; and, after earnestly exhorting the royal lady, he departed to his own abode. And the

princess, after sunset, by the light of the moon reached the hermitage.

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p. 51

To explain the matter, the Master repeated eight stanzas:

Escaped from ogre, to her hut she fled,

As bird returning finds its fledglings dead,

Or cow, robbed of her calf, laments an empty shed.

Thus Sambulā, of royal fame, made moan,
Wild-eyed and helpless, in the wood, alone.

Hail, priests and brahmins, righteous sages too,
Deserted, I for refuge fly to you.

All hail, ye lions and ye tigers fell,
And other beasts that in the woodland dwell.

All hail, ye grasses, herbs and plants that creep,
All hail, ye forests green and mountains steep.

All hail to Night, bedecked with stars on high,
Dark as blue lotus of the deepest dye.

[93] All hail to Ganges: mother of rivers she,
Known amongst men as famed Bhāgīrathī.

Hail, Himavat, of all the mountains king,
Huge rocky pile, o’ertopping everything.

Regarding her, as she uttered this lamentation, Sotthisena thought, "She is overdoing her lamentation: I do not quite know what it all means. If she were acting thus for love of me, her heart would be broken. I will put her to the test." And he went and sat at the door of his hut. She, still lamenting, came to the door, and, making a low obeisance, she said, "Where has my lord

been?" "Lady," he said, "on other days you have never come at this hour; to-day you are very late," [94] and in the form of a question he spoke this stanza:

Illustrious lady, why so late to-day?
What favoured lover led to this delay?

Then she made answer, "My lord, I was returning with my fruit when I beheld a goblin, and he fell in love with me, and seizing me by the hand, he cried: "Unless you obey my words, I will eat you alive." And at that moment, sorrowing for you only, I uttered this lament; and she repeated this stanza:

Seized by my foe, I, full of woe, these words to him did say;
"No grief to me that I should be a hateful ogre's prey,
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away."

Then she told him the rest of the story, saying, "So when I was seized by this goblin, and was unable to make him let me go, I acted so as to excite the attention of the god. Then Sakka came, thunderbolt in hand, and, standing in the air, he threatened the goblin and made him release me. And he bound him with magic chains and deposited him on

the third mountain range from here, and so departed. Thus was I saved by means of Sakka." Sotthisena, on hearing this, replied: "Well, lady, it may be so. With womenkind it is hard to discover the truth. In the Himalaya region dwell many foresters, ascetics and magicians. Who shall believe you?" And so saying, he repeated a stanza:

You jades are ever by far too clever,
Truth among such is a great rarity,
Ways of the sex are enough to perplex,
E'en as the course of a fish in the sea.

On hearing his words, she said: "My lord, though you do not believe me, by virtue of the truth I speak, I will heal you." So, filling a pot of water and performing an Act of Truth, she poured the water on his head and spoke this stanza:

[95] May Truth for aye my shelter be,
As I love no man more than thee,
And by this Act of Truth, I pray,
May thy disease be healed to-day.

When she had thus performed an Act of Truth, no sooner was the water sprinkled over Sotthisena than the leprosy straightway left him, as it were copper rust washed in some acid. After staying a few days there, they departed from the forest, and, coming to Benares, entered the park. The king, being apprised of their arrival, went to the park, and there and then bade the royal umbrella to be raised over Sotthisena, and ordered that Sambulā, by sprinkling, should be raised to the position of chief queen. Then conducting them into the city, he himself adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in the park, but he still constantly took his meals in the palace. And Sotthisena merely conferred on Sambulā the rank of chief consort, but no honour was paid her, and he ignored her very existence and took his pleasure with other women. Sambulā, through jealousy of her rivals, grew thin and pale of countenance, and her veins stood out upon her body. One day when her father-in-law, the ascetic, came to have a meal, to get rid of her grief she came to him

when he had finished eating, and saluting him, sat down on one side. On seeing her in this languid condition, he repeated a stanza:

Seven hundred elephants by night and day
Are guarding thee, all ready for the fray,
Hundreds of archers shielding thee from harm;
Whence come the foes to fill thee with alarm?

[96] On hearing his words she said, "Your son, my lord, is no longer the same to me"; and she repeated five stanzas:

Fair as a lotus are the maids he loves,
Their swan-like voice his deepest passion moves,
And as he listens to their measured strain,
In his affections I no longer reign.

In human shape but like to nymphs divine,
Adorned with ornaments of gold they shine,
Of perfect form the noble maidens lie
In graceful pose, to charm the royal eye.

If I once more might wander in the wood,
To glean a portion for his daily food,
Once more I should a husband's love regain,
And quit the court in forest realms to reign.

A woman may in softest robes be drest,
And be with food in rich abundance blest,
Fair though she be, yet if an unloved wife,
Best fix a rope and put an end to life.

Yea the poor wretch on bed of straw [1] that lies,
If she find favour in her husband's eyes,

Enjoys a happiness unknown to one,
Rich in all else, but poor in love alone.

[97] When she had thus explained to the ascetic the cause of her thus pining away, he summoned the king and said, "Dear Sotthisena, when you were crushed by the disease of leprosy and hid yourself in the forest, she went with you and ministered to your wants, and by the power of truth healed your sickness, and now after she has been the means of your being established on the throne, you do not even know the place of her sitting and uprising; this is very wrong of you. An act of treachery to a friend like this is a sin," and reproving his son, he repeated this stanza:

A loving wife is ever hard to find,
As is a man that to his wife is kind:
Thy wife was virtuous and loving too;
Do thou, O king, to Sambulā be true.

[98] After he had thus reproved his son, he got up and went away. The king, when his father was gone, called for Sambulā and said, "My dear, forgive the wrong I have done you this long time. Henceforth I confer on you all power," and he repeated the final stanza:

Shouldst thou, with wealth in great abundance blest,
Still pine away, by jealousy opprest,
I and these maidens, creatures of thy hand,
Will be obedient to thy command.

Thenceforth the pair lived happily together and after a life of charity and good works they departed to fare according to their deeds. The ascetic, after entering upon ecstatic meditation, passed to the heaven of Brahma.

The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, but formerly too, Mallikā was a devoted wife," he identified the Birth: "At that time Sambulā Was Mallikā, Sotthisena was the king of Kosala, and the ascetic father was myself."

Footnotes

48:1 Vol. iii. No. 415, p. 245, English version.

53:1 Reading *kaṭadutiyā.*

No. 520.

GAṆḌATINDU-JĀTAKA.

"Zeal is the way," etc. This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the admonition of a king. This admonition of a king has already been related in full [1].

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Kampilla, in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, a king called Pañcāla, being established in evil courses and reckless, ruled his kingdom unrighteously. So all his ministers likewise became unrighteous. His subjects being oppressed by taxation took their wives and families and wandered in the forest like wild beasts. Where once stood villages, there now were none, [99] and the people through the fear of the king's men by day did not venture to dwell in their houses, but fencing them about with thorn branches, as soon as the day broke, they disappeared into the forest. By day they were plundered by the king's men and by night by robbers. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a divinity of a tinduka tree outside the city, and every year received from the king an offering worth a thousand pieces of money, and he thought, "This is a roi fainéant; his whole kingdom is going to ruin; besides me there is no one that can set the king in the right way, and he is a benefactor to me and every year honours me with an offering of a thousand pieces. I will admonish him." So in the night he entered into the royal chamber, and taking up his position at the bed's head he stood poised in the air, emitting a

bright light. The king, when he saw him thus shining like the newly-risen sun, asked him who he was and wherefore he had come. On hearing his words he said, "Great king, I am the divinity of the tinduka tree, and I come to give you good advice." "What advice have you to give me?" said the king. "Sire," said the Great Being, "you are careless in your rule, and so all your kingdom is going to ruin, as if it were the prey of hirelings. Kings that are careless in their rule are not masters of all their realm, but in this world they meet with destruction and in the world to come they are re-born in hell, and when they are careless both those within their domain and those outside it are careless too, and therefore a king ought to

be exceedingly careful," and so saying, to inculcate a moral lesson, he repeated these stanzas:

Zeal is the way to Nirvāna, but sloth leads to death, it is said;
While vigilant souls never die, the careless are even as dead.

From pride as its root cometh sloth: from sloth cometh loss and decay:
Decay is the parent of sin. All sloth, O great king, put away.

Brave souls by their sloth many times of wealth and of realm have been shorn,
And so village lords may become like the waif, without home, all forlorn.

[100] When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

Thou art slack out of season, O king, from the right thou hast wandered away,
Thy realm that so flourished of old to robbers doth now fall a prey.

No son shall inherit thy realm, with its treasures of gold and of corn,
Thy realm to the spoiler a prey and thou of thy wealth liest shorn.

The prince that is stript of his realm, with its stores and its wealth manifold,
His friends and his kith and his kin esteem him no more as of old.

His guards and his charioteers, his horse and his footmen so bold,
As they see him of all dispossest, regard him no more as of old.

The fool of disorderly life is by evil advice led astray,
Soon stript is the fool of his fame, as the snake its old skin casts away.

But the man who arising betimes unwearied and orderly is,
His oxen and kine thrive apace, and riches increasing are his.

Great king, ever open thine ears, and list to what people may say,
That seeing and hearing the truth, thou mayst win to good fortune thy way.

[101] Thus did the Great Being admonish the king in eleven stanzas, and "Go," said he, "without delay and foster thy kingdom, and destroy it not," and so departed to his own abode. And the king hearkened to his words and, being much moved, on the morrow he handed over his kingdom to his ministers, and accompanied by his chaplain he left the city betimes by the eastern gate [102] and went a furlong's distance. There an old man, a native of the village, carried branches of thorn from the forest and putting them all round his house closed the door, and with his wife and children betook himself to the forest. At eventide when the king's men had departed, he returned to his house, and by the door his foot was pierced with a thorn point, and sitting cross-legged and extracting the thorn he cursed the king in the following stanza:

Struck by an arrow in the fray,
    So may Pañcāla mourn,
As I have cause to grieve to-day,
    Thus wounded by a thorn.

This imprecation on the king came about by the power of the Bodhisatta, and it was as one possessed by the Bodhisatta that he cursed him. In this light is his action to be regarded. Now at this

juncture the king and his chaplain stood before him in disguise. So the chaplain hearing his words uttered another stanza:

Thou art old, my good sir, and thy sight is too dim
    To discern things aright, I'll be sworn;
As for king Brahmadatta, what is it to him,
    That thy foot has been pierced by a thorn

On hearing this the old man repeated three stanzas:

'Tis due to Brahmadatta, sure, that I am racked with pain,
Just as defenceless folk are oft by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.

Distrest by such a fear as this, men to the forest flee,
And round their dwellings scatter thorns, for their security.

[103] On hearing this the king addressing his chaplain said, "Master, the old man speaks truly: it is our fault. Come, let us return and rule the kingdom righteously." Then the Bodhisatta, taking possession of the body of the chaplain, stood before him and said, "Great king, let us investigate the matter." And passing from that village to another one they listened to the words spoken by an old woman. She was, it is said, a poor woman and had two grown up daughters under her care, whom she would not allow to enter the forest. But she herself brought fire-wood and leaves of trees and ministered to her daughters. One day she climbed up a bush to gather leaves and falling rolled upon the ground, and she cursed the king, threatening him with death, and uttered this stanza:

Oh! when will Brahmadatta die, for long as he shall reign,
Our daughters live unwedded and for husbands sigh in vain?

Then the priest checking her spoke this stanza:

Evil and profitless withal these words of thine, O jade,
Whence shall the king find in his realm a husband for each maid?

[104] The old woman on hearing this repeated two stanzas:

Not evil are these words of mine, nor spoken all in vain,
So long as thy defenceless folk are by oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway,
When times are bad, poor maids are sad, for husbands none have they.

Hearing her words they thought, "She speaks to the point," and going farther on they listened to what a ploughman was saying. As he was ploughing, they say, his ox called Sāliya was laid low, being struck by the ploughshare, and its owner cursed the king and repeated this stanza:

So may Pañcāla fall to earth by spear-thrust of his foe,
As Sāliya by ploughshare hurt, poor wretch, here lieth low.

Then the priest, to check him, spoke this stanza:

With Brahmadatta thou art wroth, though no good cause is shown,
And while thou dost revile the king, the guilt is all thine own.

Hearing this the ploughman replied in three stanzas:

With Brahmadatta I am wroth, and rightly I maintain;

Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressor slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we &c.

[105] The slave had twice [1] to cook the food and brought it late to me;
While all agape for her, my ox was wounded fatally.

Going on still further they stayed in a certain village. Next day early in the morning a vicious cow kicked a milkman and upset him, milk and all. The man cursed Brahmadatta and repeated this stanza:

By stroke of sword Pañcāla's lord shall fall amidst the fray,

As I'm laid low by kick of cow, milk-pail and all, to-day.

The brahmin in a stanza said:

A cow, say, kicks against the pricks, or pail of milk upsets—

What's this to Brahmadatta that all this abuse he gets?

On hearing this the milkman repeated three stanzas:

Pañcāla's king, O brahmin, is to blame, for in his reign

Defenceless folk are seen to be by their oppressors slain.

By night &c.

A wild and savage cow that we had never milked before
We milked to-day: demands for milk grow ever more and more.

[106] They said, "He speaks the truth," and going forth from that village they climbed into the highway and started towards the city. And in a certain village tax-collectors killed a young dappled calf and stripped off its skin to make a sword-sheath, and the mother of the calf was so grieved for the loss of her young one that she neither ate grass nor drank water but roamed to and

fro, lamenting. On seeing her the village boys cursed the king and spoke this stanza:

So let Pañcāla pine away and childless weep in vain,
As this poor cow distracted seeks the calf that men have slain.

Then the priest spoke another stanza:

When from its herd some beast escapes, and roars to ease its pain,
Herein what cause hast thou of Brahmadatta to complain?

Then the village boys repeated two stanzas:

King Brahmadatta's sin in this, brahmin, to me is plain,
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.
Why should a tender calf be killed, just for a sheath, I pray?

"You speak truth," they said and departed. Then, going on their way, in a certain dry tank crows were striking frogs with their beaks and

devouring them. When they reached this spot, the Bodhisatta by the exercise of his power cursed the king by the mouth of a frog, saying,

[107]

So may Pañcāla killed in fight be eaten, sons and all,
As woodland frog to village crows a prey this day I fall.

Hearing this the priest conversing with the frog repeated this stanza:

Kings cannot, frog, as you must know,
Guard every creature here below,
In this no wicked king is he,
That crows eat living things like thee.

On hearing this the frog repeated two stanzas:

The priest with words too flattering
Thus wickedly deceives the king;
The king, though people are oppressed,
Deems the priest's policy the best.

If blest with all prosperity
This realm should glad and peaceful be,
Crows richest offerings [1] might enjoy,
Nor need aught living to destroy.

[108] On hearing this the king and the priest thought, "All creatures, including the frog that lives in the forest, curse us," and going thence to the city they ruled their kingdom righteously, and abiding in the admonition of the Great Being they devoted themselves to charity and other good works.

The Master here ended his discourse to the king of Kosala in these words, "A king, Sire, must forsake evil courses, and rule his kingdom righteously," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the divinity of the tinduka tree was myself."

Footnotes

54:1 No. 334, vol. iii. *Rājovāda-Jātaka.* No. 521, vol. v.

57:1 The scholiast explains that the royal tax-gatherers had eaten the food first cooked by the slave for her master.

58:1 A crow was called *balipuṭṭho,* "nourished by oblations."

BOOK XVII. CATTĀLĪSANIPĀTA.

No. 521.

TESAKUṆA-JĀTAKA.

[109] *"'Tis this I ask," etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told by way of admonition to the king of Kosala. Now this king came to hear the preaching of the law and the Master addressed him in the following terms: "A king, Sire, ought to rule his kingdom righteously, for whenever kings are unrighteous, then also are his officers unrighteous." And admonishing him in the right way as related in the Catukkanipāta (4th Book) he pointed out the suffering and the blessing involved in following or abstaining from evil courses, and expounded in detail the misery resulting from sensual pleasures, comparing them to dreams and the like, saying, "In the case of these men,

No bribe can move relentless death, no kindness mollify,
No one in fight can vanquish death. For all are doomed to die.

And when they depart to another world, except their own virtuous action they have no other sure refuge, so that they must inevitably forsake low associations, and for their reputation's sake they must not be careless, but be earnest and exercise rule in righteousness, even as kings of old, before Buddha arose, abiding in the admonition of the wise, ruled righteously and departing attained to the heavenly city," and at the request of the king he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time Brahmadatta ruled in Benares and had no heir, and his prayer for a son or daughter was not answered. Now one day he went with a large escort to his park and after amusing himself a part of the day in the grounds [110] he had a couch spread for him at the foot of the royal sāl tree, and after a short nap he awoke and, looking up to the sāl tree, he beheld a bird's nest in it, and at the sight of it a desire to possess it sprang up in his heart, and summoning one of his attendants he said, "Climb the tree and see if there is anything in the nest or not." The man climbed up and finding three eggs in it told the king. "Then mind you do not breathe over them," he said, and, spreading some cotton in a casket, he told the man to come down gently, and place the eggs in it. When they had been brought down, he took up the casket and asked his courtiers to what bird these eggs belonged. They answered, "We do not know: hunters will know." The king sent for the hunters and asked them. "Sire," said they, "one is an owl's egg, another is a maynah bird's, and the third is a parrot's." "Pray are there eggs of three different birds in

one nest?" "Yes, Sire, when there is nothing to fear, what is carefully deposited does not perish." The king being pleased said, "They shall be my children," and committing the three eggs to the charge of three courtiers, he said, "These shall be my children. Do you carefully watch over them and when the young birds come out of the shell, let me know." They took good care of them. First of all the owl's egg was hatched, and the courtier sent for a hunter and said, "Find out the sex of the young bird, whether it is a cock or a hen bird," and when he had examined it

and declared it to be a cock bird, the courtier went to the king and said, "Sire, a son is born to you." The king was delighted and bestowed much wealth on him and saying, [111] "Watch carefully over him and call his name Vessantara," he sent him away. He did as he was told. Then a few days afterwards the egg of the maynah bird was hatched, and the second courtier likewise, after getting the huntsman to examine it, and hearing it was a hen bird, went to the king and announced to him the birth of a daughter. The king was delighted, and gave to him also much treasure and saying, "Watch carefully over my daughter and call her name Kuṇḍalinī," he sent him away. He also did what he was told. Then after a few days the parrot's egg was hatched and the third courtier, when told by the huntsman who examined it that it was a cock bird, went and announced to the king the birth of a son. The king was delighted and paying him liberally said, "Hold a festival in honour of my son with great pomp, and call his name Jambuka," and then sent him away. He too did as he was told. And these three birds grew up in the houses of the three courtiers with all the ceremony due to royalty. The king speaks of them habitually, as "my son" and "my daughter." His courtiers made merry, one with another, saying, "Look at what the king does: he goes about speaking of birds as his son and his daughter." The king thought, "These courtiers do not know the extent of my children's wisdom. I will make it evident to them." So he sent one of his ministers to Vessantara to say, "Your father wishes to ask you a question. When shall he come and ask it?" The minister came and bowing to Vessantara delivered the message. Vessantara sent for the courtier who looked after him and said, "My father," they tell me, "wants to ask me a question. When he comes, we must shew him all respect," and he asked "When is he to come?" The courtier said, "Let him come on the seventh day from this." Vessantara on hearing this said, "Let my

father come on the seventh day from this," and with these words he sent the minister away. He went and told the king. On the seventh day the king ordered a drum to be beaten through the city and went to the house where his son lived. Vessantara treated the king with great respect and had great respect paid even to the slaves and hired servants. The king, after partaking of food in the house of Vessantara, and enjoying great distinction, returned to his

own dwelling-place. Then he had a big pavilion erected in the palace-yard, and, having made proclamation by beating a drum through the city, he sat in his magnificent pavilion surrounded by a great retinue [112] and sent word to a courtier to conduct Vessantara to him. The courtier brought Vessantara on a golden stool. The bird sat on his father's lap and played with his father, and then went and sat on the stool. Then the king in the midst of the crowd of people questioned him as to the duty of a king and spoke the first stanza:

'Tis this I ask Vessantara—dear bird, mayst thou be blest
To one that's fain o'er men to reign, what course of life is best?

Vessantara, without answering the question directly, reproved the king for his carelessness and spoke the second stanza:

Kaṁsa my sire, of Kāsi lord, so careless long ago,
Urged me his son, though full of zeal, still greater zeal to show.

Rebuking the king in this stanza and saying, "Sire, a king ought to rule his kingdom righteously, abiding in the three truths," and telling of a king's duty he spoke these stanzas:

First of all should a king put away all falsehood and anger and scorn;
Let him do what a king has to do, or else to his vow be forsworn.

By passion and sin led astray, should he err in the past, it is plain
He will live to repent of the deed, and will learn not to do it again.

When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

'Twas thus that Good Fortune and Luck, when I asked, made reply unto me,
"In a man energetic and bold we delight, if from jealousy free."

[113] Ill Luck, ever wrecking good fortune, delighteth in men of ill deeds,
The hard-hearted creatures in whom a spirit of jealousy breeds.

To all, O great king, be a friend, so that all may thy safety insure,
Ill Luck put away, but to Luck that is good be a dwelling secure.

The man that is lucky and bold, O thou that o'er Kāsi dost reign,
His foes will destroy root and branch, and to greatness will surely attain.

Great Sakka all courage in man ever watches with vigilant eyes,
For courage as virtue he holds and in it true goodness espies.

Gandharvas, gods, angels and men, one and all, emulate such a king,
And spirits appearing stand by, of his zeal and his vigour to sing.

Be zealous to do what is right, nor, however reviled, yield to sin,
Be earnest in efforts for good—no sluggard can bliss ever win.

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go:
'Tis enough to win bliss for a friend or to work grievous ill for a foe.

[115] Thus did the bird Vessantara in a single stanza rebuke the carelessness of the king, and then in telling the duty of a king in eleven stanzas answered his question with all the charm of a Buddha. The hearts of the multitude were filled with wonder and amazement and innumerable shouts of applause were raised. The king was transported with joy and addressing his courtiers asked them what was to be done for his son, for

having spoken thus. "He should be made a general in the army, Sire." "Well, I give him the post of general," and he appointed Vessantara to the vacant post. Thenceforth placed in this position he carried out his father's wishes. Here ends the story of Vessantara's question.

[116] Again the king after some days, just as before, sent a message to Kuṇḍalinī, and on the seventh day he paid her a visit and returning home again he seated himself in the centre of a pavilion and ordered Kuṇḍalinī to be brought to him, and when she was seated on a golden stool, he questioned her as to the duty of a king and spoke this stanza:

Kuṇḍalinī, of royal birth, couldst thou resolve my quest,
To one that's fain o’er men to reign, what course of life is best?

When the king thus asked her as to the duties of a king, she said, "I suppose, Sir, you are putting me to the test, thinking "What will a woman be able to tell me?" so I will tell you, putting all your duty as a king into just two maxims," and she repeated these stanzas:

The matter, my friend, is set forth in a couple of maxims quite plain—
To keep whatsoever one has, and whatever one has not to gain.

Take as counsellors men that are wise, thy interests clearly to see,
Not given to riot and waste, from gambling and drunkenness free.

Such an one as can guard thee aright and thy treasure with all proper zeal,
As a charioteer guides his car, he with skill steers the realm's common weal.

Keep ever thy folk well in hand; and duly take stock of thy pelf,
Ne’er trust to another a loan or deposit, but act for thyself.

What is done or undone to thy profit and loss it is well thou shouldst know,
Ever blame the blame-worthy and favour on them that deserve it bestow.

[117] Thou thyself, O great king, shouldst instruct thy people in every good way,
Lest thy realm and thy substance should fall to unrighteous officials a prey.

See that nothing is done by thyself or by others with overmuch speed,
For the fool that so acts without doubt will live to repent of the deed.

To wrath one should never give way, for should it due bounds overflow,
It will lead to the ruin of kings and the proudest of houses lay low.

Be sure that thou never as king thy people mislead to their cost,
Lest all men and women alike in an ocean of trouble be lost.

When a king from all fear is set free, and the pleasures of sense are his aim,
Should his riches and all disappear, to that king it is counted as shame.

Herein is a text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go,
Be an adept in every good work, to excess and to riot a foe,
Study virtue, for vice ever leads to a state full of suffering and woe.

[120] Thus did Kuṇḍalinī also teach the king his duty in eleven stanzas. The king was delighted and addressing his courtiers asked them, saying, "What is to be given to my daughter as a reward for her having spoken thus?" "The office of treasurer, Sire." "Well then, I grant her the post of treasurer," and he appointed Kuṇḍalinī to the vacant post. Thenceforth she held the office and acted for the king. Here ends the story of the question of Kuṇḍalinī.

Again the king after the lapse of a few days, just as before, sent a messenger to the wise Jambuka, and going there on the seventh day and being magnificently entertained he returned home and in the same manner took his seat in the centre of a pavilion. A courtier placed the wise Jambuka on a stool bound with gold, and came bearing the stool on his head. The wise bird sitting on his father's lap and playing with him at length took his seat on

the golden stool. Then the king, asking him a question, spoke this stanza:

We've questioned both thy brother prince, and also fair Kuṇḍalinī;
Now, Jambuka, do thou in turn the highest power declare to me.

Thus did the king, in asking a question of the Great Being, not ask him in the way in which he had asked the others, but asked him in a special way. Then the wise bird said to him, "Well, Sire, listen attentively, and I will tell you all," and like a man placing a purse containing a thousand pieces of money into an outstretched hand, he began his exposition of a king's duty:

Amidst the great ones of the earth a fivefold power we see;
Of these the power of limbs is, sure, the last in its degree,
And power of wealth, O mighty lord, the next is said to be.

The power of counsel third in rank of these, O king, I name;
The power of caste without a doubt is reckoned fourth in fame,
And all of these a man that's wise most certainly will claim.

[121] Of all these powers that one is best, as power of learning known,
By strength of this a man is wise and makes success his own.

Should richest realm fall to the lot of some poor stupid wight,
Another will by violence seize it in his despite.

However noble be the prince, whose lot it is to rule,
He is hard put to live at all, if he should prove a fool.

’Tis wisdom tests reports of deeds and makes men's fame to grow,
Who is with wisdom gifted still finds pleasure e’en in woe.

None that are heedless in their ways to wisdom can attain,
But must consult the wise and just, or ignorant remain.

Who early rising shall betimes unweariedly give heed
To duty's varied calls, in life is certain to succeed.

No one that's bent on hurtful things or acts in listless mood
In aught that he may undertake will come to any good.

But one that will unweariedly a rightful course pursue,
Is sure to reach perfection in whatever he may do.

To safeguard one's store is to gain more and more,
And these are the things I would have thee to mind;
For the fool by ill deeds, like a house built of reeds,
Collapses and leaves rack and ruin behind.

[123] Thus did the Bodhisatta in all these points sing the praises of the five powers, and exalting the power of wisdom, like to one striking the orb of the moon with his words, he admonished the king in eleven stanzas:

Unto thy parents, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous life to heaven thou, sire, shalt go [1].

[124] After uttering ten stanzas about the way of righteousness, still further admonishing the king he spoke the concluding stanza:

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go:
Follow wisdom and ever be happy, the Truth in its fulness to know.

Thus did the Great Being, as though he were letting down the heavenly Ganges, teach the Law with all the charm of a Buddha. And the multitude paid him great honour and raised innumerable shouts of applause. The king was delighted and addressing his councillors asked, [125] "How ought my son, wise Jambuka, with a beak like the fresh fruit of the rose-apple, to be rewarded for having spoken thus?" "With the post of commander-in-chief, Sire." "Then I offer him this post," he said,

and appointed him to the vacant office, and thenceforth in the position of commander-in-chief he carried out the orders of his father. Great honour was paid to the three birds, and all three of them gave instruction in temporal and spiritual matters. The king, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, by almsgiving and other good works became destined to heaven. The councillors after performing the king's obsequies, speaking to the birds said, "My lord, Jambu, the king ordered the royal umbrella to be raised over you." The Great Being said, "I have no need of the kingdom, do you exercise rule with all vigilance," and after establishing the people in the moral law, he said "Execute justice," and he had righteous judgment inscribed on a golden plate and disappeared in the forest. And his admonition continued in force forty thousand years.

The Master by means of his admonition of the king taught this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Kuṇḍalinī was Uppalavaṇṇā, Vessantara was Sāriputta, the bird Jambu was myself."

No. 522.

SARABHAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

"Beringed and gallantly," etc.—This was a story the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the death of the Elder, the Great Moggallāna [2]. The Elder Sāriputta [3], after gaining the consent of the Tathāgata

when he was living at Jetavana, went and died in the village of Nāla, in the very room where he was born. The Master, on hearing of his death, went to Rājagaha and took up his abode in the Bamboo Grove. An Elder dwelt there on the slopes of Isigili (Mount of Saints) at the Black Rock. This man, by attaining perfection in supernatural power, was able to make his way into heaven and hell. In the god world he beheld one of the disciples of Buddha enjoying great power, and in the world of men he saw one of the disciples of the heretics suffering great agony, and on returning to the world of men he told them how in a certain god-world such and such a lay Brother or Sister was re-born and enjoying great honour, and amongst the followers of the heretics such and such a man or woman was re-born in hell [126] or other states of suffering. People gladly accepted his teaching and rejected that of the schismatics. Great honour was paid to the disciples of Buddha, while that paid to the schismatics fell away. They conceived a grudge against the Elder, and said: "As long as this fellow is alive, there are divisions amongst our followers, and the honour paid to us falls away: we will put him to death"; and they gave a thousand pieces of money to a

brigand who guarded the ascetics to put the Elder to death. He resolved to kill the Elder, and came with a great following to Black Rock. The Elder, when he saw him coming, by his magic power flew up into the air and disappeared. The brigand, not finding the Elder that day, returned home and came back day after day for six successive days. But the Elder, by his magic power, always disappeared in the same way. On the seventh day an act committed of old by the Elder, carrying with it consequences to be recognised on some future occasion, got its chance for mischief. The story goes that once upon a time, hearkening to what his wife said, he wanted to put his father and mother to death; and, taking them in a carriage to a forest, he pretended that they were attacked by robbers, and struck and beat his parents. Through feebleness of sight being unable to see objects clearly, they did not recognise their son, and thinking they were robbers said: "Dear son, some robbers are killing us: make your escape," and lamented for him only. He thought, "Though they are being beaten by me, it is only on my account they make lamentation. I am acting shamefully." So he reassured them and, pretending that the robbers had been put to flight, he stroked their hands and feet, saying, "Dear father and mother, do not be afraid, the robbers have fled," and brought them again to their own house. This action for ever so long not finding its opportunity but ever biding its time, like a core of flame hidden under ashes, caught up and seized upon the man when he was re-born for the last time, and the Elder, in consequence of his action, was unable to fly up into the air. His magic power that once could quell Nanda [1] and Upananda and cause Vejayanta to tremble, as the result of his action became mere feebleness. The brigand crushed all his bones, subjecting him to the "straw and meal" torture [2], and, thinking he was dead, went off with his followers. But the Elder, on recovering consciousness, clothed

himself with Meditation as with a garment, and flying up into the presence of the Master, saluted him and said, "Holy Sir, my sum of life is exhausted: I would die," and having gained the Master's consent, he died then and there. At that instant the six god-worlds were in a general state of commotion. "Our Master," they cried, "is dead." And they came, bringing incense and perfume and wreaths breathing divine odours, and all kinds of wood, [127] and the funeral pile was made of sandalwood and ninety-nine precious things. The Master, standing near the Elder, ordered his remains to be deposited, and for the space of a league all round about the spot where the body was burned flowers rained down upon it, and men and gods stood mingled together, and for seven days held a sacred festival. The Master had the relics of the Elder gathered together, and erected a shrine in a gabled chamber in the Bamboo Grove. At that time they raised the topic in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Sāriputta, because

he did not die in the presence of the Tathāgata, has not received great honour at the hands of the Buddha, but the Great Elder Moggallāna, because he died near the Master, has had great honour paid to him." The Master came up, and asking the Brethren what they were sitting in conclave to discuss, on hearing what it was, said: "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also Moggallāna received great honour at my hands"; and, so saying, he related a story of the past.

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[1]Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by the brahmin wife of the royal

chaplain, and at the end of ten months was born early in the morning. At that moment there was a blaze of all kinds of arms in the city of Benares for the space of twelve leagues. The priest, on the birth of the boy, stepped out of doors and looked up to the sky for the purpose of divining his son's destiny, and knew that this boy, because he was born under a certain conjunction in the heaven, would surely be the chief archer in all India. So he went betimes to the palace and inquired after the king's health. On his replying, "How, my master, can I be well: this day there is a blaze of weapons throughout my dwelling-place," he said, "Fear not, Sire; not merely in your house, but throughout all the city is this blaze of arms to be seen. This is due to the fact that a boy is born to-day in our house." "What, master, will be the result of the birth of a boy under these conditions?" "Nothing, Sire, but he will prove to be the chief archer in all India." "Well, master, do you then watch over him, and when he is grown up, present him to us." And so saying, he ordered a thousand pieces of money to be given him as the price of his nurture [2]. The priest took it and went home, and on the naming-day of his son, on account of the blaze of arms at the moment of his birth, he called him Jotipāla. He was reared in great state, and at the age of sixteen he was extremely handsome. Then his father, observing his personal distinction, said, "Dear son, go to Takkasilā [128] and receive instruction in all learning at the hands of a world-famous teacher." He agreed to do so and, taking his teacher's fee, he bade his parents farewell and repaired thither. He presented his fee of one thousand pieces of money and set about acquiring instruction, and in the course of seven days he had reached perfection. His master was so delighted with him that he gave him a precious sword that belonged to him, and a bow of ram's-horn and a quiver, both of them deftly joined together, and his own coat of mail and a diadem, and he said, "Dear Jotipāla, I am

an old man, do you now train these pupils"; and he handed over to him five hundred pupils. The Bodhisatta, taking everything with him, said good-bye to his teacher and, returning to Benares, went to see his parents. Then his father, on seeing him standing respectfully before him, said, "My son, have you finished your studies?" "Yes, sir." On hearing his

answer he went to the palace and said, "My son, Sire, has completed his education: what is he to do?" "Master, let him wait on us." "What do you decide, Sire, about his expenses?" "Let him receive a thousand pieces of money daily." He readily agreed to this, and returning home he called his boy to him and said, "Dear son, you are to serve the king." Thenceforth he received every day a thousand pieces of money and attended on the king. The king's attendants were offended; "We do not see that Jotipāla does anything, and he receives a thousand pieces of money every day. We should like to see a specimen of his skill." The king heard what they said and told the priest. He said, "All right, Sire," and told his son. "Very well, dear father," he said, "on the seventh day from this I will show them: let the king assemble all the archers in his dominion." The priest went and repeated what he said to the king. The king, by beat of drum through the city, had all his archers gathered together. When they were assembled, they numbered sixty thousand. The king, on hearing that they were assembled, said: "Let all that dwell in the city witness the skill of Jotipāla." And making proclamation by beat of drum, he had the palace yard made ready, and, followed by a great crowd, [129] he took his seat on a splendid throne, and, when he had summoned the archers, he sent for Jotipāla. He put the bow and quiver and coat of mail and diadem, which had been given to

him by his teacher, beneath his under garment, and had the sword carried for him, and then came before the king in his ordinary garb and stood respectfully on one side. The archers thought, "Jotipāla, they say, has come to give us a specimen of his skill, but from his coming without a bow he will evidently want to receive one at our hands," but they all agreed they would not give him one. The king, addressing Jotipāla, said, "Give us proof of your skill." So he had a tent-like screen thrown round about him, and taking his stand inside it, and doffing his cloak, he girt on his armour, and got into his coat of mail and fastened the diadem on his head. Then he fixed a string of the colour of coral on his ram's-horn bow, and binding his quiver on his back and fastening his sword on his left side, he twirled an arrow tipt with adamant on his nail, and threw open the screen and sallied forth like a Nāga prince bursting out of the earth, splendidly equipped, and stood making an obeisance to the king. The multitude, on seeing him, jumped about and shouted and clapped their hands. The king said, "Jotipāla, give us a specimen of your skill." "Sire," he said, "amongst your archers are men who pierce like lightning [1], able to split a hair, and to shoot at a sound (without seeing) and to cleave a (falling) arrow [2]. Summon

four of these archers." The king summoned them. The Great Being set up a pavilion in a square enclosure in the palace yard, and at the four corners he stationed the four archers, and to each of them he had thirty thousand arrows allotted, assigning men to hand the arrows to each, and he himself taking an arrow tipt with adamant stood in the middle of the pavilion and cried, "O king, let these four archers all at once shoot their arrows to wound me; I will ward off the arrows shot by them." The king

gave the order for them to do so. "Sire," they said, "we shoot as quick as lightning, and are able to split a hair, and to shoot at the sound of a voice (without seeing), and to cleave a (falling) arrow, but Jotipāla is a mere stripling; we will not shoot him." The Great Being said, "If you can, shoot me." "Agreed," they said, and with one accord they shot their arrows. The Great Being, striking them severally with his iron arrow, in some way or other, [130] made them drop on the ground, and then throwing a wall [1] round them, he piled them together and so made a magazine of arrows, fitting each arrow, handle level with handle, stock with stock, feathers with feathers, till the bowmen's arrows were all spent, and when he saw that it was so, without spoiling his magazine of arrows, he flew up into the air and stood before the king. The people made a great uproar, shouting and dancing about and clapping their hands, and they threw off their garments and ornaments, so that there was treasure lying in a heap to the amount of eighteen crores. Then the king asked him, "What do you call this trick, Jotipāla?" "The arrow-defence, Sire." "Are there any others that know it?" "No one in all India, except myself, Sire." "Show us another trick, friend." "Sire, these four men stationed at four corners failed to wound me. But if they are posted at the four corners, I will wound them with a single arrow." The archers did not dare to stand there. So the Great Being fixed four plantains at the four corners, and fastening a scarlet thread on the feathered part of the arrow, he shot it, aiming at one of the plantains. The arrow struck it and then the second, the third and the fourth, one after another, and then struck the first, which it had already pierced, and so returned to the archer's hand; while the plantains stood encircled with the thread. The people raised myriad shouts of applause. The king asked, "What do you call this trick, friend?" "The pierced circle, Sire." "Show us something more." The Great Being showed them

the arrow-stick, the arrow-rope, the arrow-plait, and performed other tricks called the arrow-terrace, arrow-pavilion, arrow-wall [2], arrow-stairs, arrow-tank, and made the arrow-lotus to blossom and caused it to rain a shower of arrows.

[131] Thus did he display these twelve unrivalled acts of skill, and then he cleft seven incomparably huge substances. He pierced a plank of fig-wood, eight inches thick, a plank of asana-wood, four inches thick, a copper plate two inches thick, an iron plate one inch thick, and after piercing a hundred boards joined together, one after another, he shot an arrow at the front part of waggons full of straw and sand and planks, and made it come out at the back part; and, shooting at the back of the waggons, he caused the arrow to come out at the front. He drove an arrow through a space of over a furlong in water and more than two furlongs of earth, and he pierced a hair, at the distance of half a furlong, at the first sign of its being moved by the wind. And when he had displayed all these feats of skill, the sun set. Then the king promised him the post of commander-in-chief, saying, "Jotipāla, it is too late to-day; to-morrow you shall receive the honour of the chief command. Go and have your beard trimmed and take a bath," and that same day he gave him a hundred thousand pieces of money for his expenses. The Great Being said, "I have no need of this," and he gave his lords eighteen crores of treasure and went with a large escort to bathe; and, after he had had his beard trimmed and had bathed, arrayed in all manner of adornments, he entered his abode with unparalleled pomp. After enjoying a variety of dainty viands, he got up and lay down on a royal couch, and when he had slept through two watches, in the last watch he woke up and sat

cross-legged on his couch, considering the beginning, the middle and the end of his feats of skill. "My skill," he thought, "in the beginning is evidently death, in the middle it is the enjoyment of sin, and in the end it is re-birth in hell: for the destruction of life and excessive carelessness in sinful enjoyment causes re-birth in hell. The post of commander-in-chief is given me by the king, and great power will accrue to me, and I shall have a wife and many children; but if the objects of desire are multiplied, it will be hard to get rid of desire. I will go forth from the world alone and enter the forest: [132] it is right for me to adopt the life of an ascetic." So the Great Being arose from his couch, and without letting anybody know, he descended from the terrace, and going out by the house-door [1] he went into the forest all alone, and repaired to a spot on the banks of the Godhāvarī, near the Kaviṭṭha [2] forest, three leagues in extent. Sakka, hearing of his renunciation of the world, summoned Vissakamma and said, "Friend, Jotipāla has renounced the world; a great company will gather round him. Build a hermitage on the banks of the Godhāvarī in the Kaviṭṭha forest and provide them with everything necessary

for the ascetic life." Vissakamma did so. The Great Being, when he reached the place, saw a road for a single foot-passenger and thought, "This must be a place for ascetics to dwell in," and travelling by this road and meeting with no one, he entered the hut of leaves. On seeing the requisites for ascetic life he said, "Sakka, king of heaven, methinks, knew that I had renounced the world"; and, doffing his cloak, he put on an inner and outer robe of dyed bark and threw an antelope's skin over one shoulder. Then be bound up his coil of matted locks, shouldered a pingo of

three bushels of grain, took a mendicant's staff and sallied forth from his hut, and climbing up the covered walk, he paced up and down it several times. Thus did he glorify the forest with the beauty of asceticism, and after performing the Kasiṇa ritual, on the seventh day of his religious life he developed the eight Attainments and the five Faculties, and lived quite alone, feeding on what he could glean and on roots and berries. His parents and a crowd of friends and kinsfolk and acquaintances, not seeing him, wandered about disconsolate. Then a certain forester, who had seen and recognised the Great Being in the Kaviṭṭha hermitage, told his parents and they informed the king of it. The king said, "Come, let us go and see him," and taking the father and mother, and accompanied by a great multitude, he arrived at the bank of the Godhāvarī by the road which the forester pointed out to him. The Bodhisatta, on coming to the river-bank, seated himself in the air, and after teaching them the Law, [133] he brought them all into his hermitage, and there too, seated in the air, he revealed to them the misery involved in sensual desires and taught them the Law. And all of them, including the king, adopted the religious life. The Bodhisatta continued to dwell there, surrounded by a band of ascetics. And the news that he was dwelling there was blazed abroad throughout all India. Kings with their subjects came and took orders at his hands, and there was a great assembly of them till they gradually numbered many thousands. Whoever reflected on thoughts of lust, or the wish to hurt or injure others, to him came the Great Being, and seated in the air before him, he taught him the Law and instructed him in the Kasiṇa ritual. His seven chief pupils were Sālissara [1], Meṇḍissara, Pabbata, Kāḷadevala, Kisavaccha, Anusissa, and Nārada. And they, abiding in his admonition, attained to ecstatic meditation and reached perfection. By and bye the Kaviṭṭha hermitage became crowded,

and there was no room for the multitude of ascetics to dwell there. So the Great Being, addressing Sālissara, said, "Sālissara, this hermitage is not big enough for the crowd of ascetics; do you go with this company of them and take up your abode near the town of Lambacūlaka in

the province of king Caṇḍapajjota." He agreed to do so and, taking a company of many thousands, went and dwelt there. But as people still came and joined the ascetics, the hermitage was full again. The Bodhisatta, addressing Meṇḍissara, said, "On the borders of the country of Suraṭṭha is a stream called Sātodikā. Take this band of ascetics and dwell on the borders of that river." And he sent him away. In the same way on a third occasion he sent Pabbata, saying, "In the great forest is the Añjana mountain: go and settle near that." On the fourth occasion he sent Kāladevala, saying, "In the south country in the kingdom of Avanti is the Ghanasela mountain: settle near that." The Kaviṭṭha hermitage again overflowed, though in five different places there was a company of ascetics numbering ninny thousands. And Kisavaccha, asking leave of the Great Being, [134] took up his abode in the park near the commander-in-chief, in the city of Kumbhavatī in the province of king Daṇḍaki. Nārada settled in the central province in the Arañjara chain of mountains, and Anusissa remained with the Great Being. At this time king Daṇḍaki deposed from her position a courtezan whom he had greatly honoured, and, roaming about at her own will, she came to the park, and seeing the ascetic Kisavaccha, she thought, "Surely this must be Ill Luck. I will get rid of my sin [1] on his person and will then go and bathe." And first biting her tooth-stick, she spat out a quantity of phlegm, and not only spat upon

the matted locks of the ascetic, but also threw her tooth-stick at his head and went and bathed. And the king, calling her to mind, restored her to her former position. And infatuated by her folly, she came to the conclusion that she had recovered this honour because she had got rid of her sin on the person of Ill Luck. Not long after this the king deposed his family priest from his office, and he went and asked the woman by what means she had recovered her position. So she told him it was from having got rid of her offence on the person of Ill Luck in the royal park. The priest went and got rid of his sin in the same way, and him too the king reinstated in his office. Now by and bye there was a disturbance on the king's frontier, and he went forth with a division of his army to fight. Then that infatuated priest asked the king, saying, "Sire, do you wish for victory or defeat?" When he answered, "Victory," he said, "Well, Ill Luck dwells in the royal park; go and convey your Sin to his person." He approved of the suggestion and said, "Let these men come with me to the park and get rid of their sin on the person of Ill Luck." And going into the park, he first of all nibbled his tooth-stick and let his spittle and the stick fall on the ascetic's matted locks and then bathed his head, and his army did likewise. When the king had departed the commander-in-chief came, and seeing the

ascetic, he took the tooth-stick out of his locks and had him thoroughly washed and then asked, "What will become of the king?" "Sir, there is no evil thought in my heart, but the gods [135] are wroth and on the seventh day from this all his kingdom will be destroyed: do you flee with all speed and go elsewhere." He was terribly alarmed, and went and told the king. The king refused to believe him, So he returned to his own house, and

taking his wife and children with him, he fled to another kingdom. The master Sarabhaṅga [1], hearing about it, sent two youthful ascetics and had Kisavaccha brought to him in a palanquin through the air. The king fought a battle, and taking the rebels prisoners returned to the city. On his return the gods first caused it to rain from heaven, and when all the dead bodies had been washed away by the flood of rain, there was a shower of heavenly flowers on the top of the clean white sand, and on the flowers there fell a shower of small coins, and after them a shower of big pieces of money, and this was followed by a shower of heavenly ornaments. The people were highly delighted and began to pick up ornaments of gold, even fine gold. Then there rained upon their persons a shower of all manner of blazing weapons, and the people were cut piece-meal. Then a shower of blistering embers fell on them, and over these huge blazing mountain peaks, followed by a shower of fine sand filling a space of sixty cubits. Thus was a part of his realm sixty leagues in extent destroyed, and its destruction was blazed abroad throughout all India. Then the lords of subordinate kingdoms within his realm, the three kings, Kaliṅga, Aṭṭhaka, Bhīmaratha, thought, "Once upon a time in Benares, Kalābu [2], king of Kāsi, having sinned against the ascetic Khantivādī, it is reported he was swallowed up in the earth, and Nāḷikīra in like manner having given ascetics to be devoured by dogs, and Ajjuna [3] of the thousand arms who sinned against Aṅgīrasa likewise perished, and now again king Daṇḍaki, having sinned against Kisavaccha, report says, is destroyed, realm and all. We know not the place where these four kings are re-born: no one except Sarabhaṅga, our master, is able to tell us this. We will go [136] and ask him." And the three kings went forth with great pomp to ask this question. But though they heard rumours that so and so was gone, they did not really know it, but each one

fancied that he alone was going, and not far from Godhāvarī they all met, and alighting from their chariots, they all three mounted upon a single chariot and journeyed together to the banks of Godhāvarī. At this moment Sakka, sitting on his throne of yellow marble, considered the

seven questions and said to himself, "Except Sarabhaṅga, the master, there is no one else in this world or the god-world that can answer these questions: I will ask him these questions. These three kings have come to the banks of Godhāvarī to make inquiry of Sarabhaṅga, the master. I will also consult him about the questions they ask." And, accompanied by deities from two of the god-worlds, he descended from heaven. That very day Kisavaccha died, and to celebrate his obsequies, innumerable bands of ascetics, who dwelt in four different places, raised a pile of sandal-wood and burned his body, and in a space of half a league round about the place of his burning there fell a shower of celestial flowers. The Great Being, after seeing to the depositing of his remains, entered the hermitage and, attended by these bands of ascetics, sat down. When the kings arrived on the banks of the river there was a sound of martial music. The Great Being, on hearing it, addressed the ascetic Anusissa and said, "Go and learn what this music means"; and taking a bowl of drinking-water, he went there, and seeing these kings, he uttered this first stanza in the form of a question:

Beringed and gallantly arrayed,
All girt with jewel-hilted blade,
Halt ye, great chiefs, and straight declare
What name ’midst world of men ye bear?

[137] Hearing his words, they alighted from the chariot and stood saluting him. Amongst them king Aṭṭhaka, falling into talk with him, spoke the second stanza:

Bhīmaratha, Kaliṅga famed,
And Aṭṭhaka—thus are we named—
To look on saints of life austere
And question them, are we come here.

Then the ascetic said to them, "Well, sire, ye have reached the place where ye would fain be: therefore, after bathing take a rest, and entering the hermitage, pay your respects to the band of ascetics, and put your question to the master"; and thus, holding friendly converse with them, he tossed up the jar of water [1] and wiping up the drops that fell he looked up to the sky and beheld Sakka, the lord of heaven, surrounded by a company of gods, and descending from heaven, mounted on the back of Erāvaṇa [2], and conversing with him, he repeated the third stanza:

Thou [3] in mid-heaven art fixed on high
Like full-orbed moon that gilds the sky,
I ask thee, mighty spirit, say
How art thou known on Earth, I pray.

On hearing this, Sakka repeated the fourth stanza:

Sujampati in heaven proclaimed
As Maghavā on Earth is named;
This king of gods to-day comes here
To see these saints of life austere.

[138] Then Anusissa said to him: "Well, sire, do you follow us"; and taking the drinking-vessel, he entered the hermitage, and after putting away the jar of water, he announced to the Great Being that the three kings and the lord of heaven had arrived to ask him certain questions. Surrounded by a band of ascetics, Sarabhaṅga sat in a large, wide enclosed space. The three kings came, and, saluting the band of ascetics, sat down on one side. And Sakka, descending from the sky, approached the ascetics, and saluting them with folded hands, and singing their praises, repeated the fifth stanza:

Wide known to fame this saintly band,
With mighty powers at their command:
I gladly bid you hail: in worth
Ye far surpass the best on earth.

Thus did Sakka salute the band of ascetics, and guarding against the six faults in sitting, he sat apart. Then Anusissa, on seeing him seated to leeward of the ascetics, spoke the sixth stanza:

The person of an aged saint
Is rank, the very air to taint.
Great Sakka, beat a quick retreat
From saintly odours, none too sweet.

[139] On hearing this, Sakka repeated another stanza:

Though aged saints offend the nose
And taint the sweetest air that blows:
Gay flowerets' fragrant wreath above
This odour of the saints we love;
In gods it may no loathing move.

And having so spoken, he added, "Reverend Anusissa, I have made a great effort to come here and ask a question: give me leave to do so." And on hearing Sakka's words Anusissa rose from his seat, and granting him permission, he repeated a couple of stanzas to the company of ascetics:

Famed Maghavā, Sujampati
—Almsgiver, lord of sprites is he—
Queller of demons, heavenly king,
Craves leave to put his questioning.
Who of the sages that are here
Will make their subtle questions clear
For three who over men hold sway,
And Sakka whom the gods obey?

[140] On hearing this the company of ascetics said, "Reverend Anusissa, you speak as though you saw not the earth on which you

stand: except our teacher Sarabhaṅga, who else is competent to answer these questions?" and so saying, they repeated a stanza:

'Tis Sarabhaṅga, sage and saint,
So chaste and free from lustful taint,
The teacher's son, well disciplined,
Solution of their doubts will find.

And so saying, the company of ascetics thus addressed Anusissa "Sir, do you salute the teacher in the name of the company of saints and find an opportunity to tell him of the question

proposed by Sakka." He readily assented and, finding his opportunity, repeated another stanza:

The holy men, Kondañña [1], pray
That thou wouldst clear their doubts away;
This burden lies, as mortals hold,
On men in years and wisdom old.

Then the Great Being, giving his consent, repeated the following stanza:

I give you leave to ask whate'er
Ye most at heart are fain to hear;
I know both this world and the next;
No question leaves my mind perplext.

[141] Sakka, having thus obtained his permission, put a question which he had himself prepared:

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Sakka, to cities bountiful, that sees the Truth of things,
To learn what he was fain to know, began his questionings.

What is it one may slay outright and never more repent?
What is it one may throw away, with all good men's consent
From whom should one put up with speech, however harsh it be?
This is the thing that I would have Kondañña tell to me.

Then explaining the question, he said:

Anger is what a man may slay and never more repent;
Hypocrisy he throws away with all good men's consent;

From all he should put up with speech, however harsh it be,

This form of patience, wise men say, is highest in degree.

Rude speech from two one might with patience hear,
From one's superior, or from a peer,
But how to bear from meaner folk rude speech
Is what I fain would have Kondañña teach.

Rude speech from betters one may take through fear
Or, to avoid a quarrel, from a peer,
[142] But from the mean to put up with rude speech
Is perfect patience, as the sages teach.

Verses such as these one must understand to be connected in the way of question and answer.

When he had thus spoken, Sakka said to the Great Being, "Holy sir, in the first instance you said, "Put up with harsh speech from all; this, men say, is the highest form of patience," but now you say, "Put up here with the speech of an inferior; this, men say, is the highest form of patience"; this latter saying does not agree with your former one." Then the Great Being said to him, "Sakka, this last utterance of mine is in respect of one who puts up with harsh speech, because he knows the speaker to be his inferior, but what I said first was because one cannot by merely looking on the outward form of people know for certain their condition, whether superior to oneself or not," and to make it clear how difficult it is by merely regarding the outward form to distinguish the condition of persons, whether inferior or not, except by means of close intercourse, he spoke this stanza:

How hard it is to judge a man that's polished in exterior

Be he one's better, equal or, it may be, one's inferior.

The best of men pass through the world ofttimes in meanest form disguised;
So then bear with rough speech from all, if thou, my friend, be well advised.

On hearing this Sakka full of faith begged him, saying, "Holy sir, declare to us the blessing to be found in this patience," and the Great Being repeated this stanza:

No royal force, however vast its might,
Can win so great advantage in a fight
[143] As the good man by patience may secure:
Strong patience is of fiercest feuds the cure.

When the Great Being had thus expounded the virtues of patience, the kings thought, "Sakka asks his own question; he will not allow us an opportunity of putting ours." So seeing what their wish was he laid aside the four questions he had himself prepared and propounding their doubts he repeated this stanza:

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,
But one thing more I fain would hear;
Tell us the fate of Daṇḍaki
And of his fellow-sinners three,
Destined to suffer what re-birth
For harassing the saints on earth.

Then the Great Being, answering his question, repeated five stanzas:

Uprooted, realm and all, erewhile
Who Kisavaccha did defile,
O'erwhelmed with fiery embers, see,
In Kukkula lies Daṇḍaki.

Who made him sport of priest and saint
And preacher, free from sinful taint,
This Nāḷikīra trembling fell
Into the jaws of dogs in hell.

So Ajjuna, who slew outright
That holy, chaste, long-suffering wight,
[144] Aṅgīrasa, was headlong hurled
To tortures in a suffering world.

Who once a sinless saint did maim
—Preacher of Patience was his name—
Kalābu now doth scorch in hell,
Midst anguish sore and terrible.

The man of wisdom that hears tell
Of tales like these or worse of hell,
Ne’er against priest or brahmin sins
And heaven by his right action wins.

[146] When the Great Being had thus pointed out the places in which the four kings were re-born, the three kings were freed from all doubt. Then Sakka in propounding his remaining four questions recited this stanza:

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,
But one thing more I fain would hear:
Whom does the world as "moral" name,
And whom does it as "wise" proclaim?
Whom does the world for "pious" take,
And whom does Fortune ne’er forsake?

Then in answering him the Great Being repeated four stanzas:

Whoso in act and word shows self-restraint,

And e’en in thought is free from sinful taint,

Nor lies to serve his own base ends—the same

All men as "moral" evermore proclaim.

He who revolves deep questions in his mind
Yet perpetrates nought cruel or unkind,
Prompt with good word in season to advise,
That man by all is rightly counted wise.

Who grateful is for kindness once received,
And sorrow's need has carefully relieved,
Has proved himself a good and steadfast friend—
Him all men as a pious soul commend.

The man with every gift at his command,
True, tender, free and bountiful of hand,
Heart-winning, gracious, smooth of tongue withal—
Fortune from such an one will never fall.

[148] Thus did the Great Being, like as if he were causing the moon to arise in the sky, answer the four questions. Then followed the asking of the other questions and their answers.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,

But one thing further I am fain to hear:

Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, wisdom—say

Which of all these do men call best, I pray.

Wisdom good men declare is best by far,
E’en as the moon eclipses every star
Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, it is plain,
All duly follow in the wise man's train.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,
But one thing further I am fain to hear:
To gain this wisdom what is one to do,
What line of action or what course pursue?
Tell us what way the path of wisdom lies
And by what acts a mortal groweth wise.

With clever, old, and learned men consort,
Wisdom from them by questioning extort:
Their goodly counsels one should hear and prize,
For thus it is a mortal man grows wise.

The sage regards the lust of things of sense
In view of sickness, pain, impermanence;
Midst- sorrows, lust, and terrors that appal,
Calm and unmoved the sage ignores them all.

Thus would he conquer sin, from passion free,
And cultivate a boundless charity;
To every living creature mercy show,
And, blameless soul, to world of Brahma go.

[149] While the Great Being was thus still speaking of the sins of sensual desires, these three kings together with their armies got rid of the passion of sensual pleasure by means of the opposite quality. And the Great Being, becoming aware of this, by way of praising them recited this stanza:

Bhīmaratha by power of magic came
With thee, O Aṭṭhaka, and one to fame
As king Kaliṅga known, and now all three,
Once slaves to sensuality, are free.

[150] On hearing this, the mighty kings singing the praises of the Great Being recited this stanza:

’Tis so, thou reader of men's thoughts: all three
Of us from sensuality are free,
Grant us the boon for which we are right fain,
That to thy happy state we may attain.

Then the Great Being, granting them this favour, repeated another stanza:

I grant [1] the boon that ye would have of me,
The more that ye from sensual vice are free:
So may ye thrill with boundless joy to gain
That happy state to which ye would attain.

On hearing this they, signifying assent, repeated this stanza:

We will do everything at thy behest,
Whate’er thou in thy wisdom deemst the best;
So will we thrill with boundless joy to gain
That happy state to which we would attain.

Then did the Great Being grant holy orders to their armies and dismissing the band of ascetics repeated this stanza:

Due honour lo! to Kisavaccha came;
So now depart, ye saints of goodly fame,
In ecstasy delighting calmly rest;
This joy of holiness is far the best.

[151] The saints, assenting to his words by bowing to him, flew up into the air and departed to their own places of abode. And Sakka rising

p. 79

from his seat and raising his folded hands and making obeisance to the Great Being, as though he were worshipping the sun, departed together with his company.

The Master on seeing this repeated these stanzas:—

Hearing these strains that Highest Truth did teach
Set forth by holy sage in goodly speech,
The glorious Beings to their heavenly home
Once more with joy and gratitude did come.

The holy sage's strains strike on the ear
Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear;
Who gives good heed and concentrates [1] his mind
Upon their special thought will surely find
The path to every stage of ecstasy,
And from the range of tyrant Death is free.

Thus did the Master bring his teaching to a climax in Arhatship and saying, "Not now only, but formerly also, there was a rain of flowers at the burning of the body of Mogallāna," he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth: "Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata Anuruddha, Devala Kaccāyana, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha Kolita, Sarabhaṅga the Bodhisatta: thus are ye to understand the Birth."

Footnotes

64:1 Here follow nine similar couplets already given in vol. IV. No. 501, *Rohantamiga-Jātaka,* p. 263, English version; see also Senart's *Mahāvastu*, vol. I. p. 282.

64:2 For the death of Moggallāna, see Fausböll's *Dhammapada,* p. 298, and Bigandet's *Legend of the Burmese Buddha,* vol. 2, ch. I. p. 26.

64:3 For Sāriputta's death, see vol. I. No. 95, *Mahāsudassana-Jātaka,* p. 230, English version, and Bigandet, *op. cit.* p. 19.

65:1 Nanda and Upananda were two kings of the Nāgas, Vejayanta was the palace of Indra. Jātaka Index, vol. VII. p. 66, gives corrected reading *Nandopananda-damana.*

65:2 But cf. *Aṅguttara Nikāya,* Pt. I. p. 114, ed. by R. Morris, 1883, *Mil.* I. 277. Translation with note by R. Davids.

66:1 Compare vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka.*

66:2 *khīramūlam,* i.e. τροφεῖα.

67:1 *akkhaṇavedhī,* R. Morris, P. T. S. J. for 1885, p. 29. Kern takes it as "target cleaving," *Bodhicaryāvatāra* comm. ed. Poussin (B. Ind.), p. 124 note.

67:2 Perhaps this refers to a feat like that of Locksley ("Robin Hood") in *Ivanhoe.*

68:1 Cf. *Mahābhārata,* VI. 58. 2 and 101. 32, *koshṭhaki-kṛitya,* surrounding, enclosing.

68:2 This is taken from a reading of one MS. and is required to make up the twelve examples of his skill.

69:1 *aggadvāram* perhaps a *house-door* opposed to the main entrance. Cf. I.114 and v. 263.

69:2 The Kaviṭṭha is the *Feronia Elephantum* or elephant apple tree.

70:1 All these names occur in vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka,* and for the legends of Kisavaccha and Nālikīra see Hardy's *Manual,* p. 55.

71:1 Compare Frazer's *Golden Bough,* vol. III. p. 120, "Divine Scapegoats."

72:1 The Jotipāla of the early part of the story is here identified with the Bodhisatta, Sarabhaṅga.

72:2 Vol. III. No. 313, *Khantivādi Jātaka.*

72:3 Arjuna, called Kārtavīryya. See Tawney's *Kathā Sarit Sāgara,* vol. II. p. 639, and *Uttara Kāṇḍa* of the *Rāmāyaṇa, Sarga* 32.

73:1 In the old Bengali poem, *Chaṇḍí,* a jar of water is amongst the good omens seen by the hero Chandraketu when starting on a journey. See note by Professor Cowell in his translation of the *Sarva-darśana-saṃgraha,* p. 237.

73:2 Indra's elephant.

73:3 The third person with nominative *bhavaṁ* understood seems to be used here for the second person.

75:1 This, the scholiast explains, is the family name of Sarabhaṅga.

78:1 Reading *karomi* for *karohi.*

No. 523.

ALAMBUSĀ-JĀTAKA.

[152] *"Then mighty Indra," etc.* This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. The subject-matter of the tale is related in full in the Indriya Birth [2]. Now the Master asked the Brother, "Is it true, Brother, that you were rendered discontented?" "It is true, Reverend Sir." "By whom?" "By my wife of former days." "Brother," he said, "this woman wrought mischief for you: it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation, and lay for three years in a lost and distracted condition, and on the recovery of your senses you uttered a great lamentation," and so saying he told him a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, and when of age he became proficient in all liberal arts, and adopting the ascetic life he lived on wild berries and roots in a forest home. Now a certain doe in the brahmin's mingeing-place ate grass and drank water mingled with his semen, and was so much enamoured of him that she became pregnant and henceforth ever resorted to the spot near the hermitage. The Great Being examining into the matter learned the facts of the case. By and bye the doe gave birth to a man child, and the Great

Being watched over it with a father's affection. And his name was Isisiṅga [1]. And when the lad reached years of discretion, he admitted him to holy orders, and when he himself grew an old man, he repaired with him to the Nāri grove and thus admonished him, "My dear boy, in this Himalaya country are women as fair as these flowers: they bring utter destruction on all that fall into their power: you must not come under their sway." And shortly afterwards he became destined to birth in the Brahma world. But Isisiṅga, indulging in mystic meditation, made his dwelling in the Himalaya region, a grim ascetic, with all his senses mortified. So by the power of his virtue the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause and thinking, "This fellow will bring me down from my position as Sakka, I will send a heavenly nymph to make a breach in his virtue," and after examining the whole angel world, amongst twenty-five millions of handmaids, save and except the nymph Alambusā, he found no other that was equal to the task. So summoning her, he bade her bring about the destruction of the saint's virtue.

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[153] The Master, in explanation of this matter, uttered this stanza:

Then mighty Indra, lord of lords, the god that Vatra slew,
Unto his hall the nymph did call, for well her wiles he knew.
And "Fair Alambusā," he cried, "the angel host above
To Isisiṅga bid thee go, to tempt him with thy love."

Sakka ordered Alambusā, saying, "Go and draw nigh to Isisiṅga, and bringing him under your power destroy his virtue," and he uttered these words:

Go, Temptress, ever dog his steps, for holy sage is he,

And, seeking ever highest bliss, still triumphs over me.

On hearing this Alambusā repeated a couple of stanzas:

Why, king of gods, of all the nymphs regardst thou me alone,

And bidst me tempt the saintly man that menaces thy throne?

In happy grove of Nandana is many a nymph divine,
To one of them—it is their turn—the hateful task assign.

[154] Then Sakka repeated three stanzas:

Thou speakest sooth; in happy grove of Nandana, I ween,

May many a nymph, to rival thee in loveliness, be seen.

But none like thee, O peerless maid, with all a woman's wile
This holy man in folly's ways so practised to beguile.

Then queen of women as thou art, go, lovely nymph, thy way
And by the power of beauty force the saint to own thy sway.

On hearing this Alambusā repeated two stanzas:

I will not fail, O angel-king, to go at thy behest,

But still with fear this sage austere I venture to molest.

For many a one, poor fool, has gone (I shudder at the thought)
In hell to rue the suffering due to wrongs on saints he wrought.

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,

Famed Isisiṅga to entice to some unholy deed.

[155] Into the grove for half a league with berries red so bright,
The grove where Isisiṅga dwelt, she vanished out of sight.

At break of day, ere yet the sun was scarce astir on high,
To Isisiṅga, sweeping out his cell, the nymph drew nigh.

These stanzas owed their inspiration to Perfect Wisdom.

Then the ascetic questioned her and said:

Who art thou, like to lightning flash, or bright as morning star,

With ears and hands bedecked with gems that sparkle from afar?

Fragrant as golden sandal-wood, in brightness like the sun,
A slim and winsome maid art thou, right fair to look upon.

So soft and pure, with slender waist and firmly springing gait,
Thy movements are so full of grace, my heart they captivate.

Thy thighs, like trunk of elephant, are finely tapering found,
Thy buttocks soft to touch and like to any dice-board round.

With down like lotus filaments thy navel marked, I ween,
As though with black collyrium ’twere charged, from far is seen.

Twin milky breasts, like pumpkins halved, their swelling globes display,
Firm set, although without a stalk all unsupported they.

Thy lips are red as is thy tongue, and, O auspicious sign,
Thy neck long as the antelope's is marked with triple line [1].

[156]Thy teeth brushed with a piece of wood, kept ever clean and bright,
Gleam in thy top and lower jaw with flash of purest white.

Thy eyes are long and large of shape, a lovely sight to view,
Like guñjá berries black, marked out with lines of reddish hue.

Thy tresses smooth, not over long and bound in neatest coil,
Are tipped with gold and perfumed with the finest sandal oil.

Of all that live by merchandise, by herds or by the plough,
Of all the mighty saints that live true to ascetic vow

Amongst them all in this wide world thy peer I may not see,
Then what thy name and who thy sire, we fain would learn from thee.

[157] While the ascetic thus sang the praises of Alambusā, from her feet to the hair of her head, she remained silent, and from his long drawn out speech observing how disturbed was his state of mind she repeated this stanza:

Heaven bless thee, Kassapa [2], my friend, the time is past and gone
For idle questions such as these—for are we not alone?—
Come let us in thy hermitage embracing haste to prove
The thousand joys well known to all the votaries of love.

So saying Alambusā thought, "If I stand still, he will not come within reach of me; I will make as if I were running away," and with all the cunning of a woman's wiles she shook the purpose of the ascetic, as she fled in the direction from which she had approached him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,
Famed Isisiṅga to entice to some unholy deed.

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[158] Then the ascetic, on seeing her depart, cried, "She is off;" and by a swift movement on his part he intercepted her as she was slowly making off and with his hand seized her by the hair of her head.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

To check her flight, the holy man with motion swift as air

In hot pursuit o’ertook the nymph and held her by the hair.

Just where he stood the lovely maid embraced him in her arms,
And straight his virtue fell before the magic of her charms.

In thought she flew to Indra's throne in Nandana afar;
The god at once divined her wish and sent a golden car,

With trappings spread and all adorned with manifold array:
And there the saint lay in her arms for many a long day.

Three years passed o’er his head as though it were a moment's space,
Until at last the holy man woke up from her embrace.

Green trees he saw on every side; an altar stood hard by,
And verdant groves re-echoing to the loud cuckoo cry.

He looked around and weeping sore he shed a bitter tear;
I make no offering, raise no hymn; no sacrifice is here.

Dwelling within this forest lone, who can my tempter be?
Who by foul practice has o’ercome all sense of right in me,
E’en as a ship with precious freight is swallowed in the sea?"

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[159] On hearing this Alambusā thought: "Should I not tell him, he will curse me; verily, I will tell him," and standing by him in a visible form she repeated this stanza:

Sent by king Sakka, here I stand

A willing slave at thy command;

Though far too careless to know this,

’Twas thought of me that marred thy bliss.

On hearing her words he called to mind his father's admonition, and lamenting how he was utterly ruined by disobeying the words of his father he repeated four stanzas:

Thus would kind Kassapa, my sire,

With prudence heedless youth inspire:

"Women are fair as lotus flower,

Beware, good youth, their subtle power.

Of woman's budding charms beware,

Beware the danger that lurks there.

'Twas thus my sire, by pity moved,

Would fain have warned the son he loved.

[160] My wise old father's words, alas!
Unheeded I allowed to pass,
And so alone, in sore distress
I haunt to-day this wilderness.

Accursed be the life of old,
Henceforth I'll do as I am told.
Far better death itself to face,
Than be again in such a case.

So he forsook sensual desire and entered upon mystic meditation. Then Alambusā, seeing his virtue as an ascetic and aware that he had attained to a state of ecstasy, became terrified and asked his forgiveness.

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

Alambusā no sooner knew

His steadfast power and courage true

Than bending low, the sage to greet,

The nymph straightway embraced his feet.

"O saint, all anger lay aside,
A mighty work I wrought," she cried,

When heaven itself and gods of fame
Trembled with fear to hear thy name."

Then he let her go, saying, "I pardon thee, fair lady; go, as thou wilt." And he repeated a stanza:

My blessing on the Thirty-three
And Vāsava, their lord, and thee:
Depart, fair maid, for thou art free.

Saluting him she departed to the abode of the gods in that same golden car.

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[161] The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated three stanzas:

Embracing then the sage's feet and circling to the right,
With hands in suppliant attitude, she vanished from his sight,

And mounting on the golden car, with trappings rich o’erspread,
All splendidly caparisoned, to heavenly heights she sped.

Like blazing torch or lightning flash, she passed athwart the sky,
And Sakka, glad at heart, exclaimed, "No boon can I deny."

Receiving a boon from him she repeated the concluding stanza:

If Sakka, lord of sprites, thou wouldst my heart's desire allow,
Let me ne’er tempt a saint again to violate his vow.

The Master here ended his lesson to that Brother and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths that Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path —"At that time Alambusā was the wife of his unregenerate days, Isisiṅga was the back-sliding Brother, and the great saint his father was myself."

Footnotes

79:1 *atthikaroti,* "to realise," "understand." R. Morris, P. T. S. J. 1886, p. 107.

79:2 Vol. III. No. 423.

80:1 *Rāmāyaṇa* I. 9. The story of Ṛishyaśṛṅiga; and *Barlaam and Josaphat* ed. by J. Jacobs.

81:1 *kambugīva:* three folds on the neck, like shell-spirals, were a token of luck, *Jātaka* IV. 130

81:2 Kassapa was the family name of Isisiṅga.

No. 524.

SAṀKHAPĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"Of comely presence," etc. This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, with regard to the duties of holy days. Now on this occasion the Master, expressing approval of certain lay folk who kept holy days, said: "Wise men of old, giving up the great glory of the Nāga world, observed holy days," and at their request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king of Magadha ruled in Rājagaha. At that time the Bodhisatta was born as the son of this king's chief consort, and they gave him the name of Duyyodhana. On coming of age he acquired the liberal arts at Takkasilā and returned home to see his father. And his father installed him in the kingdom [162] and adopting the religious life took up his abode in the park. Thrice a day did the Bodhisatta come to visit his father who thereby received great profit and honour. Owing to this hindrance he failed to perform even the preparatory rites that lead to mystic meditation and he thought, "I am receiving great profit and honour: so long as I live here, it will be impossible for me to destroy this lust of mine. Without saying a word to my son, I will depart elsewhere." So not telling a creature he left the park and passing beyond the borders of the realm of Magadha he built him a hut of leaves in the Mahiṁsaka kingdom, near Mount Candaka, in a bend of the river Kaṇṇapeṇṇā, where it issues out of the lake Saṁkhapāla. There he took up his abode and performing the preparatory rites he developed the faculty of mystic meditation and subsisted on

whatever he could pick up. A king of the Nāgas, Saṁkhapāla by name, issuing forth from the Kaṇṇapeṇṇā river with a numerous company of snakes from time to time would visit the ascetic, and

he instructed the Nāga king in the Law. Now the son was anxious to see his father and being ignorant as to where he had gone, he set on foot an inquiry, and on finding out that he was dwelling in such and such a place he repaired thither with a large retinue to see him. Having halted a short distance off, accompanied by a few courtiers he set out in the direction of the hermitage. At this moment Saṁkhapāla with a large following sat listening to the Law, but on seeing the king approaching he rose up and with a salutation to the sage he took his departure. The king saluted his father and after the usual courtesies had been exchanged he inquired, saying, "Reverend sir, what king is this that has been to see you?" "Dear son, he is Saṁkhapāla, the Nāga king." The son by reason of the great magnificence of the Nāga conceived a longing for the Nāga world. Staying there a few days he furnished his father with a constant supply of food, and then returned to his own city. There he had an alms-hall erected at the four city gates, and by his alms-giving he made a stir throughout all India, and in aspiring to the Nāga world he ever kept the moral law and observed the duty of holy days, and at the end of his life he was re-born in the Nāga world as king Saṁkhapāla. [163] In course of time he grew sick of this magnificence and from that day desiring to be born as a man he kept the holy days, but dwelling as he did in the Nāga world his observance of them was not a success and he deteriorated in morals. From that day he left the Nāga world and not far from the river Kaṇṇapeṇṇā, coiled round an ant-hill between the high road and

a narrow path, he there resolved to keep the holy day and took upon himself the moral law. And saying "Let those that want my skin or want my skin and flesh, let them, I say, take it all," and thus sacrificing himself by way of charity he lay on the top of the ant-hill and, stopping there on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the half-month, on the first day of each fortnight he returned to the Nāga world. So one day when he lay there, having taken upon himself the obligation of the moral law, a party of sixteen men who lived in a neighbouring village, being minded to eat flesh, roamed about in the forest with weapons in their hands and when they returned without finding anything, they saw him lying on the ant-hill and thinking, "To-day we have not caught so much as a young lizard, we will kill and eat this snake-king," but fearing that on account of his great size, even if they caught him, he would escape from them, they thought they would pierce him with stakes just as he lay there coiled up, and after thus disabling him, effect his capture. So taking stakes in their hands they drew nigh to him. And the Bodhisatta caused his body to become as big as a trough-shaped canoe, and looked very beautiful, like a jasmine wreath deposited on the ground, with eyes like the fruit of the guñjá shrub and-a head like a jayasumana [1]

flower and at the sound of the foot-steps of these sixteen men, drawing out his head from his coils, and opening his fiery eyes, he beheld them coming with stakes in their hands and thought, "To-day my desire will be fulfilled as I lie here, I will be firm in my resolution and yield myself up to then as a sacrifice, and when they strike me with their javelins and cover me with wounds, I will not open my eyes and regard them with anger." And

conceiving this firm resolve through fear of breaking the moral law, [164] he tucked his head into his hood and lay down. Then coming up to him they seized him by the tail and dragged him along the ground. Again dropping him they wounded him in eight different places with sharp stakes and thrusting black bamboo sticks, thorns and all, into his open wounds, so proceeded on their way, carrying him with them by means of strings in the eight several places. The Great Being from the moment of his being wounded by the stakes never once opened his eyes nor regarded the men with anger, but as he was being dragged along by means of the eight sticks his head hung down and struck the ground. So when they found that his head was drooping, they laid him down on the high road and piercing his nostrils with a slender stake they held up his head and inserted a cord, and after fastening it at the end they once more raised his head and set out on their way. At this moment a landowner named Aḷāra, who dwelt in the city of Mithila in the kingdom of Videha, seated in a comfortable carriage was journeying with five hundred wagons, and seeing these lewd fellows on their way with the Bodhisatta, he gave all sixteen of them, together with an ox apiece, a handful of golden coins to each, and to all of them outer and inner garments, and to their wives ornaments to wear, and so got them to release him. The Bodhisatta returned to the Nāga palace and without any delay, issuing forth with a great retinue, he approached Aḷāra, and after singing the praises of the Nāga palace he took him with him and returned thither. Then he bestowed great honour on him together with three hundred Nāga maidens and satisfied him with heavenly delights. Aḷāra dwelt a whole year in the Nāga palace in the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures, and then saying to the Nāga king, "My friend, I wish to become an ascetic," and taking with him everything requisite for the ascetic life he left the abode of the

Nāgas for the Himalaya region and taking orders dwelt there for a long time. By and bye he went on a pilgrimage and came to Benares where he took up his abode in the king's park. Next day he entered the city for alms and made his way to the door of the king's house. The king of Benares on seeing him was so charmed with his deportment that he called him to his presence, seated him on a special seat assigned to him and served him with a variety of dainty food. [165] Then seated on a low seat the king saluted him and conversing with him gave utterance to the first stanza:

Of comely presence and of gracious mien,
A scion thou of noble rank, I ween;
Why then renounce earth's joys and worldly gear
To adopt the hermit's robe and rule severe?

In what follows the connexion of the stanzas is to be understood in the way of alternate speeches by the ascetic and the king.

O lord of men, I well remembering
The abode of that almighty Nāga king,
Saw the rich fruit that springs from holiness,
And straight believing donned the priestly dress.

Nor fear nor lust nor hate itself may make
A holy man the words of truth forsake:
Tell me the thing that I am fain to know,
And faith and peace within my heart will grow.

O king, on trading venture was I bound.
When these lewd wretches in my path were found,
A full-grown snake in captive chains was led,
And home in triumph joyously they sped.

As I came up with them, O king, I cried,
—Amazed I was and greatly terrified—
"Where are ye dragging, sirs, this monster grim,
And what, lewd fellows, will ye do with him?'

[166] "This full-grown snake that ye see fettered thus
With its huge frame will furnish food to us.
Than this, Aḷāra, thou couldst hardly wish
To taste a better or more savoury dish."

"Hence to our home we'll fly and in a trice
Each with his knife cut off a dainty slice
And gladly eat his flesh, for, as you know,
Snakes ever find in us a deadly foe."

"If this huge snake, late captured in the wood,
Is being dragged along to serve as food,
To each an ox I offer, one apiece,
Should you this serpent from his chains release."

"Beef has for us a pleasant sound, I vow,
On snake's flesh we have fed full oft ere now,
Thy bidding, O Aḷāra, we will do;
Henceforth let friendship reign betwixt us two."

Then they released him from the cord that passed
Right through his nose and knotted held him fast,
The serpent-king set free from durance vile
Turned him towards the east, then paused awhile,

And facing still the east, prepared to fly,
Looked back upon me with a tearful eye,
While I pursuing him upon his way
Stretched forth clasped hands, as one about to pray.

"Speed thou, my friend, like one in haste that goes,
Lest once again thou fall amongst thy foes,
Of such like ruffians shun the very sight,
Or thou mayst suffer to thine own despite."

Then to a charming limpid pool he sped
—Canes and rose apples both its banks o’erspread—
[167] Right glad at heart, no further fear he knew,
But plunged in azure depths was lost to view.

No sooner vanished had the snake, than he
Revealed full clearly his divinity,
In kindly acts he played a filial part,
And with his grateful speeches touched my heart.

"Thou dearer than my parents didst restore
My life, true friend e'en to thy inmost core,
Through thee my former bliss has been regained,
Then come, Aḷāra, see where once I reigned,
A dwelling stored with food, like Indra's town
Masakkasāra, place of high renown."

[168] The serpent-king, sire, after he had spoken these words, still further singing the praises of his dwelling place, repeated a couple of stanzas:

What charming spots in my domain are seen,
Soft to the tread and clothed in evergreen!
Nor dust nor gravel in our path we find,
And there do happy souls leave grief behind.

Midst level courts that sapphire walls surround
Fair mango groves on every side abound,
Whereon ripe clusters of rich fruit appear
Through all the changing seasons of the year.

[169] Amidst these groves a fabric wrought of gold
And fixed with silver bolts thou mayst behold,
A dwelling bright in splendour, to outvie
The lightning flash that gleams athwart the sky.

Fashioned with gems and gold, divinely fair,
And decked with paintings manifold and rare,
'Tis thronged with nymphs magnificently dressed,
All wearing golden chains upon their breast.

Then in hot haste did Saṁkhapāla climb
The terraced height, on which in power sublime

Uplifted on a thousand piers was seen
The palace of his wedded wife and queen.

Quickly anon one of that maiden band
Bearing a precious jewel in her hand,
A turquoise rare with magic power replete,
And all unbidden offered me a seat.

The snake then grasped my arm and led me where
There stood a noble and right royal chair,
"Pray, let your Honour sit here by my side,
As parent dear to me art thou," he cried.

A second nymph then quick at his command
Came with a bowl of water in her hand,
And bathed my feet, kind service tendering
As did the queen for her dear lord the king.

[170] Then yet another maiden in a trice
Served in a golden dish some curried rice,
Flavoured with many a sauce, that haply might
With dainty cravings tempt the appetite.

With strains of music then—for such they knew
Was their lord's wish—they fain were to subdue
My will, nor did the king himself e'er fail
My soul with heavenly longings to assail.

Drawing nigh to me he thus repeated another stanza:

Three hundred wives, Aḷāra, here have I,

Slim-waisted all, in beauty they outvie

The lotus flower. Behold, they only live

To do thy will: accept the boon I give.

Aḷāra said:

[171]

One year with heavenly pleasures was I blest

When to the king this question I addressed,

"How, Nāga, is this palace fair thy home,

And how to be thy portion did it come?

Was this fair place by accident attained,
Wrought by thyself, or gift from angels gained?
I ask thee, Nāga king, the truth to tell,
How didst thou come in this fair place to dwell?"

Then followed stanzas uttered by the two [1] alternately

'Twas by no chance or natural law attained,

Not wrought by me, no boon from angels gained;

But to my own good actions, thou must know,

And to my merits these fair halls I owe.

What holy vow, what life so chaste and pure
What store of merit could such bliss secure?
Tell me, O serpent-king, for I am fain
To know how this fair mansion thou couldst gain.

I once was king of Magadha, my name
Duyyodhana, a prince of mighty fame:
[172] I held my life as vile and insecure,
Without all power in ripeness to mature.

I meat and drink religiously supplied,
And alms bestowed on all, both far and wide,
My house was like an inn, where all that came,
Sages and saints, refreshed their weary frame.

Bound by such vows, such was the life I passed,
And such the store of merit I amassed,
Whereby this mansion was at length attained,
And food and drink in ample measure gained.

This life, however bright for many a day
With dance and song, yet lasted not for aye,
Weak creatures harry thee for all thy might
And feeble beings put the strong to flight.

Why, armed to the teeth in such unequal fray,
To those vile beggars shouldst thou fall a prey?

By what o’ermastering dread wert thou undone?
Where had the virus of thy poison gone?
Why, armed to the teeth and powerful as thou wert,
From such poor creatures didst thou suffer hurt?

By no o’ermastering dread was I undone,
Nor could my powers be crushed by any one.
The worth of goodness is by all confessed;
Its bounds, like the sea shore, are ne’er transgressed.

Two times each moon I kept a holy day;

’Twas then, Aḷāra, that there crossed my way

Twice eight lewd fellows, bearing in their hand

A rope and knotted noose of finest strand.

[173] The ruffians pierced my nose, and through the slit
Passing the cord, dragged me along by it.
Such pain I had to bear—ah! cruel fate—
For holding holy days inviolate.

Seeing in that lone path, stretched at full length,
A thing of beauty and enormous strength,
"Why, wise and glorious one," I cried, "dost thou
Take on thyself this strict ascetic vow?"

Neither for child nor wealth is my desire
Nor yet to length of days do I aspire;
But midst the world of men I fain would live,
And to this end heroically strive.

With hair and beard well-trimmed, thy sturdy frame
Adorned with gorgeous robes, an eye of flame,
Bathed in red sandal oil thou seemst to shine
Afar, e’en as some minstrel king divine.

With heavenly gifts miraculously blest
And of whate’er thy heart may crave possest,

I ask thee, serpent-king, the truth to tell,
Why dost thou in man's world prefer to dwell?

Nowhere but in the world of men, I ween,
May purity and self-restraint be seen:
If only once midst men I draw my breath,
I'll put an end to further birth and death.

Ever supplied with bountiful good cheer,
With thee, O king, I've sojourned for a year,
Now must I say farewell and flee away,
Absent from home no longer can I stay.

My wife and children and our menial band
Are ever trained to wait at thy command:
[174] No one, I trust, has offered thee a slight
For dear art thou, Aḷāra, to my sight.

Kind parents' presence fills a home with joy,
Yet more than they some fondly cherished boy:
But greatest bliss of all have I found here,
For thou, O king, hast ever held me dear.

I have a jewel rare with blood-red spot,
That brings great wealth to such as have it not.
Take it and go to thine own home, and when
Thou hast grown rich, pray, send it back again.

[175] Aḷāra, having spoken these words proceeded as follows: "Then, O sire, I addressed the serpent-king and said, "I have no need of riches, sir, but I am anxious to take orders," [176] and having begged for everything requisite for the ascetic life, I left the Nāga palace together with the king, and after sending him back I entered the Himalaya country and took orders." And after these words he delivered

a religious discourse to the king of Benares and repeated yet another couple of stanzas:

Desires of man are transient, nor can they
The higher law of ripening change obey:
Seeing what woes from sinful passion spring,
Faith led me on to be ordained, O king.

Men fall like fruit, to perish straight away,
All bodies, young and old alike, decay:
In holy orders only find I rest,
The true [1] and universal is the best.

[177] On hearing this the king repeated another stanza:

The wise and learned, such as meditate
On mighty themes, we all should cultivate;
Hearkening, Aḷāra, to the snake and thee,
Lo! I perform all deeds of piety.

Then the ascetic, putting forth his strength, uttered a concluding stanza:

The wise and learned, such as meditate
On mighty themes, we all should cultivate:
Hearkening, O monarch, to the snake and me,
Do thou perform all deeds of piety.

Thus did he give the king religious instruction, and after dwelling in the same spot four months of the rainy season he again returned to the Himalaya, and as long as he lived, cultivated the four Perfect States till he passed to the Brahma heaven, and Saṁkhapāla, so long as he lived, observed holy days, and the king, after a life spent in charity and other good works, fared according to his deeds.

The Master at the end of this discourse identified the Birth: "At that time the father who became an ascetic was Kassapa, the king of Benares was Ānanda, Aḷāra was Sāriputta and Saṁkhapāla was myself."

Footnotes

85:1 *Pentapetes Phoenicea*.

89:1 The two interlocutors are the Nāga king and Aḷāra.

No. 525.

CULLA-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA.

"Good friends," etc. This story the Master while residing at Jetavana told concerning the perfect exercise of self-abnegation. The introductory story corresponds with that of the Mahānāradakassapa [2] Birth.

Once upon a time what is now Benares was a city called Sudassana and in it dwelt king Brahmadatta. His chief consort gave birth to the

p. 92

Bodhisatta. His face was glorious as the full moon, and therefore he was named Somakumāra. When he arrived at years of discretion, owing to his fondness for Soma juice and his habit of pouring libations of it, men knew him as Sutasoma (Soma-distiller). When he was of age, he was instructed in the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and on his return home be was presented with a white umbrella by his father and ruled his kingdom righteously and owned a vast dominion, and he had sixteen thousand wives with Candadevī as chief consort. By and bye when he was blest with a numerous family, he grew discontented with domestic life and retired into a forest, desiring to embrace the ascetic rule. One day he summoned his barber and thus addressed him, "When you see a grey hair on my head, you are to tell me." The barber agreed to do so and by and bye he espied a grey hair and told him of it. The king said, "Then, sir barber, pull it out and place it in my hand." The barber plucked it out with a pair of

golden tweezers and laid it in his hand. The Great Being, when he saw it, exclaimed, "My body is a prey to old age," and in a fright he took the grey hair and descending from the terrace [178] he seated himself on a throne placed in the sight of the people. Then he summoned eighty thousand councillors headed by his general and sixty thousand brahmins headed by his chaplain and many others of his subjects and citizens and said to them, "A grey hair has appeared on my head; I am an old man, and you are to know that I am become an ascetic," and he repeated the first stanza:

Good friends and citizens assembled here,
  Hearken, my trusty counsellors, to me,
Now that grey hairs upon my head appear,
  Henceforth it is my will a monk to be.

On hearing this each one of them in a fit of dejection repeated this stanza:

Such random [1] words as these in uttering
  Thou mak'st an arrow quiver in my heart:
Remember thy seven hundred wives, O king;
  What will become of them, shouldst thou depart?

Then the Great Being spoke the third stanza:

Their sorrows soon another will console,
  For they are young in years and fair to see,
But I am bent upon a heavenly goal
  And so right fain am I a monk to be.

His counsellors, being unable to answer the king, went to his mother and told her about it. She came in hot haste [179] and

asking him, "Is this true what they say, dear son, that you long to be an ascetic?" she repeated two stanzas:

Ill-fated was the day, alas! that I
    Was hailed as mother to a son like thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,
    Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas! that I,
    O Sutasoma dear, gave birth to thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,
    Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

While his mother thus lamented, the Bodhisatta uttered not a word. She remained apart all by herself, weeping. Then they told his father. And he came and repeated a single stanza:

What is this Law that leads thee to become
Eager to quit thy kingdom and thy home?
With thy old parents left behind to dwell
Here all alone, seek’st thou a hermit's cell?

On hearing this the Great Being held his peace. Then his father said, "My dear Sutasoma, even though you have no affection for your parents, you have many young sons and daughters. They will not be able to live without you. At the very moment when they are grown up, will you become an ascetic?" and he repeated the seventh stanza:

[180]

But thou hast many a child, I ween,
    And all of tender years,

When thou no longer mayst be seen,
What sorrow will be theirs!

Hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza:

Yes, I have many a child, I ween,
Of tender years are they,
With them full long though I have been,
I now must part for aye.

Thus did the Great Being declare the Law to his father. And when he heard his exposition of the Law, he held his peace. Then they told his seven hundred wives. And they, descending from the palace tower, came into his presence, and embracing his feet they made lamentation and repeated this stanza:

Thy heart in sorrow, sure, must break
Or pity is to thee unknown,
That thou canst holy orders take,
And leave us here to weep alone.

The Great Being, on hearing their lamentation as they threw themselves at his feet and cried aloud, repeated yet another stanza:

My heart in sorrow may not break,
[181] Though I feel pity for your pain,
But holy orders I must take,
That I may heavenly bliss attain.

Then they told his queen consort, and she being heavy with child, though her time was well nigh come, approached the

Great Being and saluting him stood respectfully on one side and repeated three stanzas:

Ill-fated was the day, alas! that I
O Sutasoma dear, espouséd thee,
For heedless of my tears and bitter cry
Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas! that I
O Sutasoma dear, espouséd thee,
For thou wouldst leave me in my throes to die,
Determined as thou art a monk to be.

The hour of my delivery is nigh,
And I would fain my lord should stay with me
Until my child is born, before that I
See the sad day that I am reft of thee.

Then the Great Being repeated a stanza:

The hour of thy delivery is nigh,
Until the babe is born, I'll stay with thee,
[182] Then will I leave the royal imp and fly
Far from the world a holy monk to be.

On hearing his words she was no longer able to control her grief, and holding her heart with both her hands, said, "Henceforth, my lord, our glory is no more." Then wiping away her tears she loudly lamented. The Great Being to console her repeated a stanza:

My queen, with eye like ebon flower,
Dear Candā, weep not thou for me,

But climb once more thy palace tower:
I go without one care for thee.

Being unable to bear his words she mounted the palace tower and sat there weeping. Then the Bodhisatta's elder son seeing it said, "Why does my mother sit here weeping?" and he repeated this stanza in the form of a question:

Who has annoyed thee, mother dear,
Why dost thou weep and stare at me?
Whom of my kin that I see here
Must I, all impious, slay for thee?

Then the queen uttered this stanza:

No harm, dear son, may touch his head,
Who lives to work such woe for me:
[183] For know it was thy sire who said,
"I go without one care for thee."

Hearing her words he said, "Dear mother, what is this that you say? If this be so, we shall be helpless," and making lamentation he spoke this stanza:

I who once ranged the park to see
Wild elephants engage in fight,
If my dear sire a monk should be,
What should I do, poor luckless wight?

Then his younger brother who was seven years old, when he saw them both weeping, drew nigh to his mother and said, "My dear ones, why do ye weep?" and hearing the cause he said, "Well, cease to weep;

I will not allow him to become an ascetic," and he comforted them both, and with his nurse, coming down from the palace tower, he went to his father and said, "Dear father, they tell me you are leaving us against our will and say you will be an ascetic; I will not allow you to become an ascetic," and clasping his father firmly by the neck he uttered this stanza:

My mother, lo! is weeping and
    My brother fain would keep thee still,
I too will hold thee by the hand
    Nor let thee go against our will.

The Great Being thought, "This child is a source of danger to me; by what means am I to get rid of him?" then looking at his nurse he said, "Good nurse, behold this jewel ornament: this is yours: [184] only take away the child, that he be not a hindrance to me," and being unable by himself to get rid of the child who held him by the hand, he promised her a bribe and repeated this stanza:

Up nurse and let the little boy
    Disport him in some other place,
Lest haply he should mar my joy
    And hinder in my heavenward race.

She took the bribe and comforting the child she went with him to another place, and thus lamenting repeated this stanza:

What now if I reject outright
—I need it not—this jewel bright?
For should my lord a hermit be,
What use would jewels be to me?

Then his commander-in-chief thought, "This king, methinks, has come to the conclusion that he has but little treasure in his house; I will let him know he has a great quantity," so standing up he saluted him and repeated this stanza:

Thy coffers filled with treasure vast,
Great wealth hast thou, O king, amassed:
The world is all subdued by thee,
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

Hearing this, the Great Being repeated this stanza:

My coffers filled with treasures vast,
Great wealth has been by me amassed:
The whole world is subdued by me;
I leave it all a monk to be.

[185] When he had departed on hearing this, a rich merchant named Kulavaddhana stood up and saluting the king repeated this stanza:

Great wealth have I, O king, amassed,
Beyond all power of reckoning vast:
Behold I give it all to thee,
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

On hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza:

O Kulavaddhana, I know,
Thy wealth on me thou wouldst bestow,
But I a heavenly goal would win,
So I renounce this world of sin.

As soon as Kulavaddhana had heard this and was gone, he thus addressed his younger brother Somadatta, "Dear brother, I am as discontented as a wild cock in a cage, my dislike to household life gets the better of me; this very day will I become a hermit; do you undertake to rule this kingdom," and handing it over to him he repeated this stanza:

O Somadatta, sure I feel
Strange loathing o'er my senses steal
At thought of my besetting sins:
To-day my hermit life begins.

On hearing these words Somadatta too longed to be a hermit and to make this clear he repeated another stanza:

Dear Sutasoma, go and dwell
As pleaseth thee in hermit cell;
I too a hermit fain would be,
For life were nought apart from thee.

Then in refusing this Sutasoma repeated a half-stanza:

Thou mayst not go, or through the land
Home life would all come to a stand [1].

[186] On hearing this the people threw themselves down at the feet of the Great Being and, lamenting, said

Should Sutasoma go away,
What would become of us, we pray?

Then the Great Being said, "Well, grieve not: though I have been long with you, I shall now have to part from you; there is no

permanence in any existing thing," and teaching the Law to the people, he said,

Like water through a sieve [2], our day
So brief alas! fast slips away:
With life thus circumscribed, I ween,
No room for carelessness is seen.

Like water through a sieve, our day
So brief alas! fast slips away:
With life thus circumscribed all round,
Only the fool is careless found.

Bound fast by lusts, wherein they fell,
Such men enlarge the bounds of Hell,
Crowd the brute world and realm of ghosts,
And multiply the demon hosts.

[187] Thus did the Great Being instruct the people in the Law, and climbing to the top of the Palace of Flowers he stood on the seventh storey, and with a sword he cut off his top-knot and cried, "I am now nothing to you; choose ye a king of your own," and with these words he threw his top-knot, turban and all, into the midst of the people. The people seized hold of it, and as they rolled over and over on the ground they loudly lamented, and a cloud of dust rose at this spot to a great height, and the people stepping back stood and looked at it, and said, "The king must have cut off his top-knot and thrown it, turban and all, into the midst of the crowd, and therefore it is that a cloud of dust has risen near the palace," and lamenting they uttered this stanza:

Yon cloud of dust see how it towers
Hard by the royal House of Flowers;

Famed King of Right, methinks, our lord
Has shorn his locks off with a sword.

But the Great Being sent an attendant and had all the requisites for an ascetic brought to him, and had a barber to remove his hair and beard, and throwing his magnificent robe on a couch he cut off strips of dyed cloth, and putting on these yellow patches he fastened an earthen bowl on the top of his left shoulder and with a mendicant staff in his hand he paced backwards and forwards on the topmost storey, and then descending from the palace tower he stepped out into the street, but no one recognised him as he went. Then his seven hundred royal wives ascending the tower and not finding him, but seeing only the bundle of his adornments, came down and told the other sixteen thousand women, saying, "Mighty Sutasoma, your dear lord, has become an ascetic," and loudly lamenting they went out. At this moment [188] the people learned that he had become an ascetic, and the whole city was greatly stirred, and the people said, "They tell us, our king has become a monk," and they assembled at the palace door, and crying, "The king must be here or there," they ran to all the places frequented by him, and not finding the king they wandered to and fro, uttering their lament in these stanzas:

[1]Here are his golden palace-towers
All hung with wreaths of scented flowers,
Where girt with many a lady fair
Our king would oftentimes repair.

Here wreathed with flowers and wrought of gold
His gabled-hall one may behold,
Where, all his kinsfolk by his side,
Our king would range in all his pride.

This is his garden bright with flowers
Through all the season's changing hours,
Where girt, &c.

His lake o’erspread with lotus blue,
Haunt of wild birds, here comes in view,
Where, all his kinsfolk, &c.

[190] Thus did the people utter lamentation in these various places, and then returning to the palace yard they repeated this stanza:

King Sutasoma, sad to tell,
Has left his throne for hermit cell,
And, clad in yellow, goes his way
Like some lone elephant astray.

Then they went forth leaving all their household gear, and taking their children by the hand they repaired to the Bodhisatta, and with them went their parents and young children and sixteen thousand dancing girls. The whole city had the appearance of a deserted place, and behind them followed the country folk. The Bodhisatta with a company covering twelve leagues set out in the direction of the Himalayas. Then Sakka, taking note of his Renunciation of the World, addressing Vissakamma said, "Friend Vissakamma, king Sutasoma is retiring from the world. [191] He ought to have a place to dwell in: there will be a huge gathering of them." And he sent him, saying, "Go and have a hermitage erected, thirty leagues long and five leagues broad, on the banks of the Ganges in the Himalayan country." He did so, and, providing in this hermitage all that was requisite for the ascetic life, he made a foot-path straight to it and then returned to the

angel-world. The Great Being entered the hermitage by this path, and, after he himself was first of all ordained, he admitted the rest to orders, and by and bye a great number was ordained, insomuch that a space of thirty leagues was filled with them Now how the hermitage was built by Vissakamma, and how a great number took orders and how the Bodhisatta's hermitage was arranged—all this is to be understood in the way related in the Hatthipāla [1] Birth. In this case if a thought of desire or any other false thought sprang up in the mind of any one whatsoever, the Great Being approached him through the air, and sitting cross-legged in space he by way of admonition addressed him in a couple of stanzas:

Call not to mind love's sports of yore
While still a smiling face you wore,
Lest that Fair City of Delight
Should waken lust and slay you quite.

Indulge without or stint or stay
Good will to men by night and day,
So shall ye win the angel home
Where all that do good deeds shall come.

[192] And this company of saints abiding by his admonition became destined to the Brahma world, and the story is to be told exactly as it is in the Hatthipāla Birth.

The Master having concluded this discourse said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth. "At that time the father and mother were members of the Great King's Court,

Candā was the mother of Rāhula, the elder son was Sāriputta, the younger son was Rāhula, the nurse was Khujjuttarā, Kulavaddhana, the rich merchant, was Kassapa, the commander-in-chief was Moggallāna, prince Somadatta was Ānanda, King Sutasoma was myself."

Footnotes

91:1 *apaṇṇaka,* cf. vol. I. p. 95, *Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka.*

91:2 Vol. VI. No. 544.

92:1 *abhumma,* out of one's range or sphere, unfit, improper.

96:1 Lit. "There is no cooking," or as the commentary explains, " no one kindles a fire in the oven."

96:2 *caṁgavāra.* The word is rendered by R. D. in Mil. II. p. 278 (S. B. E.) as "dyers' straining-cloth." Cf. *Majjh. Nik.* I. 144, and Neumann's translation I. p. 239, where he renders it *geflecht,* basket-work.

97:1 It seems unnecessary to translate all the sixteen stanzas in the text, differing, as they do, from one another for the most part by a single word, usually the name of a tree or flower.

98:1 Vol. IV. No. 509.

BOOK XVIII. PAṆṆĀSANIPĀTA.

No. 526.

NAḶINIKĀ-JĀTAKA.

[193] *"Lo! the land," etc.* This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana concerning the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. And in telling the story he asked the Brother by whom he had been led astray. "By a former wife," said he. "Verily, Brother," the Master said, "she worketh mischief for you. Of old it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation and were mightily destroyed." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta ruled in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a wealthy family in the brahmins of the North, and when he had come of age and had been trained in all the arts, he adopted the ascetic life, and after developing supernatural powers by the exercise of mystic meditation he took up his abode in the Himalayas. Exactly in the same way as related in the [1]Alambusa Birth a doe conceived by him and brought forth a son who was called Isisiṅga. Now when he was grown up, his father admitted him to holy orders and had him instructed in the rites inducing mystic meditation. In no long time he developed by this means supernatural faculties and enjoyed the bliss of ecstasy in the region of the Himalayas, and by mortification of the senses he became a sage of such severe

austerity that the abode of Sakka was shaken by the power of his virtue. Sakka by reflection discovered the cause of it, and thinking, "I will find a way to break down his virtue," for the space of three years he stopped rain from falling in the kingdom of Kāsi, and the country became as it were scorched up, and when no crops came to perfection, the people under the stress of famine gathered themselves together in the palace yard and reproached the king. Taking his stand at an open window, he asked what was the matter. [194] "Your Majesty," they said, "for three years no rain has fallen from heaven, and the whole kingdom is burned up and the people are suffering greatly: cause rain to fall, Sire." The king, taking upon him moral vows and observing a fast, yet failed to bring down the rain. It was then that Sakka at midnight entered the royal chamber

and illuminating it all round was seen to stand in mid air. The king on seeing him asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. "Wherefore art thou come?" "Does rain fall in your realm, Sire?" "No, it does not rain." "Do you know why it does not rain?" "I do not know." "In the Himalaya country, Sire, dwells an ascetic named Isisiṅga, who from the mortification of his senses is severely austere. He constantly, when it begins to rain, looks up at the sky in a rage and so the rain ceases." "What then is to be done now?" "Should his virtue be broken down, it will rain." "But who is able to overcome his virtue?" "Your daughter, Sire, Naḷinikā can do it. Summon her here and bid her go to such and such a place and make a breach in the virtue of the ascetic." And, having thus admonished the king, Sakka returned to his own abode. On the morrow the king took counsel with his courtiers and summoning his daughter addressed her in the first stanza:

Lo! the land lies scorched and ruined and my realm sinks to decay:
Go, Naḷinikā, and, prithee, bring this brahmin ’neath thy sway.

On hearing this she repeated a second stanza:

How shall I endure this hardship, how, midst elephants astray,
Through the glades of yonder forest shall I safely guide my way?

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

Seek thy happy home, my daughter, and from thence without delay
In a car of wood so deftly framed ride thou upon thy way.

[195] Horses, elephants, and footmen—go, begirt with brave array,
And with charm of beauty quickly thou shalt bring him ’neath thy sway.

Thus for the protection of his realm did he talk with his daughter even of such things as should not be spoken of in words. And she readily lent an ear to his proposals. Then, after giving her all that she required, he sent her away with his ministers. They went to the frontier and, after pitching their camp there, they had the princess conveyed by a road pointed out to them by some foresters, and at break of day, entering the Himalaya country, they arrived at a spot close to the ascetic's hermitage. At this very moment the Bodhisatta, leaving his son behind in the hermitage, had gone into the forest to gather wild fruits. The foresters themselves approached the hermitage and, standing where they could see it, they pointed it out to Naḷinikā and repeated two stanzas:

With plantain marked, midst bhurja trees so green,
Lo! Isisiṅga's pretty hut is seen.

Yon smoke, methinks, arises from the flame
Nursed by that sage of wonder-working fame.

And the king's ministers at the very moment when the Bodhisatta had gone into the forest surrounded the hermitage and set a watch over it, and making the princess adopt the disguise of an ascetic, [196] and arraying

her in an outer and inner garment of beautiful bark adorned with all manner of ornaments, they bade her take in her hand a painted ball tied to a string and sent her into the hermitage grounds, while they themselves stood on guard outside. So playing with her ball she entered the cloister. Now at that moment Isisiṅga was seated on a bench at the door of his hut of leaves, and when he saw her coming he was terrified and got up and went and hid himself in the hut. And she drew nigh to the door and continued playing with her ball.

The Master, to make this point and more beside clear, repeated three stanzas:

Bedecked with gems as she drew nigh, a bright and lovely maid,
Poor Isisiṅga sought in fear his cell's protecting shade.

And while before the hermit's door with ball the damsel plays,
Her lovely limbs she doth expose all naked to his gaze.

But when he saw her sporting thus, forth from his cell he broke,
And, rushing from the leafy hut, words such as these he spoke.

Fruit of what tree may this, Sir, be, that howe'er far 'tis tost
'Twill still return to thee again and never more is lost?

Then she telling him of the tree spoke this stanza:

Mount Gandhamādana, the home wherein I dwell, can boast
Of many a tree with fruit maybe such that though far ’tis tost,
’Twill still return to me again and never more is lost.

[197] Thus did she speak falsely, but he believed her, and thinking it was an ascetic he greeted her kindly and uttered this stanza:

Pray, holy sir, come in and take a seat,
Accept some food and water for thy feet,
And resting here awhile enjoy with me
Such roots and berries as I offer thee.

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[199] [1] [Being an ingenuous youth and never having seen a woman before he was led to believe the extraordinary story she told him, and

through her seductions] his virtue was overcome and his mystic meditation broken off. After disporting himself with her till he was tired, he at length sallied forth and finding his way down to the tank he bathed and, when his fatigue had passed off, he returned and sat in his hut. And once more, still believing her to be an ascetic, he asked where she dwelt, and spoke this stanza:

By what road hither hast thou come,
And dost thou love thy woodland home?
Can roots and berries hunger stay,
And how escap’st thou beasts of prey?

Then Naḷinikā recited four stanzas:

North of this the Khemā flows

Straight from Himalayan snows:

On its bank, a charming spot,

May be seen my hermit cot.

Mango, tilak, sāl full-grown,
Cassia, trumpet-flower full-blown—
All with song of elves resound:
Here my home, Sir, may be found.

Here with dates and roots, I ween,
Every kind of fruit is seen:
[200] ’Tis a gay and fragrant spot
That has fallen to my lot.

Roots and berries here abound,
Sweet and fair and luscious found.
But I fear, should robbers come,
They'll despoil my happy home.

The ascetic, on hearing this, to put her off till his father should return, spoke this stanza:

My father foraging for fruit is gone;

The sun is sinking, he'll be here anon.

When back front his fruit-gathering he is come,

We'll start together for thy hermit-home.

Then she thought: "This boy because he has been brought up in a forest does not know that I am a woman, but his father will know it as soon as ever he sees me, and will ask me what business I have here and striking me with the end of his carrying-pole, he will break my head. I must be off before he returns and the object of my coming is already accomplished," and telling him how he was to find his way to her house she repeated another stanza:

[201]

Alas! I fear I may no longer stay,
But many a royal saint lives on the way:
Ask one of them to point you out the road;
He'll gladly act as guide to my abode.

p. 104

When she had thus devised a plan for her escape, she left the hermitage, and bidding the youth, as he was wistfully looking after her, to stay where he was, she returned to the ministers by the same road by which she had come there, and they took her with them to their encampment and by several stages reached Benares. And Sakka that very day was so delighted that he caused rain to fall throughout the whole kingdom. But directly she had left the ascetic, Isisiṅga, a fever seized upon his frame and all of a tremble he entered the hut of leaves and putting on his upper robe of bark he lay there groaning. In the evening his father returned and missing his son he said, "Where in the world is he gone?" And he put down his carrying-pole and went into the hut, and when he found him lying there he said, "What ails you, my dear son?" And chafing his back he uttered three stanzas:

No wood is cut, no water fetched, no fire alight. I pray
Tell me, thou silly lad, why thus thou dream’st the live-long day.

Until to-day the wood was ever cut,
The fire alight, and pot thereon was put,
My seat arranged, the water fetched. In sooth
Thou found’st thy pleasure in the task, good youth.

To-day no wood is cleft, no water brought,
No fire alight; cooked food in vain is sought.

To-day no welcome hast thou given to me:
What hast thou lost? What sorrow troubles thee?

[202] On hearing his father's words, in explaining the matter, he said:

Here, Sire, to-day a holy youth has been,

A handsome, dapper boy, of winsome mien:

Not over tall nor yet too short was he,

Dark was his hair, as black as black could be.

Smooth-cheeked and beardless was this stripling wight,
And on his neck was hung a jewel bright;
Two lovely swellings on his fair breast lay,
Like balls of burnished gold, of purest ray.

His face was wondrous fair, and from each ear
A curvéd ring depending did appear;
These and the fillet on his head gave out
Flashes of light, whene'er he moved about.

Yet other ornaments the youth did wear,
Or blue or red, upon his dress and hair;
Jingling, whene'er he moved, they rang again
Like little birds [1] that chirp in time of rain.

No robe of bark, sign of ascetic grim,
No girdle made of muñja grass for him.
[203] His garments shimmer, clinging to the thigh,
Bright as a flash of lightning in the sky.

Fruits of what tree beneath his waist are bound,

—Smooth and without or stalk or prickle found—?

Stitched in his robe, in order loose but thick,

They strike each other with a sounding "click."

The tresses on his head were wondrous fair,
Hundreds of curls perfuming all the air:

These locks just parted in the midst had he—
Dressed e’en as his would that my hair might be.

But when his locks he did perchance unbind
And loose in all their beauty to the wind,
Their fragrance filled our home midst forest trees,
Like scent of lotus borne along the breeze.

His very dust was fair to look upon,
His person quite unlike that of thy son:
It breathed forth odours wafted everywhere,
Like shrubs ablossom in the summer air.

His fruit so bright and fair, of varied hue,
Afar from him upon the ground he threw,
Yet back to him ’twould evermore return:
What fruit it is I fain from thee would learn.

His teeth in even rows, so pure and white,
Vie with the choicest pearls, a lovely sight;
Whene’er he opes his lips, how charming ’tis!
No food like ours, roots and vile potherbs, his!

His voice so soft and smooth, yet firm and clear
In gentle accents fell upon the ear;
[204] It pierced me to the heart: so sweet a note
Ne’er issued from melodious cuckoo's throat.

Its tone I thought subdued, pitched far too low
For one rehearsing holy lore, I trow;
Howbeit—so great his kindness—I would fain
Renew my friendship with this youth again.

His warm arms flashing in their gold array,
Like gleams of lightning all around me play.
With down, as eye-salve soft, were they o’erspread,
Round were his fingers, blushing coral-red.

Smooth were his limbs, his tresses long untied,
Long too his nails with tips all crimson dyed:
With his soft arms around me clinging tight
The fair boy ministered to my delight.

His hands were white as cotton, gleaming bright
Like golden mirror that reflects the light;

At their soft touch I felt a burning thrill,
And though he's gone, the memory fires me still.

No load of grain he brought, nor ever could
Be won with his own hands to chop our wood,
Nor would he with his axe hew down a tree
Nor carry a sharp stake, to pleasure me.

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[205]

This rumpled couch with leaves of creepers made

Bears witness to the merry pranks we played:

Then in yon lake our weary limbs we lave

And once more seek indoors the rest we crave.

p. 106

To-day no holy texts can I recite,

No fire for sacrifice is found alight:

Yea, from all roots and berries I'll abstain

Till I behold this pious youth again.

Tell me, dear father, for thou know’st it well,
Where in the world this holy youth may dwell;
And thither with all speed, pray, let us fly,
Or at thy door my death will surely lie.

I've heard him speak of glades, with flowerets gay,
And thronged with birds that sing the live-long day,
’Tis thither with all speed I fain would fly
Or here at once I'll lay me down and die.

[207] The Great Being on hearing the boy talk such nonsense knew at once that through some woman he had lost his virtue, and by way of admonition he repeated six stanzas:

An ancient home for sages long has stood
Within the sunlit precincts of this wood;
[208] In haunts of angels and of nymphs divine,
This feeling of unrest should ne’er be thine.

Friendships exist and then they cease to be;
Each one shows love to his own family;
But they poor creatures are who do not know
To whom their origin and love they owe.

Friendship is formed by constant intercourse;
When this is broken, friendship fails perforce.

Shouldst thou set eyes upon this youth once more,
Or converse hold with him, as heretofore,
Just as a flood sweeps off the ripened corn,
So will the power of virtue be o’er-borne [1].

Demons there be that through the wide earth run
In varied form disguised. Beware, my son!
He that is wise should not consort with such;
Virtue herself is blasted [2] at their touch.

[209] On hearing what his father had to say the youth thought, "She was a female yakkha, he says," and he was terrified and put away the thought of her from him. Then he asked his father's pardon, saying, "Forgive me, dear father, I will not leave this spot." And his father comforted him, saying, "Come, my boy, cultivate charity, pity, sympathy and equanimity," and he proclaimed to him the attainment of the Perfect States. And the son walked accordingly therein and once more developed mystic meditation.

The Master, having finished his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the back-sliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the wife of his unregenerate days was Naḷinikā,

the back-sliding Brother was Isisiṅga, and I myself was the father."

Footnotes

100:1 Vol. v. No. 523.

102:1 Naḷinikā, pretending she has been wounded by a bear, practises on the simplicity of the ascetic youth with much the same guile as Venus employs to win Adonis. Compare *The Passionate Pilgrim,*

Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth,
Here in these brakes, deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh...

Malone in his Shakspeare, vol. x. p. 324, points out that Rabelais, La Fontaine and other writers have sported with the same thought. Cf. Rabelais, II. chap. xv, The lion and the old woman.

104:1 *ciriṭāka* is found as the name of a bird in *Caraka,* I. 27. 46, p. 174 of Calcutta, 1877 edition.

106:1 The fifth stanza is a repetition of the preceding one and is omitted in the English.

106:2 Reading, *nassati.*

No. 527.

UMMADANTĪ-JĀTAKA. [1]

"Whose house is this," etc. This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about a back-sliding Brother. The story runs that one day, as he was going his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, he saw a woman of surpassing beauty, magnificently attired, and fell in love with her, and on returning home to his monastery he was unable to divert his thoughts from her. From that time, as it were, pierced with love's shafts and sick with desire he became as lean as a wild deer, with his veins standing out on his body, and as sallow as sallow could be. He no longer took delight in any one of the Four Postures, or found pleasure in his own thoughts, but giving up all the services due to a teacher he abandoned the use of instruction, inquiry and meditation. His fellow-monks said, "Sir, once you were calm in mind and serene of countenance, but now it is not so. [210] What can be the cause?" they asked. "Sirs," he answered, "I have no pleasure in anything." Then they bade him be happy, saying, "To be born a Buddha is a hard matter: so also is the hearing of the True Faith, and the attaining to birth as a human being. But you have attained to this, and, yearning to put an end to sorrow, you left your weeping kinsfolk and becoming a believer adopted the ascetic life. Why then do you now fall under the sway of passion? These evil passions are common to all ignorant creatures, from live worms upwards, and such of these passions as are material in their origin, they too are insipid. Desires are full of sorrow and despair: misery in this case ever increases more and more.

Desire is like a skeleton or a piece of meat. Desire is like a torch made of a wisp of hay or a light from embers. Desire vanishes like a dream or a loan, or the fruit of a tree. Desire is as biting as a sharp-pointed spear, or as a serpent's head. But you, verily, after embracing so glorious a faith as this and becoming an ascetic, have now fallen under the sway of such harmful passions." When by their admonitions they failed to make him grasp their teaching, they brought him before the Master in the Hall of Truth. And when he said, "Why, Brethren, have you brought this Brother here against his will?" they answered, "They tell us, he is a backslider." The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, sages of old, though ruling a kingdom, whenever lust sprang up in their hearts, passed under its sway for a time, but checked their roving thoughts and were guilty of no improper conduct." And with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the city of Ariṭṭhapura in the kingdom of the Sivis reigned a king named Sivi. The Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen, and they called him prince Sivi. His commander-in-chief also had a son born to him, and they named him Ahipāraka. The two boys grew up as friends and at the age of sixteen they went to Takkasilā, and, after completing their education, they returned home. The king made over his kingdom to his son, who appointed Ahipāraka to the post of

commander-in-chief, and ruled his kingdom righteously. In that same city dwelt a rich merchant, named Tirīṭavaccha, worth eighty crores, and he had a daughter, a very fair and gracious

lady, bearing on her person every mark of auspicious fortune, and on her naming-day she was called Ummadantī. When sixteen years old she was as beautiful as a heavenly nymph, of more than mortal loveliness. All worldlings who beheld her could not contain themselves, [211] but were intoxicated with passion, as it were with strong drink, and were quite unable to recover their self-control. So her father, Tirīṭavaccha, drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, at home I have a treasure of a daughter, a fit mate even for a king. Send for your fortune-tellers, who can read the lineaments of the body, and have her tested by them and then deal with her according to your good pleasure." The king agreed and sent his Brahmins, and they repaired to the merchant's house, and being received with great honour and hospitality partook of some rice-milk. At this moment Ummadantī came into their presence, magnificently attired. On catching sight of her they completely lost their self-control, just as if they were intoxicated with passion, and forgot that they had left their meal unfinished. Some of them took a morsel and thinking they would eat it put it on their heads. Some let it fall on their hips. Others threw it against the wall. Every one was beside himself. When she saw them thus, she said, "They tell me, these fellows are to test the character of my marks," and she ordered them to be taken by the scruff of their neck and thrust out. And they were sorely annoyed and returned to the palace in a great rage with Ummadantī, and they said, "Sire, this woman is no mate for you: she is a witch." The king thought, "They tell me, she is a witch," and he did not send for her. On hearing what had happened she said, "I am not taken to wife by the king, because they say I am a witch: witches forsooth are just like me. Very well, should I ever see the king, I shall know what to do." And she conceived a grudge against him. So her father gave her in marriage to Ahipāraka, and she was her husband's darling and

delight. Now as the result of what act of hers had she become so beautiful? By the gift of a scarlet robe. Once upon a time, they say, she was born in a poor family in Benares and on some festal day seeing certain holy women, magnificently clad in robes dyed scarlet with safflower and disporting themselves, she told her parents that she too would like to wear a similar robe and take her pleasure. And when they said, "My dear, we are poor people: whence are we to get you such a robe?" "well then," said she, "suffer me to earn wages in a wealthy household, and as soon as they recognise my merit, they will make me a present of a robe." [212] And having gained their consent she approached a certain family and proposed to let her service to them for a scarlet robe. They said, "After you have worked three years for us, we will recognise your merits by giving you one." She

readily agreed, and set about her work. Recognising her merit before the three years had expired, they gave her together with a thick safflower-dyed robe yet another garment, and sent her off, saying, "Go with your companions, and, after bathing, dress yourself in these robes." So she went with her companions and bathed, leaving the scarlet robe on the bank. At this moment a disciple of the Kassapa Buddha, who had been robbed of his garments and had put on pieces of a broken bough to serve as outer and inner robes, arrived at this spot. On seeing him she thought, "This holy man must have been robbed of his garment. In former times I too, from not having a robe offered to me, found it difficult to procure one," and she determined to divide the garment in two and give him the half of it. So she went up out of the water and put on her old dress and saying, "Stay, holy sir," she saluted the elder, and tearing her robe in two gave the

half of it to him. Then he stood on one side in a sheltered spot and, throwing away his branch-garment, he made himself with one side of the robe an inner garment and with the other side an outer garment and stepped out into the open, and his whole person by the splendour of the robe was all ablaze, like the newly-risen sun. On seeing this she thought, "This holy man at first was not radiant, but now he shines like a newly-risen sun. I will give him this too." So she gave him the other half of the robe, and put up this prayer, "Holy sir, I would fain in some future stage of existence be of such surpassing beauty, that no one who sees me may have power to control himself, and that no other woman may he more beautiful." The elder returned her his thanks and went his way. After a period of transmigration in the world of gods, she was at this time born in Ariṭṭhapura and was as beautiful as she was described. Now in this city they proclaimed the Kattika festival, and on the day of full moon they decorated the city. Ahipāraka, on setting out for the post he had to guard, addressing her, said, [213] "Lady Ummadantī, to-day is the Kattika festival; the king, in marching in solemn procession round the city, will first of all come to the door of this house. Be sure you do not shew yourself to him, for on seeing you he will not be able to control his thoughts." As he was leaving her, she said to him, " I will see to it." And as soon as he was off, she gave an order to her handmaid to let her know when the king came to the door. So at sunset, when the full moon had risen and torches were blazing in every quarter of the city, which was decorated as it were some city of the gods, the king arrayed in all his splendour, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by thoroughbreds and escorted by a crowd of courtiers, making a circuit of the city with great pomp, came first of all to the door of Ahipāraka's house. Now this house enclosed by a wall in colour like vermilion, furnished with gates and tower, was a beautiful

and charming place. At this moment the maid brought her mistress

word of the king's arrival, and Ummadantī bade her take a basket of flowers, and standing near the window she threw the flowers over the king with all the charm of a sylph. And looking up at her the king was maddened with passion and quite unable to control his thoughts, and he failed to recognise the house as that of Ahipāraka. So addressing his charioteer, he repeated two stanzas in the form of a question:

Whose house is this, Sunanda, tell me true,
All girt about with wall of golden hue?
What vision fair is this, like meteor bright,
Or sunbeam striking on some mountain height?

A daughter of the house perchance is she,
Herself its mistress, or son's wife maybe?
Your answer quickly in a single word—
Is she unwed [1]. or owns she still a lord?

[214] Then, in answering the king, he repeated two stanzas:

All that your Highness asks I know full well,
And of her parents on both sides can tell:
As to her husband, night and day, O king,
He serves thy cause with zeal in everything.

A powerful minister of thine is he,
Vast wealth he owns and great prosperity;
She's wife of Ahipāraka the famed,
And at her birth was Ummadantī named.

On hearing this the king, in praising her name, repeated yet another stanza:

Alas! how ominous a name is here
Given to this maiden by her parents dear;
Since Ummadantī fixed her gaze on me,
Lo! *a mad haunted* man I grew to be.

On seeing how agitated he was she closed the window and went straight to her fair chamber. And from the moment when the king set eyes on her, he had no more thought of making solemn procession round the city. Addressing his charioteer he said, "Friend Sunanda, stop the chariot; [215] this is not a festival suitable for us; it is fit only for Ahipāraka, my commander-in-chief, and the throne also is better suited for him," and stopping the chariot he climbed up to his palace and, as he lay chattering upon the royal couch, he said,

A lily maid, with eyes soft as a doe's,
In the full moon's clear light before me rose,
Beholding her in robe of dove-like hue,
Methought two moons at once came into view.

Darting one glance from her bright, lovely eyes,
The temptress took me captive by surprise,
Like woodland elf upon some mountain height,
Her graceful motion won my heart at sight.

So dark and tall and fair the maid, with jewels in her ears,
Clad in a single garment, like a timid doe, appears.

With long-tressed hair and nails all stainéd red,
O’er her soft arms rich sandal essence shed,

With tapering fingers and a gracious air,
When will she smile on me, my charmer fair?

When will Tirīṭi's slender-waisted maid,
A gold adornment on her breast displayed,
With her soft arms embracing cling to me,
E'en as a creeper to some forest tree?

When will she stained with dye of lac so bright,
With swelling bosom, maiden lily-white,
Exchange a kiss with me, as oft a glass
Will from one toper to another pass?

Soon as I saw her standing thus, so fair to outward view,
No longer master of myself, reason away I threw.

When Ummadantī I beheld, with jewelled ear-rings bright,
Like one amerced right heavily, I slept not day nor night.

[216] Should Sakka grant a boon to me, my choice were quickly ta'en,
I would be Ahipāraka one night or haply twain,
And Ummadantī thus enjoyed, he might o'er Sivi reign.

Then those councillors told Ahipāraka, saying, "Master, the king on making a solemn procession around the city went to the door of your house [217] and then turning back climbed up to his palace." So Ahipāraka went home and addressing Ummadantī asked her if she had shown herself to the king. "My lord," she said, "a certain pot-bellied fellow with huge teeth, standing up in his chariot, came here. I do not know whether he was a king or a prince, but I was told he was a lord of some kind, and standing at the open window I threw flowers over him. Meanwhile he turned back and went off." On hearing this he said, "You have ruined me," and early next morning ascending to the king's house he stood at the door of the royal chamber and, hearing the king rambling about Ummadantī, he thought, "He has fallen in love with Ummadantī; if he does not get her, he will die: it is my duty to restore him to life, if it can be done without sin on the

part of the king or myself." So he went home and summoned a stout-hearted knave or a serving-man and said, "Friend, in such and such a place is a hollow tree that is a sacred shrine. Without saying a word to anyone, go there at sunset and seat yourself inside the tree. Then I shall come and make an offering there, and in worshipping the deities I shall put up this prayer; "O king of heaven, our king, while a festival was going on, without taking any part in it, has gone into his royal closet and lies there chattering idly; we do not know why he does so. The king has been a great benefactor of the gods and year by year has spent a thousand pieces of money in sacrifices. Tell us why the king talks thus foolishly and grant us the boon of the king's life." Thus will

I pray and at this moment you are to remember to repeat these words, "O commander-in-chief, your king is not sick, but he is infatuated with your wife Ummadantī. If he shall get her, he will live; otherwise he will die. If you wish him to live, give up Ummadantī to him." This is what you are to say." And having thus schooled him he sent him away. So the servant went next day and seated himself inside the tree and when the general came to the place and put up his prayer, he repeated his lesson. The general said, "It is well," and with an obeisance to the deity he went and told the king's ministers, and entering the city he climbed up to the palace and knocked at the door of the royal closet. [218] The king having recovered his senses asked who it was. "It is I, Ahipāraka, my lord." Then he opened the king's door and going in he saluted the king and repeated a stanza:

While kneeling at a sacred shrine, O king, u
A yakkha came and told me a strange thing, e
How Ummadantī had enslaved thy will: s
Take her and so thy heart's desire fulfil.]

Then the king asked, "Friend Ahipāraka, do even the yakkhas know that I have been talking foolishly owing to my infatuation for Ummadantī?" "Yes, my lord," he said. The king thought, "My vileness is known throughout the world," and he felt ashamed. And taking his stand in righteousness he uttered another stanza:

Fallen from grace no godhead shall I win,
And all the world will hear of my great sin:
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

The remaining stanzas are repeated by the two alternately.

Except thyself and me, O king, no one
In the whole world will know the deed that's done:
Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

The sinner thinks, "No mortal man has been
A witness of my guilty deed, I ween,"
[219] Yet all he does will fall within the ken
Of ghostly beings and of holy men.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,
"I loved her not," would any credence pay?
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;
Yet, sire, to Ummadantī straight repair,
E'en as a lion to his rocky lair.

The sage howe’er oppressed by his own woe,
Will scarce an act that wins him bliss forego,
E’en the dull fool intoxicate with bliss
Would ne’er be guilty of a sin like this.

A fostering parent, king, I own in thee,

Husband and lord, yea god art thou to me,

Thy slaves my wife and child, and I thy thrall,

O Sivi, do thy pleasure with us all.

Whoso shall wrong his neighbour nor repent,
Saying, "See here a lord omnipotent,"
Will ne’er be found to live out half his days,
And gods will view his conduct with dispraise.

Should righteous men accept as gift a thing
Freely bestowed by others, then, O king,
They who receive and they who grant have done
A deed whereby the fruit of bliss is won.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,
"I love her not," would any credence pay?
[220.] Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;
Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Who rids himself of pain at others' cost,
Rejoicing still though others' joy be lost,
Not he, but one that feels another's woe
As ’twere his own, true righteousness can know.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife,
I give what most I prize, nor give in vain,
They that thus give receive as much again.

I might destroy myself for fleshly appetite,
Yet would I never dare by wrong destroy the right.

Shouldst thou, O noble prince, thy love foreswear
Because she is my wife, to! I declare
Henceforth she is divorced and free to all,
Thy slave to summon at thy beck and call.

If thou, mine Ancient [1], to thy detriment,
Shouldst put away thy wife, though innocent,
Thou wouldst, methinks, have heavy blame to bear
And ne’er a single soul to speak thee fair.

With all such blame, my king, I could away,
With censure, praise, or be it what it may,
Let it fall on me, Sivi, as it will,
Only do thou thy pleasure first fulfil.

[221] He who esteem or blame regardeth not,
For praise or censure careth not a jot—
From him will glory and good fortune fly,
As floods subside, leaving land high and dry.

Whate’er of bliss or pain from hence may spring,
O’erstepping right, or fit one's heart to wring,
I'll welcome, if it joyous be or sad,
As Earth puts up with all, both good and bad.

I would not have another suffering

From wrongful act that may his bosom wring,

I'll bear the burden of my griefs alone,

Steadfast in right, vexing the peace of none.

A meritorious act to heaven will lead,
Be thou no obstacle to such a deed;
I Ummadantī a free offering send,
As kings on brahmin priests much treasure spend.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,
Thy wife and thou are both my friends, I own,

Brahmins and gods alike would blame me sore,
And curses rest on me for evermore.

Townsmen and countryfolk in this, I trust,
Will ne’er, O Sivi king, call thee unjust,
Since Ummadantī is my gift to thee,
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,
Thou and thy wife are both my friends, I own,
Good men's right acts are famed both far and wide,
Hard to o’erstep is Right, like Ocean's tide.

Worshipful master, waiting to bestow
Whate’er I crave, kind benefactor, thou
[222] Repayest sevenfold all I offer thee;
Take Ummadantī; my free gift is she.

Mine Ancient, Ahipāraka, in sooth,
Right hast thou followed, even from thy youth;
Who else of living men, I prithee, would
Early and late have striven to do me good?

O noble prince, thou art of peerless fame,
Wise, knowing right and walking in the same,
Shielded by right, mayst thou, O king, live long,
And, lord of right, teach me to shun the wrong.

Come, hearken, Ahipāraka, to these my words and then
I'll teach thee ways of righteousness as practised by good men.

A king delighting in the law is blest,
And of all men a learned one is best,
Ne’er to betray a friend is good, I wis,
But evil to eschew is perfect bliss.

’Neath the mild sway of righteous king,
Like shade from sun-stroke sheltering,
His subjects all may dwell in peace,
Rejoicing in their wealth's increase.

No evil deed shall my approval win,
However heedless it remains a sin:
But such as sin ’gainst knowledge I detest;
List to my parable; mark it and digest.

[1]The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake.
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

But if the bull a course direct shall steer,

The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.

So should their chief to righteous ways be true,

The common folk injustice will eschew,

And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[223] I would not by an unjust act e’en heaven itself attain,
No, not if, Ahipāraka, the whole world I should gain.

Whatever things of price ’mongst men esteeméd good,
Oxen and slaves and gold, garments and sandal wood,
Brood mares, rich treasure, jewels bright
And all that sun and moon watch over day and night,
Not for all this would I injustice do,
I amongst Sivis born, a leader true.

Father and chief and guardian of our land,
As champion of its rights I take my stand,
So will I reign on righteousness intent,
To mine own will no more subservient.

Auspicious is thy rule, great king, mayst thou continue long
To guide the state with happy fate and in thy wisdom strong.

Great joy is ours, O king, that thou such zeal for right hast shown,
Princes of might, neglecting right, ere now have lost a crown.

[1]To parents dear, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To wife and children, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To friends and courtiers, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In war and travel, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In town and village, warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In every land and realm, O king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To brahmins and ascetics all, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To beasts and birds, O warrior king, do righteously; and so
By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

Do righteously, O warrior king; from this all blessings flow;
By following a righteous course to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

With watchful vigilance, O king, on paths of goodness go:
The brahmins, Indra, and the gods have won their godhead so.

[227] When the king had thus been taught the law by his commander-in-chief Ahipāraka, he got rid of his infatuation for Ummadantī.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truth, and identified the Birth. At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the First Path. At that time Ānanda was the charioteer Sunanda, Sāriputta was Ahipāraka, Uppalavaṇṇā was Ummadantī, the followers of Buddha were the rest of the courtiers, and I myself was king Sivi.

Footnotes

107:1 Compare *Jātaka-Mālā,* XIII, and *Buddhaghosha's Parables,* ch. xxix, Story of Rahandama Uppalavaṇṇā.

110:1 *avāvaṭa,* i.e. *avyāvṛita,* not chosen in marriage.

113:1 *Kattā,* a king's minister or officer. Cf. *Jātaka* VI. 259, 24, 268, 6, and 313, 22. The commentary explains the word as "a doer of such things as ought to be done." Compare the use of εὐεργέτης as a title of honour, Hdt. VIII. 85.

114:1 These lines occur in *Jātaka,* vol. III. p. 74 (English version).

115:1 *Jātaka,* vol. IV. p. 263 (English version).

No. 528.

MAHĀBODHI-JĀTAKA. [1]

"What mean, these things," etc. This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The incident will be found related in the Mahāummagga [2]. Now on this occasion the Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta the Bodhisatta was born at Benares in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the family of a North brahmin magnate, worth eighty crores, and they named him young Bodhi. When he came of age, he was instructed in all learning at Takkasilā, and returning home he dwelt in the midst of household cares. By and bye renouncing evil desires he retired to the Himalaya region [228] and took up the ascetic life of a wandering mendicant, and dwelt there for a long time, living on roots and wild berries. At the rainy season he came down from the Himalayas and going on his begging rounds he gradually approached Benares. There he took up his abode in the royal park, and on the following day going his round in the city for alms, in his character of a mendicant, he drew nigh to the palace gate. The king standing at his window saw him, and, being delighted with his calm demeanour, he introduced him into his palace and seated him on the royal couch. After a little friendly talk, the king listened to an exposition of the Law and then

offered him a variety of dainty food. The Great Being accepted the food and thought, "Verily this king's court is full of hatred and abounds in enemies. Who, I wonder, will rid me of a fear that has sprung up in my mind?" And observing a tawny hound, a favourite of the king's, standing near him, he took a lump of food and made a show of wishing to give it to the dog. The king being aware of this had the dog's dish brought and bade him take the food and give it to the dog. The Great Being did so and then finished his own meal. And the king, gaining his consent to the arrangement, had a hut of leaves built for him in the royal park within the city, and, assigning to him all that an ascetic required, he let him dwell there. And two or three times every day the king came to pay his respects to him. And at meal times the Great Being continued to

sit on the royal couch and to share the royal food. And so twelve years passed. Now the king had five councillors who taught him his temporal and spiritual duties. One of them denied the existence of Cause (Karma). Another believed everything was the act of a Supreme Being. A third professed the doctrine of previous actions. A fourth believed in annihilation at death. A fifth held the Kshatriya doctrine. He who denied the Cause taught the people that beings in this world were purified by rebirth. He who believed in the action of a Supreme Being taught that the world was created by him. He who believed in the consequences of previous acts taught that sorrow or joy that befalls man here is the result of some previous action. The believer in annihilation taught that no one passes hence to another world, but that this world is annihilated. He who professed the Kshatriya creed taught that one's own interest is

to be desired even at the cost of killing one's parents. These men were appointed to sit in judgment in the king's court, [229] and being greedy of bribes they dispossessed the rightful owner of property. Now one day a certain man, being worsted in a false action at law, saw the Great Being go into the palace for alms, and he saluted him and poured his grievance into his ears, saying, "Holy Sir, why do you, who take your meals in the king's palace, regard with indifference [1] the action of his lord justices who by taking bribes ruin all men? Just now these five councillors, taking a bribe at the hands of a man who brought a false action, have wrongfully dispossessed me of my property." So the Great Being moved by pity for him went to the court, and giving a righteous judgment reinstated him in his property. The people with one consent loudly applauded his action. The king hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on being told what it was, when the Great Being had finished his meal, he took a seat beside him and asked, "Is it true, Reverend Sir, as they say, that you have decided a lawsuit?" "It is true, Sire." The king said, "It will be to the advantage of the people, if you decide cases: henceforth you are to sit in judgment." "Sire," he replied, "we are ascetics; this is not our business." "Sir, you ought to do it in pity to the people. You need not judge the whole day, but when you come here from the park, go at early dawn to the place of judgment and decide four cases; then return to the park and after partaking of food decide four more cases, and in this way the people will derive benefit." After being repeatedly importuned, he agreed to it and henceforth he acted accordingly. Those who brought fraudulent actions found no further opportunity, and the councillors not getting any bribes were in evil plight and thought, "Ever since this mendicant Bodhi began to sit in judgment, we get nothing at all." And calling him the king's enemy they said, "Come, let us slander him to the king

and bring about his death." So drawing nigh to the king they said,

p. 118

"Sire, the mendicant Bodhi wishes you harm." The king did not believe them and said, " Nay, he is a good and learned man; he would not do so." "Sire," they replied, "all the citizens are his creatures: [230] we are the only five people he cannot get under his thumb. If you do not believe us, when he next comes here, take note of his following." The king agreed to do so, and standing at his window he watched for his coming, and, seeing the crowd of suitors who followed Bodhi without his knowledge, the king thought they were his retinue, and being prejudiced against him he summoned his councillors and asked, "What are we to do?" "Have him arrested, Sire," they said. "Unless we see some gross offence on his part," he said, "how are we to arrest him?" "Well then diminish the honour that is usually paid to him, and when he sees this falling off of respect, being a wise mendicant, he will without saying a word to anyone run away of his own accord." The king fell in with this suggestion and gradually diminished the respect paid to him. On the first day after this they seated him on a bare couch. He noticed it and at once knew that he had been slandered to the king, and returning to the park he was minded to take his departure that very day, but he thought, "When I know for certain, I will depart," and he did not go away. So the next day when he was seated on the bare couch, they came with food prepared for the king and other food as well, and gave him a mixture of the two. On the third day they did not suffer him to approach the dais, but placing him at the head of the stairs they offered him mixed food. He took it and retiring to the park made his meal there. On

the fourth day they placed him on the terrace below and gave him broth made of rice dust, and this too he took to the park and made his meal there. The king said, "Though the honours paid to him are diminished, yet Great Bodhi, the mendicant, does not go away. What are we to do?" "Sire," they said, "it is not for alms he comes here; but he is seeking sovereignty. If he were coming merely for the alms, he would have run away the very first day he was slighted." "What then are we to do?" "Have him slain tomorrow, Sire." He said, "It is well," and placing swords in the hands of these very men he said, "Tomorrow, when he comes and stands inside the door, cut off his head and make mincemeat of him, and without saying a word to anyone throw his body on a dunghill, and then take a bath and return here."

They readily agreed and said, "Tomorrow we will come and do so," [231] and having arranged matters with one another they departed to their several homes. The king too after his evening meal lay down on the royal couch and called to mind the virtues of the Great Being. Then straightway sorrow fell upon him and the sweat poured from his body, and getting no comfort in his bed he rolled about from side to side. Now his chief queen lay beside him but he exchanged not a single word with her.

So she asked him, saying, "How is it, Sire, that you do[f] not say a word to me? Have I in any way offended you?" "No, lady," he[g] said, "but they tell me the mendicant Bodhi has become[a] an enemy of ours. I have ordered five of my councillors to[b] slay him tomorrow. After killing him they will cut him in pieces[a] and cast his body on a dunghill. But for twelve years he has taught[g] us many a truth. No single offence in him has ever been[r] clearly

seen by me before, but at the instigation of others I have ordered him to be put to death, and this is why I grieve." Then she comforted him, saying, " .If, Sire, he is your enemy, why do you grieve at killing him? Your own safety must be attended to, even if the enemy you slay is your own son. Do not take it to heart." He was reassured by her words and fell asleep. At that moment the well-bred tawny hound hearing the talk thought, "Tomorrow by my own power I must save this man's life." So early next morning the dog went down from the terrace and coming to the big door he lay with his head on the threshold, watching the road by which the Great Being came. But those councillors with swords in their hands came early in the morning and took their stand inside the door. And Bodhi duly observing the time came from the park and approached the palace door. Then the hound seeing him opened his mouth and showed his four big teeth and thought, "Why, holy Sir, do you not seek your alms elsewhere in India? Our king has posted five councillors armed with swords inside the door to slay you. Do not come accepting death as your fate [1], but be off with all speed," and he gave a loud bark. From his knowledge of the meaning of all sounds Bodhi understood the matter and returned to the park [232] and took everything that was necessary for his journey. But the king standing at his window, when he found he was not coming, thought, "If this man is my enemy, he will return to the park and gather together all his forces and will be prepared for action, but if otherwise, he will certainly take all that he requires and be ready to go away. I will find out what he is about." And going to the park he found the Great Being coming out of his hut of leaves and with all his requisites at the end of his cloister walk, ready to start, and saluting him he stood on one side and uttered the first stanza:

What mean these things, umbrella, shoes, skin-robe and staff in hand?
What of this cloak and bowl and hook? I fain would understand
Why in hot haste thou wouldst depart and to what far-off land.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "I suppose he does not understand what he has done. I will let him know." And he repeated two stanzas:

These twelve long years I've dwelt, O king, within thy royal park;
And never once before to-day this hound was known to bark.
To-day he shows his teeth so white, defiant now and proud,
And hearing what thou toldst the queen, to warn me, bays aloud.

p. 120

Then the king acknowledged his sin, and asking to be forgiven he repeated the fourth stanza:

[233]

The sin was mine: thee, holy sir, my purpose was to slay;
But now I favour thee once more, and fain would have thee stay.

Hearing this the Great Being said, "Of a truth, Sire, wise men do not dwell with one who without having seen a thing with his own eyes follows the lead of others," and so saying he exposed his misconduct and spoke thus:

My food of old was pure and white, next motley ’twas in hue,
Now it is brown as brown can be. ’Tis time that I withdrew.

First on the dais, then upstairs and last below I dine;
Before I'm thrust out neck and crop, my place I will resign.

Affect thou not a faithless friend: like a dry well is he
However deep one digs it out, the stream will muddy be.

A faithful friend aye cultivate, a faithless one eschew,
As one athirst hastes to a pool, a faithful friend pursue.

Cling to the friend that clings to thee, his love with love requite;
One who forsakes a faithful friend is deemed a sorry wight.

Who cleaves not to a steadfast friend, nor love requites with love,
Vilest of men is he, nor ranks the monkey tribe above.

To meet too often is as bad as not to meet at all;
To ask a boon a whit too soon—this too makes love to pall.

Visit a friend but not too oft, nor yet prolong thy stay;
At the right moment favours beg: so love will ne’er decay.

Who stay too long find oftentimes that friend is changed to foe;
So ere I lose thy friendship I will take my leave and go.

[234] The king said:

Though I with folded hands beseech, thou wilt not lend an ear,

Thou hast no word for us to whom thy service would be dear,

I crave one favour: come again and pay a visit here.

The Bodhisatta said:

If nothing comes to snap our life, O king, if thou and I

Still live, O fosterer of thy realm, perhaps I'll hither fly,

And we may see each other yet, as days and nights go by.

[235] Thus spoke the Great Being and preached the Truth to the king, saying, "Be vigilant, O Sire." And leaving the park, after going a round for alms in a district of his own, he departed from Benares and by degrees reached a place in the Himalayas, and after dwelling some time there he descended from the hills and settled in a forest near a frontier village. As soon as he was gone, those councillors once more sat in judgment, robbing the people, and they thought, "Should Great Bodhi, the mendicant,

return, we shall lose our livelihood. What are we to do to prevent his coming back?" Then this occurred to them: "Such people as these cannot leave any object to which they are attached. What can be the object here to which he is attached?" Then feeling sure it must be the king's

chief consort, they thought, "This is the reason why he would return here. We will be beforehand [1] with them and put her to death." And they repeated this to the king, saying, "Sire, to-day a certain report is current in the city." "What report?" he said. "Great Bodhi the mendicant and the queen send messages to and fro, one to the other." "With what objects?" "His message to the queen, they say, is this, "Will you be able by your own power to put the king to death and to grant me the white umbrella?" Her message to him is, "The king's death, verily, is my charge: you are to come quickly." They constantly repeated this till the king believed it and asked, "What then is to be done?" They answered, "We must put the queen to death." And without investigating the truth of the matter he said, "Well then put her to death: and cutting up her body piecemeal throw it on the dunghill." They did so, and the news of her death was noised abroad throughout the city. Then her four sons said, "Our mother though innocent has been put to death by this man," and they became the king's enemies. And the king was greatly terrified. The Great Being in due course heard what had happened and thought, "Excepting myself there is no one that can pacify these princes and induce them to forgive their father; I will save the king's life and deliver these princes from their evil purpose." So next day he entered a frontier village and after eating the flesh of a monkey given to him by the inhabitants

[236] he begged for its skin which he had dried in his hermit's hut till it had lost all smell and then made it into an inner and outer robe which he laid upon his shoulder. Why did he do so? That he might say, "It is very helpful to me." Taking the skin with him he gradually made his way to Benares and drawing nigh to the young princes he said to them, "To murder one's own father is a terrible thing: you must not do this. No mortal is exempt from decay and death. I have come here to reconcile you; when I send a message, you are to come to me." After having thus exhorted the youths, he entered the park within the city and seated himself upon a stone slab, spreading the monkey-skin over it.

When the keeper of the park saw this, he went in haste to tell the king. The king on hearing it was filled with joy, and taking those councillors with him went and saluted the Great Being, and sitting down began to converse pleasantly with him. The Great Being without any exchange of friendly greeting went on stroking his monkey-skin. The king said, "Sir, without making any provision [2] for me you continue to rub your monkey-skin. Is this more helpful to you than I am?" "Yes, Sire, this monkey is of the greatest service to me. I travelled about sitting on its back. It carried my water-pot for me. It swept out my dwelling-place.

It performed various duties of a minor kind for me. Through its simplicity I ate its flesh and having had its skin dried I spread it out and sit and lie on it: so it is very useful to me." Thus did he, in order to refute these heretics, attribute the acts of a monkey to the monkey-skin, and with this object he spoke as he did. From his having formerly dressed in its skin he said, "I travelled about

sitting on its back." From placing it on his shoulder and from having thus carried his drinking vessel he said, "It carried my drinking vessel." From the fact of having swept the ground with the skin he said, "It sweeps out my dwelling place." When he lies down, because his back is touched by this skin, and when he steps upon it, because it touches his feet, he says, "It performed such and such various duties for me": when he was hungry, because he took and ate its flesh, he says, [237] "Being such a simple creature, I ate its flesh." On hearing this those councillors thought, "This man is guilty of murder. Consider, pray, the act of this ascetic: he says he killed a monkey, ate its flesh and goes about with its skin," and clapping their hands they ridiculed him. The Great Being, on seeing them do this, said, "These fellows do not know that I am come with this skin to refute their heresies: I will not tell them." And addressing the one that denied the Cause, he asked, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me?" "Because you have been guilty of an act of treachery to a friend and of murder." Then the Great Being said, "If one should believe in you and in your doctrine and act accordingly, what evil has been done?" And refuting his heresy he said:

If this thy creed, "All acts of men, or good or base,
From natural causes spring, I hold, in every case,"
Where in involuntary acts can sin find place?

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[238] Thus did the Great Being rebuke him and reduce him to silence. The king, feeling annoyed at the rebuke before the assembly, collapsed [1] and sat down. And the Great Being, after

refuting his heresy, addressed the one who believed that everything is brought about by a Supreme Being and said, "Why, sir, do you blame me, if you really fall back upon the doctrine that everything is the creation of a Supreme Being?" And he repeated this verse .

If there exists some Lord all powerful to fulfil
In every creature bliss or woe, and action good or ill,
That Lord is stained with sin. Man does but work his will.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Thus did he, like one knocking down a mango with a club stick taken from the mango tree, refute the man who believed in the action of some Supreme Being by his very own doctrine, and then he thus addressed the believer in all things having happened before, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me if you believe in the truth of the doctrine that everything has happened before?" And he repeated this verse:

From former action still both bliss and woe begin;
This monkey pays his debt, to wit, his former sin:
Each act's a debt discharged. Where then does guilt come in?

[239] If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Having thus refuted the heresy of this man too, he turned to the believer in annihilation [1] and said, "You, sir, maintain that there is no reward and the like, believing that all mortals suffer annihilation here, and that no one goes to a future world. Why then do you blame me?" And rebuking him he said:

Each living creature's form four elements compose;

To these component parts dissolved each body goes.

The dead exist no more, the living still live on;
Should this world be destroyed, both wise and fools are gone:
Amidst a ruined world guilt-stain defileth none.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[240] Thus did he refute the heresy of this one too and then addressing him who held the Kshatriya doctrine, he said, "You, sir, maintain that a man must serve his own interests, even should he have to kill his own father and mother. Why, if you go about professing this belief, do you blame me?" And he repeated this verse:

The Kshatriyas say, poor simple fools that think themselves so wise,

A man may kill his parents, if occasion justifies,

Or elder brother, children, wife, should need of it arise.

Thus did he withstand the views of this man too, and to reveal his own view he said:

"From off a tree beneath whose shade a man would sit and rest,

’Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we both detest.

But if occasion should arise, then extirpate that tree."

That monkey then, to serve my needs, was rightly slain by me.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[241] Thus did he refute the doctrine of this man too, and now that all these five heretics were dumbfounded and bewildered [1], addressing the king he said, "Sire, these fellows with whom you go about are big thieves who plunder your realm. Oh! fool that you are, a man by consorting with fellows such as these both in this present world and that which is to come would meet with great sorrow," and so saying he taught the king the Truth and said:

This man avers, "There is no cause." Another, "One is Lord of all."

Some hold, "Each deed was done of old." Others, "All worlds to ruin fall."

These and the Kshatriya heretics are fools who think that they are wise,

Bad men are they who sin themselves and others wickedly advise,

Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Now by way of illustration, enlarging on the text of his sermon, he said:

A wolf disguised as ram of old

Drew unsuspected nigh the fold.

The [2]panic-stricken flock it slew,
Then scampered off to pastures new.

Thus monks and brahmins often use
A cloak, the credulous to abuse.

Some on bare ground all dirty lie,
Some fast, some squat in agony.

[242] Some may not drink, some eat by rule,
As saint each poses, wicked fool.

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,

All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,

Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Who say, "No Force exists in anything,"
Deny the Cause of all, disparaging
Their own and others' acts as vanity, O king,

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,
All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

If Force exists not anywhere nor acts be good or ill,
Why should a king keep artisans, to profit by their skill?

It is because Force does exist and actions good or ill,
That kings keep ever artisans and profit by their skill.

If for a hundred years or more no rain or snow should fall,

Our race, amidst a ruined world, would perish one and all.

But as rains fall and snow withal, the changing year ensures,
That harvest ripens and our land for ages long endures.

[1]The bull through floods a devious course will take &c.

Who plucketh fruit before it has well ripened on the tree,
Destroys its seed and never knows how sweet the fruit may be.

[243] So he that by unrighteous rule his country has destroyed,
The sweets that spring from righteousness has never once enjoyed.

But he that lets the fruit he plucks first ripen on the tree,
Preserves its seed and knows full well how sweet the fruit may be.

So he too by his righteous rule that has preserved the land,
How sweet the fruits of justice are can fully understand.

The warrior king that o’er the land unrighteous sway shall wield
Will suffer loss in plant and herb, whate’er the ground shall yield.

So should he spoil his citizens so apt by trade to gain,
A failing source of revenue will his exchequer drain.

And should he vex his soldiers bold, so skilled to rule the fight,
His army will fall off from him and shear him of his might.

So should he wrong or sage or saint, he meets his due reward,
And through his sin, howe’er high born, from heaven will be debarred.

And should a wife by wicked king, though innocent, be slain,
He suffers in his children and in hell is racked with pain.

Be just to town and country folk and treat thy soldiers well,
Be kind to wife and children and let saints in safety dwell.

A monarch such as this, O Sire, if free from passion found,
Like Indra, lord of Asuras, strikes terror all around.

[245] The Great Being having thus taught the Truth to the king summoned the four young princes and admonished them, explaining to them the king's action, and he said, "Ask the king's pardon," and having persuaded the king to forgive them, he said, "Sire, henceforth do not accept the statement of slanderers without weighing their words, and be not guilty of any similar deed of violence, and as for you young princes, act not treacherously towards the king," and he thus admonished them all. Then the king said to him, "Holy Sir, it was owing to these men that I sinned against you and the queen, and through accepting their statement I wrought this evil deed. [246] I will put all five of them to death." "Sire, you must not do this." "Then I will order their feet and hands to be cut off." "This too you must not do." The king assented, saying, "It is well," and he stript them

of all their property and disgracing them in various ways, by fastening their hair into five locks [2], by putting them into

fetters and chains and by sprinkling cow-dung over them, he drove them out of his kingdom. And the Bodhisatta after staying there a few days and admonishing the king, bidding him be vigilant, set off for the Himalayas and developed supernatural power arising out of mystic meditation, and so long as he lived, cultivating the Perfect States, he became a denizen of the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the five heretics [1] were Purāṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Pakudha Kaccāna, Ajita Kesakambalī, Nigaṇṭha Nāthaputta, the tawny dog was Ānanda, and the wandering mendicant Mahābodhi was I myself.

Footnotes

116:1 Compare *Jātaka-Mālā,* XXIII. The Story of the Mahābodhi, and *Dīgha Nikāya,* II. *Sāmañña-Phala* (*Dialogues of the Buddha* translated by R. Davids, p. 65).

116:2 *Jātaka,* vol. VI. No. 546.

117:1 *ajjhupekkhati.* Compare *Jātaka,* I. 147, *Cullavagga,* IV. 4. 8.

119:1 *Jātaka,* IV. 417, "with death written on the brow."

121:1 *paṭigacc'eva, vl. paṭikacc'eva.* Refer to Trenckner's *Milindapañha,* note 48[32], pp. 421, 422. It has here the force of the Latin *ultro.*

121:2 Another reading is *akathetvā,* "without addressing a word to me."

122:1 *pattakkhandha,* see note on p. 10.

123:1 *ucchedavāda.* Compare *Vinaya Texts,* II. 111, *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi,* p. 268 of translation, and *Buddhist Suttas,* p. 149 (S. B. E. XI.) and *Kathā Vatthu, Pakaraṇa Aṭṭhakathā,* p. 6 (*P. T. S. J.* 1889).

124:1 *nippaṭibhāna,* cf. *appaṭibhāna, Cullavagga,* IV. 4. 8.

124:2 Reading *vittāsayitvā* for *citrāsayitvā.*

125:1 These lines are to be found in *Jātaka,* III. In. p. 74 (English) and vol. v. p. 113.

125:2 Compare *Kathā Sarit Sāgara,* XII. 168, Tawney's translation, vol. I. p. 80, where as a mark of disgrace a woman's head is so shaved that five locks are left. *Jātaka* VI. 135 shows that the *cūḷā* was sometimes a mark of slavery. In *Jātaka* V. p. 249 a little boy of poor parents is described as wearing his hair in this fashion.

126:1 For these heretics see Hardy's *Manual,* p. 300, and *Vinaya Texts,* II. 111. Some of their names are found elsewhere with different forms, Pūraṇa, Kakudha Kaccāyana and Nātaputta.

BOOK XIX. SAṬṬHINIPĀTA.

No. 529.

SONAKA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[247] *"A thousand crowns," etc.* This is a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Renunciation. On this occasion the Bodhisatta sitting in the Hall of Truth in the midst of the Brethren, as they were singing the praises of the Perfection of Renunciation, said, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also the Tathāgata verily left the world and made the Great Renunciation," and so saying he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time, the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born to his chief queen and on his naming-day they called him prince Arindama. On the very day of his birth a son was also born to the royal chaplain, and to him they gave the name of young Sonaka. The two lads grew up together and when they were of age they were exceedingly handsome, in appearance not to be distinguished one from another, and they went to Takkasilā and, after being trained in all sciences, they left that place with the intention of learning the practical uses of arts and local observances, and gradually in the course of their wanderings found their way to Benares. There they took up their abode in the royal park and next day entered the city. That very day certain men being minded to make an offering of food to

brahmins provided some rice-porridge and arranged seats, and on seeing these youths approach they brought them into the house and made them sit upon the seats they had prepared. On the seat allotted to the Bodhisatta a white cloth was spread, on that assigned to Sonaka a red woollen rug. On seeing this omen Sonaka at once understood that this day his dear friend Arindama [248] would become king in Benares, and that he would offer him the post of commander-in-chief. After they had finished their meal they returned together to the park. Now it was the seventh day since the king of Benares had died and the royal house was without an heir. So the councillors and the rest after washing themselves, head and all,

assembled together and saying, "Thou art to go to the house of the man that is worthy to be king," they started the festal car [1]. On leaving the city it gradually approached the park and stopping at the park gate it stood there, ready for any one to mount upon it. The Bodhisatta lay, with his outer robe wrapped about his head, on the royal slab of stone, while the lad Sonaka sat near him. On hearing the sound of musical instruments Sonaka thought, "Here comes the festal car for Arindama. To-day he will be made king and he will offer me the post of commander. But verily I have no desire for rule: when he is gone away, I will leave the world and become an ascetic," and he stood on one side in concealment. The chaplain on entering the park saw the Great Being lying there and ordered his trumpets to be sounded. The Great Being woke up and after turning over and lying for a while he rose up and sat cross-legged on the stone seat. Then the chaplain spreading out his arms in a suppliant attitude cried, "The kingdom, Sire, comes to you."

"Why, is there no heir to the throne?" "Even so, Sire." "Then it is well," he said. So they sprinkled him to be king then and there. And mounting him on the car they brought him with a vast escort into the city. After a solemn procession round the city he ascended to his palace and in the greatness of his glory he forgot all about young Sonaka. But when the king was gone, Sonaka returned and sat on the stone seat, and so it was that a withered leaf of a sāl tree fell from its stalk in front of him, and on seeing it he cried, "Even as this leaf, so will my body fall into decay," and acquiring supernatural insight by reflecting on the impermanence of all things he attained to the state of a paccekabuddha, and at this very instant his characteristic as a layman vanished, and the marks of an ascetic became visible, and saying, "There is no more re-birth for me," in the utterance of this aspiration he set out for the cave of Nandamūla. And the Great Being after the lapse of forty years remembered Sonaka and said, "Where in the world can Sonaka be?" And time after time calling him to mind [249] he found no one to tell him saying, "I have heard of him or I have seen him." And sitting cross-legged on a royal throne upon a magnificent dais, surrounded by a company of minstrels and mime dancers, in the enjoyment of his glory, he said, "Whosoever shall hear from some one that Sonaka dwells in such and such a place and shall repeat it to me, to him I promise a hundred pieces of money, but whosoever shall see him with his own eyes and shall tell me, to him I promise a thousand pieces of money," and giving expression to this inspired utterance, in the form of a song, he repeated the first stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear.

A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

Then a nautch girl, catching it up, as it were, from his very mouth, sang the words, and then another and another took it up till the whole harem, thinking it was a favourite air of the king's, all sang it. And gradually both towns-people and country-folk sang the same song and the king too constantly sang it. At the end of fifty years the king had many sons and daughters, and the eldest son was called prince Dīghāvu. At this time the paccekabuddha Sonaka thought, "King Arindama is anxious to see me. I will go and explain to him the misery of evil desires and the blessing of Renunciation, and will show him the way to become an ascetic. And by his supernatural power he conveyed himself thither and took a seat in the park. At that moment a boy seven years old, wearing his hair in five knots, was sent there by his mother, and as he was gathering sticks in the park garden he sang over and over again this song. Sonaka called the boy to him and asked him saying, "Why, my lad, do you always sing the same song and never sing anything else? Do you not know any other song?" "I know others, holy Sir, but this is the king's favourite song, and so I constantly sing it." "Has any one been found to sing a refrain to this song?" "No, Sir." "I will teach you one and then you can go and sing the refrain before the king." "Yes, Sir." So he taught him the refrain "A thousand crowns" and the rest of it, and when the boy had mastered it, [250] he sent him off, saying, "Go, my lad, and sing this refrain before the king and he will grant you great power. What have you to do with gathering sticks? Be off with you as quick as you can." "It is well," said the boy, and having mastered the refrain and saluted Sonaka he said, "Holy Sir, until I bring the king, do you remain here." With these words he went off as fast as he could to his mother and said to her, "Dear mother, give me a bath and dress

me in my best clothes: to-day will I free you from your poverty." And when he had taken a bath and was smartly dressed, he went to the door of the palace and said, "Porter, go and tell the king and say, "A certain lad has come and even now stands at the door, prepared to sing a song with you." So the porter made haste and told the king. The king summoned him to his presence and said, "Friend, would you sing a song with me?" "Yes, Sire." "Then sing it." "My lord, I will not sing it here, but have a drum beaten through the city and bid the people assemble together. I will sing before the people." The king ordered this to be done, and, taking his seat in the middle of a couch under a magnificent pavilion and assigning a suitable seat to the boy, he said, "Now then sing your song." "Sire," he said, "you sing first and then I will sing a refrain to it." Then the king sang first, repeating this stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

Then the Master, to make it clear that the boy with his hair dressed in five knots sang a refrain to the song begun by the king, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated two lines:

Then up and spake that little boy—five tangled locks he wore—
"The thousand give to me who saw, who heard a hundred more:
I'll tell thee news of Sonaka, thy playfellow of yore."

The verses that follow are to be taken in their obvious connexion.

[251]

Pray in what country, realm, or town hast thou a-wandering been,

And where was Sonaka, my friend, I prithee tell me, seen?

Within this realm, in thine own park is many a big sāl tree
With leaves dark green and stems so straight, a pleasant sight to see;

Their branches densely interlaced, cloud-like, to heaven they rise,
And at their foot lo! Sonaka in meditation lies,
Filled with the Arhat's holy calm, when human passion dies.

The king then started in full force and levelling the road
He made his way straight to the place of Sonaka's abode.

There wandering midst an ample grove within his pleasure ground,
All passionless, in saintly bliss, his friend at rest he found.

Without saluting him he sat on one side and, by reason of his being himself given up to evil passion, he fancied he was some poor wretch and addressed him in this stanza:

His parents dead, with shaven head, clad in monk's robe I see

A wretched Brother in a trance, stretched here beneath this tree.

On hearing this said Sonaka, "He is no wretched wight
Who in his every action, Sire, has aye attained to right.

[252] Nay rather wretched those who right neglect and practise ill,
For evil doer evil doom is destined to fulfil."

Thus did he rebuke the Bodhisatta, and he pretending not to know he was being rebuked, talking in a friendly way with him, declared his name and family and spoke this stanza:

As king of Kāsi I am known, Arindama my name,

Since coming here, Sir, hast thou met with aught deserving blame?

Then the paccekabuddha said, "Not merely while dwelling here but nowhere else have I met with any discomfort," and he began to tell in verse the blessings of the monk:

’Mongst blessings of poor homeless monk I ever count it one,
In jar or maund or granary he stores has hoarded none,
But only craves what others leave and lives content thereon.

The next of all his blessings this is one deserving praise,
He free from blame enjoys his food and no one him gainsays.

Third blessing of the monk I hold is this, that all his days
He eats his food in happiness and no one him gainsays.

The fourth of all his blessings is that wheresoe’er he goes,
He wanders free throughout the realm and no Attachment knows.

Fifth blessing this that should the town, wherever he may be,
Perish in flames, he suffers not, for nought to burn has he.

[253]

The sixth of all the blessings he may reckon to his lot
That if the realm should be despoiled, he suffers not a jot.

The seventh of the blessings that to poverty he owes,
Though robbers should his path beset, and many dangerous foes,
With bowl and robe the holy man ever in safety goes.

Last blessing this that wheresoe’er our wanderer may fare,
Homeless and poor, he journeys on without regret or care.

[254] Thus did the paccekabuddha Sonaka tell of the eight blessings of the monk, and even beyond this he could have told of a hundred, nay a thousand immeasurable blessings, but the king being given up to sensual desires cut short his speech,

saying, "I have no need of monkish blessings," and to make it clear how devoted he was to evil passions he said:

Thy many blessings thou mayst praise but what am I to do
Who worldly pleasures, Sonaka, so greedily pursue?

Dear are all human joys to me and heavenly joys as well,
But how to gain both worlds at once, to me, I prithee, tell.

Then the paccekabuddha answered him:

[255]

Who greedily on pleasure bent their worldly lusts would sate,
Work wickedness awhile, to be re-born in woeful state.

But they who leave desire behind through life all fearless go,
And reaching concentration [1] pure are ne'er re-born to woe.

Here tell I thee a parable; Arindama, give heed,
Some that are wise through parable my meaning best may read.

See! borne along on Ganges' flooded tide a carcase vast,
A foolish crow thought to himself as it was floating past,

"Oh what a carriage I have found and goodly store of food,
Here will I stay both night and day, enjoying blissful mood."

So eats he flesh of elephant and drinks from Ganges' stream,
And budging not sees grove and shrine pass by him in a dream.

Thus heedless and on carrion vile so all intent was he,
The Ganges swept him headlong to the perils of the sea.

But when with food exhausted he, poor bird, essayed a flight,
Nor east nor west nor south nor north was any land in sight.

Far out at sea, so weak was he, long ere he reached the shore,
Midst countless perils of the deep he fell to rise no more.

For crocodiles and monster fish, where our poor flutterer lay,
Came ravening all around and quick devoured their quivering prey.

So thou and all that greedily pleasures of sense pursue
Are deemed as wise as was this crow, till ye all lusts eschew.

My parable proclaims the Truth. To it, O king, give heed,
Thy fame for good or ill will grow according to thy deed.

[257]. Thus by means of this parable did he admonish the king and, in order to fix it firmly in his mind, he repeated this stanza:

In pity once, nay even twice, utter the warning word,

But keep not on repeating it, like slave before his lord.

Thus in his wisdom infinite did Sonaka the seer

Instruct the king, and then in space straightway did disappear.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the Bodhisatta stood gazing on him as he passed through the air, so long as he remained within the range of his vision, but when he had passed out of sight, he was greatly agitated and thought, "This brahmin, low-born [1] fellow that he is, after scattering the dust from his feet upon my head, though I am sprung from an unbroken line of nobles, [258] has disappeared in the sky: I must to-day renounce the world and become a religious. So in his desire to join the religious and give up his kingdom he repeated a couple of stanzas:

Where are my charioteers, despatched a worthy king to find?

I would not longer reign; henceforth my crown I have resigned.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

On hearing him thus abdicate his throne his councillors said:

Thou hast a son, Dīghāvu named, a goodly prince is he,

By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he our king shall be.

Then, beginning with the stanza spoken by the king, the verses in due order are to be understood in their obvious connexion:

Then quickly bring Dīghāvu here, a goodly prince is he,

By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he your king shall be.

When they had brought Dīghāvu there, their nursing king to be,
His sire addressed his darling boy—an only son was he.

Full sixty thousand villages I once did claim as mine,
Take them, my son, to thee henceforth my kingdom I resign.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand elephants with splendour all bedight,
With girths of gold, caparisoned with trappings golden-bright,

Each ridden by his own mahout, with spikèd hook in hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

[259] Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand horses here, bedecked in bright array
—Sindh horses, all of noble breed and fleet of foot are they—

Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand cars all yoked, with banners flying free,
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,

Each driven by mailéd charioteers, all armed with bow in hand,

Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand kine so red, with bulls on every hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

Here twice eight thousand maidens fair in goodly vesture stand,
With many a jewelled bracelet decked and rings upon each hand,
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall ’neath passion's baneful sway.

[1]They say to me, "Thy mother dear, alas! poor boy, is dead,"
I cannot live without thee too. All joy from life is fled.

As close behind old elephant a young one oft is found
Moving through mountain-pass or wood, o’er rough or level ground,

So bowl in hand I'll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed.

[2]As oft some ship of merchants seeking gain at any cost
Is swallowed by a whirlpool [3] and both ship and crew are lost,

So lest I find a stumbling-block in this accursèd boy,
Instal him in my palace there all pleasures to enjoy—

[260] With maids whose hands caressing him with gleaming gold are bright,
Like Sakka midst his nymphs divine, he'll ever take delight.

Then brought they prince Dīghāvu to the palace, home of joy,
And seeing him these maidens fair addressed the royal boy.

"Who art thou? Angel, minstrel-god, or Sakka known to fame,
Dispensing alms in every town? We fain would learn thy name."

No angel I nor minstrel-god nor Sakka known to fame,
But heir to king of Kāsi, prince Dīghāvu is my name.
So cherish me and happy be: each one as wife I claim.

Then thus unto Dīghāvu, their liege lord, these maidens said;
"Where has the king a refuge gained, and whither is he fled?"

The king escaped from miry ways is safe upon dry ground,
From thorns and jungle free at last the high road he has found.

But I am set upon a path that leads to woeful state,
Through thorns and jungle on I press to reach an awful fate.

Welcome to us, as lion is to cubs in mountain lair,
Bear sway henceforth, our sovereign lord, the true and rightful heir.

[261] And having so spoken they all sounded their musical instruments and all manner of song and dance took place, and so great was his glory that the prince intoxicated by it forgot all about his father, but exercising his rule with justice he fared according to his deeds. But the Bodhisatta

developed the supernatural faculty resulting from Meditation and passed away to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but also of old the Tathāgata verily made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time the paccekabuddha obtained Nirvāna, the son was the young Rāhula, and king Arindama was I myself."

Footnotes

127:1 Compare the story of *Darīmukha,* No. 378, vol. III. p. 156 (English translation).

128:1 *phussaratha, Jātaka* III. 238, IV. 39, and especially *Mahājanaka,* vi. No. 539.

131:1 *ekodibhāva,* concentration of mind, see R. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1885, p. 32 and *Academy,* March 27, 1886.

132:1 On a brahmin being called *hīna jacco* see *Buddhist India* by R. Davids, p. 60.

133:1 This and the two following stanzas are spoken by the young prince.

133:2 This and the two following stanzas are spoken by king Arindama.

133:3 The commentary explains *vohāra* as a "monster fish" or "whirlpool."

No. 530.

SAṀKICCA-JĀTAKA.

"At sight of Brahmadatta," etc. This story the Master, while dwelling in the mango grove of Jīvaka [1], told concerning the murder of his own father by Ajātasattu. For owing to Devadatta [262] and at his instigation he had his father put to death. But when sickness arose in the schismatic congregation following upon the division in the Order, Devadatta resolved to go and ask pardon of the Tathāgata, and, as he was journeying in a litter to Sāvatthi he was swallowed up by the earth at the gate of Jetavana. On hearing this Ajātasattu thought, "Because Devadatta was an enemy of the supreme Buddha, he has disappeared into the earth and is destined to the Avīci hell. It was owing to him that I murdered my holy father, that king of Righteousness. I too shall surely be swallowed up by the earth." And he was so terrified that he found no enjoyment in his royal splendour, and thinking he would rest awhile, he had no sooner fallen asleep than he seemed to be dropped into a world of iron nine leagues thick, and beaten as it were with iron spikes and devoured by dogs continually snapping at him, and with a terrible cry he rose up. So one day at full moon [2] during the cāturmāsya festival, when surrounded by a great retinue of courtiers he reflected on his own glory, he bethought him that his father's glory was far greater than this, and that owing to Devadatta he had slain so excellent a king of Righteousness, and while he thought on this a fever sprang up in his limbs and his whole body was bathed in sweat. And considering who could drive away this fear from him he concluded that except Dasabala there was no one, and thinking, "I have sinned greatly against

the Tathāgata: who verily will take me into his presence?" and concluding there was no one but Jīvaka, he considered some way of getting him to go with him, and uttering a joyous cry, "O sir, what a lovely clear night it is," he said, "what if to-day we were to pay our respects to some priest or brahmin?" And when the virtues of Purāna [3] and other teachers had been sung by their respective disciples, without attending to what they said he cross-questioned Jīvaka, and on his telling of the virtues of the Tathāgata and crying, "Let his Majesty pay his respects to the Blessed One," he ordered elephant cars to be got ready and went to the mango grove of Jīvaka. And approaching the Tathāgata with an obeisance and being kindly greeted by him, he inquired of the reward of asceticism in this present life, and after listening to a sweet discourse on this topic from the Tathāgata, at the end of the sermon he announced his discipleship, and having been reconciled to the Tathāgata he went his ways. Thenceforth distributing alms and keeping the moral law he associated with the Tathāgata, and listening

to his sweet discourse on the Law and consorting with a virtuous friend, his fears abated and his feeling of horror disappeared, and he recovered his peace of mind and happily cultivated the four Ways of Deportment. Then one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Ajātasattu after slaying his father was terror-stricken and finding no enjoyment in his regal splendour he experienced pain in every posture. Then he went to the Tathāgata and by associating with a virtuous friend he lost his fears and enjoyed the happiness of lordship." The Master came and asked, saying, "What topic, Brethren, are you now engaged in discussing in conclave?" [263] and on their

telling him what it was, he said, "Not now only, but of old too, this man, after murdering his father, through me recovered his peace of mind," and he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in Benares Brahmadatta begat a son, prince Brahmadatta. At the same time the Bodhisatta was conceived in the house of the family priest. And at his birth they named him young Saṁkicca. The two lads grew up together in the palace and were great friends. And when they came of age, after acquiring all learning at Takkasilā, they returned home. Then the king appointed his son to be viceroy and the Bodhisatta still lived with him. Now one day the viceroy, when his father was gone to disport himself in the pleasure garden, beheld his great glory and conceived a longing for it, thinking, "My father is more like a brother; if I shall wait for his death, I shall be an old man before I succeed to the crown. What good will it do me to get the kingdom then? I will kill my father and make myself king," and he told the Bodhisatta what he thought of doing. The Bodhisatta rejected the idea, saying, "Friend, the murder of a father is a serious matter. That way lies the road to hell. You must not do this deed. Pray do not kill him." But he spoke of it again and again and was opposed by his friend for the third time. Then he consulted with his attendants and they fell in with the idea and devised a plot to kill the king. But the Bodhisatta hearing of it thought, "I will not consort with people like these," and without taking leave of his father and mother he escaped by a house-door [1] and hid himself in the Himalaya country. There he embraced the ascetic life and entered upon the supernatural powers arising from ecstatic meditation, living on roots and wild berries. But the prince, when his friend was gone away, put his father to death and enjoyed great glory. Hearing it said that

young Saṁkicca had adopted the ascetic life, many youths of good family gave up the world and were ordained by him to the ascetic life. And he dwelt there surrounded by a great company of ascetics, all of whom had already reached the Attainments. The king, after killing his father, for a very short time enjoyed the pleasure of kingship,

and then was terror-stricken and lost his peace of mind and was like to one who had found his punishment [1] in hell. Then calling to mind the Bodhisatta he thought, "My friend tried to stop me, saying the murder of one's father was a grievous thing, but failing to persuade me he ran away to keep himself free from guilt. If he had been here, he would not have let me slay my father and he would free me from this terror. Where in the world can he be living? If I knew where he was dwelling, I would send for him. Who can tell me his place of abode?" Thenceforth both in the harem and in the court he was ever singing the praises of the Bodhisatta. A long time afterwards, when he had lived fifty years in the Himalayas, the Bodhisatta thought, "The king remembers me. I must go to him and teach him the Law and remove his fears." So attended by five hundred ascetics he passed through the air and alighted in the garden called Dāyapassa, and surrounded by his band of ascetics he seated himself on the stone slab. The keeper of the garden on seeing him asked, saying, "Holy sir, who is the leader of this company of ascetics?" And hearing it was the sage Saṁkicca and himself recognising him he said, "Sir, stay here until I bring the king. He is anxious to see you." And making an obeisance he went with haste to the palace and told the king of his friend's arrival. The

king came to see him, and after offering all due civility he put a question to him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

At sight of Brahmadatta thus enthroned in royal state,
He said, "O king, the friend for whom thou art compassionate,

Saṁkicca, lo! is here—of saints the chief in fame is he
Set out in haste and tarry not this holy sage to see."

So quickly mounting on the car prepared at his behest,
The king begirt with courtier friends set forth upon his quest.

The emblems five of royal pomp straight doffed the Kāsi lord,
Umbrella, turban, yak-tail fan, with shoes and eke his sword.

Then stepping from his car the king, stripped of his bright array,
To Dāyapassa park, where sat Saṁkicca, took his way.

The king drew nigh and greeting him with words of courtly phrase,
Recalled the converse they had held together in old days.

And as he sat beside him, when occasion fit arose,
A question as to sinful deeds he hastened to propose.

"Saṁkicca, lord of saintly band, great sage, whom here I see
Sitting in Dāyapassa park, I fain would question thee.

[265] How fare transgressors after death? Born to what state are they?
I too have erred from righteousness. Thy answer quick, I pray."

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Saṁkicca thus addressed the king who ruled o’er Kāsi land,
Sitting in Dāyapassa glades: "Mark, sire, and understand:

Shouldst thou point out the road to one gone hopelessly astray,
And he should follow thy advice, no thorns beset his way.

But he that walks in evil ways, shouldst thou direct aright,
And he should follow thy advice, escapes from woeful plight."

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[266] Thus did he admonish the king, and moreover taught him the Faith, saying,

Right is like the high road,

Wrong is but a bye-road.

Right to heaven aye wins its way,
Wrong to hell leads men astray.

Men that transgress the law, O sire, and live unrighteously,
What fate they suffer after death in hell, now hear from me.

Sañjīva, Kāḷasutta and Roruva, great and small,
Saṅghāta, Great Avīci, are names that may well appal,
With Tapana and Patāpana, eight major hells in all.

Escape from hence is hopeless, and of Ussadas they tell,
[1]Twice eight times more in number, a kind of minor hell—

Dread flames here torture sinful men, all cruel deeds abound,
Horror, amazement, anguish, woe and terror reign around.

Four square with fourfold doors is each, in due proportion spaced,
With dome of iron ’twas o’erarched, by iron wall embraced,

Its base of iron wrought is such no raging flame may melt,
Though e’en a hundred leagues around its mighty power is felt.

All that have outrage done to saints or injured holy men
Fall headlong into hell's abyss, no more to rise again.

In evil plight their mangled frames, piece-meal like fish on toast,
For their misdeeds through countless years in hell are doomed to roast.

Their limbs consumed with burning heat, to torture dread a prey,
Though eager to escape from hell they never find a way.

Seeking an outlet to and fro to east or west they fly,
Or baffled hurry north or south, a hopeless quest to ply,
For gods are there to bar the way, whichever door they try.

[267] Poor souls, for many thousand years they dwell in hell's domain,
With arms outstretched they sore lament their overwhelming pain.

Like deadly poison-snake whose wrath ’twere fatal to arouse,
Shun to attack the saints that live bound by ascetic vows.

Ajjuna [2], lord of Kekakās, great archer, who annoyed
Gotama, was despite his bulk and thousand arms destroyed.

So Daṇḍaki [2] defiling Kisavaccha, sinless one,
Like palm tree from the roots cut down, was utterly undone.

Mejjha [1] for famed Mātaṅga's sake fell from its place of pride,

The land became a wilderness and king and people died.

Assailing black Dīpāyana [2] the men of Vishṇu race
With Andhakas [3] sought Yama's realm, each slain by other's mace

Cursed by a sage, Cecca [4] who once could tread the air, they say,
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

The self-willed fool can never gain the approval of the wise,
But guileless souls, equipped with truth, are slow to utter lies.

Whoso would lie in wait to catch some wise and holy man,
Hurled down to hell will quickly learn to rue his wicked plan.

But who with treacherous cruelty shall aged saints assail,
Shall like a dying palm tree stump, childless and heirless, fail.

Whoso some mighty sage, a priest of life austere, shall slay,
In Kāḷasutta hell shall suffer torture many a day.

And if a wicked Maga king his realm should overthrow,
He shall when dead in Tapana like sufferings undergo.

A hundred thousand years, as gods count years, he's doomed to dwell,
Clad in a robe of living flame, midst agonies of hell.

[268] Bright jets of fire on every side shoot from his tortured frame,
His very limbs, hair, nails and all, serve but to feed the flame.

And as his body burns apace, racked through and through with pain,
Like a goad-stricken elephant, poor wretch, he roars amain.

Whoso from greed or hatred shall, vile creature, slay his sire,
In Kāḷasutta hell long time shall agonize in fire.

In iron cauldron boiled till he shall peel,
The parricide is pierced with shafts of steel,
Then blinded and on filth condemned to feed
He's plunged in brine, to expiate his deed.

Then goblins ’twixt his jaws, lest they should close,
Hot iron ball or ploughshare interpose,
These fixed with cords his mouth so firmly prop,
They into it a stream of filth can drop.

Vultures, both black and brown, and ravens too,
And birds with iron beaks, a motley crew,
Rending his tongue to many a fragment small,
Devour the quivering morsel, blood and all.

The goblins flitting to and fro
Assail the wretch with many a blow,

On his charred breast or broken limb
With cruel glee they buffet him.
The joy is theirs, but woes abide
With all that in such hell reside
For earthly crime of parricide.

The son that slays his mother straight to Yama's realm is sent,
In retribution for his deed to reap due punishment.

There powerful demons seize upon the guilty matricide,

And plough with iron shares his back in furrows deep and wide.

[269] The blood like molten copper from his wounds that flows they take,
And give it to the guilty wretch, his burning thirst to slake.

He stands plunged in a crimson lake as ’twere of clotted blood,
Breathing foul stench of carrion vile or evil smelling mud.

Enormous worms with iron mouths, piercing their victim's skin,
Devour his flesh right greedily and suck the blood within.

In hell one hundred fathoms deep behold the victim sinks,
While for a hundred leagues around dead carcase like he stinks.

By reason of the stench, O king, such is his sorry plight,
Though once possessed of vision keen he suffers loss of sight.

Past out from Khuradhāra hell, grim prison house hard to flee,
Abortion-mongers ’scape not thy dread stream, Vetaraṇī [1].

Silk-cotton trees with thorns foot long of iron wrought, ’tis said,
On either bank, Vetaranī, o’erhang thy gloomy bed.

All clothed in flame, one mass of fire, they stand against the sky,
And all ablaze with brilliant light tower a full league on high.

Here fixed upon sharp thorns red-hot in hell appear to view
Unfaithful husbands, guilty wives, the whole adulterous crew.

Beaten with stripes headlong they fall, revolving in their flight,
And there with mangled limbs they lie awake the livelong night.

At dawn they hide themselves in Iron Cauldron [2], known to fame,
Big as a mountain ’tis and full of water like to flame.

So clad in folly like a robe these sinners night and day,
For their ill deeds wrought long ago, fit retribution pay.

Whoso as wife bought with his gold her husband shall despise,
Or shall regard his kith and kin with ever scornful eyes,
Her tongue, wrenched out with hook and line, shall suffer agonies.

[270] She sees her tongue drawn out all full of worms, nor may complain,
Silent perforce, in Tapana enduring awful pain.

Slayers of sheep and swine and cows, and followers of the chase,
Fishermen, robbers, cruel all, glozing as fair things base,

Assailed with swords and iron clubs, headlong, these men of blood,
Pursued with spears and arrows fall into a briny flood.

The forger, harried night and day with club of iron forged,
Feeds only on the filthy mess by some poor rogue disgorged.

Crows, ravens, vultures, jackals too, all armed with iron jaw,
Entomb the struggling wretch alive in their insatiate maw.

Who shall with beast [3] hunt beast to death, or bird with bird shall slay,
O'erwhelmed with sin shall sink to hell, to rue the accurséd day.

[276] Thus did the king describe all these hells, and now making an opening in the earth he showed the king the angel-worlds and said:

Through virtue stored on earth of old the good to heaven attain,

Here Brahmas, Devas, Indra, lo! ripe fruit of Virtue gain.

This then I say, bear righteous sway throughout thy realm, my king,
For justice done is merit won, nor e'er regret will bring.

[277] On hearing the religious discourse of the Great Being, the king thenceforth was comforted. And the Bodhisatta, after staying some time there, returned to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his story and said, "Not now only, but of old also was he consoled by me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ajātasattu was the king, the followers of Buddha formed the company of the ascetic, and I myself was the sage Saṁkicca."

Footnotes

134:1 Hardy's *Manual,* pp. 244-257, and pp. 333-337.

134:2 *Komudī,* the full moon day in the month *Kattika.*

134:3 Instead of *purāṇa* reading *Purāṇa,* i.e. Purāna Kassapa. Cf. *Dīgha Nikāya,* II. 2, where the name appears as Pūrāṇa.

135:1 Whenever any one wishes to leave the house without being observed, he goes out by the *aggadvāram,* perhaps a side or back-door, as opposed to the main entrance. Cf. *Jātaka,* vol. I. 114, vol. V. 132, Pali text.

136:1 Reading *kammakāraṇā.* Cf. Morris on this word in the *Pali Text Society Journal,* 1884, p. 76.

137:1 The number of *ussada* hells is given by the scholiast as 128. Cf. *L'Enfer Indien* par M. L. Feer, *Journal Asiatique,* 1892 (VIII. sér. 20), pp. 185 sqq. *Pañcagati-dīpana, Pali Text Soc. Journ.* 1884. Senart's *Mahāvastu,* I. 4. 12—27. 1 (summary at p. XXII). *Śikshāsamuccaya,* ed. Bendall, pp. 69-73.

137:2 Vol. v. No. 522, *Sarabhaṅga Jātaka,* p. 72, English version.

138:1 Vol. IV. No. 497, *Mātaṅga Jātaka,* p. 244, English version.

138:2 Vol. IV. No. 454, *Ghata Jātaka,* p. 53-7, English version.

138:3 Vol. V. No. 512, *Kumbha Jātaka,* p. 10, English version.

138:4 Vol. III. No. 422, *Cetiya Jātaka,* p. 275, English version.

139:1 A river in Hell.

139:2 *Jātaka,* III p. 29 (English version).

139:3 This would refer to hunting the deer with dogs or the chetah, or to the sport of hawking.

BOOK XX. SATTATINIPĀTA.

No. 531.

KUSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[278] *"This realm," etc.* This was a tale the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a backsliding Brother. The story runs that he was of noble birth and lived at Sāvatthi, and on his heartily embracing the Faith he adopted the ascetic life. Now one day as he was going his rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, he met a fair lady and fell in love with her at first sight. Overcome by his passion he lived an unhappy life, and letting his nails and hair grow long and wearing soiled robes, he pined away and became quite sallow, with all his veins standing out on his body. And just as in the angel-world, such as are destined to fall from their heavenly existence manifest five well-known signs, that is to say, their garlands wither, their robes soil, their bodies grow ill-favoured, perspiration pours from their armpits, and they no longer find pleasure in their angel-home, so too in the case of worldly Brethren, who fall from the Faith, the same five signs are to be seen: the flowers of faith wither, the robes of righteousness soil, through discontent and the effects of an evil name their persons grow ill-favoured, the sweat of corruption streams from them and they no longer delight in a life of solitude at the foot of forest trees—all these signs were to be found in him. So they brought him into the presence of the Master, saying, "Holy Sir, this fellow is discontented." The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was, he said, "Brother, be not the slave

of sin. This is a wicked woman; overcome your passion for her, take pleasure in the Faith. Verily through falling in love with a woman, sages of old, mighty though they were, lost their power and came to misery and destruction." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the Malla kingdom, in the royal city of Kusāvatī [2], king Okkāka ruled his kingdom righteously. Amongst his sixteen thousand wives [279] the chief was Sīlavatī, his queen consort. Now she had neither son nor daughter, and the men of the city and all his subjects assembled at the door of the palace, complaining that the realm would utterly perish. The king opened his window and said, "Under my rule no man worketh iniquity. Wherefore do ye reproach

me?" "True, Sire," they answered, "no one worketh iniquity, but no son is born to you, to perpetuate the race: a stranger will seize upon the kingdom and destroy it. Therefore pray for a son who can rule your kingdom righteously." "In my desire for a son, what am I to do?" "First of all send out into the streets for a whole week a band [1] of dancing women of low degree—giving the act a religious sanction—and if one of them shall give birth to a son, well and good. Otherwise send out a company of fairly good standing, and finally a band of the highest rank. Surely amongst so many one woman will be found of sufficient merit to bear a son." The king did as they bade him, and every seventh day he inquired of all such as had returned, after taking their fill of pleasure, whether any of them had conceived. And when they all answered, "No, Sire," the king was now in despair and cried,

"No son will be born to me." The men of the city again reproached him as before. The king said, "Why do ye reproach me? At your bidding companies of women were exposed in the streets, and no one of them has conceived. What now am I to do?" "Sire," they answered, "these women must be immoral and void of merit. They have not sufficient merit to conceive a son. But because they do not conceive, you are not to relax your efforts. The queen consort, Sīlavatī, is a virtuous woman. Send her out into the streets. A son will be born to her." The king readily assented, and proclaimed by beat of drum that on the seventh day from that time the people were to assemble and the king would expose Sīlavatī—giving the act a religious character. And on the seventh day he had the queen magnificently arrayed and carried down from the palace and exposed in the streets. By the power of her virtue the abode of Sakka manifested signs of heat. Sakka, considering what this might mean, found that the queen was anxious for a son and thought, [280] "I must grant her a son," and, while wondering whether there was anyone in the angel-world worthy to be her son, he beheld the Bodhisatta. At this time, it is said, having passed through his existence in the heaven of the Thirty-three, he was longing to be born in a higher world. Sakka, coming to the door of his dwelling-place, summoned him forth, saying, "Sir, you are to go to the world of men, and to be conceived as the child of Okkāka's chief consort," and then he gained the consent of

another divine being and said, "And you too shall be her son," and that no man might make a breach in her virtue, Sakka went disguised as an aged brahmin to the door of the palace. The people, after washing and adorning themselves, each being

minded to possess the queen, assembled at the royal entrance, but at the sight of Sakka they laughed, asking him why he had come. Sakka said, "Why blame me? If I am old in person, my passions are unabated, and I am come with the hope of carrying off Sīlavatī with me, should I get her." And with these words, by his divine power he got in front of them all, and by reason of the virtue that was in him no man could stand before him, and as the queen stepped forth from the palace, arrayed in all her glory, he took her by the hand and made off with her. Then such as stood there abused him, saying, "Fie on him, an old brahmin is gone off with a queen of peerless beauty: he knows not what is becoming to him." The queen too thought, "An old man is carrying me off." And she was vexed and angry [1], nay disgusted. The king standing at the open window, looking to see who might carry off the queen, on seeing who it was, was highly displeased. Sakka, escaping with her by the city gate, miraculously caused a house to appear close at hand, with its door open and a bundle of sticks laid out ready. "Is this your abode?" she asked. "Yes, lady, hitherto I have been alone: now there are two of us. I will go my rounds and bring home some husked rice. Do you meanwhile lie down on this heap of sticks. And so saying, he gently [281] stroked her with his hand, and causing her to thrill with the divine touch, he then and there laid her down, and at his touch she lost consciousness. Then by his supernatural power he transported her to the heaven of the Thirty-three and set her down on a heavenly couch in a magnificent palace. On the seventh day waking up, she beheld this splendour and knew that this was no brahmin, but must be Sakka himself. At this moment Sakka was seated at the foot of a coral-tree, surrounded by heavenly dancers. Rising from her couch, she approached and saluted the god and stood respectfully on one side. Then Sakka said, "I give thee a boon: choose what it shall be." "Then grant

me, sire, a son." "Not merely one, lady. I will grant you two. One of them shall be wise but ugly, the other shall be handsome but a fool. Which of them will you have first?" "The wise one," she answered. "Good," said he, and he presented her with a piece of kusa grass, a heavenly robe and sandal-wood, the flower of the coral-tree and a Kokanada [2] lute. Then he transported her into the king's bedchamber and laid her down

on the same couch with the king, and just touched her person with his thumb, and at that moment the Bodhisatta was conceived in her womb. And Sakka straightway returned to his own abode. The wise queen knew that she had conceived. Then the king, on waking and seeing her, asked by whom she had been brought there. "By Sakka, sire." "Why! with my own eyes I saw an aged brahmin carry you off. Why do you try to deceive me?" "Believe me, sire, Sakka took me with him to the angel-world." "Lady, I do not believe you." Then she showed him the kusa grass which Sakka had given her, saying, "Now believe me." The king thought, "Kusa grass is to be got anywhere," and still disbelieved her. Then she showed him her heavenly robes. On seeing these the king believed her and said, "Dear lady, granted that Sakka carried you off, but are you with child?" "Yes, sire, I have conceived." The king was delighted and performed the ceremony due to a pregnant woman. In ten months' time she gave birth to a son. Giving him no other name, [282] they called him merely after the grass, Kusa. About the time that prince Kusa could run alone, a second heavenly being was conceived. To him they gave the name of Jayampati. The boys were brought up with great state. The Bodhisatta was so wise that, without learning aught from his teacher, he by his own ability attained to

proficiency in all liberal arts. So when he was sixteen years old, the king being anxious to make over the kingdom to him, addressing the queen, said, "Lady, in making over the kingdom to your son, we would institute dramatic festivities, and in our lifetime we would see him established on the throne. If there is any king's daughter in all India you would like, on his bringing her here we will make her his queen consort. Sound him as to what king's daughter he affects." She readily agreed and sent a handmaid to report the matter to the prince and to ascertain his views. She went and told the prince the state of affairs. On hearing her the Great Being thought, "I am not well-favoured. A lovely princess, even if she is brought here as my bride, on seeing me, will say, "What have I to do with this ugly fellow?" and will run away, and we shall be put to shame. What have I to do with household life? I will foster my parents as long as they live, and at their death I will renounce the world and become an ascetic." So he said, "What need have I of a kingdom or festivities? When my parents die, I will adopt the ascetic life." The maid returned and told the queen what he had said. The king was greatly distressed and after a few days again sent a message, but he still refused to listen to it. After thrice rejecting the proposal, on the fourth occasion he thought, "It is not fitting to be in complete opposition to one's parents: I will devise something." So he summoned the chief smith, and, giving him a quantity of gold, bade him go and make a female image. When he was gone, he took more gold

and himself fashioned it into the figure of a woman. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. This figure was beautiful beyond the power of tongue to tell. Then the Great Being had it robed in

linen and placed in the royal chamber. On seeing the image brought by the chief goldsmith, he found fault with it and said, "Go and fetch the figure placed in our royal chamber." [283] The man went into the room, and on seeing it thought, "This surely must be some heavenly nymph, come to take her pleasure with the prince," and he left the room without having the courage to stretch forth his hand towards it, and he said, "Sire, standing in your royal chamber is a noble daughter of the gods: I dare not approach her." "Friend," he said, "go and fetch the golden image," and being charged a second time he brought it. The prince ordered the image that the smith had wrought to be thrown into the golden chamber, and that which he himself had made he had adorned and placed in a car and sent it to his mother, saying, "When I find a woman like this, I will take her to wife." His mother summoned her councillors and addressed them, saying, "Friends, our son is possessed of great merit and is the gift of Sakka; he must find a princess worthy of him. Do you then have this figure placed in a covered carriage and traverse the length and breadth of India, and whatsoever king's daughter you see like this image, present it to that king and say, "King Okkāka will contract a marriage [1] with your daughter." Then arrange a day for your return and come home." They said, "It is well," and took the image and set out with a vast retinue. And in their journeyings, to whatever royal city they come, there at eventide wheresoever the people gather together, after decking out this image with robes, flowers and other adornments, they mount it upon a golden car and leave it on the road leading to the ghát, and themselves step back and stand on one side to listen to what all such as pass by had to say. The people on seeing it, not dreaming that it was a golden image, said, "This, though really only a woman, is very beautiful, like some divine nymph. Why in the world is she stationed here, and whence does

she come? We have no one to compare with her in our city," and after thus praising her beauty, they went their ways. The councillors said, "If there were any girl like it here, they would say, "This is like so and so, the king's daughter, or like so and so, the minister's daughter"; verily there is no such maiden here." And they go off with it to some other city. So in their wanderings they reach the city of Sāgala in the kingdom of Madda. Now the king of Madda had seven daughters, of extraordinary beauty, like to nymphs of heaven. The eldest of them was called Pabhāvatī. [284] From her person stream

forth rays of light, as it were of the newly-risen sun. When it is dark in her closet, measuring four cubits, there is no need of any lamp. The whole chamber is one blaze of light. Now she had a humpbacked nurse, who, when she had supplied Pabhāvatī with food, intending to wash her head, at eventide going forth to fetch water with eight slave-girls carrying each a waterpot, on the way to the ghát caught sight of this image and, thinking it to be Pabhāvatī, exclaimed, "The ill-behaved girl, pretending she would have her head washed, sent us to fetch water, and, stealing a march upon us, is standing there in the road," and being in a rage she cried, "Fie, you are a disgrace to the family: there you stand, getting here before us. Should the king hear of it, he will be the death of us," and with these words she struck the image on the cheek, and a space as big as the palm of her hand was broken. Then discovering it was a golden image she burst out laughing, and going to the slave-girls said, "See what I have done. Thinking it was my foster daughter, I struck it. What is this image worth in comparison with my child? I have only hurt my hand for my pains." Then the king's emissaries took hold of

her and said, "What is this story you tell us, saying that your daughter is fairer than this image?" "I mean Pabhāvatī, the Madda king's daughter. This image is not worth a sixteenth fraction of her." Glad at heart, they sought the entrance to the palace, and had themselves announced [1] to the king, sending in word that king Okkāka's emissaries were standing at his door. The king arose from his seat and, standing up, ordered them to be admitted. On entering they saluted the king and said, "Sire, our king inquires after your health," and meeting with a hospitable reception, when asked why they had come, they replied, "Our king has a son, the bold prince Kusa: the king is anxious to make over his kingdom to him, and has sent us to ask you to give him your daughter Pabhāvatī in marriage and to accept as a present this golden figure," and with these words they offered him the image. He gladly agreed, thinking an alliance with so noble a king would be an auspicious one. [285] Then the envoys said, "Sire, we cannot tarry here: we will go and tell our king that we have secured the hand of the princess, and then he will come and fetch her." The king agreed to this, and having hospitably entertained them let them go. On their return they made their report to the king and queen. The king with a great retinue set out from Kusāvatī and in course of time reached the city of Sāgala. The Madda king came out to meet him, brought him into the city and paid him great honour. Queen Sīlavatī, being a wise woman, thought, "What will be the issue of all this?" At the end of one or two days she said to the king, "We

are anxious to see our daughter-in-law." He readily assented and sent for his daughter. Pabhāvatī, magnificently dressed and surrounded by a band of her attendants, came and saluted her

mother-in-law. On seeing her the queen at once thought, "This maiden is very lovely and my son is ill-favoured. Should she see him, she will not stay a single day but will run away. I must devise some scheme." Addressing the Madda king she said, "My daughter-in-law is quite worthy of my son: howbeit we have an hereditary observance in our family. If she will abide by this custom, we will take her to be his bride." "What is this observance of yours?" "In our family a wife is not allowed to see her husband by daylight until she has conceived. If she will act up to this, we will take her." The king asked his daughter, "My dear, will you be able to act thus?" "Yes, dear father," she replied. Then king Okkāka bestowed much gear on the Madda king and departed with her. And the Madda king despatched his daughter with a vast retinue. Okkāka, on reaching Kusāvatī, gave orders for the city to be decorated, all prisoners to be released, and after sprinkling his son as king and creating Pabhāvatī his chief consort, he proclaimed by beat, of drum the rule of king Kusa. And all the kings throughout India who had daughters sent them to the court of king Kusa, [286] and all who had sons, desiring [1] friendship with him, sent their sons to be his pages. The Bodhisatta had a large company of dancers and ruled with great state. But he is not allowed to see Pabhāvatī by day, nor may she see him, but at night they have free access one to another. At that time there is an extraordinary [2] effulgence from the person of Pabhāvatī, but the Bodhisatta leaves the royal chamber while it is still dark. After a few days he told his mother he longed to see Pabhāvatī by day. She refused his request, saying, "Let not this be thy good pleasure, but wait until she has conceived." Again and again he besought her. So she said, "Well, go to the elephant-stall and stand there disguised as an elephant-keeper. I will bring her there, so that you may have your fill of gazing at her, but see that you do not make yourself

known to her." He agreed to this and went to the elephant-stall. The queen-mother proclaimed an elephant-festival and said to Pabhāvatī, "Come, we will go and see your lord's elephants." Taking her there, she pointed out this and that elephant by name. Then, as Pabhāvatī was walking behind his mother, the king struck her in the back with a lump of elephant-dung. She was enraged and said, "I will get the king to cut your hand off," and by her words she vexed the queen-mother, who appeased her by rubbing her back. A second time the king was anxious to see her, and, disguised as a groom in the horse-stable,

just as before, he struck her with a piece of horse-dirt, and then too when she was angry her mother-in-law appeased her. Again, one day Pabhāvatī told her mother-in-law she longed to see the Great Being, and when her request was refused by her mother, who said, "Nay, let not this be your pleasure," she besought her again and again, so at last she said, "Well, to-morrow my son will be making a solemn procession through the city. You can open your window and see him." And after so saying, on the next day she had the city decked out, and ordered prince Jayampati, clad in a royal robe and mounted on an elephant, to make a triumphal procession through the city. Standing at the window with Pabhāvatī, she said, "Behold the glory of your lord." She said, [287] "I have got a husband not unworthy of me," and she was highly elated. But that very day the Great Being, disguised as an elephant-keeper, was seated behind Jayampati, and gazing at Pabhāvatī as much as he would, in the joy of his heart he disported himself by gesticulating [1] with his hands. When the elephant had passed them, the queen-mother asked her if she had seen her husband. "Yes, lady, but seated behind him was an

elephant-keeper, a very ill-conducted fellow, who gesticulated at me with his hands. Why do they let such an ugly, ill-omened creature sit behind the king?" "It is desirable, my dear, to have a guard sit behind the king." "This elephant-keeper," she thought, "is a bold fellow, and has no proper respect for the king. Can it be that he is king Kusa? No doubt he is hideous, and that is why they do not let me see him." So she whispered to her humpbacked nurse, "Go, my dear, at once and make out whether it was the king who sat in front or behind." "How am I to find this out?" "If he be the king, he will be the first to alight from the elephant: you are to know by this token." She went and stood at a distance and saw the Great Being alight first, and afterwards prince Jayampati. The Great Being looking about him, first on one side and then on the other, seeing the humpbacked old woman, knew at once why she must have come, and, sending for her, straitly charged her not to reveal his secret, and let her go. She came and told her mistress, "The one that sat in front was the first to alight," and Pabhāvatī believed her. Once more the king longed to see her and begged his mother to arrange it. She could not refuse him and said, "Well then, disguise yourself and go to the garden." He went and hid himself up to his neck in the lotus-pool, standing in the water with his head shaded by a lotus-leaf and his face covered by its flower. And his mother brought Pabhāvatī in the evening to the garden, and saying, "Look at these trees, or look at these birds or deer," thus tempted her on till she came to the bank

of the lotus-pond. When she saw the pond covered with five kinds of lotus, [288] she longed to bathe and went down to the water's edge with her maidens. While disporting herself she saw

that lotus and stretched forth her hand, eager to pluck it. Then the king, putting aside the lotus leaf, took her by the hand, saying, "I am king Kusa." On seeing his face she cried, "A goblin is catching hold of me," and then and there swooned away. So the king let go her hand. On recovering consciousness she thought, "King Kusa, they say, caught me by the hand, and he it was that hit me in the elephant-stall with a piece of elephant-dirt, and in the horse-stable with a piece of horse-dirt, and he it was that sat behind on the elephant and made game of me. What have I to do with such an ugly, hideous husband? If I live, I will have another husband." So she summoned the councillors who had escorted her hither and said, "Make ready my chariot. This very day I will be off." They told this to the king and he thought. "If she cannot get away, her heart will break: let her go. By my own power I will bring her back again." So he allowed her to depart, and she returned straight to her father's city. And the Great Being passed from the park into the city and climbed up to his splendid palace. Verily it was in consequence of an aspiration in a previous existence that she disapproved of the Bodhisatta, and it was owing to a former act of his that he was so ugly. Of old, they say, in a suburb of Benares, in the upper and lower street, one family had two sons and another had one daughter. Of the two sons the Bodhisatta was the younger, and the maiden was wedded to the elder son, but the younger, being unmarried [1], continued to live with his brother. Now one day in this house they baked some very dainty cakes, and the Bodhisatta was away in the forest; so putting aside a cake for him they distributed and ate the rest. At that moment a paccekabuddha came to the door for alms. The Bodhisatta's sister-in-law thought she would bake another cake for young master and took and gave his cake to the paccekabuddha, and at that very instant he returned from the forest. So she said, "My

lord, do not be angry, but I have given your portion to the paccekabuddha." [289] He said, "After eating your own portion you give mine away, and you will make me another cake forsooth!" And he was angry and went and took the cake from the beggar's bowl. She went to her mother's house and took some fresh-melted ghee, in colour like the champac flower, and filled the bowl with it, and it sent forth a blaze of light. On seeing this she put up a prayer: "Holy sir, wherever I am born, may my body give forth a light and may I be very lovely, and nevermore may I have to dwell in the sane place with this lewd fellow." Thus as the result of this prayer of old she would have none of him. And the

Bodhisatta, in dropping the cake again into the bowl, put up a prayer: "Holy sir, though she should live a hundred leagues away, may I have the power to carry her off as my bride." In that he was angry and took the cake, as the result of this act of old he was born so ugly.

Kusa was so overwhelmed with sorrow when Pabhāvatī left him that the other women, though ministering to him with all kinds of service, had not the heart to look him in the face, and all his palace, bereft of Pabhāvatī, seemed as it were desolate. Then he thought, "By this time she will have reached the city Sāgala," and at break of day he sought his mother and said, "Dear mother, I will go and fetch Pabhāvatī. You are to rule my kingdom," and he uttered the first stanza:

This realm with joy and bliss untold,
Trappings of state and wealth of gold,

This realm, I say, rule thou for me:
I go to seek Pabhāvatī.

His mother, on hearing what he had to say, replied, "Well, my son, you must exercise great vigilance: women, verily, are impure-minded creatures," and she filled a golden bowl with all manner of dainty food, and saying, [290] "This is for you to eat on the journey," she took leave of him. Taking the bowl and having thrice reverentially saluted his mother, he cried, "If I live, I will see you again," and so withdrew to the royal chamber. Then he girded himself with the five sorts of weapons and putting a thousand pieces of money in a bag he took his bowl of food and a Kokanada lute and leaving the city set out on his journey. Being very strong and vigorous by noon-time he had travelled fifty leagues and, after eating his food, in the remaining half-day he made up another fifty leagues, and so in the course of a single day he accomplished a journey of a hundred leagues. In the evening he bathed and then entered the city of Sāgala. No sooner did he set foot in the place than Pabhāvatī by the power of his virtue could no longer rest quietly on her couch but got out of bed and lay upon the ground. The Bodhisatta was thoroughly exhausted with his journey and being seen by a certain woman, as he was wandering about the street, was invited by her to rest in her house, and after first bathing his feet she offered him a bed. While he was asleep, she prepared him some food and then waking him up gave it him to eat. He was so pleased with her that he presented her with the thousand pieces of money and the golden bowl. Leaving there his five sorts of weapons, he said, "There is some place I must go to," and taking his lute he repaired to an elephant-stall and cried to the elephant-keepers, "Let me stay here and I will make music for you." They allowed him to do so and he went apart and lay

down. When his fatigue had passed off, he rose up and unstrapping his lute he played and sang, thinking that all who dwelt in the city should hear the sound of it. Pabhāvatī, as

she lay on the ground, heard it and thought, "This sound can come from no lute but his," and felt sure that king Kusa had come on her account. The king of Madda too on hearing it thought, "He plays very sweetly. To-morrow I will send for him and make him my minstrel." The Bodhisatta thinking, "It is impossible for me to get sight of Pabhāvatī, if I stay here: this is the wrong place for me," sallied forth quite early and after taking his morning meal in an eating-house he left his lute and went to the king's potter and became his apprentice. One day after he had filled the house with potter's clay [291] he asked if he should make some vessels and when the potter answered, "Yes, do so," he placed a lump of clay on the wheel and turned [1] it. When once it was turned, it went on swiftly till mid-day. After moulding all manner of vessels, great and small, he began making one specially for Pabhāvatī with various figures on it. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. He resolved that only Pabhāvatī was to see these figures. When he had dried and baked his vessels, the house was full of them. The potter went to the palace with various specimens. The king on seeing them asked who had made them. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "Not your apprentice, your master rather. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth let him make vessels for my daughters." And he gave him a thousand pieces of money, saying, "Give him this, and present all these small vessels to my daughters." He took the vessels to them and said, "These are made for your amusement." They all

were present to receive them. Then the potter gave Pabhāvatī the vessel which the Great Being had made specially for her. Taking it she at once recognised her own likeness and that of the humpbacked nurse and knew it could be the handiwork of no one but king Kusa, and being angry she said, "I do not want it: give it to those that wish for it." Then her sisters perceiving that she was in a rage laughed and said, "You suppose it is the work of king Kusa. It was the potter, not he, that made it. Take it." She did not tell them that he had come there and had made it. The potter gave the thousand pieces of money to the Bodhisatta and said, "My son, the king is pleased with you. Henceforth you are to make vessels for his daughters and I am to take them to them." He thought, "Although I go on living here, it is impossible for me to see Pabhāvatī," and he gave back the money to him and went to a basket maker who served the king, and becoming his apprentice he made a palm-leaf fan for Pabhāvatī, and on it he depicted a white umbrella (as an emblem of royalty) [292] and taking as his subject [2] a banquet-hall, amongst a variety of other forms he represented a standing figure of Pabhāvatī. The basket maker took this and other ware, the workmanship

of Kusa, to the palace. The king on seeing them asked who had made them and just as before presented a thousand pieces of money to the man, saying, "Give these specimens of wicker work to my daughters." And he gave the fan that was specially made for her to Pabhāvatī, and in this case also no one recognised the figures, but Pabhāvatī on seeing them knew it was the king's handiwork and said, "Let those that wish for it take it," and being in a rage she threw it on the ground. So the others all laughed at her. The basket maker brought the money and gave it to the

Bodhisatta. Thinking this was no place for him to stay in, he returned the money to the basket maker and went to the king's gardener and became his apprentice, and while making all sorts of garlands he made a special wreath for Pabhāvatī, picked out with various figures. The gardener took them to the palace. When the king saw them, he asked who had fashioned these garlands. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "He is not your apprentice, rather is he your master. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth he is to weave garlands of flowers for my daughters, and give him this thousand pieces of money"; and giving him the money he said, "Take these flowers to my daughters." And the gardener offered to Pabhāvatī the wreath that the Bodhisatta had made specially for her. Here too on seeing amongst the various figures a likeness of herself and the king she recognized Kusa's handiwork and in her rage threw the wreath on the ground. All her sisters, just as before, laughed at her. The gardener too took the thousand pieces of money and gave them to the Bodhisatta, telling him what had happened. He thought, "Neither is this the place for me," and returning the money to the gardener he went and engaged himself as an apprentice to the king's cook. Now one day the cook in taking various kinds of victuals to the king gave the Bodhisatta a bone of meat to cook for himself. He prepared it in such a way that the smell of it pervaded the whole city [293]. The king smelt it and asked if he were cooking some more meat in the kitchen. "No, sire, but I did give my apprentice a bone of meat to cook. It must be this that you smell." The king had it brought to him and placed a morsel on the tip of his tongue and it woke up and thrilled the seven thousand nerves of taste. The king was so enslaved by his appetite for dainties that he gave him a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth you are to have food for me and my daughters cooked by your

apprentice, and to bring mine to me yourself, but your apprentice is to bring theirs to my daughters." The cook went and told him. On hearing it he thought, "Now is my desire fulfilled: now shall I be able to see Pabhāvatī." Being pleased he returned the thousand pieces of money to the cook and next day he prepared and sent dishes of food to the king and himself climbed up to the palace where dwelt Pabhāvatī, taking the food for the king's

daughters on a carrying-pole. Pabhāvatī saw him climbing up with his load and thought, "He is doing the work of slaves and hirelings, work quite unsuitable for him. But if I hold my peace, he will think I approve of him and going nowhere else he will remain here, gazing at me. I will straightway abuse and revile him and drive him away, not allowing him to remain a moment here." So she left the door half open and, holding one hand on the panel with the other pressed up the bolt, and she repeated the second stanza:

Kusa, for thee by day and night
To bear this burden is not right.
Haste back, pray, to Kusāvatī;
Thy ugly form I'm loth to see.

[294] He thought, "I have got speech of Pabhāvatī," and pleased at heart he repeated three stanzas:

Bound by thy beauty's spell, Pabhāvatī,
My native land has little charm for me;
Madda's fair realm is ever my delight,
My crown resigned, to live in thy dear sight.

O soft-eyed maiden, fair Pabhāvatī,
What is this madness that o'ermasters me?
Knowing full well the land that gave me birth,
I wander half distraught o'er all the earth.

Clad in bright-coloured bark and girt with golden zone,
Thy love, fair maid, I crave, and not an earthly throne.

When he had thus spoken, she thought, "I revile him, hoping to rouse a feeling of resentment in him, but he as it were tries to conciliate me by his words. Supposing he were to say, "I am king Kusa," and take me by the hand, who is there to prevent it? And somebody might hear what we had to say." So she closed the door and bolted it inside [1]. And he took up his carrying-pole and brought the other princesses their food. Pabhāvatī sent her humpbacked slave to bring her the food that king Kusa had cooked. She brought it and said, "Now eat." Pabhāvatī said, "I will not eat what he has cooked. Do you eat it and go and get your own supply of food and cook it and bring it here, but do not tell any one that king Kusa has come." The humpback henceforth brought and ate the portion of the princess and gave her own portion to Pabhāvatī. [295] King Kusa from that time being unable to see her thought, "I wonder whether Pabhāvatī has any affection for me or not. I will put her to the test." So after he had supplied the princesses with their food, he took his load of victuals and going out struck the floor with his feet by the door of Pabhāvatī's closet and clashing the dishes together and groaning aloud he fell all of a heap [2]

and swooned away. At the sound of his groans she opened her door and seeing him crushed beneath the load he was carrying she thought, "Here is a king, the chief ruler in all India, and for

my sake he suffers pain night and day, and now, being so delicately nurtured, he has fallen under the burden of the victuals he carries. I wonder if he is still alive": and stepping from her chamber she stretched forth her neck and looked at his mouth, to watch his breathing. He filled his mouth with spittle and let it drop on her person. She retired into her closet, reviling him, and standing with the door half open she repeated this stanza:

Ill luck [1] is his that ever craves, to find his wishes spurned,
As thou, O king, dost fondly woo with love still unreturned.

But because he was madly in love with her, however much he was abused and reviled by her, he showed no resentment but repeated this stanza:

Whoso shall gain what he holds dear, may loved or unloved be,
Success alone is what we praise, to lose is misery.

While he was still speaking, without at all relenting, she spoke in a firm voice, as if minded to drive him away, and repeated this stanza:

As well to dig through bed of rock with brittle wood [2] as spade,
Or catch the wind within a net, as woo unwilling maid.

On hearing this the king repeated three stanzas:

Hard hearted as a stone art thou, so soft to outward view,
No word of welcome though I've come from far thy love to sue.

[296] When thou dost frown regarding me, proud dame, with sullen look,
Then I in royal Madda's halls am nothing but a cook.

But if, O queen, in pity thou shouldst deign to smile on me,
No longer cook, once more am I lord of Kusāvatī.

On hearing his words she thought, "He is very pertinacious in all that he says. I must devise some lie to drive him hence," and she spoke this stanza:

If fortune tellers spoke true words, ’twas this in sooth they said,
"Mayst thou in pieces seven be hewn, ere thou king Kusa wed."

On hearing this the king contradicting her said, "Lady, I too consulted fortune tellers in my own kingdom and they predicted that there was no other husband for you save the lion-voiced lord, king Kusa, and through omens furnished by my own knowledge I say the same," and he repeated another stanza:

If I and other prophets here have uttered a true word,
Save me king Kusa, thou shalt hail none other as thy lord.

p. 155

On hearing his words she said, "One cannot shame him. What is it to me whether he runs away or not?" and shutting the door she refused to show herself. And he took up his load and went down. From that day he could not set eyes on her and he got heartily sick of his cook's work. [297] After breakfast he cut firewood, washed dishes and fetched water on his carrying-pole, and then lying down he rested on a heap [1] of grain. Rising early he cooked rice gruel and the like, then took and served the food and suffered all this mortification by reason of his passionate love for Pabhāvatī. One day he saw the humpback passing by the kitchen door and hailed her. For fear of Pabhāvatī she did not venture to come near him, but passed on pretending to be in a great hurry. So he hastily ran up to her crying, "Crook-back." She

turned and stopped, saying, "Who is here? I cannot listen to what you have to say." Then he said, "Both you and your mistress are very obstinate. Though living near you ever so long, we cannot so much as get a report of her health." She said, "Will you give me a present?" He replied, "Supposing I do so, will you be able to soften Pabhāvatī and bring me into her presence?" On her agreeing to do so, he said, "If you can do this, I will put right your humpback, and give you an ornament for your neck," and tempting her, he spoke five stanzas:

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,

On coming to Kusāvatī,

If slender-limbed [2] Pabhāvatī

Should only deign to look on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should only deign to speak to me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should only deign to smile on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should laugh with joy at sight of me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,
On coming to Kusāvatī,
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī
Should lay a loving hand on me.

[298] On hearing his words she said, "Get you gone, my lord: in a very few days I will put her in your power. You shall see how energetic I can be." So saying she decided on her course of

action, and going to Pabhāvatī she made as if she would clean her room and not leaving a bit

of dirt big enough to hit one with, and removing even her shoes, she swept out the whole chamber. Then she arranged a high seat for herself in the doorway (keeping well outside the threshold) and, spreading a coverlet on a low stool for Pabhāvatī, she said, "Come, my dear, and I will search in your head for vermin," and making her sit there and place her head upon her lap, after scratching her a little and saying, "Ho! what a lot of lice we have here," she took some from her own head and put them on the head of the princess, and speaking in terms of endearment of the Great Being she sang his praises in this stanza:

This royal dame no pleasure feels Kusa once more to see,
Though, wanting nought, he serves as cook for simple hireling's fee.

Pabhāvatī was enraged with the humpback. So the old woman took her by the neck and pushed her inside the room, and being herself outside she closed the door and stood clinging to the cord which pulled the door to [1]. Pabhāvatī, being unable to get at her, stood by the door, abusing her, and spoke another stanza:

[299]

This humpbacked slave without a doubt,
  For speaking such a word,
Deserves to have her tongue cut out
  With keenest sharpened sword.

So the humpback stood holding on to the rope that hung down and said, "You worthless, ill-behaved creature, what good will your fair looks do anyone? Can we live by feeding on your beauty?" and so saying she proclaimed the virtues of the Bodhisatta, shouting them aloud with the harsh voice of a humpback, in thirteen stanzas:

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great glory his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great wealth is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great power is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Wide rule is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Great king is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Lion-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Clear-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Deep voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Sweet-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
Honey-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
A hundred arts are his, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
A warrior king is he, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,
King Kusa ’tis, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

[300] Hearing what she said, Pabhāvatī threatened the humpback, saying, "Crook-back, you roar too loud. If I catch hold of you, I will let you know you have a mistress." She replied, "In my consideration for you, I did not let your father know of king Kusa's arrival. Well, to-day I will tell the king," and speaking in a loud voice she cowed her. And fearing anyone should hear this, Pabhāvatī pacified the hunchback. And the Bodhisatta not being able to get a sight of her, after seven months being sick of his hard bed and sorry food, thought, "What need have I of her? After living here seven months I cannot so much as get a sight of her. She is very harsh and cruel. I will go and see my father and mother." At this moment Sakka considering the matter found out how discontented Kusa was, and he thought, "After seven months he is unable even to see Pabhāvatī. I will find some way of letting him see her." So he sent messengers to seven kings as if they came from king Madda, to say, "Pabhāvatī has thrown over king Kusa and has returned home. You are to come and take her to wife." And he sent the same message to each of the seven separately. They all arrived in the city with a great following, not knowing one another's reasons for coming. They asked one the other, "Why have you come here?" And on discovering how matters stood, they were angry and said, "Will he give his daughter in marriage to seven of us? See how ill he behaves. He mocks us, saying, "Take her to wife." Let him either give Pabhāvatī in marriage to all seven or let him fight us." And they sent a message to him to this effect and invested the city. On hearing the message, king Madda was alarmed and took

counsel with his ministers, saying, "What are we to do?" Then his ministers made answer, [301] "Sire, these seven kings have come for Pabhāvatī. If you refuse to give her, they will break down the wall and enter the city, and after destroying us they will seize your kingdom. While the wall still stands unbroken, let us send Pabhāvatī to them"; and they repeated this stanza:

Like to proud elephants they stand in coats of mail arrayed,
Ere yet they trample down our walls, send off in haste the maid.

The king on hearing this said, "If I should send Pabhāvatī to any one of them, the rest will join battle with me. It is out of the question to give her to any one of them. After casting off the chief king in all India,

let her receive the reward due to her return home. I will slay her and cutting her body into seven pieces send one to each of the seven kings," and so saying he repeated another stanza:

In pieces seven Pabhāvatī to hack, it is my will,
One piece for each of these seven kings, who came her sire to kill.

This saying of his was noised abroad throughout the palace. Her attendants came and told Pabhāvatī, " The king, they say, will cut you in seven pieces and send them to the seven kings." She was terrified to death and rising from her seat she went, accompanied by her sisters, to her mother's state chamber.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Comely though swart of hue uprose the queen and moved before
Her train of handmaids, clad in silk attire and weeping sore.

She came into her mother's presence and saluting her broke into these lamentations:

[302]

This face with powder beautified, here mirrored in a glass
To ivory handle deftly fixed, so winsome now alas!
With innocence and purity in every line expressed,
By warrior princes spurned in some lone forest soon will rest.

These locks of hair so black of hue, bound up in stately coil,
Soft to the touch and fragrant with the finest sandal oil,
In charnel ground though covered up the vultures soon will find
And with their talons rend and tear and scatter to the wind.

These arms whose finger tips are dyed, like copper, crimson red,
In richest sandal oil oft bathed and with soft down o’erspread,
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,
A wolf will seize and carry off where’er he's fain to hide.

My teats are like the dates that on the palms with ripeness swell,
Fragrant with scent of sandalwood that men of Kāsi fell:
Hanging thereon a jackal soon at them, methinks, will tug,
Just as a little baby boy his mother's breast may hug.

These hips of mine, well-knit and broad, cast in an ample mould,
Encircled with a cincture gay, wrought of the purest gold,
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,
A wolf will seize and carry off where’er he's fain to hide.

Dogs, wolves, jackals and whatsoe’er are known as beasts of prey,
If once they eat Pabhāvatī, can suffer no decay.

Should warrior kings that come from far thy daughter's body flay,
Begging my bones, burn them with fire in some sequestered way.

Then make a garden near and plant a kaṇikāra tree,
And when at winter's close it blooms, mother, recalling me,
Point to the flower and say, "Just such was dear Pabhāvatī."

[303] Thus did she, alarmed with fear of death, idly lament before her mother. And the Madda king issued an order that the executioner should come with his axe and block [1]. His coming was noised abroad throughout the palace. The queen-mother, on hearing of his arrival, arose from her throne and overwhelmed with sorrow came into the presence of the king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing the sword and block set out within the fatal ring,
All goddess-like the royal dame rose up and sought the king.

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[304] Then the queen spoke this stanza:

With this sword will the Madda king his graceful daughter slay,
And piecemeal send her mangled limbs to rival chiefs a prey.

The king tried to pacify her and said, "Lady, what is this you say? Your daughter rejected the chief king of all India on the plea of his ugliness, and, accepting death as her fate, returned home before the prints of her feet were well wiped out on the road by which she had gone there. Now therefore let her reap the consequences of the jealousy excited by her beauty." The queen, after hearing what he had to say, went to her daughter and lamenting spoke thus:

Thou didst not hearken to my voice, when counselling thy good,

To-day thou sink’st to Yama's realm, thy body stained with blood.

Such fate doth every man incur, or even a worse end,
Who deaf to good advice neglects the warnings of a friend.

If thou to-day a gallant prince for thy good lord shouldst wed,
Bedight with zone of gold and gems, in land of Kusa bred,
Thou wouldst not, served with hosts of friends, to Yama's realms have sped.

When drums are beat and elephants' loud trumpetings resound,
In royal halls, where in this world can greater bliss be found?

When horses neigh [2] and minstrels play to kings some plaintive air,
With bliss like this in royal halls, what is there to compare?

When too courts with the peacock's and the heron's cries resound,
And cuckoo's call, where else, I pray, can bliss like this be found?

[305] After thus talking with her in all these stanzas she thought, "If only king Kusa were here to-day, he would put to flight these seven kings and after freeing my daughter from her misery he would carry her away with him," and she repeated this stanza:

Where's he that crushes hostile realms and vanquishes his foes?

Kusa, the noble and the wise, would free us from our woes.

Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother's tongue is not equal to proclaiming the praises of Kusa. I will let her know that he has been living here, occupied with the work of a cook," and she repeated this stanza:

The conqueror who crushes all his foes, lo! here is he;

Kusa, so noble and so wise, all foes will slay for me.

Then her mother thinking, "She is terrified with the fear of death and rambles in her talk," spoke this stanza:

Art thou gone mad, or like a fool dost speak at random thus?
If Kusa has returned, why, pray, didst thou not tell it us?

[306] Hearing this Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother does not believe me. She does not know he has returned and been living here seven months. I will prove it to her"; and taking her mother by the hand she opened the window and stretching forth her hand and pointing to him she repeated this stanza:

Good mother, look at yonder cook, with loins girt up right well,
He stoops to wash his pots and pans, where royal maidens dwell.

Then Kusa, they say, thought, "To-day my heart's desire will be fulfilled. Of a truth Pabhāvatī is terrified with the fear of death and will tell of my coming here. I will wash my dishes and put them away"; and he fetched water and began to wash his dishes. Then her mother upbraiding her spoke this stanza:

Art thou base-born or wouldst thou deign, a maid of royal race,
To take a slave for thy true love, to Madda's deep disgrace?

Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother, methinks, does not know that it is for my sake he has been living here after this manner," and she spoke another stanza:

No low caste I, nor would I shame my royal name, I swear,
Good luck to thee, no slave is he but king Okkāka's heir.

And now in praise of his fame she said:

He twenty thousand brahmins ever feeds, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

[307] He twenty thousand elephants aye yokes, no slave, I swear,
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand horses ever yokes, no slave, I swear,
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand chariots ever yokes, no slave, I swear,
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal bulls aye yokes, no slave, I swear,
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal kine aye milks, no slave, I swear,
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

Thus was the glory of the Great Being praised by her in six stanzas. Then her mother thought, "She speaks very confidently. It must be so," and believing her she went and told the king the whole story. He came in great haste to Pabhāvatī and asked, "Is it true, what they say, that king Kusa has come?" "Yes, dear father. It is seven months to-day that he has been acting as cook to your daughters." Not believing her he questioned the hunchback and on hearing the facts of the case from her he reproached his daughter and spoke this stanza:

Like elephant as frog disguised,

When this almighty prince came here,

'Twas wrong of thee and ill-advised

To hide it from thy parents dear.

Thus did he reproach his daughter and then went in haste to Kusa and after the usual greetings and formal salutation.

acknowledging his offence, he repeated this stanza:

In that we failed to recognise
Your majesty in this disguise,
If, Sire, to thee offence we gave,
We would forgiveness humbly crave.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "If I should speak harshly to him, his heart would straightway break. I will speak words of comfort to him "; and standing amongst his dishes he spoke this stanza:

For me to play the scullion's part was very wrong I own,
Be comforted, it was no fault of thine I was unknown.

The king, after being thus addressed in kindly words, climbed up to the palace and summoned Pabhāvatī, to send her to ask the king's pardon, [308] and he spoke this stanza:

Go, silly girl, thy pardon from the great king Kusa crave,
His wrath appeased he may be pleased perhaps thy life to save.

On hearing the words of her father, she went to him, accompanied by her sisters and her handmaids. Standing just as he was in his workman's dress, he saw her coming towards him and thought, "To-day I will break down Pabhāvatī's pride and lay her low at my feet in the mud," and, pouring on the ground all the water he had brought there, he trampled on a space as big as a threshing-floor, making it one mass of mud. She drew nigh and fell at his feet and grovelling in the mud asked his forgiveness.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

The goddess-like Pabhāvatī obeyed her father's word:
With lowly head she clasped the feet of Kusa, mighty lord.

Then she spoke these stanzas:

My days and nights [1] apart from thee, O king, have passed away:
Behold I stoop to kiss thy feet. From anger cease, I pray.

I promise thee, if thou to me a gracious ear shouldst lend,
Never again in aught I do will I my lord offend.

But if thou shouldst my prayer refuse, my father then will slay
And send his daughter, limb by limb, to warrior kings a prey.

On hearing this the king thought, "If I were to tell her, "This is for you to see to," her heart would be broken. I will speak words of comfort to her," and he said:

I'll do thy bidding, lady fair, as far as lies in me;
No anger feel I in my heart. Fear not, Pabhāvatī.

[309] Hearken, O royal maid, to me, I too make promise true;
Never again will I offend in aught that I may do.

Full many a sorrow I would bear, fair maid, for love of thee,
And slay a host of Madda chiefs to wed Pabhāvatī.

Kusa, swelling with princely pride at seeing as it were a handmaid of Sakka, king of heaven, in attendance upon him, thought, "While I am still alive, shall others come and carry off my bride?" and rousing himself, lion-like, in the palace yard, he said, "Let all who dwell in this city hear of my coming," and

dancing about, shouting and clapping his hands, he cried, "Now will I take them alive, go bid them put horses to my chariots," and he repeated the following stanza:

Go, quickly yoke my well-trained steeds to many a painted car,
And watch me boldly sally forth, to scatter foes afar.

He now bade good-bye to Pabhāvatī, saying, "The capture of thy enemies is my charge. Go thou and bathe and adorn thyself and climb up to thy palace." And the king of Madda sent his councillors to act as a guard of honour to him. And they drew a screen round about him at the door of the kitchen and provided barbers for him. And when his beard had been trimmed and his head shampooed and he was arrayed in all his splendour and surrounded by his escort, he said, "I will ascend to the palace," and looking about him thence in every direction he clapped his hands, and wheresoever he looked the earth trembled, and he cried out, "Now mark how great is my power."

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered the following stanza:

The ladies of king Madda's court beheld him standing there,
Like rampant lion, as he smites with both his arms the air.

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[310] Then the Madda king sent him an elephant that had been trained to stand impassive under attack [1], richly caparisoned. Kusa mounted on the back of the elephant with a white umbrella held over him and ordered Pabhāvatī to be conducted there, and seating her behind him he left the city by the east gate, escorted by a complete host of the four arms [2], and as

soon as he saw the forces of the enemy, he cried, "I am king Kusa: let all who value their lives lie down on their bellies," and he roared thrice with the roar of a lion and utterly crushed his foes.

The Master, explaining the matter, said:

Mounted on back of elephant, the queen behind her lord,
Kusa descending to the fray with voice of lion roared.

All beasts, when Kusa's lion-voice thus roaring loud they hear,
And warrior kings flee from the field, smitten with panic fear.

Life-guardsmen, soldiers, horse and foot, with many a charioteer,
At Kusa's voice break up [1] and flee, all paralysed with fear.

Sakka right glad at heart looked on in forefront of the fight,
And to king Kusa gave a gem, Verocana ‘twas hight.

The battle won, king Kusa took the magic gem and then
Mounted on back of elephant sought Madda's town again.

The kings he takes alive and bound in chains with them he goes,
And to his royal father cries, "Behold, my lord, thy foes.

Lo at thy mercy now they lie, in battle smitten sore,
At thy good pleasure slay them all or set them free once more."

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[311] The king said:

These foes are rather thine than mine. They all belong to thee,
Thou only art our sovereign lord, to slay or to set free.

Being thus spoken to, the Great Being thought, "What can I do with these men when once dead? Let not their coming here be

without good result. Pabhāvatī has seven younger sisters, daughters of king Madda. I will bestow them in marriage on these seven princes," and he repeated this stanza:

These daughters seven, like heavenly nymphs, are very fair to see,
Give them, one each, to these seven kings, thy sons-in-law to be.

Then the king said:

O'er us and them thou art supreme, thy purpose to fulfil,
Give them—thou art our sovereign lord—according to thy will.

So he had them all beautifully attired and gave them in marriage, one to each king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke five stanzas:

So Kusa of the lion-voice king Madda's daughters gave,
One maid to each of princes seven, fair maids to warriors brave.

Delighted with the boon received from lordly Kusa's hand,
These princes seven returned again each one to his own land,

Taking his magic jewel bright, back to Kusāvatī,
King Kusa, mighty hero, brought the fair Pabhāvatī.

Riding together in one car, home came the royal pair,
Neither outshone the other, for they both alike were fair.

Mother came forth to meet her son. Husband henceforth and wife
In realms of peace and plenty dwelt and led a happy life.

[312] The Master, ending his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the backsliding

Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal household, the younger brother was Ānanda, the humpback was Khujjuttarā, Pabhāvatī was the mother of Rāhula, the retinue were Buddha's followers, king Kusa was I myself."

Footnotes

141:1 The story of Kusa may be linked with the European variants of the tale of "Beauty and the Beast." See *Tibetan Tales,* Introduction, p. xxxvii. and 21-28, and *Kusa Jātakaya,* a Buddhistic legend, rendered from the Sinhalese into English verse by Thomas Steele.

141:2 A former name for Kusinārā.

142:1 Nāṭakam seems to be used in this passage of a band of dancing girls, like the use of Kmμos of a "band of revellers." The epithets *culla, majjhima, jeṭṭha,* cannot well apply to the age of the women; more probably to their degrees of rank, or perhaps merit, as in the case of *culla-majjhima-mahā-sīlaṁ.* The women are no doubt in some way attached to the king's court or members of his harem: otherwise he could scarcely look upon a son born to any of them as his heir. As to the licentious observances connected with the desire to remove the sterility of women, the reader may consult Coleman's *Mythology of the Hindus,* p. 378, and Dubois and *Beauchamp's Hindu Manners and Customs,* Pt III. Ch. iv. p. 600.

143:1 *harāyati,* cf. *Mahāvagga,* I. 63 and 64, *Jātaka,* II. 143, IV. 171. Vedic *hṛiṇāyati, hṛiṇīte.*

143:2 Perhaps so called from the colour of the red lotus *(kokanada),* or from the country of that name. In *Jātaka,* III. 157 it occurs as the name of a palace.

145:1 *āvāha* is a son's marriage as opposed to a daughter's *(vivāha)* in the 9th rock edict of Piyadasi. So *Jātaka,* I. 452, 2; IV. 316, 8, and VI. 71, 32.

146:1 Skt *pratihārayati,* to have one's-self announced. Cf. *Jāt.* VI. 266, 13 and 295, 1, 2, and *Jātaka-Mālā,* XX. 12, *Śreshṭhijātaka.*

147:1 Reading *ākaṁkhantā.*

147:2 *abbohārika,* Skt *avyāvahārika.* Cf. *Jāt.* III. 309.

148:1 *hattha-vikāra* occurs in *Mahāvagga* IV. 1. 4, but the exact meaning there is not clear.

149:1 Reading *adārābharaṇe*. Another reading gives "being quite a boy."

151:1 *āvijjhi.* Compare *Jāt.* I. 313, 8, *āvijjhitvā,* whirling.

151:2 Reading *vattham.*

153:1 Literally, "fixing the pin *(sūci)* in the bolt, she remained inside." Cf. *Cullavagga,* VI. 2. 1.

153:2 *avakujja.* Cf. *Jāt*. I. 13, 28.

154:1 Reading *abbuddhi* for Sanskrit *avṛiddhi.* Compare *abbuta* for *avṛita,* "undisciplined." The commentary gives *abhūti* which in Vedic and Epic Sanskrit means "calamity."

154:2 *kaṇikāra, pterospermum acerifolium.*

155:1 *ammaṇa,* a measure of about four bushels, *Mil.* IV. 1, 19.

155:2 Literally "With thighs like an elephant's trunk."

156:1 For the mechanism of the Indian door cf. *Cullavagga,* VI. 2. 1; *āviñchanarajju* is read there instead of *āviñjanarajju* as here.

159:1 *Dhammagaṇṭhikā* or *dhammagaṇḍikā* occurs in *Jātaka,* vol. I. 150, II. 124, III. 41, IV. 176. Cf. *Cullavagga,* English translation by R. Davids and H. Oldenberg, *Vinaya Texts,* pt. iii, pp. 144 and 213. In Bengali *gaṇḍi* is a "circle round a criminal," and this meaning suits the context in some of the passages quoted above.

159:2 Reading *himṡati,* apparently equivalent to *hesati.*

161:1 For *ratyā* perhaps we should read *ratyo* as equivalent to *rattiyo* in the commentary. Cf. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 72.

162:1 For *ānañjakāraṇam* cf. *Jāt.* I. 415. 15, II. 325. 10, IV. 308. 3.

162:2 Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.

163:1 *khundanti,* an unique occurrence of the Pali equivalent of the Skt root *kshud,* allowed by the Skt grammarians to be optionally of the nasalized (7th) conjugation. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 103. This note is due to Professor Bendall.

No. 532.

SONA-NANDA-JĀTAKA.

"Angel or minstrel-god," etc. This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, about a Brother who supported his mother. The circumstance which led up to it was the same as that related in the Sāma [1] Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, "Brethren, do not take offence at this Brother. Sages of old, though they were offered rule over all India, refused to accept it and supported their parents": and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the city of Benares-was known as Brahmavaddhana. At that time a king named Manoja [2] reigned there, and a certain Brahmin magnate, possessed of eighty crores, had no heir, and his Brahmin wife at the bidding of her lord prayed for a son. Then the Bodhisatta passing from the Brahma world was conceived in her womb, and at his birth they called him young Sona. By the time that he could run alone, another Being left the Brahma world and he too was conceived by her, and when he was born they called him young Nanda. As soon as they had been taught the Vedas and had attained proficiency in the liberal arts, the Brahmin, observing how handsome the boys were, addressing his wife said, "Lady, we will unite our son, the youthful Sona, in the bonds of wedlock." She readily assented and reported the matter to her son. [313] He said, "I have quite enough of the household life as it is. So long as you live, I will watch over you, and on your death I will withdraw to the Himalayas and become an ascetic." She

repeated this to the Brahmin, and when they had spoken to him again and again but had failed to persuade him, they addressed themselves to the young Nanda, saying, "Dear son, do you set up an establishment." He answered, "I will not pick up what my brother has rejected, as if it were a lump of phlegm [3]. I too on your death will together with my brother join the ascetics." The parents thought, "If they, though they are quite young, thus give up the lusts of the flesh, how much more should all of us adopt the ascetic life," and they said, "Dear son,

why talk of becoming ascetics when we are dead? We will all take the vows." And telling their purpose to the king they disposed of all their wealth in the way of charity, making freedmen of their slaves and distributing what was right and proper amongst their kinsfolk, and then all four of them setting forth from the city of Brahmavaddhana, they built them a hermitage in the Himalaya region in a pleasant grove, near a lake covered by the five kinds of lotus, and there they dwelt as ascetics. The two brothers watched over their parents. And early in the morning they bring them pieces of stick to brush their teeth and water to rinse their mouth. They sweep out the hut, cell and all, supply them with water to drink, bring them sweet berries from the wood to eat, provide them with hot or cold water for the bath, dress their matted locks, shampooing their feet and rendering them all similar services. As time thus passed on, the sage Nanda thought, "I shall have to provide all kinds of fruit as food for my father and mother," so whatever ordinary fruit he had gathered on the spot either yesterday or even the day before that [1], he would bring in the early morning and give to his parents to eat. They ate it and after rinsing their mouth they observed a fast.

But the wise Sona went a long distance and gathered sweet and ripe fruit and offered it to them. Then they said, "Dear son, we ate early this morning what your younger brother brought us and we are now fasting. We have no need of this fruit now." So his fruit was not eaten but was all wasted, and the next day and so on it was just the same. [314] And thus through his possession of the five Supernatural Faculties he travelled a great distance to fetch fruit, but they refused to eat it. Then the Great Being thought, "My father and mother are very delicate, and Nanda brings all sorts of unripe or half ripe fruit for them to eat, and this being so, they will not live long. I will stop him from doing this." So addressing him he said, "Nanda, henceforth when you bring them fruit, you are to wait [2] till I come, and we will both of us at the same time supply them with food," Though he was thus spoken to, desiring merit for himself only, Nanda paid no heed to his brother's words. The Great Being thought, "Nanda acts improperly in disobeying me: I will send him away [3]." Then thinking he would watch over his parents by himself, he said, "Nanda, you are past teaching and pay no heed to the words of the wise. I am the elder. My father and mother are my charge: I alone will watch over them. You cannot stay on here: get you

gone elsewhere," and he snapped his fingers at him. After being thus dismissed, Nanda could no longer remain in his brother's presence, and bidding him farewell he drew nigh to his parents and told them what had happened. Then retiring into his hut of leaves, he fixed his gaze on the mystic circle and that very day he developed the five Supernatural Faculties and the eight Attainments, and he thought, "I can fetch precious sand from

the foot of Mount Sineru and sprinkling it in the cell of my brother's hut I can ask his forgiveness, and should he not even so be mollified, I will fetch water from lake Anotatta and ask him to forgive me, and should he not even thus be mollified, supposing my brother should not pardon me for the sake of angelic beings, I would bring the four Great Kings and Sakka and ask his forgiveness, and should he still not be mollified, I would bring the chief king in all India, Manoja, and the rest of the kings and beg him to pardon me. And this being so, the fame of my brother's virtue would be spread throughout India and would be blazed abroad as the sun and moon." Meanwhile by his magic power he alighted in the city of Brahmavaddhana at the door of the king's palace, [315] and sent a message to the king, saying, "A certain ascetic wishes to see you." The king said, "What has an ascetic to do with seeing me? He must have come for some food." He sent him rice, but he would have none of it. Then he sent husked rice and garments and roots, but he would have none of them. At last he sent a messenger to ask why he had come, and in answer to the messenger he said, "I am come to serve the king." The king, on hearing this, sent back word, "I have plenty of servitors, bid him do his duty as an ascetic." On hearing this he said, "By my own power I will get the sovereignty over all India, and bestow it on your king." The king when he heard this thought, "Ascetics, verily, are wise: they certainly know some clever tricks." Then he summoned him to his presence, assigned him a seat and saluting him asked, "Holy sir, will you, as they tell us, gain the rule over all India and grant it to me?" "Yes, sire." "How will you manage it?" "Sire, without shedding the blood of any one, no, not even so much as a tiny fly would drink, and without wasting your treasure, by my own magic power will I gain the sovereignty and make it over to you. Only, without a moment's delay, you must sally forth this very day." The king

believed his words and set out, escorted by an army corps. If it was hot for the army, the sage Nanda by his magic created a shade and made it cool. If it rained, he did not allow the rain to fall upon the army. He kept off a hot wind. He did away with stumps and thorns in the road and every kind of danger. He made the road as level as the circle used in the Kasiṇa rite, and spreading a skin he sat cross-legged upon it in the air, and so moved in front of the army. Thus first of all he came with his army to the Kosala kingdom, and, pitching his camp near the city, he sent a message to the king

of Kosala, bidding him either give battle or yield himself to his power. The king was enraged and said, "What then, am I not a king? I will fight you "; and he sallied forth at the head of his forces, [316] and the two armies engaged in battle. The sage Nanda, spreading out wide the antelope skin on which he sat between the two armies, caught up with it all the arrows shot by the combatants on both sides, and in neither army was there a single soldier wounded by a shaft, and, when all the arrows in their possession were spent, both armies stood helpless. And sage Nanda went to the Kosala king and reassured him, saying, "Great king, be not dismayed. There is no danger threatening you: the kingdom shall still be yours. Only submit to king Manoja." He believed what Nanda said and agreed to do so. Then conducting him into the presence of Manoja, Nanda said, "The king of Kosala submits to you, sire: let the kingdom still remain his." Manoja readily assented and receiving his submission, he marched with the two armies to the kingdom of Aṅga and took Aṅga, and then he took Magadha in the kingdom of that name, and by these means he made himself master of

the kings of all India, and accompanied by them he marched straight back to the city of Brahmavaddhana. Now he was seven years, seven months, and seven days in taking the kingdoms of all these kings, and from each royal city he caused to be brought all manner of food, both hard and soft, and taking the kings, one hundred and one in number, for seven days he held a great carouse with them. The sage Nanda thought, "I will not show myself to the king until he has enjoyed the pleasures of sovereignty for seven days." And going his rounds for alms in the country of the Northern Kurus, he abode for the space of seven days in the Himalayas, at the entrance of the Golden Cave. And Manoja on the seventh day, after contemplating his great majesty and might, bethought him, "This glory was not given me by my father and mother nor by any one else. It originated through the ascetic Nanda and surely it is now seven days since I set eyes on him. Where in the world can be the friend that bestowed on me this glory?" and he called to mind sage Nanda. And he, knowing that he was remembered, came and stood before him in the air. The king thought, "I do not know whether this ascetic is a man or a deity. [317] If he be a man, I will give him the sovereignty over all India, but if he be a divinity, I will pay him the honour due to a god," and to prove him he spoke the first stanza:

Angel or minstrel-god art thou, or do we haply see
Sakka, to cities bountiful, or mortal-born may be,
With magic powers endued? Thy name we fain would learn from thee.

On hearing his words Nanda in declaring his nature repeated a second stanza:

No angel I, no minstrel-god, nor Sakka dost thou see:

A mortal I with magic powers. The truth I tell to thee.

The king, on hearing this, thought, "He says he is a human being; even so he has been useful to me. I will satisfy him with the great honour I pay him," and he said:

Great service thou hast wrought for us, beyond all words to tell,

Midst floods of rain no single drop upon us ever fell.

Cool shade thou didst create for us, when parching winds arose,
From deadly shaft [1] thou didst us shield, amidst our countless foes.

Next many a happy realm thou mad'st own me as sovereign lord,
Over a hundred kings became obedient to our word.

What from our treasures thou shalt choose, we cheerfully resign,
Cars yoked to steeds or elephants, or nymphs attired so fine,
Or if a lovely palace be thy choice, it shall be thine.

In Aṅga realms or Magadha if thou art fain to live,
Wouldst rule Avanti, Assaka—this too we gladly give.

Yea e'en the half of all our realm we cheerfully resign,
Say but the word, what thou wouldst have, at once it shall be thine.

[318] Hearing this, sage Nanda, explaining his wishes, said:

No kingdom do I crave, nor any town or land,

Nor do I seek to win great riches at thy hand.

"But if thou hast any affection for me," he said, "do my bidding in this one thing."

Beneath thy sovereign sway my aged parents dwell,

Enjoying holy calm in some lone woodland cell.

With these old sages I'm allowed no merit to acquire,
If thou and thine would plead my cause, Sona would cease his ire.

Then the king said to him:

Gladly in this will I perform, O brahmin, thy behest,
But who are they that I should take to further thy request?

[319] The sage Nanda said:

More than a hundred householders, rich brahmins too I name,
And all these mighty warrior chiefs of noble birth and fame,
With king Manoja, are enough to satisfy my claim.

Then the king said:

Go, harness steeds and elephants and yoke them to the car,
Go, fling my banners to the wind, from carriage-pole and bar,
I go to seek where Kosiya [2], the hermit, dwells afar.

Equipped then with his fourfold host the king marched out to seek
Where he did dwell in charming cell, a hermit mild and meek.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

Now on the day on which the king reached the hermitage, the sage Sona reflected: " It is now more than seven years, seven months [320]

and seven days since my young brother went forth from us. Where can he possibly be now?" and looking with the divine eye

he saw him and said to himself, "He is coming with a hundred and one kings and an escort of twenty-four legions to beg my pardon. These kings and their retinues have witnessed many marvellous things done by my young brother, and being ignorant of my supernatural power they say of me, "This false ascetic overestimates his power and measures himself with our lord." By such boasting [1] they will become destined to hell. I will give them a specimen of my magic-working powers," and placing a carrying-pole in the air, not touching his shoulder by an interval of four inches, he thus travelled in space, passing close by the king, to fetch water from lake Anotatta. But the sage Nanda, when he saw him coming, had not the courage to show himself, but, disappearing on the spot where he was sitting, he escaped and hid himself in the Himalayas. Howbeit king Manoja, when he saw Sona approaching in the comely guise of an ascetic, spoke this stanza:

Who goes to fetch him water through the air at such a pace,
With wooden pole not touching him by quite four inches space?

The Great Being, being thus addressed, spoke a couple of stanzas:

I'm Sona; from ascetic rule I never go astray
My parents I unweariedly support by night and day.

Berries and roots as food for them I gather in the wood,
Ever recalling to my mind how they once wrought me good.

Hearing this, the king wishing to make friends with him, spoke another stanza:

We fain would reach the hermitage where Kosiya doth dwell,
Show us the road, good Sona, which will lead us to his cell.

Then the Great Being by his supernatural power created a footpath leading to the hermitage and spoke this stanza:

This is the path: mark well, O king, yon clump of sombre green;
There midst a grove of ebon trees the hermitage is seen.

Thus did the mighty sage instruct these warrior kings, and then
Once more he travelled through the air and hurried home again.

Next having swept the hermitage he sought his sire's retreat,
And waking up the aged saint he offered him a seat.

"Come forth," he cried, "O holy sage, be seated here, I pray,
For high-born kings of mighty fame will pass along this way."

The old man having heard his son his presence thus implore,
Came forth in haste from out his hut and sat him by the door.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the sage Nanda came to the king at the very moment when the Bodhisatta reached the hermitage, bringing with him water from Anotatta,

and Nanda pitched their camp not far from the hermitage. Then the king bathed and arrayed himself in all his splendour, and, escorted by one hundred and one kings, he came with the sage Nanda in great state and glory and entered the hermitage, to beg the Bodhisatta to forgive his brother. Then the father of the

Bodhisatta, on seeing the king approach them, inquired of the Bodhisatta and he explained the matter to him.

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[322] The Master, in making this clear, said:

On seeing him all in a blaze of glory standing near,
Surrounded by a band of kings, thus spoke the aged seer:

Who marches here with tabour, conch, and beat of sounding drums,
Music to cheer the heart of kings? Who here in triumph comes?

Who in this blaze of glory comes, with turban-cloth of gold,
As lightning bright, and quiver-armed, a hero young and bold?

Who comes all bright and glorious, with face of golden sheen,
Like embers of acacia wood, aglow in furnace seen?

Who comes with his umbrella held aloft in such a way,
That it with ribs so clearly marked wards off the sun's fierce ray?

Who is it, with a yak-tail fan stretched forth to guard his side,
Is seen, like some wise sage, on back of elephant to ride?

Who comes in pomp and majesty of parachutes all white,
And mail-clad steeds of noble strain, encircling left and right?

Who hither comes, surrounded by a hundred kings or more,
An escort of right noble kings, behind him and before?

With elephants, with chariots and with horse and foot brigade,
Who comes with all the pomp of war, in fourfold [1] host arrayed?

Who comes with all the legions vast that follow in his train,
Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main?

It is Manoja, king of kings, with Nanda here has come,
As though ’twere Indra, lord of heaven, to this our hermit home.

His is the mighty host that comes, obedient in his train,
Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main.

[323] The Master said:

In robe of finest silk arrayed, with sandal oil bedewed,

These kings approach the saintly men in suppliant attitude.

Then king Manoja with a salutation took his seat apart, and, exchanging friendly greetings, spoke a couple of stanzas:

O holy men, we trust that you are prosperous and well,

With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?

p. 171

Then these stanzas were spoken by them as question and answer:

We thank thee, king, and answer thus: We prosper and are well,

With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where we dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things we suffer not annoy,
And from wild beasts of prey we here immunity enjoy.

Areca nuts for such as live as hermits here abound,
No harmful sickness that I know has ever here been found.

Welcome [1], O king, a happy chance directed thee this way,
Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

[324] The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet,
And fruits like honey, take the best we have, O king, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.

Accepted is thy offering by me and all, but pray
Give ear to what wise Nanda here, our friend, has got to say.

For all of us in Nanda's train as suppliants come to thee,
To beg a gracious hearing for poor Nanda's humble plea.

The sage Nanda, thus addressed, rose from his seat and saluted his father and mother and brother, and, conversing with his followers, said:

Let country folk, a hundred odd, and brahmins of great fame,
And all these noble warrior chiefs, illustrious in name,
With king Manoja, our great lord, all sanction this my claim.

Ye Yakkhas in this hermitage that are assembled here,
And woodland spirits, old and young [2], to what I say give ear.

My homage paid to these, I next this holy sage address,
In me a brother thou didst erst as thy right hand possess.

To serve my aged parents is the boon from thee I ask:
Cease, mighty saint, to hinder me in this my holy task.

[325] Kind service to our parents has long time been paid by thee;
The good approve such deeds—why not yield it in turn to me?
And to the merit I thus win the way to heaven is free.

Others there are that know in this the path of duty lies,
It is the way to heaven, as thou, O sage, dost recognise.

And yet a holy man bars me from merit such as this,
When I by service fain would bring my parents perfect bliss.

[326] Thus addressed by Nanda, the Great Being said, "You have heard what he had to say: now hear me," and he spoke these stanzas:

All ye that swell my brother's train, my words now hear in turn;
Whoso shall ancient precedent of his forefathers spurn,
Sinning against his elders, he, reborn in hell, shall burn.

But they who skilled in holy lore the Way of Truth may know,
Keeping the moral law, shall ne’er to World of Suffering go.

Brother and sister, parents, all by kindred tie allied,
A charge upon the eldest son will evermore abide.

As eldest son this heavy charge I gladly undertake,
And as a pilot guards his ship, the Right I'll ne’er forsake.

On hearing this all the kings were highly delighted and said, "To-day we learn that all the rest of a family are a charge laid upon the eldest," and they forsook the sage Nanda and became devoted to the Great Being and, singing his praises, recited two stanzas:

We have found knowledge like a flame that shines at dead of night,
E’en so has holy Kosiya revealed to us the Right.

Just as the sun-god by his rays illumines all the sea,
Showing the form of living things, as good or bad they be,
So holy Kosiya reveals the Right to me and thee.

[327] Thus was it that although these kings had so long a time believed in the sage Nanda, from witnessing his wonderful works, yet did the Great Being by the power of knowledge destroy their faith in him, and, causing them to accept his words, thus make them all his most obedient servants. Then the sage Nanda thinking, "My brother is a wise and clever fellow and mighty in the scriptures. He has got the better of these kings and won them over to his side. Except him I have no other refuge. To him only will I make my supplication; and he spoke this stanza:

Since thou my suppliant attitude heed’st not, nor outstretched hand,
Thy humble bond-slave will I be, to wait -at thy command.

The Great Being naturally entertained no angry or hostile feeling towards Nanda, but he had acted as he did by way of rebuking

him, in order to bring down his high stomach, when he spoke so exceeding proudly. But now on hearing what he had to say he was mightily pleased, and conceived a favour towards him, and saying, "Now I forgive you and will allow you to watch over your father and mother," and making known his virtues he said:

Nanda, thou know’st the true faith well, as saints have taught it thee,
"’Tis only noble to be good"—thou greatly pleasest me.

My worthy parents I salute: list ye to what I say,
The charge of you as burden was ne’er felt in any way.

My parents I have tended long, their happiness to earn,
Now Nanda comes and humbly begs to serve you in his turn.

[328] Whiche’er of you two saintly ones would Nanda's service own,
Speak but the word and he shall come to wait on thee alone.

Then his mother, rising from her seat, said, "Dear Sona, your young brother has been long absent from his home. Now that he has at length returned, I do not venture to ask him myself, for we are altogether dependent upon you, but with your sanction I might now be allowed to take this holy youth to my arms and kiss him on the forehead," and, to make her meaning clear, she spoke this stanza:

Sona, dear son, on whom we lean, if thou allowest this,
Embracing him once more I will the holy Nanda kiss.

Then the Great Being said to her, "Well, dear mother, I give you permission: go and embrace your son Nanda and smell and kiss his head, and soothe the sorrow in your heart." So she went to the sage Nanda and embracing him before all the assembly she

smelled and kissed his head, putting an end to the sorrow in her heart, and conversing with the Great Being she spoke this verse:

Just as the tender bo-tree shoot is shaken by the blast,
So throbs my heart with joy at sight of Nanda come at last.

Nanda, methinks, as in a dream returned I seem to see,
Half mad and jubilant I cry, "Nanda comes back to me."

But if on waking I should find my Nanda gone away,
To greater sorrow than before my soul would be a prey.

[329] Back to his parents dear to-day Nanda at last has come,
Dear to my lord and me alike, with us he makes his home.

Though Nanda to his sire is dear, let him stay where he will,
—Thou to thy father's wants attend—Nanda shall mine fulfil.

The Great Being assented to his mother's words, saying, "So be it," and he admonished his brother, saying, "Nanda, you have received the portion of the eldest son; verily a mother is a great benefactress. Be careful in watching over her," and celebrating a mother's virtues he spoke two stanzas:

Kind, pitiful, our refuge she that fed us at her breast,
A mother is the way to heaven, and thee she loveth best.

She nursed and fostered us with care; graced with good gifts is she,
A mother is the way to heaven, and best she loveth thee.

Thus did the Great Being in two stanzas tell of a mother's virtues, and when his mother had once more taken her seat, he said, "You, Nanda, have got a mother who has suffered things hard to be borne. Both of us have been painfully reared by our mother. Now, you are carefully to watch over her and not to give her sour berries to eat," and to make it clear in the midst of the

assembled people that deeds of great difficulty fell to a mother's lot, he said:

[330]

Craving a child in prayer she kneels each holy shrine before,
The changing seasons closely scans and studies astral lore.

Pregnant in course of time she feels her tender longings grow,
And soon the unconscious babe begins a loving friend to know.

Her treasure for a year or less she guards with utmost care,
Then brings it forth and from that day a mother's name will bear.

With milky breast and lullaby she soothes the fretting child,
Wrapped in his comforter's warm arms his woes are soon beguiled.

Watching o’er him, poor innocent, lest wind or heat annoy,
His fostering nurse she may be called, to cherish thus her boy.

What gear his sire and mother have she hoards for him, "May be,"
She thinks, "some day, my dearest child, it all may come to thee."

p. 174

"Do this or that, my darling boy," the worried mother cries,
And when he's grown to man's estate, she still laments and sighs.
He goes in reckless mood to see a neighbour's wife at night,
She fumes and frets, "Why will he not return while it is light?"

If one thus reared with anxious pains his mother should neglect,
Playing her false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

If one thus reared with anxious pains his father should neglect,
Playing him false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

Those that love wealth o’ermuch, ’tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,
One that neglects a mother soon will rue it to his cost.

Those that love wealth o’ermuch, ’tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,
One that neglects a father soon will rue it to his cost.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage
Of him that studiously shall tend a mother in old age.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage
Of him that studiously shall tend a father in old age.

Gifts [1], loving speech, kind offices, together with the grace
Of calm indifference of mind shown in due time and place—

These virtues to the world are as linch-pin to chariot wheel,
These lacking, still a mother's name to children would appeal.

[331] A mother like the sire should be with reverent honour crowned,
Sages approve the man in whom these virtues may be found.

Thus parents, worthy of all praise, a high position own,
By ancient sages Brahma called. So great was their renown.

Kind parents from their children should receive all reverence due,
He that is wise will honour them with service good and true.

He should provide them food and drink, bedding and raiment meet,
Should bathe them and anoint with oil and duly wash their feet.

For filial services like these sages his praises sound
Here in this world, and after death in heaven his joys abound.

[332] Thus, as though he should set Mount Sineru rolling, did the Great Being bring his lesson to an end. On hearing him all these kings with their hosts became believers. So then establishing them in the five moral laws and exhorting them to be diligent in almsgiving and the like virtues, he dismissed them, and they all, after ruling their kingdoms righteously, at the end of their days went to swell the host of heaven. The sages, Sona and Nanda, as long as they lived, ministered to their parents and became destined to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealing the Truths identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the Brother who

cherished his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the parents were members of the Great King's Court, the sage Nanda was Ānanda, king Manoja was Sāriputta, the hundred and one kings were eighty chief elders and certain others, the twenty-four complete armies were Buddha's disciples, but the sage Sona was I myself."

Footnotes

164:1 Vol. VI. No. 540.

164:2 *Manoja Jātaka,* vol. III. No. 397.

164:3 Reading *kheḷaṁ.*

165:1 The text is probably corrupt; perhaps *parāha* is concealed in *para(m)aho.* Cf. *pare, Jāt.* II. 279. 2, III. 423. 18, "the day before yesterday," but in *Jāt.* IV. 481. 25 it seems to mean "the day after to-morrow," *peren-die.* Cognate words bearing this double meaning are found both in Hindí and Bengálí.

165:2 *patimāneti,* to wait for. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1884, *Jāt.* I. 258. 17, II. 288. 14, IV. 203. 27, *Mil.* I. 14 (S. B. E.).

165:3 *paṇāmeti* to dismiss. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, *Mil.* I. 258, *Cullavagga,* XII. 2. 3, *Jāt.* II. 28. 15.

168:1 Reading *sarattāṇam.*

168:2 The family name of Sona and his father.

169:1 *vambheti,* see Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, p. 95.

170:1 Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.

171:1 These lines occur in No. 503, *Sattigumba Jātaka,* vol. IV. p. 270, English version.

171:2 *bhūtabhavyāni,* fully developed and embryo deities: for *bhavya,* a class of gods, cf. *Vishṇu Purāṇa,* III. 12.

174:1 Childers gives the four Saṅgahavatthus, appertaining to kings, as largesse, affability, beneficent rule, and impartiality.

BOOK XXI. ASĪTINIPĀTA.

No. 533.

CULLAHAṀSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

[333] *"All other birds, etc."* This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, as to how the venerable Ānanda renounced his life. For when archers were suborned to slay the Tathāgata, and the first one that was sent by Devadatta [2] on this errand returned and said, "Holy sir, I cannot deprive the Blessed One of life: he is possessed of great supernatural powers," Devadatta replied, "Well, sir, you need not slay the ascetic Gotama. I myself will deprive him of life." And as the Tathāgata was walking in the shadow cast westward [3] by the Vulture's Peak, Devadatta climbed to the top of the mountain and hurled a mighty stone as if shot from a catapult, thinking, "With this stone will I slay the ascetic Gotama," but two mountain peaks meeting together intercepted the stone, and a splinter from it flew up and struck the Blessed One on the foot and drew blood, and severe pains set in. Jīvaka, cutting open the Tathāgata's foot with a knife, let out the bad blood and removed the proud flesh, and anointing the wound with a medicament healed it. The Master moved about just as he was wont aforetime, surrounded by his attendants, with all the great charm of a Buddha. So on seeing him Devadatta thought, "Verily no mortal beholding the excellent beauty of Gotama's person dare approach him, but the king's elephant Nāḷāgiri is a fierce and [334] savage animal and knows nothing of the virtues of the

Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly. He will bring about the destruction of the ascetic." So he went and told the matter to the king. The king readily fell in with the suggestion, and, summoning his elephant-keeper, thus addressed him; "Sir, to-morrow you are to make Nāḷāgiri mad with drink, and at break of day to let him loose in the street where the ascetic Gotama walks." And Devadatta asked the keeper how much arrack the elephant was wont to drink on ordinary days, and when he answered, "Eight pots," he said, "To-morrow give him sixteen pots to drink, and send him in the direction of the street frequented by the ascetic Gotama." "Very good," said the keeper. The king had a drum beaten throughout the city and proclaimed, "To-morrow Nāḷāgiri will be maddened with strong drink and let loose in the city. The men of the city are to do all that they have to do in the early morning and after that no one is to venture out into the street." And Devadatta came down

from the palace and went to the elephant-stall and, addressing the keepers, said, "We are able, I tell you, from a high position to degrade a man to a lowly one and to raise a man from a low position to a high one. If you are eager for honour, early to-morrow morning give Nāḷāgiri sixteen pots of fiery liquor, and at the time when the ascetic Gotama comes that way, wound the elephant with spiked goads, and when in his fury he has broken down his stall, drive him in the direction of the street where Gotama is wont to walk, and so bring about the destruction of the ascetic." They readily agreed to do so. This rumour was noised abroad throughout the whole city. The lay disciples attached to the Buddha, the Law, and the Priesthood, on hearing it, drew nigh to the Master and said, "Holy sir, Devadatta has

been closeted with the king and to-morrow he will have Nāḷāgiri let loose in the street where you walk. Do not go into the city to-morrow for alms but remain here. We will provide food in the monastery for the priests, with Buddha at their head." The Master without directly saying, "I will not enter the city to-morrow for alms," answered and said, "Tomorrow I will work a miracle and tame Nāḷāgiri and crush the heretics. And without going my round for alms in Rājagaha I will leave the city, attended by a company of the Brethren, and go straight to the Bamboo Grove, and the people of Rājagaha shall repair thither with many a bowl of food and to-morrow there shall be a meal provided in the refectory of the monastery." In this way did the Master grant their request. And on learning that the Tathāgata had acceded to their wishes, they set out from the city, carrying bowls of food, and saying, "We will distribute our gifts in the monastery itself." And the Master in the first watch taught the Law, in the middle watch he solved hard questions, in the first part of the last watch he lay down lion-like on his right side, and the second part [335] he spent in the Attainment of Fruition, in the third part, entering into a trance of deep pity for the sufferings of humanity, he contemplated all his kinsfolk that were ripe for conversion [1] and seeing that as the result of his conquest of Nāḷāgiri eighty-four thousand beings would be brought to a clear understanding of the Law, at daybreak, after attending to his bodily necessities, he addressed Ānanda and said, "Ānanda, to-day bid all the Brethren that are in the eighteen monasteries that are round about Rājagaha to accompany me into that city." The elder did so, and all the Brethren assembled at the Bamboo Grove. The Master attended by a great company of Brethren entered Rājagaha and the elephant-keepers proceeded according to their instructions and there was a great gathering of people. The believers thought, "To-day there will be

a mighty battle between the lord elephant Buddha and this elephant of the brute world. We shall witness the defeat of Nāḷāgiri by the incomparable skill of the Buddha," and they climbed up and stood upon the upper storeys and roofs and house-tops. But the unbelieving heretics thought, "Nāḷāgiri is a fierce, savage creature, and knows nothing of the merits of Buddhas and the like. To-day he will crush the glorious form of the ascetic Gotama and bring about his death. To-day we shall look upon the back of our enemy." And they took their stand on upper storeys and other high places. And the elephant, on seeing the Blessed One approach him, terrified the people by demolishing the houses and raising his trunk he crushed the waggons into powder, and, with his ears and tail erect with excitement, he ran like some towering mountain in the direction of the Blessed One. On seeing him the Brethren thus addressed the Blessed One, "This Nāḷāgiri, holy sir, a fierce and savage creature, and a slayer of men, is coming along this road [2]. Of a truth he knows nothing of the merit of Buddhas and the like. Let the Blessed One, the Auspicious One, withdraw." "Fear not, Brethren," he said, "I am able to overcome Nāḷāgiri." Then the venerable Sāriputta prayed the Master, saying, "Holy sir, when any service has to be rendered to a father, it is a burden laid on his eldest son. I will vanquish this creature." Then the Master said, "Sāriputta, the power of a Buddha is one thing, that of his disciples is another," and he rejected his offer,

saying, "You are to remain here." This too was the prayer of the eighty chief elders for the most part, but he refused them all. Then the venerable Ānanda by reason of his strong affection for the Master was unable to acquiesce in this and cried, "Let this

elephant kill me first," and he stood before the Master, ready to sacrifice his life for the Tathāgata. So the Master said to him, "Go away, Ānanda, do not stand in front of me." The elder said, "Holy sir, this elephant [336] is fierce and savage, a slayer of men, like the flame at the beginning of a cycle. Let him first slay me and afterwards let him approach you." And though he was spoken to for the third time, the elder remained in the same spot and did not retire. Then the Blessed One by the exercise of his supernatural power made him fall back and placed him in the midst of the Brethren. At this moment a certain woman, catching sight of Nāḷāgiri, was terrified with the fear of death, and as she fled she dropped the child, which she was carrying on her hip, between the Tathāgata and the elephant and made her escape. The elephant, pursuing the woman, came up with the child, who uttered a loud cry. The Master thrilling with the charity that is expressly commanded [1], and, uttering the honeyed accents of a voice like that of Brahma, called to Nāḷāgiri, saying, "Ho! Nāḷāgiri, those that maddened you with sixteen pots of arrack did not do this that you might attack someone else, but acted thus thinking you would attack me. Do not tire out your strength by rushing about aimlessly but come hither." On hearing the voice of the Master he opened his eyes and beheld the glorious form of the Blessed One, and he became greatly agitated and by the power of Buddha the intoxicating effects of the strong drink passed off. Dropping his trunk and shaking his ears he came and fell down at the feet of the Tathāgata. Then the Master addressing him said, Nāḷāgiri, you are a brute elephant, I am the Buddha elephant. Henceforth be not fierce and savage, nor a slayer of men, but cultivate thoughts of charity." So saying he stretched forth his right hand and coaxed the elephant's forehead and taught the Law to him in these words:

[2] This elephant shouldst thou presume to assail,
An awful doom thou wouldst erelong bewail.
To strike this elephant would destine thee
To state of suffering in worlds to be.

From mad and foolish recklessness abstain,
The reckless fool to heaven will ne'er attain.
If in the next world thou wouldst win heaven's bliss,
See that thou doest what is right in this.

The whole body of the elephant constantly thrilled with joy, and had he not been a mere quadruped, he would have entered on the fruition of the First Path. The people, on beholding this miracle, shouted and snapped their fingers. In their joy they cast upon him all manner of ornaments and covered therewith all the body of the elephant. [337] Thenceforth Nāḷāgiri was known as Dhanapālaka (keeper of treasure).—Now on the occasion of this encounter with Dhanapālaka eighty-four thousand beings drank the nectar of immortality.—And the Master established Dhanapālaka in the five moral laws. With his trunk taking up dust from the feet of the Blessed One the elephant sprinkled it on his head, and retiring with bent body he stood bowing to the Dasabala as long as he was in sight, and then he turned and entered the elephant-stall. Thenceforth he was quite tame and harmed no man. The Master, now that his desire was fulfilled, decided that the treasure should remain the property of those by whom it had been thrown upon the elephant and thinking, "To-day I have wrought a great miracle. It is not seemly that I should go my rounds for alms in this city," and after crushing the heretics, surrounded by a band of the Brethren, he sallied forth from the city like a victorious warrior chief and made

straight for the Bamboo Grove. The citizens, taking with them a quantity of boiled rice, drink, and some solid food, went to the monastery and set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale. That day at eventide, as they sat filling the Hall of Truth, the Brethren started a topic, saying, "The venerable Ānanda achieved a marvellous thing in being ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of the Tathāgata. On seeing Nāḷāgiri, though he was thrice forbidden by the Master to remain, he refused to go away. O sirs, of a truth the elder was the doer of a marvellous deed." The Master, thinking, "The conversation turns on the merits of Ānanda, I must be present at it," went forth from his Perfumed Chamber and came and asked them, saying, "On what subject are ye discoursing, Brethren, as ye sit here?" And when they answered, "On such and such a topic," he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Ānanda, even when he was born in an animal form, renounced his life for my sake," and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Mahiṁsaka in the city of Sakuḷa a king named Sakuḷa ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time not far from the city a certain fowler in a village of fowlers got his living by snaring birds and selling them in the city. Near that city was a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, twelve leagues in circumference, covered with five varieties of lotus. Thither repaired a flock of all manner of birds and the fowler set his snares there freely. At this time the king of the Dhataraṭṭha geese, with a following of ninety-six thousand geese, dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa and his commander-in-chief was named Sumukha. Now one day a flock [338] composed of some golden geese came to the lake Mānusiya, and, after browsing to their heart's content in this abundant feeding

ground, they flew up to the beautiful Cittakūṭa and thus addressed the Dhataraṭṭha king: "Sire, there is a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, a rich feeding ground lying midst the haunts of men. Thither we will go to feed." He answered, "The haunts of men are dangerous: let not this approve itself to you." And though he declined to go, yet being importuned he said, "If it be your good pleasure, we will go," and with his following he repaired to that lake. Alighting from the air he set his foot in a noose at the very moment he touched the ground. So the noose seized his foot as it were with an iron vice and caught and held him fast. Then thinking to sever the snare he tugged at it, and first the skin was broken, next the flesh was torn, and lastly the tendon, till the snare touched the bone and the blood flowed and severe pains set in. He thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding would fly away famished and through weakness they would fall into the water." So he bore with the pain and when his kinsfolk had eaten their fill and were disporting themselves after the manner of geese, he uttered the loud cry of a captured bird. On hearing it these geese were frightened with the fear of death and flew off in the direction of Cittakūṭa. As soon as they were gone, Sumukha, the captain of the geese, thought, "Can it be that this means something terrible has happened to the Great King?

I will find out what it is," and flying at full speed, and not seeing the Great Being amongst those in the van of the retreating army of geese, he sought him in the main body of the birds and there too failing to find him he said, "Without all doubt something terrible has occurred," [339] and he turned back and found the Great Being caught in a snare, stained with blood and suffering

great pain, lying on the muddy ground, And he alighted and sat on the ground and trying to comfort the Great Being he said, "Fear not, sire: I will release you from the snare at the sacrifice of my own life."

Then to test him the Great Being spoke the first stanza:

All other birds, heedless of me, have fled in haste away;
What friendship can a captive know? Be off, make no delay.

Here moreover followed these stanzas [1]:

Whether I go or stay with thee, I still some day must die:
I've courted thee in weal, in woe from thee I may not fly.

I either then must die with thee, or live a life forlorn,
Far better 'twere to die at once than live thy loss to mourn.

It is not right to leave thee, sire, in such a sorry state;
Nay, I am well content to share whate'er may be thy fate.

What fate for one caught in a snare except the cruel spit?
How in thy senses and still free couldst thou to this submit?

What good for thee or me, O bird, herein dost thou descry,
Or for the kin surviving us, if both of us should die?

Wrapt, golden-wingèd one, in night will be thy deed of worth;
What moral would such sacrifice, if brought to light, show forth?

That blessings follow Right, O king of birds, dost thou not see?
Right duly honoured shows to men what their true good may be.

[340] Seeing the Right and all the Good that still from Right may spring,
For love of thee I cheerfully my life away would fling.

If mindful of the Right one ne'er forsakes a suffering friend,
Not e'en to save one's life, such act as Right the wise commend.

Thy duty nobly done, the while I recognise thy love,
Depart at once, if thou wouldst do the thing I most approve.

Perhaps in time the ties that bound my kin beneath my sway,
With fuller knowledge and control may pass to thee some day.

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold,
Like Death to some bedridden wretch appeared this fowler bold.

The friends in him discerning well the enemy they fear,
Long silent sat and motionless, as he to them drew near.

Seeing the geese rise here and there and vanish into space,
Their foe, where sat these noble birds, in haste approached the place.

And as he ran with utmost speed and reached the fated spot,
The fowler, trembling at the thought, cried, "Are they caught or not?"

The one he saw caught in the snare, the other bird he found
Watching his captive friend, himself unfettered and unbound.

Perplexed and doubting in his mind he viewed the noble pair,
—Full grown were they, two comely birds—and thus he spake them fair.

Granted that one caught in a snare may never fly away [1],
Why, mighty bird, dost thou, still free, resolve with him to stay?

What is this fowl to thee, that when the rest are fled and gone,
Though free, beside the captive bird thou sittest here alone?

[2]0 foe of birds, my friend and king, dear as my life is he;
Forsake him—no, I never will, until Death calls for me.

[341] How was it that this bird ne’er spied the fowler's secret snare?
Of mighty chiefs the function is of danger to be ware.

[3]When ruin comes upon a man and Death's hour draweth nigh,
Though you may close upon it come, nor trap nor snare you spy.

Snares of all kinds, O holy ones, are ofttimes set in vain:
In fatal hour at last one's caught in hidden snare and slain.

[342] Thus did he by discoursing with him soften the fowler's heart, and begging for the life of the Great Being he spoke this

stanza:

[343]

Is this the happy issue [4], say, of friendly talk with thee,
And wilt thou, prithee, spare our lives and let us both go free?

The fowler, charmed by Sumukha's sweet discourse, spoke this stanza:

No prisoner of mine art thou; begone, quick, hence away;
I would not shed thy blood; unscathed, live on for many a day.

Then Sumukha repeated four stanzas:

I should not care to live myself, if this my friend were dead,
Content with one, let him go free, and eat my flesh instead.

We two are much the same in age, in length and breadth of limb;
No loss for thee, if thou shouldst take me in exchange for him.

Regard it in this light and glut thy appetite on me;
First bind me in the snare, then let this king of birds go free.

Thus thou wouldst gain thy wish and I my heart's desire secure,
And peace would be ’twixt geese and thee, long as life should endure.

Thus by the preaching of the Law was this fowler's heart softened, even as cotton dipped in oil, and in yielding up the Great Being to him, as a slave to his owner, he said:

Be witness all your sages, friends, servants, and kith and kin,
Through thee alone this king of birds his liberty did win.

To few ’tis given to own a friend like thee prepared to share
A common fate, as when thy king was caught in deadly snare.

So I release thy friend the king, to follow thee afar,
Quick, hence away, amidst thy kin to shine fair as a star.

[344] And so saying, the fowler with kindness in his heart drew nigh to the Great Being, and cutting his bonds took him up in his arms and lifting him out of the water laid him on the bank of the lake upon the fresh grass, and with great tenderness gently loosing the snare that bound his foot threw it to a distance. Then conceiving a strong affection for the Great Being, with a heart full of love he took some water and washed away the blood from his wound, and once and again wiped it. Through the power of his charity the wound in the Bodhisatta's foot grew together, tendon uniting with tendon, flesh with flesh, skin with skin. Fresh skin formed and fresh down grew over it. The Bodhisatta was just as if his foot had never been trapped and sat rejoicing in his ordinary form. Then Sumukha, beholding how happy the Great Being was all owing to his action, in his gladness sang the praises of the fowler.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The goose glad at the king's release, in honour of his lord,
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word:

"Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free."

After thus singing the fowler's praises, Sumukha said to the Bodhisatta, "Sire, this man has wrought us a great service: had he not hearkened to our words, he might have won great wealth, either by making us tame birds to be kept for pleasure

and offering us to some great lords, or by killing and selling us for food. But utterly regardless of his own livelihood he hearkened to our words. [345] Let us conduct him into the king's presence and make him happy for life." The Great Being agreed to this. Then Sumukha, after conversing with the Great Being in their own language, addressed the fowler in human speech and asked him, saying, "Friend, why did you set snares?" and on his replying, "For gain," "This being the case," said Sumukha, "take us with you into the city and present us to your king, and I will persuade him to bestow on you great riches," and he spoke these stanzas:

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, "O sire, lo! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king."

This lord of men beholding then this royal goose will be
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee.

When he had so spoken, the fowler replied, "Let it not be your pleasure to see the king. Verily kings are fickle-minded: they would either keep you captive for their amusement or would put you to death." Sumukha said, "Fear not, my friend. By my preaching of the Law I have softened the heart of a fierce creature like you and have brought you to my feet, a fowler whose hand is red with blood. Kings, verily, are full of goodness and wisdom, and are such as can discern between good and evil words. So make haste and bring us into the presence of your

king." The fowler said, "Well, be not angry with me. As it is your good pleasure, [346] I will take you to him." So he mounted the pair of birds on his pole and went to the court and introduced them to the king, and on being questioned by him the fowler declared all the facts of the case.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

On hearing this he wrought the thing they craved in heart and soul,
And quickly took the geese to court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, one at each end of his long carrying-pole.

"Lo! here," he said, "two ruddy geese, O sire, to thee we bring,
One is the captain of the host, the other is their king."

How did these wingèd mighty ones, fowler, become thy prey,
How didst thou creep close up to them, nor frighten them away?

O lord of men, in every pool behold a gin or net,
In every [1]haunt of birds, methinks, a deadly snare was set.

'Twas in some hidden trap like this I caught the king of geese,
His friend, still free, sat by his side and sought his lord's release.

This bird essayed a task beyond what vulgar souls achieve,
Resolved his every nerve to strain, his master to relieve.

There sat he, worthy to survive, content his life to give,
If but his lord, whose praise he sang, might be allowed to live.

Hearing his words I all at once attained to state of grace,
Gladly set free the captive bird and bade them leave the place.

The goose, rejoiced at his release, in honour of his lord,
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word:

"Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free.

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, "O sire, lo! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king."

This lord of men, beholding then this royal goose will be
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee."

[347]

Thus at his bidding hither led by me the pair have come,

Although for me they both were free to seek their mountain home.

Such was the fate of this poor bird, though very righteous he,
So much that he with pity moved a fowler fierce like me.

This goose, O lord of men, to thee an offering bring I here,
Amidst the haunts of fowling men one scarce could find his peer.

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[348] Thus did he standing there proclaim the virtues of Sumukha. Then the king Sakuḷa offered to the goose-king a costly throne and to Sumukha a precious golden chair, and when they had taken their seats he served them with parched corn, honey, molasses, and the like, in golden vessels, and, when they had finished their meal, with outstretched hands he prayed the Great Being to preach the Law and took his seat upon a golden chair. And at his request the goose-king held pleasant converse with him.

The Master, to make everything clear, said:

Seeing the king now seated on a lovely golden chair,

The goose in tones to charm the ear thus did bespeak him fair.

Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?
I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.

O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me;
My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.

Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain or blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?

I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain or blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.

Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?

I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

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[349] When the Bodhisatta had ended his words of friendly greeting, the king again conversing with him said:

When some mischance delivered thee to thy most deadly foe,

Didst thou then at his hands, O bird, great suffering undergo?

Did he run up and with his stick belabour thee, I pray?
Of such vile creatures, as I hear, this ever is the way.

I never was in danger, as I gratefully recall,
Nor did he deal with us as foes in any way at all.

The fowler, trembling and amazed, to question us was fain,
And Sumukha, wisest of birds, made answer back again.

Hearing his words he all at once attained to state of grace,
Gladly released me from the snare, and bade us leave the place.

To come and visit thee, O king, was Sumukha's desire,

Thinking our friend the fowler thus great riches might acquire.

You are right welcome, sirs, be sure, I'm glad to see you here,
And let your fowler friend receive his fill of earthly gear.

[350] And so saying the king fixed his gaze upon a certain councillor and when he asked, "What is your pleasure, sire," he said, "See that this fowler has his hair and beard trimmed and that after being washed and anointed he is sumptuously arrayed and then bring him here." And when this was done and the fowler was brought back, the king presented him with a village producing annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, and moreover a house standing in a position abutting on two streets, and a splendid chariot, and much store of yellow gold.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The king with riches manifold the fowler amply blest,

And then in tones that charmed the ear the ruddy goose addressed.

Then the Great Being instructed the king in the Law, and hearing his exposition he was glad at heart, and, being minded to pay some mark of respect to the preacher of the Law, he presented him with the white umbrella and made over his kingdom to him and he spoke these stanzas:

Whate’er I lawfully possess, whate’er I duly claim,

Shall pass beneath your sway, if ye your heart's desire will name.

Whether for alms or to enjoy and use it for your own,
To you I yield my gear and all, to you resign my throne.

Then the Great Being returned the white umbrella which the king had given to him. And the king thought, "I have heard the Law preached by the goose-king, but this Sumukha has been

highly praised by the fowler, as speaking words sweet as honey, [351] I shall have to hear him also preach the Law." So holding converse with him he spake yet another stanza:

If wise and learned Sumukha would speak of his free will
A word or two, my happiness would then be greater still.

Then Sumukha said:

I could not in your presence, with propriety, my lord,
As though I were some Nāga prince, utter a single word.

For this the chief of ruddy geese, and thou, O mighty king,
On many grounds may rightly claim the homages that I bring.

I a mere underling, my lord, may scarcely intervene,
When high debate is being held your Majesties between.

The king, hearing what he said, was glad at heart and said, "The fowler praised you, and surely there cannot be any other like you, so sweet a preacher of the Law," and he repeated these stanzas:

The fowler rightly praised this bird as wise beyond its kind:
Such prudence is not found in one undisciplined [1] in mind.

Of noble creatures I have seen, with highest nature blest,
Surely this matchless bird amongst them all is far the best [2].

Your noble form and sweet discourse cast o'er me such a spell,
My only wish is that you both long time with me may dwell.

[352] Then the Great Being in praise of the king said:

Thou hast dealt with us as a man deals with his dearest friend:
Such was the kindness, Sir, thou didst to us poor birds extend.

Yet a great void the circle of our kin has to deplore,
And many a bird is sorely grieved to see our face no more.

To drive away their sorrow thou, O king, hast set us free,
So humbly taking leave we fly our friends once more to see.

I'm very glad acquaintance with your Highness to have made,
Henceforth, I trust, my friends may have less cause to be afraid.

When he had thus spoken the king suffered them to depart. And the Great Being declared to the king the misery attending the five kinds of vice and the blessing that followed virtue, and exhorted him, saying, "Keep the moral law and rule your kingdom righteously, and win the hearts of your people with the four modes of conciliation [3]," and forthwith he set out for Cittakūṭa.

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[353] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Thus to the lord of mortals spake the Dhataraṭṭha king,
Then sought these geese their kith and kin with utmost speed of wing.

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,
The wingèd flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

While thus escorting their king these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of the Sakuḷa king and the fowler. On hearing this the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long live Sumukha, captain of our

host, and the Sakuḷa king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated a final stanza:

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

[354] The Master here ended his story, saying, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also, Ānanda for my sake renounced his life," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Channa was the fowler, Sāriputta the king, Ānanda Sumukha, the followers of Buddha the ninety thousand geese, and I myself was the goose-king."

Footnotes

175:1 Compare with this *Haṁsa-Jātaka,* vol. IV. No. 502, and *Jātaka-Mālā,* XXII. The Story of the Holy Swans.

175:2 For the story of Devadatta, cf. *Cullavagga,* VII.

175:3 In the corresponding passage in *Cullavagga,* VII.. 3. 8, *pacchāyāyam* (Skt *pra-cchāya*) is read instead of *pacchāchāyāya.*

176:1 With *bodhaneyya* one may perhaps compare the of οἰ σωζόμενοι of the NṬ.

176:2 *racchā,* Skt *rathyā,* a carriage road or street. *Jāt.* I. 346. 18.

177:1 *odissakamettā.* Cf. *Jāt.* II. 61. 9, II. 146. 13.

177:2 These verses occur in *Cullavagga,* VII. 3. 12.

179:1 In the form of a dialogue between the captive goose-king and his faithful friend Sumukha. Afterwards the fowler intervenes.

180:1 *kurute disam,* to fly away. Text *desam,* scholiast *disam,* as required by the metre.

180:2 This couplet occurs in IV. p. 265, English version.

180:3 This couplet occurs three times before. See note on vol. IV. p. 265, English version.

180:4 *sukhudraya, Jāt.* IV. 451. 17, V. 389. 3, *dukkhudraya* IV. 398. 9, *kaṭukudraya* V. 241. 14.

182:1 Reading *yam yad āyatanam.*

185:1 *akatatta,* Skt *akṛitātnian,* cf. VI. 296. 1.

185:2 *uttamasattava,* "best of beings," *sattava=satta,* i.e. *sattva.*

185:3 *saṅgahavatthu,* see p. 174.

No. 534.

MAHĀHAṀSA-JĀTAKA. [1]

"There go the birds," etc. This story the Master, while residing in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the elder Ānanda's renunciation of life. The introductory story is exactly like one already given, but on this occasion the Master in telling a story of the past related the following tale.

Once upon a time at Benares a king named Saṁyama had a chief consort named Khemā. At that time the Bodhisatta with a following of ninety thousand geese dwelt on mount Cittakūṭa. Now one day at daybreak queen Khemā saw a vision. Some gold-coloured geese came and perching upon the royal throne with a sweet voice preached the Law. While the queen was listening and applauding and had not yet had her fill of the exposition of the Law, it became broad daylight, and the geese finished their discourse and departed by the open window. The queen, rising in haste, cried, "Catch them, catch the geese, before they escape," and in the act of stretching forth her hand she awoke. Hearing her words her handmaids said, "Where are the geese?" and softly laughed. At this moment the queen knew that it was a dream, and thought, "I do not see the thing that is not: surely there must be golden geese in this world, but if I should say to the king, "I am anxious to hear the preaching of the Law by golden geese," he will say, "We have never yet seen any golden geese; there is no such thing as preaching by geese," and he will take no pains in the matter: but if I say, "It is a pregnant longing

on my part," he will search for them in every possible way and so will the desire of my

heart be fulfilled." So pretending to be sick [355] she gave instructions to her servants and lay down. The king, when he had taken his seat upon his throne, not seeing her at the usual time of her appearance, inquired where queen Khemā was, and, hearing she was sick, he went to her and sitting on one side of the bed he chafed her back and inquired if she were ill. "My lord," she said, "I am not ill but the longings of a pregnant woman have come upon me." "Say, lady, what you would have, and I will soon fetch it you." "Sire, I long to listen to the preaching of the Law by a golden goose, while it sits upon the royal throne, with a white umbrella spread over it, and to pay homage to it with scented wreaths and such like marks of honour, and to express my approval of it. If I should attain to this, it is well: otherwise there is no life in me." Then the king comforted her and said, "If there is such a thing in the world of men, you shall have it: do not vex yourself." And going forth from the queen's chamber he took counsel with his ministers, saying, "Mark you, queen Khemā says, "If I can hear a golden goose preach the Law, I shall live, but otherwise I shall die"; pray, are there any golden geese? "Sire," they answered, "we have never either seen or heard of them." "Who would know about it?" "The brahmins, sire," The king summoned the brahmins and asked them, saying, "Are there such things as golden geese who teach the Law [1]?" "Yes, sire, it has come down by tradition to us that fish, crabs, tortoises, deer, peacocks, geese, all these are found of a golden colour. Amongst them, they say, the family of Dhataraṭṭha geese are wise and learned. Including men there

are seven creatures that are gold-coloured." The king was greatly pleased and asked, "Where dwell these scholarly ruddy geese?" "We do not know, sire." "Then who will know?" And when they answered, "The tribe of fowlers," he gathered together all the fowlers in his dominion and asked them, saying, "My friends, where dwell gold-coloured geese of the Dhataraṭṭha family?" Then a certain fowler said, "People tell us, sire, by tradition from one generation to another, that they dwell in the Himalayas, on mount Cittakūṭa." "Do you know how to catch them?" "I do not know, sire." He summoned his wise brahmins [356] and after telling them that there were golden geese on Cittakūṭa, he asked if they knew any way to catch them. They said, "Sire, what need for us to go and catch them? By a stratagem we will bring them down close to the city and catch them." "What is this stratagem?" "On the north of the city, sire, you are to have a lake dug, three leagues in extent, a safe and peaceful spot, and filling it with water, plant all manner of grain and cover the lake with the five kinds of lotus. Then hand it over to the care of a skilful fowler and suffer no one to approach it, and by means of men stationed at the four corners have it proclaimed as a sanctuary lake,

and on hearing this all manner of birds will alight there. And these geese, hearing one from another how safe this lake is, will visit it and then you can have them caught, trapping them with hair nooses." The king, on hearing this, had a lake such as they described formed in the place they mentioned, and summoning a skilled fowler he presented him with a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth give up your occupation: I will support your wife and family. Carefully guarding this peaceful lake and driving everyone away from it, have it proclaimed at the

four corners as a sanctuary, and say that all the birds that come and go are mine, and when the golden geese arrive you shall receive great honour." With these words of encouragement the king put him in charge of the sanctuary lake. From that day the fowler acted just as the king bade him and watched over the place, and as one that kept the lake in peace he came to be known as the fowler Khema (Peace). Thenceforth all manner of birds alighted there, and from its being proclaimed from one to another that the lake was peaceful and secure, different kinds of geese arrived. First of all came the grass-geese, then owing to their report came the yellow geese, followed in like manner by the scarlet geese, the white geese and the Oka geese. On their arrival Khemaka thus reported to the king: "Five kinds of geese, sire, have come, and they are continually feeding in the lake. Now that the pāka geese have arrived, in a few days the golden geese will be coming: [357] cease to be anxious, sire." The king on hearing this made proclamation in the city by beat of drum that no one was to go there, and whosoever should do so should suffer mutilation of hands and feet and spoliation of his household goods; and from that time no one went there. Now the pāka geese dwell not far from Cittakūṭa in Golden Cave. They are very powerful birds and as with the Dhataraṭṭha family of geese the colour of their body is distinctive, but the daughter of the king of the pāka geese is gold-coloured. So her father, thinking she was a fitting match for the Dhataraṭṭha king, sent her to be his wife. She was dear and precious in her lord's eyes, and owing to this the two families of geese became very friendly. Now one day the geese that were in attendance on the Bodhisatta inquired of the pāka geese, "Where are you getting your food just now?" "We are feeding near Benares, on a safe piece of water; but where are you roaming?" "To such and such a place," they answered. "Why do you not come to our sanctuary?

It is a charming lake, teeming with all manner of birds, covered over with five kinds of lotus, and abounding with various grains and fruits, and buzzing with swarms of many different bees. At its four corners is a man to proclaim perpetual immunity from danger. No one is allowed to come near: much less to injure another." After this manner did they sing the praises of the peaceful lake. On hearing what the pāka geese said, they told Sumukha, saying, "They tell us, near

Benares is a peaceful lake of such and such a kind: thither the pāka geese go and feed. Do you tell the Dhataraṭṭha king, and, if he allows us, we too will go and feed there." Sumukha told the king, who thought, "Men, verily, are full of wiles and skilled in expedients: there must be some reason for this. All this long time past there was no such lake: it must have been made now to catch us." And he said to Sumukha, "Let not this going there meet with your approval. This lake was not constructed by them in good faith; it was made to catch us. Men surely are cruelly minded and versed in expedients: keep still in your own feeding grounds." [358] The golden geese a second time told Sumukha they were anxious to visit the Lake of Peace and he reported their wishes to the king. The Great Being thought, "My kinsfolk must not be vexed by reason of me: we will go there." So accompanied by ninety thousand geese he went and browsed there, disporting himself after the manner of geese and then returned to Cittakūṭa. Khemaka, after they had fed and taken their departure, went and reported their arrival to the king of Benares. The king was highly pleased and said, "Friend Khemaka, try and catch one or two geese and I will confer great honour on you." With these words he paid his expenses and sent

him away. Returning there the fowler seated himself in a skeleton pot and watched the movements of the geese. Bodhisattas verily are free from all greed. Therefore the Great Being, starting from the spot where he alighted, went on eating the paddy in due order. All the others wandered about, eating here and there. So the fowler thought, "This goose is free from greed: this is the one I must catch." The next day before the geese had alighted on the lake, he went to the place hard by and concealing himself in the framework of his pot he remained there sitting in it and looking through a chink in the frame. At that moment the Great Being escorted by ninety thousand geese came down on the same spot where he had alighted the day before, and sitting down at the limit of yesterday's feeding ground he went on browsing. The fowler, looking through a chink in his cage and marking the extraordinary beauty of the bird, thought, "This goose is as big as a waggon, gold-coloured and with its neck encircled with three stripes of red. Three lines running down the throat pass along the middle of the belly, while other three stripes run down and mark off the back, and its body shines like a mass of gold poised on a string made of the thread of red wool. This must be their king, and this is the one I will seize." And the goose-king, after feeding over a wide field, disported himself in the water and then surrounded by his flock returned to Cittakūṭa. For six days he fed after this manner. On the seventh day Khemaka twisted a big stout cord of black horse-hair and fixed a noose upon a stick, and, knowing for certain the goose-king would alight to-morrow on the same spot, [359] he set the stick on which the snare was mounted in the water.

The next day the goose-king coming down stuck its foot, as it alighted, into the snare, which grasping the bird's foot as it were with a band of iron held it fast in its grip. The bird, thinking to sever the snare, dragged at it and struck it with all its force. First its gold-coloured skin was bruised, next its flesh of the colour of red wool was cut, then the sinew was severed and last of all its foot [1] would have been broken, but thinking a maimed body was unbefitting a king, it ceased to struggle. As severe pains set in, it thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding properly they would fly away, and being half-starved they would drop into the water." So putting up with the pain it remained in the power of the snare, pretending to be feeding on the paddy, but when the flock had eaten their fill, and were now disporting themselves after the manner of geese, it uttered a loud cry of capture. The geese on hearing it flew away, just as previously described. Sumukha, too, considering the matter, just as related before, searched about and not finding the Great Being in the three main divisions of the geese, thought, "Verily this must be something terrible that has come upon the king," and he turned back, saying, "Fear not, sire, I will release you at the sacrifice of my own life," and sitting down on the mud he comforted the Great Being. The Great Being thought, "The ninety thousand geese have forsaken me and fled and this one alone has returned. I wonder, when the fowler comes up, whether or not Sumukha too will forsake me and flee." And by way of testing him, stained with blood as he was, and resting against the stick fastened to the snare, he repeated three stanzas:

There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear,

O golden-yellow Sumukha, depart! What wouldst thou here?

My kith and kin deserted me, away they all have flown;
Without a thought they fly away. Why art thou left alone?

Fly, noble bird, with prisoners what fellowship can be?
Sumukha, fly! nor lose the chance [2], while thou mayst yet be free.

[360] On hearing this, Sumukha thought, "This goose-king is ignorant of my real nature; he fancies I am a friend that speaks words of flattery. I will show him how loving I am," and he repeated four stanzas:

No, I'll not leave thee, royal goose, when trouble draweth nigh,

But stay I will, and by thy side will either live or die.

I will not leave thee, royal bird, when trouble draweth nigh,
Nor join in such ignoble act with others, no, not I.

I'm one in heart and soul with thee, playmate and friend of old,
Of all thy host, O noble king, famed as the leader bold.

Returning to thy kith and kin what could I have to say,

If I shall leave thee to thy fate and heedless fly away?

Nay, I would rather die than live, so base a part to play.

When Sumukha had thus in four stanzas uttered as it were a lion's note, the Great Being, making known his merits, said:

Thy nature ’tis, O Sumukha, abiding in the Right,

Ne’er to forsake thy lord and friend or safety seek in flight.

[361] Looking on thee no thought of fear arises in my mind,
E’en in this sorry plight some way to save me thou wilt find.

While they were thus conversing, the fowler standing on the edge of the lake saw the geese flying off in three divisions and wondering what this could possibly mean he looked at the spot

where he had set the snare and beheld the Bodhisatta leaning on the stick to which the noose was fastened. Overjoyed he girt up his loins and taking a club he hastily drew nigh and stood before the birds, like the fire at the beginning of a cycle, with head towering above them and his heel planted in the mud.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold!
All in hot haste, with staff in hand drew nigh this fowler bold.

Seeing him trusty Sumukha stood up before the king,
His anxious lord in his distress stoutly encouraging [1].

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,
An effort I will duly make with justice as my plea,
And soon by my heroic act once more thou shalt be free.

Thus did Sumukha comfort the Great Being, and going, up to the fowler and speaking with a sweet human voice he asked, "What is thy name, friend?" [362] Then he answered, "O king of the gold-coloured geese, I am called Khemaka." Sumukha said, "Do not imagine, friend, a mere ordinary [2] goose has been caught in the horse-hair noose you set. The chief of ninety thousand geese, the Dhataraṭṭha king, is caught in your snare. Wise is he and virtuous and he is ranged on the side of conciliation [3]. He ought not to be put to death. I will do whatever he was to have done for you. I too am gold-coloured and for his sake will lay down my life. If you are anxious to take his feathers, take mine; or, if you would have anything else of his, skin, flesh, sinew or bone, take it from my body. Again, supposing you wish to make a tame bird of him, make a tame bird of me, selling me while still alive, or if you would make money, make it

by selling me: do not slay him, endowed as he is with wisdom and such like virtues. If you shall kill him, you will never escape from hell and similar states of suffering." After thus terrifying the fowler with the fear of hell and making him give ear to his sweet discourse, Sumukha once more drew near and took his stand by the Bodhisatta, comforting him. The fowler, hearing his words, thought, "Being a mere bird, as he is, he can do what for men is impossible. For they cannot remain constant in friendship. Oh! what a wise, eloquent, and holy creature is this!" His whole body thrilling with joy and ecstasy, and his hair standing erect with wonder, he dropped his stick and raising his joined hands to his forehead, like one worshipping the sun, he stood proclaiming the virtues of Sumukha.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The fowler hearing what the bird so eloquently said,
With hair erect and folded hands his homage duly paid.

Ne'er was it heard or seen before that, using human speech,
To man in his own tongue a goose sublimest truth should preach.

[1]What is this bird to thee, that when the rest are fled and gone,
Though free, beside the captive bird thou here art left alone?

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[363] Sumukha, on being asked this question by the evil-minded fowler, thought, "He is relenting: to soften his heart still more I will now show him my quality," and he said:

He is my king, O foe to birds, his captain chief am I;
I cannot leave him to his fate, while I to safety fly.

Let not this lord of mighty hosts here perish all alone;
Near him my happiness I find: him as my lord I own.

On hearing this sweet discourse of his treating of duty, the fowler, overjoyed and with hair erect in wonder, thought, " If I should kill this royal goose endowed with virtue and the like good qualities, I shall never escape from the four states of suffering: let the king of Benares do what he will with me; I shall make over this captive as a free gift to Sumukha and let him go," and he spake this stanza:

Noble art thou, to honour one through whom thou still dost live;
Fly where ye list: to thy good lord his freedom now I give.

[364] So saying, the fowler with kindly purpose drew nigh to the Great Being and bending the stick he laid the bird on the mud, and pulling up the stick he set it free from the noose. Then he drew forth the bird from the lake and laying him on some young kuśa grass he gently loosed the snare that bound his foot. Conceiving a strong affection for the

Great Being, with kindly thought he took some water[f] and washed off the blood, repeatedly wiping it. Then by the[g] power of his charity nerve was united to nerve, flesh to flesh, and[h] skin to skin, and the foot became just as before, not to be distinguished from the other one, and the Bodhisatta sat rejoicing in[i] his original state. Sumukha, seeing how happy the king was[j] all owing to his action, was highly delighted and thought, "This man has rendered us a great service, but we have done nothing[k] for him. If he caught us for the king's ministers of state and[l] took us to them, he would receive a large sum of money, and[m] if he

caught us for himself, he could sell us and still make great gain: I will question him somewhat." So in his desire to render him a service he put this question and said

If thou for thine own purposes didst set for us this snare,
Our freedom we accept from thee without a thought or care.

But otherwise, O fowler bold, in letting us go free,
Without the king's permission, sure, ’twere nought but robbery.

The fowler on hearing this said, "I did not catch you for myself, I was employed by Saṁyama, king of Benares," and he then told them the whole story, beginning from the time of the queen's seeing a vision down to the time when the king heard of the arrival of the geese, and said, "Friend Khemaka, try and catch one or two geese, and I will confer great honour on you," and despatched him with a provision for his journey.

On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This fowler, taking no account of his own livelihood, [365] in setting us free has wrought a difficult thing. But if we shall return hence to Cittakūṭa, neither the supernatural wisdom of the Dhataraṭṭha king nor my act of friendship will be revealed, the fowler will not receive great honour, the king will not be established in the five moral laws, nor will the queen's desire be fulfilled." And he answered, "Friend, it being so, you cannot let us go: present us to the king and he shall deal with us according to his pleasure."

To make this clear, he spoke this stanza:

Thou art the servant of the king; his wishes then fulfil;
King Saṁyama [1] shall deal with us according to his will.

On hearing this the fowler said, "O sirs, let it not be your pleasure to see the king. Kings verily are dangerous beings. They will either make tame geese of you or put you to death." Then Sumukha said, "Friend fowler, do not trouble yourself about us. By my preaching of the Law I made a cruel fellow like you soft-hearted. Why should I not do the same in the case of the king? Kings are wise and understand goodly words: quick and take us to the king. And in taking us do not carry us as captives, but put us in a cage of flowers and take us thus. For the

Dhataraṭṭha king make a big cage shaded with white lotus, and for me a small cage covered with red lotus, and put him in front and me behind, somewhat lower, and take us with all speed and present us to the king." The fowler, hearing the words of Sumukha, thought, "Sumukha, in seeing the king, must be desirous of conferring great honour on me," and being highly delighted he fashioned cages of soft osiers and covering them with lotuses set out with the birds in the way already described.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

The fowler grasping them with both his hands, as he was told,
Placed in their cage these ruddy geese with skin of yellow gold.

[366] The goose-king now and Sumukha with plumage bright to see,
Safe in their cage the fowler took and off with them marched he.

As soon as the fowler had set off with them the Dhataraṭṭha goose called to mind his wife, the daughter of the pāka goose-

king, and addressing Sumukha under the influence of his passion he thus lamented.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

The king on being carried off to Sumukha thus spake;

"My fair and gracious [1] spouse, methinks, now grieving for my sake,

If she should hear that I am dead, her life, I fear, might take.

Like heron mourning for its mate by lonely ocean's shore,
Suhemā—bright as gold her skin—her lord will still deplore [2]."

On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This goose, though ready to admonish others, all for a female's sake, under the sway of passion babbles just as when water is heated [3], or as when (birds) rise up from a bank and devour a field of grain. What if I were by my own wisdom to make clear to him the vices of the female sex and to bring him to his senses?" and he said:

That one so great and peerless thought, a leader of his kind,

Should grieve for bird of female sex shows little strength of mind,

As wind will carry any scent, be it or bad or good,
Or greedy child, as if 'twere blind eats raw or well-cooked food,

[367]

Without true judgement in affairs, poor fool, thou canst not see,

What to avoid or what to do in each emergency.

Half mad thou speakst of womankind as blest with every grace,
Yet most as common are to men as toper's drinking place.

[1]Sorrow, disease, calamity, like harshest chains to bind,
Mirage, and fraud, the snare of death deep-seated in the mind—
Such women are: who trusts in them is vilest of his kind.

[368] Then the Dhataraṭṭha goose, in his infatuation for the female sex, said, "You know not the virtues of womankind, but the sages know: they are not deserving of censure." And by way of explanation he said:

Truth that sages ascertained, who is there that dares to blame?

Women in this world are born, destined to great power and fame.

They for dalliance are formed, joys of love for them ordained,
Seeds within them germinate, source from whence all life's sustained,
They from whom man draws his breath scarce by man may be disdained.

Art thou, Sumukha, alone versed in ways of womankind?
Didst thou only, moved by fear, this belated wisdom find?

Meeting danger every man bears up bravely ’midst alarm,
In a crisis sages all strive to shelter us from harm.

Princes then to counsel them fain would have a hero brave,
’Gainst the shock of adverse fate, apt to counsel, strong to save.

Let not royal cooks, I pray, roast our mangled limbs to-day,
As its fruit the bamboo kills, us too golden plumes might slay.

Free thou wouldst not fly from me, captive of thy own free will,
Cease from words in danger's hour, up, a manly part fulfil.

[369] The Great Being by singing the praises of womankind reduced Sumukha to silence [2], but on seeing how distressed he was, he now, to conciliate him, repeated this stanza:

An effort make such as is due, with justice as thy plea,

And by heroic act, dear friend, restore my life to me.

[370] Then Sumukha thought, "He is greatly terrified by fear of death; he does not know my powers. After seeing the king of

Benares and having a little talk with him, I shall know what to do: meanwhile I will comfort my king," and he spoke this stanza:

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,
An effort I will duly make, with justice as my plea,
And soon by my heroic act thou shalt once more be free.

While they were thus conversing in the language of birds, the fowler did not understand a single word they said, but carrying them on his pole he entered Benares, followed by a multitude of people, who, filled with

wonder and amazement, stretched forth their hands in suppliant attitude. On reaching the door of the palace, the fowler had his arrival made known to the king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The fowler with his burden to the palace gate drew near;
"Announce me to the king," he cried, "the ruddy goose is here."

The doorkeeper went and announced his arrival. The king was highly delighted and said, "Let him come hither at once," and attended by a crowd of courtiers and seated upon the throne with a white umbrella held over him he saw Khemaka ascend to the dais with his burden, and looking at the gold-coloured geese, he said, "My heart's desire is fulfilled," and he gave an order to his courtiers that all due service should be rendered to the fowler.

To make the matter clear, the Master said:

Seeing these birds with holy looks and marks auspicious blest,
King Saṁyama with words like these his councillors addressed:

"Give to the fowler meat and drink, soft food, apparel brave,
And store of ruddy gold as much as heart of man can crave."

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[371] Being highly elated with joy, he in this way showed his pleasure and said, "Go and array the fowler and bring him back to me." So the courtiers, taking him down from the palace, had his hair and beard trimmed, and when he had taken a bath and had been anointed and was sumptuously arrayed they brought him into the presence of the king. Then the king conferred on him twelve hamlets, yielding annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, a chariot yoked with thoroughbreds, a large well-equipped house and very great honour. On receiving so great honour, the fowler, to explain what he had done, said, "This, sire, is no ordinary goose that I have brought you; this is the king of ninety thousand geese, Dhataraṭṭha by name, and this is the chief captain, Sumukha." Then the king asked, "How, friend, did you catch them?"

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing the fowler highly pleased, the king of Kāsi said,
"If, Khemaka, on yonder lake geese in their thousands fed,

Amidst the throng of kindred fowl, pray, how didst thou contrive
To single out this lovely bird and capture him alive?"

The fowler answering him said:

[1]Through seven long days with anxious care in vain I marked the spot,
Searching for that fair goose's track, concealed within a pot [2].

To-day I found the feeding-ground to which the goose repaired,
And there straightway I set a trap and lo! he soon was snared.

[372] On hearing this the king thought, "This fellow standing at the door and telling his story spoke only of the arrival of the Dhataraṭṭha king and now too he speaks of this one only. What can be the meaning of this?" and he spoke this stanza:

Fowler, thou speakst of only one, yet here two birds I see;
'Tis some mistake, why wouldst thou bring this second bird to me?

Then the fowler said, "There was no change of purpose on my part, nor am I anxious to present the second goose to some one else: moreover only one was caught in the snare I set," and in explanation he said:

The goose with lines like ruddy gold all running down his breast,
Caught in my snare I hither bring, O king, at thy behest.

This splendid bird himself still free sat by the captive's side,
The while with kindly human speech his friend to cheer he tried.

And he then after this manner proclaimed the virtues of Sumukha. "As soon as he knew that the Dhataraṭṭha goose was caught, he stayed and consoled his friend and on my approach he came to meet me and remained poised in the air, conversing pleasantly with me in human language and telling of the virtues of the Dhataraṭṭha, and after thus softening my heart [373] he once more took his stand in front of his friend. Then I, sire, on hearing the eloquence of Sumukha was converted and let the

Dhataraṭṭha loose. Thus was the release of Dhataraṭṭha from the snare and my coming here with these geese all owing to Sumukha." On being told this the king was anxious to hear a sermon from Sumukha, and while the fowler was still paying honour to him, the sun set, lamps were lighted, and a crowd of warrior chiefs and others gathered together and queen Khemā with an escort of divers bands of dancers took her seat on the right of the king, and at this moment the king, desiring to persuade Sumukha to speak, uttered this stanza:

Why, Sumukha, dost hold thy tongue? Is it from awe, I pray,
That in my royal presence thou hast not a word to say?

Hearing this, Sumukha, to show he was not afraid, said:

I fear not, Kāsi lord, to speak amidst thy royal train,
Nor, should occasion fit arrive, would I from words refrain.

p. 198

Hearing this, the king, desirous to make him speak at greater length, reviling him, said:

No archers clad in mail, no helm [1], no leather shield I see,
No escort bold of horse or foot, no cars, no infantry.

I see no yellow gold, no town with goodly buildings crowned,
No watch tower made impregnable with moat encircling round,
Entrenched wherein by Sumukha will nought to fear be found.

[374] When the king had in this wise asked why he was not terrified, Sumukha replied in this stanza:

No escort for a guard I want, no town or wealth need I,
'Midst pathless air we find a way and travel through the sky.

If thou wert stablished in the truth, we fain to thee would teach
Some useful lesson for thy good in wise and subtle speech.

But if thou art a liar, false, one of ignoble strain,
This fowler's words of eloquence appeal to thee in vain.

On hearing this the king said, "Why speakest thou of me as lying and ignoble? What have I done?" Then Sumukha said, "Well, listen to me," and he spoke as follows:

At brahmins' bidding thou didst make this Khema, lake of fame,

And didst to birds at twice five points immunity proclaim.

Within this peaceful pool thus fed with streams serene and pure,
Birds ever found abundant food and lived a life secure.

Hearing this noised abroad we came to visit that fair scene,
And snared by thee we found alas! thy promise false had been.

But under cover of a lie each act of sinful greed
Forfeits rebirth as man or god, and straight to hell must lead.

[375] Thus did he even in the midst of his retinue put the king to shame. Then the king said to him, "I did not have you caught, Sumukha, to kill you and eat your flesh, but hearing how wise you were I was anxious to listen to your eloquence," and, making the matter clear, he said:

No sin was mine, O Sumukha, nor seized I you through greed,

Your fame for wisdom and deep thought, ’twas this that caused the deed.

"Haply if here they may declare some true and helpful word,"
’Twas so I bade the fowler seize and bring thee here, O bird.

On hearing this Sumukha said, "You have acted wrongly, sire," and he spoke as follows:

We could not speak the word of truth, awed by approaching death,

Nor when in death's last agony we draw our parting breath.

[2]Who would a bird with bird decoy, or beast with beast pursue,
Or with a text a preacher trap, nought base would he eschew.

p. 199

And whoso utters noble words, intent on action base,

Both here and in the next world sinks from bliss to woeful place.

Be not o’erjoyed in glory's hour, in danger not distrest,
Make good defects, in trouble strive to do thy very best.

[376] Sages arrived at life's last stage, the goal of death in view,
After a righteous course on earth, to heaven their way pursue.

Hearing this cleave to righteousness, O sire, and straight release
This royal Dhataraṭṭha bird, the paragon of geese.

Hearing this the king said:

Go, fetch ye water for their feet, and throne of solid worth,

Lo! from his cage I have set free the noblest bird on earth,

Together with his captain bold, so able and so wise,
Taught with his king in weal and woe ever to sympathise.

Sure such an one right well deserves e’en as his lord to fare,
Just as he was prepared with him both life and death to share.

Hearing the king's words they fetched seats for them and as they sat there they washed their feet with scented water and anointed them with oil an hundredfold refined.

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[377] The Master, in explaining the matter, said:

The royal bird sat on a throne, eight-footed, burnished bright,

All solid gold, with Kāsi cloth o’erspread, a splendid sight.

And next his king sat Sumukha, his trusty captain bold,
Upon a couch with tiger-skin o’erspread, and all of gold.

To them full many a Kāsi lord in golden bowls did bring,
Choice gifts of dainty food to eat, the offerings of their king.

When this food had been thus served to them, the Kāsi king, to welcome them, himself took a golden bowl and offered it to them, and they from it ate honey and parched grain and drank sugar-water. Then the Great Being, taking note of the king's offering and the grace with which it was made, entered into friendly converse with him.

The Master, to clear up the matter, said:

Thinking, "How choice the gifts this lord of Kāsi offered us,"

The bird, skilled in the ways of kings, made his inquiries thus:

[1]Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?
I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.

O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me;
My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.

p. 200

Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain and blame,

Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?

I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain and blame,
Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.

Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?

I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

[378] And is thy realm in happy case, from all oppression free,
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity?

My kingdom is in happy case, from all oppression free,
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity.

Dost drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,
Or dost thou righteousness eschew, to follow evil ways?

I drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,
All wickedness I do eschew and follow righteous ways.

Dost mark the span of life, O king, how quickly it is sped,
Or drunk with madness dost regard the next world free from dread?

I mark the span of life, O bird, how quickly it is sped,
And, standing fast in virtues ten, the next world never dread.

Almsgiving, justice, penitence, meek spirit, temper mild,
Peace, mercy, patience, charity, with morals undefiled—

These graces firmly planted in my soul are clear to see,
Whence springs rich harvest of great joy and happiness for me.

But Sumukha though knowing nought of evil we had done,
Right heedlessly gave vent to words in harsh and angry tone.

Things I knew not were to my charge by this bird wrongly laid,
In language harsh. Herein, methinks, scant wisdom was displayed.

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[379] On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This virtuous king is angry, because I upbraided him: I will win his forgiveness," and he said:

I sinned against thee, lord of men, and words of rashness spake,

But when this royal goose was caught my heart was like to break.

As earth bears with all living things, as father with his son,
Do thou, O mighty king, forgive the wrong that we have done.

Then the king took the bird up and embraced him and seating him on a golden stool he accepted his confession of error, and said:

I thank thee, bird, that thou shouldst ne’er thy nature true conceal,
[1]Thou breakest down my stubborn will; upright art thou, I feel.

And with these words the king, being highly pleased with the exposition of the Law by the Great Being, and with the straightforward speech of Sumukha, thought, "When one is pleased, one ought to act so as to show one's pleasure," and yielding his royal splendour to the birds, he said:

Whate’er of silver, gold, and pearls, rich gems and precious gear
In Kāsi's royal town is stored within my palace here,

[380] Copper and iron, shells and pearls, and jewels numberless,
Ivory, yellow sandal wood, deer skins and costly dress,
This wealth and lordship over all, I give you to possess.

And with such-like words honouring both birds with the white umbrella he handed over to them his kingdom. Then the Great Being, conversing with the king, said:

Since thou art fain to honour us, be pleased, O lord of men,
To be our Master, teaching us those royal virtues ten.

And then if thy approval and consent we haply win,
We would take formal leave of thee, and go to see our kin.

He gave them leave to go, and, while the Bodhisatta was still preaching the Law, the sun arose.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

The livelong night in deepest thought the king of Kāsi spent,
Then to that noble bird's request straight yielded his consent.

When he had thus got his permission to depart, the Bodhisatta, saying, "Be vigilant and rule your kingdom in righteousness," established the king in the five moral laws. [381] And the king offered them parched corn with honey and sugar-water in golden dishes, and when they had finished their meal, after doing them homage with scented wreaths and similar offerings, the king himself lifted the Bodhisatta on high in a golden cage, and queen Khemā lifted Sumukha on high. Then at sunrise they opened the window and saying, "Sirs, begone," they let them loose.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Then as the sun began to rise and break of day was nigh [1],
Soon from their sight they vanished quite in depths of azure sky.

One of them, the Great Being, flying up from the golden cage, remained poised in the air, and saying, "O sire, be not troubled, but be vigilant and abide in our admonition," he thus comforted the king, and taking Sumukha with him he made straight for Cittakūṭa. And those ninety thousand geese issuing forth from the Golden Cave settled on the

high table-land, and on seeing the two birds coming they set out to meet them and escorted them home. And thus accompanied by a flock of their kinsfolk they reached the plateau of Cittakūṭa.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,
The wingèd flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

While thus escorting their king, these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of king Saṁyama and his courtiers. On hearing this, the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long [1] live Sumukha, captain of our host, and long live the king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

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[382] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

This has been fully related in the Cullahaṁsa Birth.

The Master here ended his story and identified the Birth: "At that time the fowler was Channa, queen Khemā was the nun Khemā, the king was Sāriputta, the king's retinue the followers of Buddha, Sumukha was Ānanda, and the goose-king was I myself."

Footnotes

186:1 For other versions of this story see note on *Cullahaṁsa-Jātaka,* p. 175 of this volume.

187:1 One reading gives *Ācariyā,* "My masters, are there any golden geese?"

190:1 Taking the v. 1. *pādo chijjeyya.* The plural *pādā* in the text must be wrong, as the royal goose had only one foot snared.

190:2 *mā anīghāya hāpesi,* cf. *Jāt.* IV. 424. 21. *hāpeti* is here constructed with a dative instead of the more usual accusative.

191:1 *aparibrūhayi.* For the form of the word cf. Whitney's *Skt Grammar* § 1087, for the meaning cf. *Jāt.* III. 31. 14 and 191. 5.

191:2 For this use of *yo vā so vā* cf. *Jāt.* IV. 38. 9, V. 313. 23, VI. 31. 25.

191:3 *saṅgāhaka, Jāt.* III. 262. 21, IV. 110. 20, is explained as "conciliating by means of the four kingly virtues called the saṅgahavatthus."

192:1 This line occurs in the previous story, p. 180.

193:1 Reading *Saṁyama no.*

194:1 Literally "with auspicious marks upon the thigh."

194:2 *rucchiti* for *rodissati,* cf. *Jāt.* VI. 80. 15.

194:3 Foolish talk is here compared to the sound of boiling water or perhaps to the crackling of thorns beneath the pot, and also

to the noise of birds swooping down upon a field of grain.

195:1 These lines occur in *Jāt.* II. p. 228, English version.

195:2 For *appaṭibhāna* in the sense of "not ready with a reply" cf. *Jāt.* IV. 304. 16, VI. 246. 15.

197:1 The text here is unsatisfactory, giving *ādānāni,* while the commentator's gloss gives "feeding-ground," as if it were *adanāni,* so *ādanesanam* perhaps should be *adanesanam,* cf. *Jāt*. IV. 223. 4, *ghāsesanam care.*

197:2 Taking the vl. *ghaṭassito.*

198:1 I do not find either *kīṭa* or the commentator's gloss *cāṭipāla:* it is probably some weapon or a piece of defensive armour.

198:2 This line occurs *supra,* p. 139, where see note.

199:1 The following twelve lines occur *supra,* p. 183.

200:1 For the phrase *khilaṁ pabhindati,* cf. Fausböll's edition of the *Sutta Nipāta,* 973, and the Glossary, Pt. II. p. 92.

201:1 *ratyā vivasane.* Note *ratyā* for *rattiyā.* The line occurs in *Jāt.* IV. 241. 17.

No. 535.

SUDHĀBHOJANA-JĀTAKA [2].

"No huckster I," etc. This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a liberally minded Brother. He was said to be a man of gentle birth, living at Sāvatthi, who after hearing the Law preached by the Master was converted and adopted the religious life. Being perfected in the moral virtues and furnished with the dhuta precepts [3] and with a heart full of love for his fellow priests he thrice every day zealously ministered to the service of the Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly, and showed himself exemplary in conduct

and devoted to charity. Fulfilling the obligations of kindly civility [1], whatever he received, so long as there were any recipients, he would give away till he was himself without food. And his liberality and charitable disposition were noised abroad in the Assembly of the Brethren. So one day the topic was started in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother was so liberally minded and devoted to charity that if he received only sufficient drink to fill the hollow of the hand, free from all greed, he would give it to his fellow priests—his will being even as that of a Bodhisatta. The Master by his divine sense of hearing caught what they were saying, and issuing forth from his Perfumed Chamber drew nigh and asked what was the nature of their discussion. And when they answered, "It was so and so," he said, "This Brother of old, Brethren, was far from liberal, nay, so stingy that he would not give so much as a drop of oil on the tip of a

blade of grass. So I converted and made him self-denying and by praising the fruits of charity I firmly established him in almsgiving; so that on receiving water just enough to fill the hollow of the hand he would say, "I will not drink a drop without giving some away," and he received a boon at my hands, and as a result of his almsgiving he became liberally minded and devoted to charity," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares there lived a wealthy householder possessed of eighty crores and the king conferred on him the office of Treasurer. Being thus honoured by the king and highly esteemed by citizens and country folk alike, he was one day dwelling upon his worldly prosperity, and he thought, "This glory was not won by me by slothfulness and sinful acts in a former existence [383] but was attained by accomplishing deeds of virtue; it behoves me to make my salvation sure in the future." So he sought the king's presence and addressed him thus, "In my house, sire, is treasure amounting to eighty crores: accept it from me." And when the king said, "I have no need of your riches; I have abundant wealth: henceforth take and do whatever you like with it," he said, "Can I, sire, bestow my money in charity?" The king said, "Do as you please": and he had six alms-halls built, one at each of the four city gates, one in the heart of the city and one at the door of his dwelling-house, and by a daily expenditure of six hundred thousand pieces of money he set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale, and so long as he lived he dispensed alms and instructed his sons, saying, "See that you do not break away from this tradition of mine, of giving alms," and at the close of his life he was reborn as Sakka. His son, in like manner giving

alms, was reborn as Canda, Canda's son as Suriya, Suriya's son as Mātali, Mātali's son as Pañcasikha. Now Pañcasikha's son, the sixth in descent, was the Treasurer named Maccharikosiya (the Millionaire Miser)) and he still owned eighty crores. But he thought, "My forefathers were fools. They flung away the wealth that was so sorely scraped together, but I will guard my treasure. I will not give a penny to a soul." And he demolished and burned down the alms-hall and became a confirmed miser. So the beggars assembled at his gate and stretching forth their arms cried with a loud voice "O Lord High Treasurer, do not away with,

the tradition of your forefathers, but give alms." On hearing this the people blamed him, saying, "Maccharikosiya has done away with the tradition of his family." Being ashamed he set a watch to prevent the beggars from standing at his gate, and being thus left utterly destitute they never again set eyes upon his door. Thenceforth he continued to roll money together [1], but he neither enjoyed it himself nor shared it with his wife and children. He lived on rice with its red powder, served with sour gruel, and wore coarse garments, being merely the filaments of roots and stalks of berries, shading his head with a parasol of leaves, and he rode upon a crazy old chariot, yoked to worn-out oxen. Thus all this wicked fellow's money [384] was as it were a cocoa-nut found by a dog [2]. Now one day when he was going to wait upon the king he thought he would take the sub-treasurer [3] with him, and at the moment when he reached his house he found the sub-treasurer seated in the midst of his wife and children, and eating some rice porridge prepared with powdered sugar to sweeten it [4] and cooked with fresh ghee. On seeing Maccharikosiya he rose from his seat and said, "Come and sit on

this couch, Lord High Treasurer, and have some rice porridge with me." When he saw the rice porridge, his mouth watered and he longed to partake of it, but the thought occurred to him, "If I should take some porridge, when the sub-treasurer comes to my house I shall have to make him some return of hospitality and in this way my money will be wasted. I will not eat it." Then on being pressed again and again he refused, saying, "I have already dined; I am sated." But while the sub-treasurer was enjoying his food, he sat looking on with his mouth watering, and when the meal was ended he repaired with him to the palace. On returning home he was overwhelmed with a craving for rice porridge, but thought, "If I should say I wanted to eat rice porridge, a lot of people would also want to eat it and a quantity of husked rice and the like would be wasted. I will not say a word to a creature." So night and day he passed his time thinking of nothing but porridge, but from fear of spending his money he told no one and kept his craving to himself. But being unable to bear with it he gradually grew paler and paler, and so through fear of wasting his substance he spoke of his craving to no one, and by and bye becoming very weak he lay down, hugging his bed. Then his wife came to see him and stroking his back with her hand she inquired, "Is my lord ill?" "Ill yourself!" he cried, "I am quite well." "My

lord, you have grown pale. Have you anything on your mind? Is the king displeased or have you been treated with disrespect by your children? Or have you conceived a craving for something?" "Yes, I have a craving." "Tell me what it is, my lord." "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes, I will be silent about any cravings that ought to be kept secret." [385] But even so, through fear of

wasting his substance he had not the courage to tell her, but being repeatedly pressed by her he said, "My dear, one day I saw the sub-treasurer eating rice porridge prepared with ghee, honey, and powdered sugar, and from that day I have had a craving to eat the same kind of porridge." "Poor wretch, are you so badly off? I will cook porridge enough for all the inhabitants of Benares." Then he felt just as if he had been struck on the head with a stick. Being angry with her he said, "I am well aware that you are very rich. If it comes from your family, you may cook and give rice porridge to the whole city." "Well then I will make and cook enough for the dwellers in a single street." "What have you to do with them? Let them eat what belongs to them." "Then I will make enough for seven households taken at random here and there." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook it for the attendants in this house." "What are they to you?" "Well, then, I will cook for our kinsfolk only." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook, my lord, for you and me." "And pray who are you? It is not allowable in your case." "I will cook it for you only, my lord." "Pray do not cook it for me: if you cook it in the house, a lot of people will look for it. But just give me a measure of husked rice, a quartern of milk, a pound [1] of sugar, a pot of honey and a cooking vessel, and going into the forest I will there cook and eat my porridge." She did so, and bidding a slave take it all he ordered him to go and stand in such and such a place. Then sending the slave forward, all alone he made himself a veil and in this disguise he went there and by the river side at the foot of a shrub he had an oven made and firewood and water brought to him and he said to the slave, "Go and stand in yonder road and, if you see anyone, make a sign to me, and when I call you come back to me." Sending off the slave he made a fire and cooked his porridge. At that moment Sakka, king of heaven, contemplating the splendid city of the gods, ten thousand

leagues in extent, [386] and the golden street sixty leagues long, and Vejayanta [2] reared a thousand leagues high, and Sudhammā [3] compassing five hundred leagues, and his throne of yellow marble, sixty leagues in extent, and his white umbrella with its golden wreath, five leagues in circumference, and his own person accompanied with a glorious array of

twenty-five millions of heavenly nymphs—contemplating, I say, all this glory of his he thought, "What can I have done to have attained to such honour as this?" And he saw in his mind's eye the almsgiving he had established when he was Lord High Treasurer at Benares, and then he thought, "Where are my descendants born?" and considering the matter he said, "My son Canda was born in an angel-form, and his son was Suriya." And marking the birth of all of them, "What," he cried, "has been the fate of the son of Pañcasikha?" And on reflection he saw that the tradition of the race had been done away with, and the thought occurred to him, "This wicked fellow being niggardly neither enjoys his wealth himself nor gives aught to others: the tradition of the race has been destroyed by him. When he dies he will be reborn in hell. By admonishing him and by re-establishing my tradition I will show him how to be reborn in the city of the gods." So he summoned Canda and the rest and saying, "Come, we will visit the haunts of men: the tradition of our family has been abolished by Maccharikosiya, the alms-halls have been burned down and he neither enjoys wealth himself nor gives aught to others, but now being desirous of eating porridge and thinking, "If it is cooked in the house, the porridge will have to be given to someone else as well," he has gone into the forest and is cooking it all alone. We will go and convert him and teach

him the fruits of almsgiving. If however he were asked by all of us at once to give us some food, he would fall dead on the spot. I will go first and when I have asked him for porridge and have taken my seat, then do you come, one after another, disguised as brahmins, and beg of him." So saying he himself in the likeness of a brahmin approached him and cried, "Ho! which is the road to Benares?" Then Maccharikosiya said, "Have you lost your wits? Do you not even know the way to Benares? Why are you coming this way? Get you gone from hence." Sakka, pretending not to hear what he said, came close up to him, asking him what he said. [387] Then he bawled, "I say, you deaf old brahmin, why are you coming this way? Go yonder." Then Sakka said, "Why do you bawl so loud? Here I see smoke and a fire, and rice porridge is cooking. It must be some occasion for entertaining brahmins. I too when the brahmins are being fed will take somewhat. Why are you driving me away [1]?" "There is no entertainment of brahmins here. Be off with you." "Then why are you so angry? When you eat your meal, I will take a little." He said, "I will not give you even a single lump of boiled rice. This scanty food is only just enough to keep me alive, and even this was got by begging. You go and look for your food elsewhere"—and this he said in reference to the fact of his having asked his wife for the rice—and he spoke this stanza:

No huckster I to buy or vend,
No stores are mine to give or lend:
This dole of rice ‘twas hard to gain,
’Tis scarce enough to serve us twain.

On hearing this Sakka said, "I too with honey-sweet voice will repeat a stanza for you; hearken to me," and though he tried to stop him, saying, "I do not want to hear your stanza," Sakka repeated a couple of stanzas:

From little one should little give, from moderate means likewise,

From much give much: of giving nought no question can arise.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine:
Eat not alone, no bliss is his that by himself shall dine,
By charity thou mayst ascend the noble path divine.

[388] On hearing his words he said, "This is a gracious saying of thine, brahmin; when the porridge is cooked, thou shalt receive a little. Pray, take a seat." Sakka sat down on one side. When he was seated, Canda in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though Maccharikosiya kept trying to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas:

Vain is thy sacrifice and vain the craving of thy heart,

Shouldst thou eat food and grudge to give thy guest some little part.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine, etc.

On hearing his words, the miser very reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little porridge." So he went and sat down near Sakka. Then Suriya in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though the miser tried to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas:

Real thy sacrifice nor vain the craving of thy heart,

Shouldst thou not eat thy food alone, but give thy guest a part.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

On hearing his words the miser with great reluctance said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Suriya went and sat by Canda. Then Mātali in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke these stanzas:

Who offers gifts to lake or flood of Gayā's stream that laves
Or Timbaru or Doṇa shrine with rapid-flowing waves,
Herein gains fruit of sacrifice and craving of his heart,
If with a guest he shares his food nor sits and eats apart.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

[389] On hearing his words also, overwhelmed as it were with a mountain peak, he reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." Mātali came and sat by Suriya. Then Pañcasikha in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke a couple of stanzas:

Like fish that swallows greedily hook fastened to a line
Is he who with a guest at hand all by himself shall dine.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

Maccharikosiya on hearing this, with a painful effort and groaning aloud, said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Pañcasikha went and sat by Mātali. And when these five brahmins had just taken their seats, the porridge was cooked. Then Kosiya taking it from the oven told the brahmins to bring their leaves. Remaining seated as they were they stretched forth their hands and brought leaves of a creeper from the Himalayas. Kosiya on seeing them said, "I cannot give you any porridge in

these large leaves of yours: get some leaves of the acacia and similar trees." They gathered such leaves and each one was as big as a warrior's shield. So he helped all of them to some porridge with a spoon. By the time he had helped the last of all, there was still plenty left in the pot. After serving the five brahmins he himself sat down, holding the pot. At that moment Pañcasikha rose up and putting off his natural form was changed into a dog and came and stood in front of them and made water. Each of the brahmins covered up his porridge with a leaf. A drop of the dog's water fell on the back of Kosiya's hand. [390] The brahmins fetched water in their jars and mixing it with the porridge pretended to eat it. Kosiya said, "Give me too some water and after washing my hand I will take some food." "Fetch water for yourself," they said, "and wash your hand." "I gave you porridge; give me a little water." "We do not make a business of exchanging alms [1]." "Well then guard this cooking pot and, after I have washed my hand, I will come back," and he descended to the river side. At that moment the dog filled the pot with urine. Kosiya on seeing him make water took a big stick and drew nigh, threatening him. The dog was now transformed into a spirited blood horse and, as it pursued him, it assumed various colours. Now it was black, now white, now gold-coloured, now dappled. At one time high, at another time low of stature. Thus in many different appearances it pursued Maccharikosiya, who frightened with the fear of death drew nigh to the brahmins, while they flew up and stood fixed in the air. On seeing their supernatural power he said:

Ye noble brahmins, standing in mid air,

Why does this hound of yours thus strangely wear

A thousand varied forms, though one he be,

And tell me truly, brahmins, who are ye?

On hearing this, Sakka, the king of heaven, said:

Canda and Suriya lo! both are here,
And Mātali the heavenly charioteer,
I Sakka am, chief god of Thirty-Three,
And Pañcasikha there is chasing thee.

And celebrating Pañcasikha's fame Sakka spoke this stanza:

With tabour, drum, and tambourine they rouse him from his sleep,
And as he wakes, glad music makes his heart with joy to leap.

On hearing his words Kosiya asked, "By what acts do men attain to heavenly glory such as this'?" "They that do not practise charity, evil doers and misers reach not the angel-world, but are reborn in hell." And by way of showing this Sakka said:

[391]

Whoe’er are miserly niggards born,
Or priests and holy brahmins scorn,
Their earthly frame now laid aside,
In hell, dissolved by death, abide.

And speaking the following stanza, to show how those that are steadfast in righteousness attain to the angel-world, he said:

Steadfast in right who heaven would win
Give alms and keep themselves from sin,
And, with their body laid aside
By death's decay, in heaven abide.

After these words Sakka said, "Kosiya, we have not come to you for the sake of the porridge, but from a feeling of pity and compassion for you are we come," and to make it clear to him he said:

Thou, though to us in former births akin,
A miser art, a man of wrath and sin;
'Tis for thy sake we have come down to earth,
To avert from thee sin's doom—in hell rebirth.

Hearing this Kosiya thought, "They tell me they are my well-wishers; plucking me out of hell they would fain establish me in heaven." And being highly pleased he said:

In that ye thus admonish me, ye doubtless seek my good,
I too will follow your advice, so far as understood.

Henceforth I'll cease from stingy ways, from sinful deed abstain,
[392] Give alms of all, nor e'en a cup, unshared [1], of water drain.

Thus ever giving, Sakka, soon my wealth will minished be,
Then will I orders take, and lusts of every kind [2] will flee.

Sakka after converting Maccharikosiya taught him the fruits of alms-giving and made him self-denying, and when by preaching the law he had established him in the five moral virtues, together with his attendant gods he returned to the angel-city. Maccharikosiya too went into the city of Benares and having asked the king's permission he bade them take and fill all the vessels they could lay hands on with his treasure and gave it to the beggars. And now he started from the Himavat upon the right-hand side and on a spot between the Ganges and a natural lake he built a hut of leaves and becoming an ascetic he lived on roots and wild berries.

There he dwelt a long time till he reached old age. At that time Sakka had four daughters, Hope, Faith, Glory, and Honour, who taking with them many a heavenly scented garland came to lake Anotatta, to disport themselves in the water, and after amusing themselves there seated themselves on mount Manosilā. Just at that moment Nārada, a brahmin ascetic, went to the palace of the Thirty-Three to rest during the heat of the day and constructed a dwelling-place for the day in the bowers of Cittakūṭa in the Nanda grove. And holding in his hand the flower of the coral tree, to serve as a sunshade, he repaired to Golden Cave, the place where he dwelt on the top of Manosilā. The nymphs on seeing this flower in his hand begged it from him.

[393] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

In Gandhamādana's lordly height,
These nymphs, great Sakka's care, delight;
To them a saint of world-wide fame
With goodly bough in hand there came.

This bough with flowers so pure and sweet
Is deemed for gods and angels meet:
No demon, none of mortal birth
Can claim this flower of priceless worth.

Then Faith, Hope, Glory, Honour, those
Four maids with skins like gold, arose,
And, peerless ’midst all nymphs confessed,
The brahmin Nārada addressed,

"Give us, O sage, this coral flower,
If still to give is in thy power,
As Sakka's self we'll honour thee,
And thou in all things blest shalt be."

When Nārada their prayer had heard,
He straight a mighty quarrel stirred:
"I need it not; whom ye allow
To be your queen shall claim the bough."

[394] The four nymphs on hearing what he said spoke this stanza:

O Nārada, supreme art thou,

On whom thou wilt the boon bestow:

Whom thou shalt with such gift invest,

Amongst us shall be counted best.

Nārada, on hearing their words, addressing them said:

Fair one [1], such counsel is not right;

What brahmin strife would dare excite?

Take to the lord of sprites your quest,

If ye would know who's worst or best.

Then the Master spoke this stanza:

With pride of beauty mad and rage

Excited by the cunning sage,

p. 211

To Sakka, lord of sprites, they go,

Who ’mongst them all is best to know.

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[395] As they stood asking this question,

These nymphs so earnest in their quest
Sakka with due respect addressed,
Ye all in beauty equal are,
Who thus with strife your peace would mar?"

Being thus addressed by him they said:

Nārada, world-traversing, a sage of might,
Truth-piercing, steadfast ever in the right,
Thus spake to us on Gandhamādana's height;
"To Sakka, lord of spirits, straightway go,
If who is first or last ye fain would know."

Hearing this Sakka thought, "If I shall say that one of these four daughters of mine is virtuous beyond the others, the rest will be angry. This is a case impossible for me to decide; I will send them to Kosiya, the ascetic in the Himalayas: he shall decide the question for them.". So he said, "I cannot decide your case. In the Himalayas is an ascetic called Kosiya: to him I will send a cup of my ambrosia. He eats nothing without sharing it with another, and in giving he shows discrimination by bestowing it upon the virtuous. Whichsoever of you shall receive food at his hand, she must be the best amongst you." And so saying he repeated this stanza:

The sage that dwells in yon vast wood
Will not unshared touch any food;
Kosiya with judgment gifts confers,
To whom he gives, first place is hers.

[396] So he summoned Mātali and sent him to the ascetic, and in sending him he repeated the following stanza:

On Himavat slopes where Ganges glides
Towards the south a saint resides:
Ambrosia, Mātali, take to the saint,
For food and drink he's waxing faint.

Then the Master said:

At the god's behest went Mātali,
On a car with a thousand steeds rode he;
Unseen he soon by the hermitage stood
And offered the sage ambrosial food.

Kosiya took it and even as he stood spoke a couple of stanzas:

A flame of sacrifice while I did raise [1],
The sun that drives away all gloom to praise,
Sakka supreme o'er spirit-world that stands—
Who else?—ambrosia placed within my hands.

p. 212

White like a pearl was it, beyond compare,
Fragrant and pure, and marvellously fair,
Never before seen by these eyes of mine;
What god puts in my hands this food divine?

Then Mātali said:

[397]

I come, O mighty sage, by Sakka sent,
In haste to bring thee heavenly nutriment:

This best of food, pray, eat without all fear,

Thou seest here Mātali, heaven's charioteer.

By eating this twelve evil things are slain,
Thirst, hunger, discontent, fatigue, and pain,
Cold, heat, rage, enmity, strife, slander, sloth—
This heavenly essence eat thou, nothing loth.

Hearing this Kosiya, to make it clear that he had taken a vow upon him, spoke this stanza:

’Twas wrong to eat alone I thought, so took a vow one day

To touch no food, unless I gave some part of it away.

To eat alone is ne’er approved by men of noble mind,

Whoso with others does not share no happiness may find.

And when Mātali questioned him, saying, "Holy sir, what did you discover was wrong in eating without giving a portion to others that you took this vow upon you?" he answered:

All who commit adultery or womenkind do slay,

Who holy men curse and revile or friendly souls betray,

And misers, worst of all—that I may ne’er be ranked with such,

Not e’en a drop of water I unshared will ever touch.

[398] On men and women both alike my gifts shall ever flow,
Sages will praise all such as shall their goods in alms bestow;
All that are generous in this world and niggard ways eschew,
Approved by all, will ever be esteemed good men and true.

On hearing this Mātali stood before him in a visible form. At that moment these four heavenly nymphs stood at the four points of the compass. Glory at the east, Hope at the south, Faith at the west, Honour at the north.

The Master; to clear up the matter, said:

Four nymphs with golden forms so bright,

Hope, Glory, Faith, and Honour hight,

At Sakka's bidding earthward sent,

To Kosiya's cell their footsteps bent.

The maids with forms that glowed like flame
To each of earth's four quarters came;
'Fore Mātali (now god confest)
The sage o'erjoyed one thus addressed,

"Who art thou, nymph, like morning star,
Illuming Eastern skies afar?

Thy form in robe [1] of gold arrayed

Tell me thy name, O heavenly maid."

[399] "I Glory am, man's honoured friend,
The sinless soul prompt to defend:
To claim this food, lo! here am I;
With this my prayer, great sage, comply.

I bliss confer on whom I will
And all his heart's desire fulfil;
High priest, my name is Glory, know,
On me thy heavenly food bestow."

On hearing this Kosiya said:

Men may be skilful, virtuous, wise,

Excel in all their wits devise,

Yet without thee they ne'er succeed;

In this I blame thy evil deed.

Another slothful, greedy, see,
Low-born and ugly as may be:
Blest by thy care and rich withal
He makes one nobly born his thrall.

Thee then as false and dull, Glory, I recognise,
Reckless in courting fools and laying low the wise;
No claim hast thou in sooth to seat or water-pot,
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

[400] So did she straightway vanish from sight. Then holding converse with Hope he said:

Who art thou, maiden fair, with teeth so pure and white,

With rings of burnished gold and spangled bracelets dight,

In robe of watered sheen and wearing on thy head

A sprig like ruddy flame by tufts of kusa fed?

Like a wild doe all but by hunter's arrow grazed,
Thou lookst dull-eyed around as ’twere some creature dazed,
O softly-glancing maid, what comrade hast thou here,
That through lone forest glade thou strayst without a fear?

Then she spoke this stanza:

No comrade have I here; from Sakka's heavenly home

Masakkasāra called, angelic-born I come:

To claim ambrosial food Hope now appears to thee;

O hearken, noble sage, and grant this boon to me.

[401] On hearing this Kosiya. said, "They tell me that whosoever pleases you, to him by accomplishing the fruition of hope you grant hope, and whosoever pleases you not, to him you grant it not. Success does not come to him through you in this case, but you bring about his destruction," and by way of illustration he said:

Merchants through hope seek treasure far and wide,

And taking ship on ocean's billows ride:

There sometimes do they sink to rise no more,

Or else escaping their lost wealth deplore.

In hope their fields the farmers plough and till,
Sow seeds and labour with their utmost skill;
But should some plague, or drought afflict the soil
No harvest will they reap for all their toil.

Ease-loving men, led on by hope, take heart
And for their lord's sake play a manly part,
Oppressed by foes on every side they fall
And fighting for their lord lose life and all.

Grain-stores and wealth renouncing for their kin,
Through hope aspiring heavenly bliss to win,
Long time harsh penances they undergo,
And by bad ways attain to state of woe.

Deceiver of mankind, thy suit is vain,
Thy idle craving for this boon restrain,
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:
Much less to heavenly food. Begone, I like thee not.

[402] She too on being rejected straightway vanished from sight. Then holding converse with Faith he spoke this stanza:

Famed nymph in blaze of glory drest,

Standing towards the ill-omened West,

Thy form in robe of gold arrayed,

Tell me thy name, illustrious maid.

Then she repeated a stanza:

My name is Faith, man's honoured friend,

The sinless soul prompt to defend:

To claim this food, lo! here am I;

With this my prayer, great sage, comply.

Then Kosiya said, "Those mortals that in believing the words of first one and then another do this or that, do that which they ought not to do more often than that which they ought to do, and verily it is all done through you," and he repeated these stanzas:

Through faith at times men freely alms dispense,

Show self-control, restraint and abstinence:

[403] At times again through thee from grace they fall,

Slander and lie and cheat and steal withal.

With wives, chaste, faithful, and of high degree,
A man may circumspect and prudent be,
May curb his passions well in such a case,
Yet in some harlot his whole trust may place.

Through thee, O Faith, adultery is rife,
Forsaking [1] good thou lead'st a sinful life.
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

She too straightway vanished from sight. But Kosiya holding converse with Honour, as she stood on the north side, repeated these two stanzas:

Like Dawn that gilds the skirts of hateful Night,

So doth thy beauty burst upon my sight;

[404] O heavenly nymph in form so passing fair,

Tell me thy name and who thou art declare.

Like to a tender plant [1] whose roots are fed
On soil o’er which devouring flames [2] have spread,

Its wealth of scarlet leaves by summer breezes shed,
Why dost thou look at me with bashful air,
Fain as it were to speak, yet standing silent there?

Then she uttered this stanza:

Honour am I, man's cherished friend,

Who aid to righteous mortals lend;

Lo here am I this food to claim,

Yet scarcely dare my wish to frame;

To woman suing counts as shame.

On hearing this the ascetic repeated two stanzas:

No need for thee to beg and sue,

Receive what is thy right and due:

I grant the boon thou durst not crave,

Accept the food thou fain wouldst have.

[405] Deign, nymph, all golden clad, I pray,
To feast within my cell this day:
First honouring thee with dainties rare,
I too this heavenly food would share.

Then follow some stanzas inspired by divine wisdom:

Thus Honour, glorious nymph, at his behest

In Kosiya's home was welcomed as a guest:

Fruits and perennial streams therein abound,

And thronging saints are in its precincts found.

Here flowering shrubs [3] in a dense mass we see,
The mango, piyal, bread-fruit, Judas-tree;
Here sál and bright rose-apple deck the glade,
There fig and banyan cast their holy shade.

Here many a flower with fragrance scents the wind,
Here peas and beans, panic and rice we find:

Bananas everywhere rich clusters show,
And bamboo reeds in thickest tangle grow.

On the north side, hemmed in by smooth and level bank,
And fed by purest streams, behold a sacred tank.

There happy fish [4] in peace disport themselves at will,
And 'midst abundant food enjoy to take their fill.

[406] There happy birds in peace enjoy abundant fare,
Swans, herons, ospreys too, peacocks with plumage rare,
Cuckoos and pheasants eke with ruddy geese are there.

Hither do lions, tigers, boars resort their thirst to slake.

This bears, hyenas, wolves are wont their drinking-place to make.

The buffalo, rhinoceros and gayal too are here,
With antelope, elk, herds of swine, and red and other deer,
And cats with ears like to a hare's in numbers vast appear.

The mountain slopes are gaily pranked with flowers of varied shade
And echo to the song of birds that haunt each forest glade.

Thus did the Blessed One sing the praises of Kosiya's hermitage. And now to show forth the manner of the goddess Honour's entrance therein he said:

[407]

The fair one leaning on a branch, all clothed with foliage green,

Like lightning front a thunder-cloud straight flashed upon the scene.

For her was set a dainty couch [1], rich drapings at its head,

All wrought of fragrant kusa grass, with deer-skin overspread.

And thus to Honour, heavenly nymph, the holy hermit spake:

"For thy delight the couch is set; be pleased a seat to take."

The ascetic then pure water from the spring
In freshly gathered leaves with haste did bring,

And knowing what her inmost soul would crave
The ambrosial food to her he gladly gave.

As in her hands the welcome gift she pressed,
The nymph thus overjoyed the saint addressed:
"Worship to me and victory thou hast given,
Lo! now once more I'll seek my native heaven."

The maid intoxicate with pride of fame,
With Kosiya's blessing, back to Indra came,
"And see," she cried, "god of the thousand eyes,
The ambrosia's here—to me award the prize."

Then Sakka and his host of angels paid
Due honour to the peerless heavenly maid,
And as she sat on her new seat enthroned,
Her presence gods and men adoring owned.

[408] While thus honouring her this thought occurred to Sakka, "What can be the reason why Kosiya refusing it to the others gave the ambrosia to this one alone?" To ascertain the reason of this he again sent Mātali.

The Master, in making the matter clear, repeated this stanza:

So Sakka, lord of the Thirty-Three,
Once more addressing Mātali,
Said, "Go and bid the saint explain
Why Honour should the ambrosia gain."

In obedience to his word Mātali, mounting the car called Vejayanta [2], departed thither.

The Master, to explain the matter, said:

So Mātali then launched a car to voyage through the air,
With fittings all to match itself, in splendour wondrous fair,
Its pole of gold, gold well refined, and all its framework built
With ornament elaborate and overlaid with gilt.

Peacocks in gold depicted were in numbers not a few,
Horses and cows and elephants, tigers and panthers too,
Here antelopes and deer are seen as if prepared for fight,
Here wrought in precious stones are jays and other birds in flight.

To it they yoked a thousand royal steeds of golden hue,
Each strong as youthful elephant, a splendid sight to view;
[409] Their breasts in golden network clad, with wreaths begarlanded,
With loosened trace [1], at a mere word, swift as the wind they sped.

As Mātali this lordly car ascended with a bound
The firmament in all ten points re-echoed to the sound:
And as he journeyed through the air, he made the world to quake,
And sky and sea and earth with all its rocks and woods did shake.

Right soon he gained the hermitage and wishing to declare
Due reverence for the holy man he left one shoulder bare,
And speaking to this brahmin sage, a wise and learned man,
Well trained in holy lore, ’twas thus that Mātali began:

Hear now, O Kosiya, the words of Indra, heavenly king,
As to what he is fain to learn, this message, lo! I bring,
"While Hope and Faith and Glory's claims thou wilt not recognise,
Pray, why should Honour at thy hands alone receive the prize?"

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[410] On hearing his words the ascetic spoke this stanza:

Glory to me, O Mātali, appears a partial jade,
While Faith, thou charioteer of gods, proves an inconstant maid,
Hope ever a deceiver loves its promise to betray,
Honour alone is stablished firm in holy virtue's way.

And now in praise of her virtue he said:

Maidens that still within their homes live, ever guarded well,
Women now past their prime, and such as still with husbands dwell,
In one and all should fleshly lust within their heart arise,
At Honour's voice they check the thought and sinful passion dies.

Where shafts and spears in battle's van are hurtling fast and free,
And in the rout when comrades fall or turn them round and flee,
At Honour's voice they check their flight e'en at the cost of life,
[2]And panic-stricken as they were once more renew the strife.

Just as the shore will stem the rush of billows from the main,
So Honour too will oft the course of wicked folk restrain.
Then, Mātali, to Indra quick return and make it clear,
That saints throughout the whole wide world all Honour's name revere

[411] On hearing this Mātali repeated this stanza:

Who was it, Kosiya, that did suggest this view to thee,
Was it great Indra, Brahma, or Pajāpati [1] maybe?

This Honour, mighty sage, be sure, to Indra owes her birth,
And in the angel-world she ranks foremost of all in worth.

While he was still speaking, at that very instant Kosiya became subject to re-birth. Then Mātali said to him, "Kosiya, thy aggregate of life [2] is passing from thee: thy practice of charity [3] is ended. What hast thou to do with the world of men? We will now go to the angel-world," and being minded to conduct him thither he spoke this stanza:

Come now, O saint, and straightway mount the car so dear to me,
And let me lead thee to the heaven where reign the Thirty-Three.

Indra is longing sore for thee, to Indra's self akin,
To-day thy way to fellowship with Indra thou shalt win.

While Mātali was yet still speaking, Kosiya passing away came into existence in the ranks of the gods without the intervention of parents [4] and mounting up took his stand upon the celestial car. Then Mātali conducted him into the presence of Sakka. Sakka on seeing him was glad at heart and gave him his own daughter Honour to wife, as his chief consort, and conferred on him a boundless sovereignty.

On perceiving the state of things the Master said, "It is the merit of some illustrious beings that is thus purified," and he repeated the final stanza:

'Tis thus the acts of holy men to happy issue lead,
And evermore abides the fruit of meritorious deed.
[412] Whose beheld the ambrosial food to Honour that was given,
Straight passed away to fellowship with Indra, lord of heaven.

The Master here ended his discourse with these words, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old also I converted this niggardly fellow who was a confirmed miser," and so saying he identified the Birth thus: "At that time Uppalavaṇṇā was the nymph Honour, a Brother of lordly generosity was Kosiya, Anuruddha was Pañcasikha, Ānanda Mātali, Kassapa Suriya, Moggallāna Canda, Sāriputta Nārada, and I myself was Sakka.

Footnotes

202:1 Reading *ciraṁ jīvantū* for *naciraṁ jīvantū,* as in the previous story, p. 185, *supra.*

202:2 Compare vol. i. No. 78, *Illīsa-Jātaka.*

202:3 Hardy's *Eastern Monachism,* p. 9, *Jāt.* III. 483. 13.

203:1 *sārānīya,* see Senart's *Mahāvastu,* vol. I. p. 599, *Jāt.* VI. 224. 8.

204:1 *saṁgharati, Jāt.* II. 413. 24, IV. 36. 16, and *saṁghara, Jāt.* V. 222. 16.

204:2 Evidently a proverb to denote a useless possession.

204:3 *anuseṭṭhi* here clearly denotes some official subordinate to the Lord High Treasurer. See Fick's *Die Sociale Gliederung im nordöstlichen Indien zu Buddha's Zeit,* note on pp. 167, 168.

204:4 For *madhura* we should perhaps read *madhu,* honey, which occurs as one of the ingredients of the porridge on the next page of the text.

205:1 *acchara* must be a weight or measure of capacity. Can it be akin to *acchera* (Maráṭhí) a half-sher?

205:2 Sakka's palace.

205:3 Sakka's hall of justice.

206:1 For *nicchubhati* see Pischel's *Grammatik der Prākrit-Sprachen,* p. 61, and Trenckner's *Milindapañho,* p. 423. The participle *chuddha* occurs, *Jāt.* v. 302. 4.

208:1 Any arrangement for the exchange of alms was forbidden. Cf. *Jātaka* II. notes on pp. 57 and 214, English version.

209:1 For *datvā* reading *'datvā,* i.e. *adatvā.*

209:2 *yathodhika,* each in its own place. Cf. *Jātaka* III. 381. 22 and IV. 437. 17.

210:1 *sugatte.* Though addressing the four, Nārada singles out one nymph. Compare the analogous usage in the chorus of a Greek play.

211:1 With *udaggihutta* compare *udāyudha,* with uplifted weapon.

213:1 *velli,* which occurs also *Jāt.* v. 402. 10, and 405. 2, is probably some part of dress. Compare *saṁvelli,* v. 306. 6, explained by the scholiast as *kacchā.* Cf. *Cullavagga,* x. 16, *Vinaya Texts Translation,* III. p. 348 (S. B. E.).

214:1 *riñcati, Jātaka* v. 146. 19.

215:1 *ipomoea*.

215:2 Virgil, *Georgics* I. 84.

215:3 Many trees and plants only known by botanical names have been omitted.

215:4 The names of many fish, for the most part unknown, are omitted.

216:1 For *koccha* see *Vinaya Texts,* translated by Davids and Oldenberg, I. 34, and III. 165.

216:2 Sakka's chariot. Cf. *Jāt.* I. 202. 23, II. 254. 13, IV. 355. 17, VI. 103. 6. Elsewhere it is the name of Sakka's palace, as in V. 386. 1.

217:1 *asaṁgita,* i.e. *nissaṅga,* perhaps the Greek σειραφόρος.

217:2 The scholiast would take it thus: "And rallying round their rescued lord once more renew the strife."

218:1 The same three gods occur in *Jāt.* VI. 568. Pajāpati here is clearly distinct from Brahma.

218:2 *Jātaka* I. 106, English version.

218:3 With *dānadhamma* compare *deyyadhamma,* the usual term in Buddhist inscriptions for a pious gift or votive offering.

218:4 *opapātika* is a being who springs into existence without the intervention of parents and, as it were, uncaused and seeming to appear by chance, but really due to the *karma* of a being who has passed away elsewhere. *Buddhist Suttas,* p. 213 (SḄ.E. XI.).

No. 536.

KUṆĀLA-JĀTAKA [1].

"This is the report and the fame thereof" This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling beside lake Kuṇāla, concerning five hundred Brethren who were overwhelmed with discontent. Here follows the story in due order. The Sākiya and Koliya tribes had the river Rohinī which flows between the cities of Kapilavatthu and Koliya confined by a single dam and by means of it cultivated their crops. In the month Jeṭṭhamūla [2] when the crops began to flag and droop, the labourers from amongst the dwellers of both cities assembled together. Then the people of Koliya said, "Should this water be drawn off on both sides, it will not prove sufficient for both us and you. But our crops will thrive with a single watering; give us then the water." The people of Kapilavatthu said, "When you have filled your garners with corn, we shall hardly have the courage to come with ruddy gold, emeralds and copper coins, and with baskets and sacks in our hands, to hang about your doors. Our crops too will thrive with a single watering; give us the water." "We will not give it," they said. "Neither will we," said the others. As words thus ran high, one of them rose up and struck another a blow, and he in turn struck a third and thus it was that what with interchanging blows and spitefully touching on the origin of their princely families they increased the tumult. The Koliya labourers said, "Be off with your people of Kapilavatthu [413], men who like dogs, jackals, and such like beasts, cohabited with their own sisters. What will their elephants and horses, their shields and spears avail against

us?" The Sākiya labourers replied, "Nay, do you, wretched lepers [3], be off with your children, destitute and ill-conditioned fellows, who like brute beasts had their dwelling in a hollow jujube tree *(koli)*. What shall their elephants and horses, their spears and shields avail against us?" So they went and told the councillors appointed to such services and they reported it to the princes of their tribes. Then the Sākiyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are the men who cohabited with their sisters," and they sallied forth, ready for the fray. And the Koliyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are they who dwelt in the hollow of a jujube tree," and they too sallied forth ready for the fight. But other teachers tell the story thus, "When the female slaves of the Sākiyas and Koliyas came to the river to fetch water, and throwing the coils of cloth that they carried on their heads upon the ground were seated and pleasantly conversing, a certain woman took another's cloth, thinking it was her own; and when owing to this a quarrel arose, each claiming the coil of cloth as hers, gradually the people of the two cities, the serfs and the labourers, the attendants, headmen, councillors and viceroys, all of them sallied forth ready for battle." But the former version being found in many commentaries and being plausible is to be accepted rather than the other. Now it was at eventide that they would be sallying forth, ready for the fray. At that time the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatthi, and at dawn of day while contemplating the world he beheld them setting out to the fight, and on seeing them he wondered whether if he were to go there the quarrel would cease, and he made

up his mind and thought, "I will go there and, to quell this feud, I will relate three Birth Stories, and after that the quarrelling will cease. Then after telling two Birth Stories, to illustrate the blessings of union, I will teach them the Attadaṇḍa [1] Sutta and after hearing my sermon the people of the two cities will each of them bring into my presence two hundred and fifty youths, and I shall admit them to holy orders and there will be a, huge gathering." Thus after performing his toilet, he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, and on his return, after taking his meal, at eventide he issued forth from his Perfumed Chamber and without saying a word to any man he took his bowl and robe and went by himself and sat cross-legged in the air between the two hosts. And seeing it was an occasion to startle them, to create darkness he sat there emitting *(dark-blue)* [2] rays from his hair. Then when their hearts were troubled he revealed himself and emitted the six-coloured rays. The people of Kapilavatthu on seeing the Blessed One thought, "The Master, our noble kinsman, is come. Can he have seen the obligation laid upon us to fight?" "Now that the Master has come, it is impossible for us to discharge a weapon against the person of an enemy," [414] and they threw down their arms, saying, "Let the Koliyas slay us or roast us alive." The Koliyas acted in exactly the same way. Then the Blessed One alighted and seated himself on a magnificent Buddha throne, set in a charming spot on a bed of sand, and he shone with the incomparable glory of a Buddha. The kings too saluting the Blessed One took their seats. Then the Master, though he knew it right well, asked, "Why are ye come here, mighty kings?" "Holy Sir," they answered, "we are come, neither to see this river, nor to disport ourselves, but to get up a fight." "What is the quarrel about, sires?" "About the water." "What is the water worth?" "Very little, Holy Sir." "What is the earth worth?" "It is of priceless value." "What are warrior chiefs

worth?" "They too are of priceless value." "Why on account of some worthless water are you for destroying chiefs of high worth?" "Verily, there is no satisfaction in this quarrel, but owing to a feud, sire, between a certain tree-sprite and a black lion a grudge was set up, which has reached down to this present aeon," and with these words he told them the Phandana [3] Birth. Then he said, "There ought not to be this blind following [4] of one another. A host of quadrupeds in a region of the Himalayas, extending to three thousand leagues, following one another at the word of a hare, all rushed headlong into the great sea. Therefore this following one of another ought not to be," and so saying he related the Daddabha [5] Birth. Moreover he said, "Sometimes the feeble see the weak points of the mighty, at other times the powerful see the weak points of the feeble, and a quail, a hen-bird, once killed a royal elephant," and he related the Latukika [6] Birth. Thus to appease the quarrel he told three Birth Stories, and to illustrate the effects of unity he told two Birth Stories. "In the case of such as dwell together in unity, no one finds any opening for attack," and so saying he told the Rukkhadhamma [7] Birth. He also said, "Against such as were at unity, no one could find a loophole for attack, but when they quarrelled one with another, a certain hunter brought about their destruction and went off with them: verily there is no satisfaction in a quarrel," and with these words he related the Vaṭṭaka Birth [8]. After he had thus related these five Birth Stories, he finished up by reciting the Attadaṇḍa Sutta. Becoming believers the kings said, "Had not the Master come, we should have slain one another and set flowing rivers of blood. It is owing to the Master that we are alive. But if the Master had adopted the lay life, the realm of the four great island-continents, together with two thousand lesser islands, would have passed into

his hands and he would have had more than a thousand sons. Moreover he would have had an escort of warrior lords. But foregoing this glory he gave up the world [415] and attained to Perfect Wisdom. Now too let him wander forth with a following of warrior lords." So the two peoples each of them offered him two hundred and fifty princes. The Blessed One after ordaining them retired to a great forest. From the next day onward, escorted by them, he goes his rounds for alms in the two cities, sometimes in Kapilavatthu, at other times in Koliya, and the people of both cities paid him great honour. Amongst these men, who were ordained not so much for their own pleasure as out of respect to the Teacher, spiritual discontent sprang up. And their former wives to stir up their discontent sent such and such messages to them, and they grew yet more dissatisfied. The Blessed One on reflection discovered how discontented they were and thought, "These Brethren, though living with a Buddha like me, are discontented. I wonder what kind of preaching would be profitable to them"; and he bethought him of the religious discourse of Kuṇāla. Then this notion struck him, "I will conduct these Brethren to the Himalayas and after illustrating the sins connected with womankind by the Kuṇāla story and removing their discontent, I will bestow upon them the first stage of Sanctification." So in the morning putting on his under garment and taking his alms bowl and robes he went his rounds in Kapilavatthu, and having returned and taken his noonday meal, when the repast was finished, he addressed these five hundred Brethren and asked, "Was the delightful region of the Himalayas ever seen by you before?" They said, "Nay, holy sir?" "Will you go on pilgrimage to the Himalayas?" "Holy sir, we have no supernatural powers; how should we go?" "But supposing

some one were to take you with him, would you go?" "Yes, sire." The Master by his miraculous power caught them all up with him in the air and transported them to the Himalayas and standing in the sky he pointed out to them in a pleasant tract of the Himalayas various mountains, Golden Mount, Jewel Mount, Vermilion Mount, Collyrium Mount, Table-land Mount, Crystal Mount, and five great rivers, and the lakes, Kaṇṇamuṇḍaka, Rathakāra, Sīhappapāta, Chaddanta, Tiyaggala, Anotatta and Kuṇāla, seven lakes in all. The Himalaya is a vast region, five hundred leagues in height, three thousand leagues in breadth. This charming part of it by his mighty power did he show them, and the dwelling places that were built there, the quadrupeds too, troops of lions, tigers, elephants and so forth did he show from this place—sacred closes and other pleasances, flowering and fruit-bearing trees, flocks of all manner of birds, water and land plants,—on the east side of Himalaya a golden table land, on the west side a vermilion one. From the first sight of these charming regions, the passionate longing of these Brethren for their former wives passed off. Then the Master with these Brethren [416] alighting from the air on the west side of Himalaya on a rocky plateau sixty leagues in extent, in Red Valley three leagues long, beneath a sāl tree covering seven leagues and lasting a whole aeon, the Master, I say, escorted by these Brethren, emitting the six-coloured rays and stirring up the depths of Ocean and blazing like the sun took his seat, and speaking with a voice sweet as honey he thus addressed these Brethren: "Brethren, inquire of me about some marvel ye have never seen before in this Himalaya." At that moment two spotted cuckoos, seizing a stick at both ends in their mouths, in the centre of it had placed their lord. Eight cuckoos in front and eight behind, eight on the right and eight on the left, eight below and eight above, thus casting a shadow over their lord as they

escorted him, were flying through the air. These Brethren on seeing this flock of birds asked the Master, "What, sir, is the meaning of these birds?" "Brethren," he said, "this is an ancient custom of our family, a tradition set up by me; in a former age they thus escorted me. Now at that time there was a vast gathering of these birds. Three thousand five hundred young hen-birds escorted me. Gradually wasting away the flock has become such as you see." "In what kind of forest did they escort you, sir?" Then the Master said, "Well, hearken, Brethren," and recalling it to mind he told a story of the past and thus taught them.

This is the report and the fame thereof: a region yielding from its soil all manner of herbs, overspread with many a tangle of flowers, ranged over by the elephant, gayal, buffalo, deer, yak, spotted antelope, rhinoceros, elk, lion, tiger, panther, bear, wolf, hyena, otter [1], kadalī antelope, wild cat, long-eared hare, inhabited by numberless herds of different kinds of elephants', and frequented by various kinds of deer [2], and haunted by horse-faced yakkhas, sprites, goblins and ogres, overspread with a thicket of trees blooming at the top with flowers, stalked and high-standing, and pithless [3], re-echoing to the cries of hundreds of birds, all mad with joy, ospreys, partridges, elephant-birds, peacocks, pheasants, Indian cuckoos [4], adorned and covered with hundreds of mineral substances, collyrium, arsenic, yellow orpiment, vermilion, gold and silver—it was in such a delightful forest lived the bird Kuṇāla [417]: very bright was it and covered with gay feathers. This Kuṇāla bird had three thousand five hundred hen-birds in attendance on him. Then two birds seizing

a stick in their mouths seated the Kuṇāla bird between them and flew up, fearing lest fatigue in the course of the long distance should cause him to move from his position and he should fall. Five hundred young birds fly below, for they thought, "If this Kuṇāla bird should fall from his perch, we will catch him in our wings." Other five hundred birds fly above him, for fear lest the heat should scorch Kuṇāla. Five hundred birds fly on either side of him, to prevent cold or heat, grass or dust, wind or dew from coming nigh him. Five hundred fly in front of him, lest cowherds or neat-herds, grass-cutters, or stick-gatherers or foresters should strike Kuṇāla with stick or potsherd, with fist or clod, with staff or knife or gravel, or lest Kuṇāla should come into collision with shrub or creeper or tree, with post or rock, or with some powerful bird. Five hundred fly behind, addressing him with gentle, kindly words, in charming, sweet tones, lest Kuṇāla should grow weary, sitting there. Five hundred birds fly hither and thither, bringing a variety of fruits from different kinds of trees, lest Kuṇāla should be distressed with hunger. Then the birds swiftly transport Kuṇāla for his satisfaction from pleasance to pleasance, from garden to garden, from one river's bank to another, from mountain peak to mountain peak, from one mango grove to another, from rose-apple orchard to rose-apple orchard, from one bread-fruit grove to another, from one cocoa-nut plantation to another. So Kuṇāla day by day escorted by these birds thus upbraids them: [418] "Perish, ye vile creatures, yea, perish utterly, ye thievish, knavish creatures, heedless, flighty and ungrateful as ye are, like the wind going wheresoever ye list."

[419] After these words the Master said, "Surely, Brethren, even when I was in an animal form, I knew well the ingratitude, the wiles, the wickedness and immorality of women-folk, and at that time so far from being in their power I kept them under my control," and when by these words he had removed the spiritual discontent of these Brethren, the Master held his peace. At this moment two black cuckoos came to this spot, raising their lord aloft on the stick, while others in fours flew below and on every side of him. On seeing them, the Brethren asked the Master of them and he said, "Of old, Brethren, I had a friend, a royal cuckoo, named Puṇṇamukha, and such was the tradition in his family," and in answer to the Brethren's question, just as before, he said:

On the eastern side of this same Himalaya, the king of mountains, are green-flowing streams, having their source in slight and gentle mountain slopes; in a fragrant, charming, bright spot, blooming with the beauty of lotuses, blue, white, and the hundred-leafed, the white lily and the tree of paradise, [420] in a region overrun and beautified with all manner of trees [1] and flowering shrubs and creepers, resounding with the cries of swans, ducks and geese, inhabited by troops of monks and ascetics, and such as are possessed of magical or supernatural powers, and haunted by high angelic beings, demons, goblins, ogres, heavenly minstrels, fairies and mighty serpents—verily it was in such a charming forest-thicket that the royal cuckoo Puṇṇamukha dwelt. Very sweet was his voice, and his laughing eyes were as the eyes of one intoxicated with joy. Three thousand five hundred hen-birds followed in the train of this cuckoo Puṇṇamukha. So two birds seizing a stick in their mouths and seating Puṇṇamukha in the middle of it fly up into

the air, fearing lest fatigue, &c. [2] [421] Then did Puṇṇamukha, escorted by these birds by day, thus sing their praises, saying, "Bravo, my sisters, this act of yours well becomes high-born ladies, in that ye do service to your lord." Then in truth the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha drew nigh to the place where sat the bird Kuṇāla, and the birds in attendance upon Kuṇāla saw him, and while he was yet afar off they drew nigh to Puṇṇamukha and thus accosted him: "Friend Puṇṇamukha, Kuṇāla here is a fierce bird and has a rough tongue. Haply by your help we may win kindly speech from him." "Haply we may, ladies," he said. And so saying, he drew nigh to Kuṇāla, and after a kindly greeting he sat respectfully on one side and thus addressed Kuṇāla: "Wherefore dost thou, friend Kuṇāla, behave so ill to these high-born ladies of rank, though they themselves are well-conducted. One ought, friend Kuṇāla, to speak pleasantly even to ladies who are themselves ungracious in speech: much more to such as are gracious." When he had so spoken, Kuṇāla abused Puṇṇamukha after this manner, saying, "Perish, vile wretch, yea, perish utterly. Who is to be found like you, won over

by the prayers of womenfolk [1]?" On being thus reproached the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha [422] turned back. Then surely in no long time afterwards severe sickness attacked Puṇṇamukha, and extreme suffering from a bloody flux set in, bringing him nigh unto death. Then this thought occurred to the birds in attendance upon the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha: "This cuckoo is ill; peradventure he may be raised up from his sickness." So leaving him quite alone they drew nigh to where the bird Kuṇāla was. Kuṇāla spied these birds coming from afar, and on seeing them thus addressed them, "Where, wretches, is your lord?" Friend

Kuṇāla, they said, "Puṇṇamukha is sick: perhaps he may be raised up from his sickness." When they had so spoken, the bird Kuṇāla cursed them thus: "Perish, ye wretches, yea, perish utterly, ye thievish, knavish, heedless, flighty creatures, ungrateful for kindness done to you, going like the wind whithersoever ye list." So saying, he drew nigh to where the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha was and thus addressed him: "Ho! friend Puṇṇamukha." "Ho! friend Kuṇāla," he replied. Then the bird Kuṇāla seized the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha with his wings and beak and raising him up gave him all manner of medicines to drink. So the sickness of the cuckoo was relieved. [423] And when Puṇṇamukha was well, the birds returned and Kuṇāla for a few days gave Puṇṇamukha wild fruits to eat, and when he had recovered his strength, he said, "Now friend, you are well again; continue to dwell with your attendant birds, and I will return to my own place of abode." Then Puṇṇamukha said to him, "They left me when I was extremely ill and flew away. I have no need of these rogues." On hearing this the Great Being said, "Well then, friend, I will tell you of the wickedness of womenfolk," and he took Puṇṇamukha and brought him to the Red Valley on a slope of the Himalayas and sat down on a rock of red arsenic at the foot of a sāl tree, seven leagues in extent, while Puṇṇamukha with his following sat on one side. Throughout all the Himalayas went a heavenly proclamation, "To-day Kuṇāla, king of birds, seated on a rock of red arsenic in the Himalayas, with all the charm of a Buddha will preach the Law: hearken to him." [424] By proclaiming it, one to another, the gods of the six Kāmāvacara worlds heard of it and for the most part assembled together: many deities too in the forest, serpents, garuḍas, and vultures proclaimed the fact. At that time Ānanda, king of the vultures, with a following of ten thousand vultures dwelt upon Vulture Peak. And on hearing the commotion he thought, "I will listen to

the preaching of the Law," and came with his followers and sat apart. Nārada too the ascetic with the five Supernatural Faculties, dwelling in the Himalaya region, with his following of ten thousand ascetics, on hearing this heavenly proclamation, thought, "My friend Kuṇāla, they

say, will speak of the faults of womenkind: I too must listen to his exposition," and accompanied by a thousand ascetics he travelled thither by his supernatural power and sat on one side apart. There was a great gathering like that which assembles to hear the teaching of Buddhas. Then the Great Being, with the knowledge of one who remembers his former births, making Puṇṇamukha a personal witness, related a circumstance seen in a former existence, connected with the faults of women. The Master, making the matter clear, said: Then the bird Kuṇāla thus addressed the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha, who had recently been raised up from a bed of sickness: "Friend Puṇṇamukha, I have seen Kaṇhā, her that had a double parentage [1] and five husbands [2], and whose affection was set upon a sixth man, a headless [3], crippled dwarf." Here too we have a further verse:

In ancient story Kaṇhā, it is said,
A single maid to princes five was wed,
Insatiate still she lusted for yet more
And with a hump-backed dwarf she played the whore.

"I have seen, friend Puṇṇamukha, the case of a female ascetic named Saccatapāvī, who dwelt in a cemetery and gave away even a fourth meal. She sinned with a goldsmith. I witnessed too, friend Puṇṇamukha, the case of Kākāti [4], the wife of Venateyya, who dwelt in the midst of the sea and yet sinned with

Naṭakuvera. I have seen, friend Puṇṇamukha, the fairhaired Kuraṅgavī [5] [425], who though in love with Eḷakamāra sinned with Chaḷaṅgakumāra and Dhanantevāsī. This too was known to me, how the mother [6] of Brahmadatta, forsaking the king of Kosala, sinned with Pañcālacaṇḍa. These and other women went wrong, and one should not put trust in women nor praise them. As the earth is impartially affected towards all the world, bearing wealth for all, a home for all sorts and conditions of men (good and bad alike), all-enduring, unshaken, immovable, so also is it with women (in a bad sense). A man should not trust them.

As lion fed upon raw flesh and blood,
With his five [7] paws fierce ravening for food,
In others' hurt will his chief pleasure find—
Such like are women. Man, beware their kind.

Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, these creatures are not mere harlots, wenches or street-walkers, they are not so much strumpets as murderesses

—I mean these harlots, wenches, and street-walkers [1]. They are like unto robbers with braided locks, like a poisoned drink, like merchants that sing their own praises, crooked like a deer's horn, evil-tongued like snakes, like a pit that is covered over, insatiate as hell, as hard to satisfy as a she-ogre, like the all-rapacious Yama, all-devouring like a flame, sweeping all before it as a river, like the wind going where it lists, undiscriminating like mount Neru [2], fruiting perennially like a poison tree." Here too occurs a further verse:

Like poisoned draught or robber fell, crooked as horn of stag,
Like serpent evil-tongued [3] are they, as merchant apt to brag,

Murderous as covered pit, like Hell's insatiate maw are they,
As goblin greedy or like Death that carries all away.

Devouring like a flame are they, mighty as wind or flood,
Like Neru's golden peak that aye confuses [4] bad and good,
Pernicious as a poison-tree they fivefold ruin bring
On household gear, wasters of wealth and every precious thing.

Once upon a time, they say, Brahmadatta, king of Kāsi, owing to his having an army, seized on the kingdom of Kosala, slew its king and carried off his chief queen, who was then pregnant [426], to Benares and there made her his consort. By and bye she gave birth to a daughter, and as the king had neither son nor daughter of his own begetting, he was greatly pleased and said, "Fair lady, choose some boon at my hands." She accepted the boon but reserved her choice. Now they named the young princess Kaṇhā. So when she was grown up, her mother said, "Dear child, your father offered me a boon, which I accepted but put off my choice: do you now choose whatever you like." From the excess of her passion breaking through maidenly shame she said to her mother, "Nothing else is lacking to me; get him to hold an assembly [5] to choose me a husband." The mother repeated this to the king. The king said, "Let her have whatever she wishes," and he had an assembly for choosing a husband proclaimed. In the palace yard a host of men assembled, arrayed in all their splendour. Kaṇhā, who with a basket of flowers in her hand stood looking out of an upper lattice window, approved of no single one of them. Then Ajjuna, Nakula, Bhīmasena, Yudhiṭṭhila, Sahadeva, of the family of king Pāṇḍu, these five sons of king Pāṇḍu,

I say, after receiving instruction in arts at Takkasilā from a world-famed teacher, travelling about with the idea of mastering local customs, arrived at Benares, and hearing a commotion in the city and learning in answer to their inquiry what it was all about, they came and stood all five of them in a row, in appearance like so many golden statues. Kaṇhā on seeing them fell in love with all five, as they stood before her, and threw a wreathed coil of flowers on the head of all the five and said, "Dear mother, I choose these five men." The queen told this to the king. The king, because he had given her the choice, did not say, "You cannot do this," but was greatly vexed. On asking however what was their origin and whose sons they were, when he learned that they were sons of king Pāṇḍu, he paid them great honour and gave them his daughter to wife, and by the force of her passion she won the affection of these five princes in her seven-storied palace. Now she had as an attendant a humpbacked cripple, and when by the force of passion she had won the hearts of the five princes, as soon as they had gone forth from the palace, finding her opportunity and fired by lust she sinned with the hump-backed slave, and conversing with him she said, "There is no one dear to me like you; I will slay these princes and have your feet smeared in the blood from their throats." And when she was in the company of the eldest of the royal brothers, she would say, "You are dearer to me than those other four. For your sake I would even sacrifice my life. At my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you alone." But when she was in the company of the others, she acted in just the same way. They were greatly pleased with her, thinking, "She is fond of us and owing to this the sovereignty will be ours." One day she was sick, and gathering about her, one sat chafing her head, and the rest

each of them a hand or foot, while the hump-back sat at her feet. To the eldest brother, prince Ajjuna, who was chafing her head, she made a sign with her head, implying, "No one is dearer to me than you are: so long as I live I shall live for you and at my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you," and so she won his heart. To the others too she made signs with hand or foot to the same effect. But to the hump-back she made a sign with her tongue which said, "You only are dear to me: for your sake shall I live." All of them, owing to what had been said by her before, knew what was meant by this sign. But while the rest of them each recognised the sign given to himself, prince Ajjuna [427] when he saw the motions of hand, foot or tongue, thought, "As in my case, so also with the others, by this sign some token must be given, and there must be some intimacy with this hump-backed fellow"; so going outside with his brothers he asked, "Did you see the lady with five husbands making a sign with her head to me?" "Yes, we did." "Do you know the meaning of it?" "We do not." "The meaning of it was so and so: do you know what was meant by the sign given you

with hand or foot?" "Yes, we know." "In the same way she gave me too a sign. Do you know the meaning of the sign given to the humpback by a motion of her tongue?" "We do not know." Then he told them, "With him too she has sinned." And when they did not believe him, he sent for the hump-back and asked him, and he told him all about it. When they heard what he had to say, they all lost their passionate love for her. "Ah! surely," they said, "womankind is evil and vicious. Leaving men like us, nobly born and blest by fortune, she goes wrong with a disgusting, loathsome, hump-backed fellow like this. Who that is wise will

find any pleasure in consorting with women so shameless and wicked as this?" Thus censuring womenfolk in many a turn the five princes thought, "We have had enough of married life," and retired into the Himalayas, and after going through the Kasiṇa rite, at the end of their life they fared according to their deeds. Kuṇāla the bird-king was prince Ajjuna, and it was for this reason that in setting forth anything that he himself had seen, he began his story with the words "I saw." In relating other things that he had seen of old he used the same words, and here follows an explanation of an incident given in the first introductory story.

Once upon a time, they say, a white [1] nun named Saccatapāvī had a hut of leaves built in a cemetery near Benares, and living there she abstained from four out of five meals, and throughout the city her fame was blazed abroad like as it were that of the Moon or Sun, and natives of Benares, if they sneezed or stumbled, said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." Now on the first day of a festival some goldsmiths had a tent erected in a certain spot where a crowd was gathered, and bringing fish, meat, strong drink, perfumes, wreaths and the like, they started a drinking bout. Then a certain goldsmith, who was addicted to drink, in vomiting said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." On a certain wise man amongst them saying, "Alas! blind fool, you are paying honour to a fickle-minded woman—Oh! you are a fool," he replied, "Friend, speak not thus, nor be guilty of a deed that leads to hell." Then the wise man said, "You fool, hold your tongue. Lay a wager with me for a thousand crowns and on the seventh day from this, seated in this very spot, I will deliver into your hands Saccatapāvī in splendid apparel and made merry with strong drink [428] and I too will have a good drink myself with her: so unstable are womenkind." He said, "You will not be able to do so," and took his wager for a thousand crowns. So he told the other

goldsmiths, and early next morning, disguised as an ascetic, our wise man made his way into the cemetery, and not far from her place of abode stood worshipping the Sun. She saw him as she was setting out to collect alms, and thought, "Surely this must be an ascetic with miraculous powers. I dwell on one

side of the cemetery, but he in the centre of it: his heart must be full of a holy calm. I will pay my respects to him." So she drew nigh to him and saluted him, but he neither looked nor spoke. On the next day he acted in the same way. But on the third day when she saluted him, he looked down and said, "Depart." On the fourth day he spoke kindly to her and said, "Are you not tired begging for alms?" She thought, "I have had a kind greeting," and departed well pleased. On the fifth day she received a still kinder greeting and after sitting awhile she saluted him and went her ways. But on the sixth day she came and saluted him as he sat there. He said, "Sister, what in the world is this great noise of song and music in Benares to-day?" She answered, "Holy Sir, do you not know that a festival is proclaimed in the city and this is the sound of those that make merry there?" Pretending not to know he said, "Yes, this doubtless is the noise I hear." Then he asked, "How many meals, Sister, do you omit to take?" "Four, Sir," she said, "and how many do you omit?" "Seven, Sister," but in this he spoke falsely, for he used to eat all day and night. Then he asked, "How many years is it since you took religious vows?" And when she said, "Twelve, and how many since you took orders?" he answered, "This is the sixth year." Then he asked, "Sister, have you attained to a holy calm?" "I have not, Sir. Have you?" "Neither have we," he said. "We get, Sister, neither the joy of sensual pleasure, nor the bliss of renunciation.

What is it to us that hell is hot? Let us follow in the way of the multitude: I will become a house-holder, and as I own the treasure which belonged to my mother, I shall come to no harm." On hearing what he said, through her want of stability she conceived a passion for him and said, "I too, sir, feel spiritual discontent: if you do not reject me, I too will keep house with you." So he said to her, "I will not reject you: you shall be my wife." Then he brought her into the city and cohabited with her. And going to the drinking booth with her he himself took strong drink and handed her over to his friends the worse for liquor. So that other fellow lost his wager of a thousand crowns, and she was blest with numerous sons and daughters by the goldsmith. At that time Kuṇāla was the goldsmith [1] and in telling the story he began with the words "I saw."

In the second tale is a story of the past which is told at length in the Fourth Book in the Kākāti [2] Birth Story. Now at this time Kuṇāla was the Garuḍa, and this is the reason why in illustrating what he had seen with his own eyes he began with the words "I saw." In the third story once upon a time Brahmadatta slew the king of Kosala and seized on his kingdom. Carrying off his chief queen, who was big with child, he returned to Benares, and, though he knew her condition, he made her his queen consort. When her time was fully come she gave birth to a son like an image of gold. And the queen thought, "When he is grown up, the king

of Benares will say [429], "He is a son of my enemy: what is he to me?" and will put him to death. Nay, let not my boy perish by an enemy's hand." So she said to his nurse, "Cover this child, my

dear, with a coarse cloth and go and lay him in the charnel ground." The nurse did so and after bathing returned home. The king of, Kosala too after death was born in the form of a guardian angel of the boy, and by his divine power a she-goat belonging to a goat-herd, who was keeping his flock in this spot, on seeing the child conceived an affection for him and after giving him milk to suck wandered off for a bit, and then came back twice, thrice or even four times, and gave him suck. The goat-herd, on seeing what the goat was about, came to the spot, and when he saw the child conceived an affection for it and brought it to his wife. Now she was childless and therefore had no milk to give him. So the she-goat continued to give it suck. From that day two or three goats died every day. The goat-herd thought, "If this boy goes on being tended by us, all our goats will perish. What is he to us?" Then he laid him in an earthenware vessel, covering him up with another, and smeared his face all over, without leaving any chink, with the flour of beans, and dropped him into the river. The child was carried down by the stream and was found on the lower bank near the king's palace by a low-caste mender of old rubbish, who was there with his wife, washing his face. He ran up in haste pulled the vessel out of the water and laid it on the bank. "What have we here?" he thought, and uncovering the vessel found the child. His wife too was childless and she also conceived an affection for him. So she took him home and watched over him. When he was seven or eight years old, his father and mother would take him with them when they went to the palace. When he was sixteen years old, the lad often went to the palace to mend old things. And the king and queen consort had a daughter named Kuraṅgavī, a girl of extraordinary beauty. From the moment she set eyes upon him she fell in love with the youth, and not caring for any one else she constantly repaired to the place where he

worked. From their repeatedly seeing one another they were mutually enamoured, and secretly within the royal precincts guilty relations were established. In course of time the servants told the king. In his rage be called his councillors together and said, "Such and such acts have been committed by this low-caste fellow: consider what must be done with him." His councillors made answer: "Great is his offence; after exacting all manner of punishment we must put him to death." At this moment the lad's father (the king of Kosala), who had become his guardian angel, took possession of the body of the youth's mother, and under the influence of the divine being she drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, this youth is no low-caste fellow. He is the son born to me by the king of Kosala. In saying that my boy was dead, I lied to you. Knowing him to be the child of your enemy I gave him to

a nurse and had him exposed in a charnel ground. Then a goat-herd watched over him, but when his goats all began to die, he had him cast into the river, and being transported hither by the stream, he was found by the low-caste man who repairs old rubbish in our palace and fostered by him, and if you do not believe me, call for all these people and inquire of them." The king summoned all of them, beginning with the nurse, and learning on inquiry that the facts were as she stated, he was delighted to find that the youth was nobly born, and giving directions that he should take a bath and put on splendid apparel, he gave him his daughter in marriage. Now from his having brought about the death of the goats [430] they named him Eḷakamāra (Goat's Bane). Then the king assigned him a transport and an army and sent him off, saying, "Go and take possession of the kingdom that was your father's." So he set off

with Kuraṅgavī and was established on the throne. Then the king of Benares thought, "He is quite uneducated," and to instruct him in arts he sent Chaḷaṅgakumāra to be his teacher. Accepting him as his teacher he conferred on him the post of commander-in-chief. By and bye Kuraṅgavī misconducted herself with him. And the commander-in-chief had an attendant named Dhanantevāsī, and he sent by his hand robes and other adornments to Kuraṅgavī, and she went wrong with him too. So vicious and immoral are wicked women, and therefore I praise them not. This the Great Being taught in telling a story of the past, for at that time he was Chaḷaṅgakumāra, and therefore the incident he related was one he saw with his own eyes.

In the fifth story once upon a time a king of Kosala seized the kingdom of Benares and made the king's chief queen, who at that time was pregnant, his queen consort, and then returned to his own city. By and bye she gave birth to a son. The king, because he had no children of his own, fondly cherished the boy and had him instructed in all learning, and when he was of age he sent him away, bidding him take possession of the kingdom which had belonged to his father. He went and reigned there. Then his mother saying she longed to see her boy took leave of the king of Kosala, and setting out for Benares with a large escort took up her abode in a town lying between the two kingdoms. In this place dwelt a certain handsome brahmin youth named Pañcālacaṇḍa. He brought her a present. On seeing him she fell in love and misconducted herself with him. After spending a few days there, she went to Benares and saw her son. On returning she took up her abode in the same town and, after spending several days in guilty intercourse with her lover, she departed to Kosala city. Very soon after this, giving this or that reason for visiting her son, she took leave of the king and in

going and returning stayed a fortnight in the same town, misconducting herself with her lover. So wicked and false, Sampuṇṇamukha, are women. And in telling this story of the past he began with the words, "To the same effect also is this tale." [432] Hereafter,

in a variety of ways exhibiting the charm with which he preached the Law, he said, "Friend Puṇṇamukha, there are four things which, if certain circumstances arise, prove injurious—these, I say, are not to be lodged in a neighbour's household—an ox, a cow, a chariot, a wife. From these four things a wise man would keep his house clear:

[433]

Ox, cow, nor car to neighbours lend,
Nor trust a wife to house of friend:
The car they break through want of skill,
The ox by over-driving kill.

The cow is over-milked ere long,
The wife in kinsman's house goes wrong.

There are six things, friend Puṇṇamukha, which under certain circumstances prove injurious—a bow lacking its string, a wife living in a kinsman's family, a ship [1], a car with broken axle, an absent friend, a wicked comrade, under certain circumstances, prove injurious. Verily on eight grounds, friend Puṇṇamukha, a woman despises her husband: for poverty, for sickness, for old age, for drunkenness, for stupidity, for carelessness, for attending to every kind of business, for neglecting every duty

towards her—verily, on these eight grounds a woman despises her lord. Here moreover occurs this verse:

If poor or sick or old, a sot, or reckless thought,
If dull or by his cares of business overwrought,
Or disobliging found—such lord a wife esteems as nought.

Verily on nine grounds does a woman incur blame: if she is fond of frequenting parks, gardens, and river banks, fond of visiting the houses of kinsfolk or of strangers, given to wearing the adornment of cloth worn by gentlemen, if she is a drinker of strong drink, given to staring about her, or of standing before her door—on these nine grounds, I say, a woman incurs blame. Here moreover occurs the following verse:

A woman drest in smart cloth vest, dram-drinking, apt to roam
In pleasance, park, by river side, to friend's or stranger's home,

Standing before her door, to stare about with idle gaze,
In nine such ways corrupted soon from path of virtue strays.

Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, in forty different ways a woman makes up to a man [2]. She draws herself up, she bends down, she frisks about, she looks coy, she presses together her finger tips, she plants one foot on the other, she scratches the ground with a stick, she dances her boy up and down, [434] she plays and makes the boy play, she kisses and makes him kiss her, she eats and gives him to eat, she either gives or begs something, whatever is done she mimics, she speaks in a high or low tone, she speaks

now indistinctly, now distinctly, she appeals to him with dance, song and music, with tears or coquetry, or with her finery, she laughs or stares, she shakes her dress or shifts her loin-cloth, exposes or covers up her leg, exposes her bosom, her armpit, her navel, she closes her eye, she elevates her eyebrow, she pinches her lip, makes her tongue loll out, looses or tightens her cloth dress, looses or tightens her head-gear. Verily in these forty ways she makes up to a man. Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, a wicked woman is to be known in twenty-five different ways: she praises her lord's absence from home, she rejoices not in his return, she speaks in his dispraise, she is silent in his praise, she acts to his injury, and not to his advantage, she does whatever is harmful to him and refrains from what is serviceable, she goes to bed with her clothes on and lies with her face averted from him, she tosses about from side to side, she makes a great ado, she heaves a long-drawn sigh, she feels a pain, she frequently has to solicit nature, she acts perversely, on hearing a stranger's voice she opens her ear and listens attentively, she is a waster of her lord's goods, she is intimate with her neighbours, she gads abroad, she walks the streets, she is guilty of adultery, disregarding her husband she has wicked thoughts in her heart. Verily in these twenty-five ways, friend Puṇṇamukha, is a wicked woman to be known. Here moreover occurs this utterance:

Her husband's absence she approves nor grieves should he depart,

Nor at the sight of his return rejoices in her heart,

She ne’er at any time will say aught in her husband's praise,

Such are the signs that surely mark the wicked woman's ways.

Undisciplined, against her lord some mischief she will plot,
His interest neglects and does the thing that she ought not,
With face averted lies she down beside him, fully dressed,
By such like signs her wickedness is surely thus confessed.

[435] Restless she turns from side to side nor lies one moment still [1],
Or heaves a long drawn sigh and groans, pretending she is ill,
As if at nature's call from bed she oftentimes will rise,
By such like signs her wickedness a man may recognise.

Perverse in all her acts she does the thing she should eschew,
And hearkens to the stranger's voice, her favours should he sue,
Her husband's wealth is freely spent some other love to gain,
By signs like these her wickedness to all is rendered plain.

The wealth that by her lord with toil was carefully amassed,
The gear so painfully heaped up, behold, she squanders fast,
With neighbours far too intimate the lady soon will grow,
And by such signs the wickedness of women one may know.

Stepping abroad behold her how she walks about the streets,
And with the grossest disrespect her lord and master treats:
Nor of adultery stops short, corrupt in heart and mind—
By such like signs how wicked are all womenfolk we find.

Often she will at her own door all decency defy,
And shamelessly expose herself to any passing by,

The while with troubled heart she looks around on every side—

By such like signs the wickedness of women is descried.

As groves are made of wood, as streams in curves and windings flow,
So, give them opportunity, all women wrong will go.

Yea give them opportunity and secrecy withal,
And every single woman will from paths of virtue fall:
Thus will all women wantons prove, should time and place avail,
And e’en with humpback dwarf will sin, should other lovers fail.

Women that serve for man's delight let every one distrust,
Fickle in heart they ever are and unrestrained in lust.
Ladies of pleasure fitly called, the basest of the base,
To all then such as common are as any bathing place.

[437] Moreover he said: Once upon a time at Benares was a king named Kaṇḍari who was a very handsome man, and to him daily

his counsellors would bring a thousand boxes of perfume, and with this perfume they would make the house trim and neat, and then splitting up the boxes they would make scented firewood and cook the food therewith. Now his wife was a lovely woman named Kinnarā, and his chaplain Pañcālacaṇḍa was the same age as himself and full of wisdom. And in the wall near the king's palace grew a rose-apple tree and its branches hung down upon the wall, and in the shade of it dwelt a loathsome, misshapen cripple. Now one day queen Kiṇṇarā looking out of her window saw him and conceived a passion for him. [438] And at night after winning the king's favour by her charms, as soon as he had fallen asleep, she would get up softly and putting all manner of dainty food in a golden vessel and taking it on her hips, she would let herself down through the window by means of a rope of cloth, and climbing up the rose-apple tree drop down by a branch of it and give her dainty food to the cripple and take her pleasure with him, and then ascend to the palace the same way that she had come down, and after shampooing herself all over with perfumes lie down by the king's side. In this way she would constantly misconduct herself with this cripple and the king knew nothing of it. One day the king after a solemn procession round the city was entering his palace when he saw this cripple, a pitiable object, lying in the shade of the rose-apple, and he said to his chaplain, "Just look at this ghost of a man." "Yes, sire?" "Is it possible, my friend, that any woman moved by lust would come nigh such a loathsome creature?" Hearing what he said the cripple, swelling with pride, thought, "What is it this king said? Methinks he knows nothing of his queen's coming to visit me." And stretching out his folded hands towards the rose-apple tree he cried, "O my lord, thou guardian spirit of this tree, excepting thee no one knows about this." The chaplain noticing his action thought, "Of a truth the king's chief consort by the

help of this tree comes and misconducts herself with him." So he said to the king, "Sire, at night what is it like when you come into contact with the queen's person?"

p. 235

"I notice nothing else," he said, "but that at the middle watch her body is cold." "Well, sire, whatever may be the case with other women, your queen Kinnarā misconducts herself with him." "What is this you say, my friend? Would such a charming lady take her pleasure with this disgusting creature?" "Well then, sire, put it to the proof." "Agreed," said the king, and after supper he lay down with her, to put it to the test. At the usual time for falling asleep, he pretended to drop off, and she acted as before. The king following in her steps took his stand in the shade of the rose-apple tree. The cripple was in a rage with the queen and said, "You are very late in coming," and struck with his hand the chain in her ear. So she said, "Be not angry, my lord; I was watching for the king to fall asleep," and so saying she acted as it were a wife's part in his house. But when he struck her, the ear-ornament, which was like a lion's head, falling from her ear dropped at the king's feet. The king thought, "Just this will be the best thing for me," and he took it away with him. And after misconducting herself with her lover she returned just as before and proceeded to lie down by the side of the king. The king rejected her advances and next day he gave an order, saying, "Let queen Kinnarā come, wearing every ornament I have given her." She said, "My lion's head jewel is with the goldsmith," and refused to come. When a second message was sent, she came with only a single ear-ornament. [439] The king asked, "Where is your ear-ring?" "With the goldsmith." He sent for the goldsmith and said, "Why do you not let the lady have her earring?" "I have

it not, sire." The king was enraged and said, "You wicked, vile woman, your goldsmith must be a man just like me," and so saying he threw the ear-ring down before her and said to the chaplain, "Friend, you spoke the truth; go and have her head chopped off." So he secured her in a certain quarter of the palace and came and said to the king, "Sire, be not angry with the queen Kinnarā: all women are just the same. If you are anxious to see how immoral women are, I will show you their wickedness and deceitfulness. Come, let us disguise ourselves and go into the country." The king readily agreed and, handing over his kingdom to his mother, he set out on his travels with his chaplain. When they had gone a league's journey and were seated by the high road, a certain gentleman of property, who was holding a marriage festival for his son, had seated the bride in a close carriage and was accompanying her with a large escort. On seeing this the chaplain said, "If you like, you can make this girl misconduct herself with you." "What say you, my friend? with this great escort the thing is impossible." "Well then see this, my lord?" And going forward he set up a tent-shaped screen not far from the high road and, placing the king inside the screen, himself sat down by the side of the road, weeping. Then the gentleman on seeing it asked, "Why, friend, are you weeping?" "My wife," he said, "was heavy

with child and I set out on a journey to take her to her own home, and while still on the way her pangs overtook her and she is in trouble within the screen, and she has no woman with her and I cannot go to her there. I do not know what will happen." "She ought to have a woman with her: do not weep, there are numbers of women here; one of them shall go to her." "Well then

let this maiden come; it will be a happy omen for the girl." He thought, "What he says is true: it will be an auspicious thing for my daughter-in-law. She will be blest with numerous sons and daughters," and he brought her there. Passing inside the screen she fell in love at first sight with the king and misconducted herself with him, and the king gave her his signet ring. So when the deed was done and she came out of the tent they asked her, "What has she given birth to?" "A boy the colour of gold?" So the gentleman took her and went off. The chaplain came to the king and said, "You have seen, sire, even a young girl is thus wicked. How much more will other women be so? Pray, sir, did you give her anything?" "Yes, I gave her my signet ring." "I will not allow her to keep it." And he followed in haste and caught up the carriage, and when they said, "What is the meaning of this?" he said, "This girl has gone off with a ring my brahmin wife had laid on her pillow: give up the ring, lady." [440] In giving it she scratched the brahmin's hand, saying, "Take it, you rogue." Thus did the brahmin in a variety of ways show the king that many other women are guilty of misconduct, and said, "Let this suffice here; we will now go elsewhere, Sire." The king traversed all India, and they said, "All women will be just the same. What are they to us? let us turn back." So they went straight home to Benares. The chaplain said, "It is thus, Sire, with all women; so wicked is their nature. Forgive queen Kinnarā." At the prayer of his chaplain he pardoned her, but had her thrust out from the palace. And when he had ejected her from the place, he chose another queen-consort, and he had the cripple driven forth and ordered the rose-apple branch to be lopped off. At that time Kuṇāla was Pañcālacaṇḍa. So in telling the story of what he had seen with his own eyes, in illustration he spoke this stanza:

This much from tale of Kaṇḍari and Kinnarā is shown;
All women fail to find delight in homes that are their own.
Thus does a wife forsake her lord, though lusty he and strong,
And will with any other man, e'en cripple vile, go wrong.

Another story is this: Once upon a time a king of Benares, Baka by name, ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time a certain poor man, who dwelt by the eastern gate of Benares, had a daughter named Pañcapāpā [1]. It is said that in a former birth as a poor man's daughter she was kneading clay and plastering a wall. Then a paccekabuddha

thought, "Where am I to get clay to make this mountain cave neat and trim? I can get it in Benares." So putting on his cloak, and bowl in hand, he went into the city and took his stand not far from this woman. She was angry, and, looking at him, thought, "In his wicked heart he is begging for clay as well as alms." The paccekabuddha stood without moving. So, when she saw that he remained motionless, she was converted, and, looking at him once more, she said, "Priest, you have got no clay," and she took a big lump and put it in his bowl, and with this clay he made things neat in his cave. [441] And as a reward for this lump of clay, her person became soft to the touch, but in consequence of her angry look her hands, feet, mouth, eyes and nose became hideously ugly, and so men knew her by the name of Pañcapāpā (The Five Defects). Now the king of Benares was once wandering about the city by night and came to this spot, and she was playing with the village girls, and not recognising the king she seized him by the hand. As the result of her touch he lost all control over himself, and was as it were thrilled by a heavenly

touch, and inflamed by passion he caught her by the hand, though she was so hideous to look upon, and asked whose daughter she was. When she answered, "Daughter of a dweller by the gate," [1] and he heard she was unmarried, he said, "I will be your husband: go and ask your parents' consent." She went to her father and mother and said, "A certain man wishes to marry me." On their assenting, and saying, "He too must be a poor, sorry creature, if he desires one like you," she came and told him that her parents consented. So he cohabited with her in that very house, and quite early in the morning sought his palace. From that day the king constantly came there in disguise, and did not care to look at any other woman. Now one day her father was attacked with a bloody flux. The remedy for his sickness was a constant supply of rice gruel prepared with milk, ghee, honey, and sugar, and this, owing to their poverty, they could not procure. Then the mother said to the daughter, "My dear, would your husband be able to procure us some rice gruel?" "Dear mother," she said, "my husband must be even poorer than we are; but even if this is so, I will ask him: do not be worried." So saying, about the time when he should return, she sat down as if in a disconsolate state. When the king came he asked why she was so sad, and on hearing what was the matter, he said, "My dear, whence shall I get this very powerful remedy?" And he thought, "I cannot continually keep coming here in this way; one must consider the risk one runs in the journey to and fro; but if I were to take her to the court, being ignorant of her possession of a soft touch, they will make a mock of me and say, "Our king has returned with a female goblin." But if I make all the city acquainted with her

touch, I shall do away with all reproach against myself." So he said to her, "My dear, do not vex yourself: I will bring your father some rice gruel," and so saying, after taking his pleasure with her he returned to his palace. The next day he had some rice gruel such as she described boiled for her, and, taking some leaves, made two baskets with them, and in one he put the rice gruel, and in the other he placed a jewelled diadem and fastened them up. And at night he came and said, "My dear, we are poor: I got this with great difficulty. You are to say to your father, "To-day eat the rice gruel from this basket, and to-morrow from that." She did accordingly. So her father, after eating a very little of it, from its invigorating qualities was soon satisfied, and the rest she gave to her mother, and herself [442] partook of it, and all three of them felt very happy, and the basket containing the jewelled diadem they reserved for the needs of the next day. The king on reaching his palace washed his face and said, "Bring me my diadem." On their saying, "We cannot find it," he said, "Search through the whole city." They searched, but still did not find it. "Well then," he said, "search in the houses of the poor outside the city, beginning with the baskets of leaves for food." They searched and found the jewel diadem in this house, and crying out, "This woman's father and mother are thieves," they bound them and brought them to the king. Then her father said, "My lord, we are no thieves; a certain man brought us this jewel." "Who was it?" he said. "My son-in-law," he answered. When asked where he was, he said, "My daughter knows." Then he had a word with her. "My dear," he said, "you know who your husband is." "I do not know." "If this is so, we are undone." "Dear father, he comes when it is dark, and departs before it is light, so I do not know his appearance, but I can recognise him by the touch of his hand." Her father told this to the king's officers, and they told the king. The king, pretending ignorance of the whole

matter, said, "Well, place the woman in a tent screen in the palace yard and cut a hole in the curtain as big as a man's hand and call the citizens together, and detect the thief by the touch of his hand." The officers did as he bade them. On going to her and seeing what she was like they were filled with loathing, and said, "She is a goblin," and in their disgust they did not dare to touch her. But they brought and placed her within a screen in the palace yard and gathered together all the citizens. Seizing hold of the hand of every one that came, as it was stretched out through the hole, she said, "This is not the man." The people were so captivated by the heavenly touch of her they could not tear themselves away. They thought, "If she be worthy of punishment, though we should have to inflict blows upon her with a stick, yet we should be ready to undergo any servile tasks for her, and to take her home as our wedded wife." Then the king's men beat them and drove them away, and all of them, beginning with the

viceroy, behaved like madmen. Then the king said, "Could I possibly be the man?" and stretched forth his hand. The woman, seizing his hand, cried aloud, "I have got the thief." The king inquired of his men, "When your hand was seized by her what did you think of it?" They told him exactly how it was with them. So the king said, "This is why I made them bring her to my house. Had they known nothing of her touch, they would have despised me. And now that all of you have learned the facts from me, say in whose house ought she to dwell as wife." They said, "In your house, Sire." So, with the ceremonious sprinkling, he recognised her as his chief consort, [443] and bestowed great power on her father and mother. Thenceforth in his infatuation

he neither set on foot any inquiries about her, nor so much as looked at any other woman. The other queens sought to discover the mystery respecting her. One day she saw in a dream some indication of her being the chief queen of two kings, and she told her dream to the king. The king summoned the interpreters of dreams and asked, "What is the meaning of such and such a dream being seen by her?" Now they had received a bribe from the other women, and said, "The fact of the queen's sitting on the back of a perfectly white elephant is a token of your death, and that she touches the moon as she rides upon the elephant's back is a sign of her bringing some hostile king against you." "What then is to be done?" said he. "You cannot put her to death, Sire, but you must place her on board a ship and let her drift down the stream." The king in the night put her on board, with food, garments, and adornments and sent her adrift on the river. As she was carried down in the vessel by the stream she came face to face with king Pāvāriya, as he was disporting himself in the river. His commander-in-chief on seeing it said, "This ship belongs to me." The king said, "Its cargo is mine," and when the ship reached them and they saw the woman he said. "Who are you, so like a goblin as you are?" She, smiling, said she was the chief consort of king Baka, and told him all her story, and that she was renowned throughout India as Pañcapāpā. Then the king, taking her by the hand, lifted her out of the vessel, and no sooner had he taken her hand than he was inflamed with passion at her touch, and in the case of his other wives ceased to regard them as worthy the name of women, and he raised her to the position of chief queen, and she was as dear as his own life to him. Baka, on hearing what had happened, said, "I will not allow him to make her his queen consort," and getting together an army, he took up his quarters in a port on the opposite side of the river, and sent a message to this effect,

that Pāvāriya was either to surrender his wife or give battle. His rival was ready for battle, but the councillors of the two kings said, "For the sake of a woman there is no need to die. From his being her first husband she belongs to Baka, but from his having rescued her from the ship she

belongs to Pāvāriya. Therefore let her be for the space of seven days at a time in the house of each of them." After due deliberation they gained over the two kings to this view, and they both were highly pleased, and built cities on opposite banks of the river and took up their abode there, and the woman accepted the position of chief consort to the pair of kings, and they were both infatuated with her. Now she dwelt seven days in the house of one of them, and then crossed over in a ship to the abode of the other, and when in mid-stream she misconducted herself with the pilot who steered the vessel, a lame and bald old man. At that time Kuṇāla [444], the king of birds, was Baka, and so he spoke of this as something he had seen with his own eyes, and to illustrate it he repeated this stanza:

Wife of Pāvārika and Baka too,
(Two kings whose lust no pause or limit knew)
Yet sins with her devoted husband's slave;
With what vile wretch would she not misbehave?

Yet another story: Once upon a time the wife of Brahmadatta, Piṅgiyānī by name, opening her window looked out and saw a royal groom, and, when the king had fallen asleep, she got down through the window and misconducted herself with him, and then again climbed back to the palace and shampooed her person with perfumes and lay down with the king. Now one day

the king thought, "I wonder why at midnight the person of the queen is always cool: I will examine into the matter." So one day he pretended to be asleep and got up and followed her and saw her committing folly with a groom. He returned and climbed up to his chamber, and she too after she had been guilty of adultery came and lay down on a truckle bed. Next day the king, in the presence of his ministers, summoned her and made known her misconduct, saying, "All women alike are sinners." And he forgave her offence, though it deserved death, imprisonment, mutilation, or cleaving asunder, but he deposed her from her high rank and made some one else his queen consort. At that time king Kuṇāla was Brahmadatta, and so it was that he told this story as of something he had seen with his own eyes, and by way of illustration he repeated this stanza:

Fair Piṅgiyānī was as wife adored
By Brahmadatta, earth's all conquering lord,
Yet sinned with her devoted husband's slave,
And lost by lechery both king and knave.

[445] After telling of the sins of women in old-world stories, in yet another way, still speaking of their misdeeds, he said:

Poor fickle creatures women are, ungrateful, treacherous they,
No man if not possessed would deign to credit aught they say.

Little reck they of duty's call or plea of gratitude,
Insensible to parents' love and ties of brotherhood,
Transgressing every law of right, they play a shameless part,
In all their acts obedient to the wish of their own heart.

However long they dwell with him, though kind and loving he,

Tender of heart and dear to them as life itself may be,

In times of trouble and distress, leave him they will and must,

I for my part in womenfolk can never put my trust.

How often is a woman's mind like shifty monkey's found,
Or like the shade cast by a tree on height [1] or depth around,
How changeful too the purpose lodged within a woman's breast,
Like tire of wheel revolving swift without a pause or rest.

Whene’er with due reflection they look round and see their way
To captivate some man of wealth and make of him their prey,
Such simpletons with words so soft and smooth they captive lead,
E’en as Cambodian groom with herbs will catch the fiercest steed.

But if when looking round with care they fail to see their way
To get possession of his wealth and make of him a prey,
They drive him off, as one that now has reached the furthest shore
And cuts adrift the ferry boat he needeth nevermore.

Like fierce devouring flame they hold him fast in their embrace,
Or sweep him off like stream in flood that hurries on apace;
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
E’en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

They not to one or two belong, like open stall are they,
One might as soon catch wind with net as women hold in sway.

[446] Like river, road, or drinking shed [2], assembly hall or inn,
So free to all are womenfolk, no limits check their sin.

Fell as black serpent's head are they, as ravenous as a fire,
As kine the choicest herbage pick, they lovers rich desire.

From elephant, black serpent, and from flame that's fed on ghee,
From man besprinkled to be king, and women we should flee.
All these whoso is on his guard will treat as deadly foe,
Indeed their very nature it is very hard to know.

Women who very clever are or very fair to view,
And such as many men admire—all these one should eschew:
A neighbour's wife and one that seeks a man of wealth for mate,
Such kind of women, five in all, no man should cultivate.

[447] When he had thus spoken the people applauded the Great Being, crying, "Bravo, well said!" and after telling of the faults of women in these instances he held his peace. On hearing him Ānanda, the vulture king, said, "My friend, Kuṇāla, I too by my own powers of knowledge will tell of women's faults," and he began to speak of them. The Blessed One by way of illustration said: "Then, verily, Ānanda, the vulture king, marking the beginning, middle and end of what the bird Kuṇāla had to say, at this time uttered these stanzas:

[448]

Although a man with all this world contains of golden gear
Should her endow of womenkind his heart may count most dear,
Yet, if occasion serves, she will dishonour him withal—
Beware lest thou into the hands of such vile wretches fall.

p. 242

A manly vigour [1] he may show, from worldly taint be free,
Her maiden wooer may perhaps winsome and loving be,
In times of trouble and distress leave him she will and must,
I for my part in womankind can never put my trust.

Let him not trust because he thinks "she fancies me, I trow,"
Nor let him trust because her tears oft in his presence flow;
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
Just as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

Trust not a litter strewn with leaves and branches long ago [2],
Trust not thy whilom friend, perchance now grown into a foe,
Trust not a king because thou thinkst, "My comrade once was he,
Trust not a woman though she has borne children ten to thee.

Women are pleasure-seekers all and unrestrained in lust,
Transgressors of the moral law: in such put not your trust.

A wife may feign unbounded love before her husband's face;
Distrust her: women common are as any landing place.

Ready to mutilate or slay, from nothing do they shrink,
And after having cut his throat they e'en his blood would drink:
Let no man fix his love on them, creatures of passions base,
Licentious and as common as some Ganges landing place.

In speech they no distinction make betwixt the false and true,
As kine the choicest herbage pick, rich lovers they pursue.

One man they tempt with looks and smiles, another by their walk,
Some they attract by strange disguise [3], others by honeyed talk.

Dishonest, fierce and hard of heart, as sugar sweet their words,
Nothing there is they do not know to cheat their wedded lords.

Surely all womenfolk are vile, no limit bounds their shame,
Impassioned and audacious they, devouring as a flame.

Women are not so formed, this man to love and that abhor,
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,
E'en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

[449] 'Tis not a case of love or hate with womenfolk we see,
It is for gold they hug a man, as parasites a tree.

A man may corpses burn or e'en dead flowers from temples rake [4],
Be groom of horse or elephant, or care of oxen take,
Yet women after such low castes will run for money's sake.

One nobly born they leave if poor, as 'twere a low outcast,
To such an one, like carrion vile, if rich, they hie them fast."

[450] Thus did Ānanda, the vulture king, keeping to facts within his own knowledge, tell of the bad qualities of women, and then held his peace. Nārada, too, after hearing what he had to say, keeping to what

he himself knew, spoke of their bad qualities. In illustrating this the Master said: "Then verily Nārada, hearing the beginning,

middle and end of what Ānanda, the vulture king, had to say, at this point repeated these stanzas:

Four things can never sated be—list well to these my words—
Ocean, kings, brahmins, womenkind, these four, O king of birds.

All streams in earth that find their home will not the ocean fill,
Though all may with its waters mix, something is lacking still.

A brahmin cons [1] his Vedas and his legendary lore,
Yet still he sacred knowledge lacks and craves for more and more.

A king by conquest holds the world, its mountains, seas and all,
The endless treasures it contains his very own may call,
Yet sighs for worlds beyond the sea, for this he counts too small.

One woman may have husbands eight, compliant to her will,
All heroes bold, well competent love's duties to fulfil,
Yet on a ninth her love she sets, for something lacks she still.

Women like flames devour their prey,
Women like floods sweep all away,
Women are pests, like thorns are they,
Women for gold oft go astray.

That man with net might catch the breeze,
Or single-handed bale out seas,
Clap with one hand, who once should dare
His thoughts let range on woman fair.

With women, clever jades, Truth aye is found a rarity,
Their ways as much perplex as those of fishes in the sea [2].

[451] Soft-speaking, ill to satisfy, as rivers hard to fill,
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee far from them still [3].

Seducing traitresses, they tempt the holiest to his fall,
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee afar from all.

And whomsoever they may serve for gold or for desire,
They burn him up as fuel burns cast in a blazing fire."

When Nārada had thus set forth the vices of women, the Great Being once more by special instances illustrated their bad qualities.

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[452] To show this the Master said, "So verily the bird Kuṇāla, after learning the beginning, middle and conclusion of what Nārada had to say, repeated at this time these stanzas:

E’en a wise man may dare to exchange a word
With goblin foe armed with sharp whetted sword,
Fierce snake he may assail, but ne’er too bold
Alone with woman should he converse hold.

p. 244

Man's reason is o’ercome by woman's charms,
Speech, smiles, with dance and song, their only arms:
Unstable souls they harass, as erewhile
Fell demons merchants slew in goblin isle.

Given to strong drink and meat, one tries in vain
To curb their appetite or lust restrain,
Like to some fabled monster of the deep,
Into their maw a man's whole wealth they sweep.

Lust's five-fold realm they own as their domain,
Their swelling pride uncurbed none may restrain:
As rivers all to ocean find their way,
So careless souls to women fall a prey.

The man in whom these women take delight,
Moved by their greed or carnal appetite,
Yea such an one inflamed by strong desire,
They clean consume as fuel in the fire.

If one they know is rich, on him they fall
And off they carry him, his wealth and all,

Round him thus fired with lust their arms they fling,
As creepers to some forest sāl tree cling.

Like vimba [1] fruit red-lipped [2], so bright and gay,
'Gainst man they many a stratagem essay,
With laughter now assailing, now with smiles,
Like Saṁvara [3], that lord of many wiles.

Women with gold and jewels rich bedecked,
By husband's kin received with due respect,
[453] Though strictly guarded 'gainst their lords will sin,
Like her the demon's maw conveyed within [4].

A man may very famous be and wise,
Revered and honoured in all people's eyes,
Yet fall'n 'neath woman's sway no more will shine
Than moon eclipsed by Rāhu's [5] power malign.

The vengeance wreaked by angry foe on foe,
Or such as tyrants to their victims show,
Yea a worse fate than this o'ershadows all
That through their lust 'neath woman's sway shall fall.

Threatened with person scratched or hair pulled out,
Scourged, cudgelled, buffeted or kicked about,
Yet woman to some low-born lover hies
Delighting in him as in carrion flies.

Shun women in highways and lordly hall,
In royal city or in township small,
A man of insight, would he happy be,
Avoids the snare thus laid by Namuci [6].

He who relaxes good ascetic rule,
To practise what is mean and base, poor fool,
Will barter heaven for hell, like unto them
Who change a flawless for a blemished [7] gem.

Despised is he in this world and the next

And, willingly by evil women vext,

Goes stumbling recklessly, fall upon fall,

As vicious ass runs wild with car and all.

Now in silk-cotton grove of iron spears [1],
Now in Patāpana he disappears,
Now lodged in some brute form is seen to flit
In ghostly realms that he may never quit.

In Nandana [2] love's heavenly sport and play,
On earth the monarch's universal sway,
Is lost through woman, and through her alas!
All careless souls to state of suffering pass.

[454] Not hard to attain are heavenly sport and play,
Nor upon earth the world-wide monarch's sway,
Nymphs too in golden homes by these are won
Who with concupiscence long since have done.

To pass from Realm of Sense with life renewed
To World of Form, with higher powers endued,
Is by rebirth in sphere of Arhats won
By these who with concupiscence have done.

The bliss that doth all sense of pain transcend,
Unwavering, unconditioned, without end,
Is by pure souls, now in Nirvāna, won
Who with concupiscence long since have done."

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[456] Thus did the Great Being, after bringing about their attainment of the Eternal Great Nirvāna, end his lesson. And the elves and mighty serpents and the like in the Himalayas, and the angels standing in the air, all applauded, saying, "Bravo! spoken with all the charm of a Buddha." Ānanda, the vulture king, Nārada, the brahmin angel, Puṇṇamukha, the royal cuckoo, each with his own following, retired to their respective places, and the Great Being too departed to his own abode. But the others from time to time returned and received instruction at the hands of

the Great Being, and abiding by his admonition became destined to Heaven.

The Master here ended his lesson and identifying the Birth repeated the final stanza:

Udāyi royal cuckoo was, Ānanda vulture king,
Good Sāriputta Nārada, Kuṇāla I that sing.

Thus are ye to understand this Birth.

Now these Brethren, when they came, came by the supernatural power of the Master, and on returning returned by their own power. And the Master revealed to them in the Great Forest the means by which ecstasy may be induced, and that very day they attained to Arhatship. There was a mighty gathering of angelic beings, so the Blessed One declared to them the Mahāsamayasutta (the discourse preached to a great company).

Footnotes

219:1 The text of this Birth Story is not very satisfactory, and in many places it is almost impossible to distinguish the words of the story itself from the explanations of the commentary. Compare *Jāt.* I. No. 74, *Rukkhadhamma-Jātaka* and *Dhammapada,* p. 351; also Hardy's *Manual,* pp. 134-140.

219:2 May and June.

219:3 Compare Rogers' translation of *Buddhaghosha's Parables,* Ch. XXVI., for an account of Gotama's family.

220:1 *Sutta-Nipāta,* IV. 15, p. 173.

220:2 *Jāt.* I. p. 327, *nīlaraṁsim vissajjetvā.*

220:3 *Jāt.* IV. No. 475.

220:4 *parapatti,* cf. *Jāt.* III. 77. 27.

220:5 *Jāt.* III. No. 322.

220:6 *Jāt.* III. No. 357.

220:7 *Jāt.* I. No. 74.

220:8 Vol. I. No. 33, *Sammodamāna-Jātaka,* is what is called *Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka* in the text.

222:1 *uddārakcā.* For the form compare *mārjāraka,* a cat.

222:2 Specified in the text.

222:3 *amajja.* For this word compare *Taittirīya Saṁhhitā,* VII. 5. 12, 2.

222:4 I have omitted the names of three birds, *parābhūta, celāvaka, bhiṁkāra,* which are not found in the dictionaries.

223:1 The translation here omits a long list of trees, etc., known for the most part, if at all, by their botanical equivalents in Latin.

223:2 Here follows a long passage already given *supra,* p. 222.

224:1 The scholiast seems to take the passage thus. Perhaps it may be rendered, "Who is this (paragon) thus described by you, a henpecked creature that you are?"

225:1 i.e. the kings of Kosala and Kāsi, the real and the putative father.

225:2 The names of the five husbands are given: Ajjuna, Nakula, Bhīmasena, Yudhiṭṭhila, Sahadeva.

225:3 Meaning, "with head crushed down into his body.

225:4 *Jāt.* III. No. 327.

225:5 Compare Tawney's *Kathá Sarit Ságara,* II. 491-492.

225:6 Reading *mātā ohāya Kosalarājānam.*

225:7 The lion's mouth is the fifth paw.

226:1 The scholiast takes *gamaniyo* as equivalent to *vesiyo.*

226:2 *Jāt.* vol. III. No. 379, *Neru jātaka.* Like Mt Neru, reflecting a golden hue on all objects alike.

226:3 One MS. for *dujjivha* reads *dujivha* "double-tongued."

226:4 *Nāvasamākatā* can scarcely be right. The commentary gives as the epithet to Neru *nibbisesakārā.* One reading gives *nāvasamāgatā,* speeding like a ship.

226:5 *Svayamvara* was the public choice of a husband by a princess from a number of suitors assembled for the purpose. In the *Mahābhārata* we have an account of the Svayamvara of Draupadī, daughter of the king of Pañcāla, afterwards the common wife of the five Pāṇḍu princes.

228:1 *setasamaṇī.* Amongst the Jains is an order of white-robed ascetics called *śvetāmbaras.* Compare our *White Friars.*

229:1 Reading *tulāputto.*

229:2 Vol. III. No. 327, E. V. p. 60.

232:1 This seems to require like the other nouns some qualifying epithet.

232:2 *accāvadati.* Morris in *P. T. S. Journal* for '86, p. 100, quotes a passage from *Suttavibhaṅga* II. p. 263.

233:1 *kuṁkumī, kuṁkumiyajātā* is not found. The scholiast says *kolāhalam karoti.*

236:1 Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables,* Ch. XIX. The Story of the Sense of Touch.

237:1 *dvāravāsī,* meaning perhaps an inhabitant of a poor quarter. Cf. *dvāragāma,* a village outside the city gate, a suburb.

241:1 *kanna,* apparently Skt *skanna,* but one would have expected the compound to be *pakkanna.* Cf. Pischel, *Gramm. der Prākrit-Sprachen,* § 206.

241:2 *papā,* a roadside shed where travellers are supplied with water. Cf. *Jāt.* I. 302. 3.

242:1 *uṭṭhāhaka.* See *Dhammapada* 280, *anuṭṭhahāno,* and its archaic form in the *Journal Asiatique,* IX^{me} Sér., tome XII. p. 215, where from the verbal base *uṭṭhah* we find an analogous form *anuṭhahatu.*

242:2 For fear it may harbour a snake.

242:3 The commentator refers to the story of *Naḷinikā,* No. 526, as an instance of this.

242:4 *pupphachaḍḍaka,* a low-caste man who removes dead flowers from temples, *Thera-Gāthā,* V. 620, *Questions of Milinda,* V. 4, vol. II. p. 211 (S. B. E. XXXVI.).

243:1 For the form *adhiyānaṁ* compare V. 24. 4, *khādiyānaṁ,* V. 143. 9, *anumodiyānaṁ,* V. 505. 28, *paribhuñjiyāna.* Compare Pischel, *Grammatik der Prākrit-Sprachen,* § 592.

243:2 These lines occur on p. 52, *supra.*

243:3 Vol. II. p. 226, vol. IV. p. 292, English version.

244:1 *Momordica monadelpha.*

244:2 *vimboshṭha.*

244:3 Saṁvara, the name of a demon.

244:4 Vol. III. No. 436, *Samugga-Jātaka.*

244:5 Rāhu, a Titan supposed to swallow the moon and cause an eclipse.

244:6 A name of Māra. See Windisch, *Māra and Buddha,* p. 185.

244:7 *chedagāmimaṇi.*

245:1 Compare *Saṁkicca-Jātaka,* p. 139, *supra.*

245:2 Nandana, a garden in Indra's heaven.

No. 537.

MAHĀ-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA [1].

"Master of dainty flavours," etc. This story the Master while dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Elder, Aṅgulimāla [2]. The manner of his birth and admission to the priesthood is to be understood as fully described in the Aṅgulimāla-sutta. Now from the time when by an Act of Truth he saved the life of a woman having a difficult delivery he easily obtained offerings of food and by cultivating retirement he afterwards attained to Arhatship and became recognised as one of the eighty Great Elders. At that time they started this subject in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Oh! what a miracle, sirs, was wrought by the Blessed One in that he thus peacefully and without using any violence converted and humbled such a cruel and blood-stained robber as Aṅgulimāla: Oh! Buddhas verily do mighty works!" The Master seated in the Perfumed Chamber by his divine sense of hearing caught what was said and, knowing that to-day his corning would be very helpful and that there would be an exposition of a great doctrine, with the incomparable grace of a Buddha he went to the Hall of Truth and there sitting on the seat reserved for him he asked what theme they were discussing in conclave; and when they told him what it was he said, "There is no marvel, Brethren, in my converting him now [457], when I have attained to the highest enlightenment. I also tamed him when I was living in a previous stage of existence and in a condition of only limited [3] knowledge," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Koravya exercised a righteous rule in the city of Indapatta, in the kingdom of Kuru. The Bodhisatta came to life as the child of his chief queen, and from his fondness for pressed soma juice they called him Sutasoma. When he was come of age his father sent him to Takkasilā to be educated by a teacher of world-wide fame. So taking his teacher's fee he started on his way there. At Benares, too, prince Brahmadatta, son of the king of Kāsi, was sent by his father for a like purpose and set out upon the same road. In the course of his journey Sutasoma to rest himself sat down on a bench in a hall by the city gate. Prince Brahmadatta, too, came and sat down with him on the same bench. After a friendly greeting Sutasoma asked him, saying, "Friend, you are tired with your journey. Whence have you come?" On his saying "From Benares," he asked whose son he was. "The son of Brahmadatta." "And what is your name?" "Prince Brahmadatta." "With what object are you come?" "To be instructed in arts," he replied. Then prince

Brahmadatta said, "You too are tired with your journey," and questioned him in like manner. And Sutasoma told him all about himself. And they both thought, "We are two princes going to receive instruction in arts at the hands of the same teacher," and struck up a friendship one with another. Then entering the city they repaired to the teacher's house and saluted him, and after declaring their origin they said they had come to be instructed in arts. He readily agreed with their proposals. Offering him the fee for instruction they entered upon their studies, and not merely they, but other princes who were at that time in India, to the number of one hundred and one, received instruction from the

teacher. Sutasoma being the senior pupil soon attained to proficiency in teaching, and without visiting the others [458] he thought, "This is my friend," and went to prince Brahmadatta only, and becoming his private teacher [1] he soon educated him, while the others only gradually acquired their learning. They, too, after zealous application to their studies bade farewell to their teacher, and forming an escort to Sutasoma set out on their return journey. Then Sutasoma standing in front of them dismissed them, saying, "After you have given a proof of your learning to your respective fathers you will be established each in your own kingdom. When so established see that you obey my instructions." "What are they, Master?" "On the days of the new and full moon [2] to keep Uposatha vows and to abstain from taking the life of anything." They readily agreed to this. The Bodhisatta, from his power of prognosticating from personal appearance, knew that great danger would arise with regard to the prince of Benares in the future, and thus after due admonition he dismissed them. And they all returned to their own countries, and after an exhibition of their learning to their fathers succeeded to their respective kingdoms. And to make known this fact and that they were continuing in his admonition, together with a present, they sent letters to Sutasoma. The Great Being on learning the state of affairs answered their letters, bidding them be earnest in the faith. One of them, the king of Benares, never ate his rice meal without meat, and to observe a holy day they would take his meat and put it on one side. Now one day when the meat was thus reserved, by the carelessness of the cook the well-bred dogs in the king's palace ate it. The cook not finding it took a handful of coins and going a round failed to procure any meat and said, "If I should serve a meal without meat, I am a dead man. What am I to do?" But thinking, "There is still a way," late in the evening he went to a cemetery

where dead bodies are exposed and taking some flesh from the thigh of a man who had just died, he roasted it

thoroughly and served it up as a meal. No sooner was a bit of the meat placed on the tip of the king's tongue than it sent a thrill through the seven thousand nerves of taste and continued to create a disturbance throughout his whole body. Why was this? From his having previously resorted to this food. For it is said that as a Yakkha, in the birth immediately preceding this, he had eaten quantities of human flesh, and so it was agreeable to his taste [1]. [459] The king thought, "If I shall eat this in silence, he will not tell me what this meat is," so in spitting he let a piece fall to the ground. When the cook said, "You may eat it, sire; there is nothing wrong with it," he ordered all his attendants to retire and said, "I know it is all right, but what meat is it?" "What your Majesty has enjoyed on previous days." "Surely the meat had not this flavour at any other time?" "It was well cooked to-day, sire." "Surely you cooked it exactly like this before?" Then seeing him reduced to silence he said, "Either tell me the truth or you are a dead man." So he prayed for an assurance of indemnity and told the exact truth. The king said, "Do not say a word about it. You are to eat the usual roast meat and cook human flesh only for me." "Surely this is a difficult matter, sire." "Do not be afraid: there is no difficulty." "Whence shall I be able to get it continually?" "Are there not numbers of men in prison?" Thenceforth he acted on this suggestion. By and bye, when prisoners failed him, he said, "What am I to do now?" The king said, "Throw down in the high road a parcel of a thousand pieces of money and seize as a thief any one that picks it up and put him to death." He did so. By and bye, not finding a creature so

much as looking at the packet of money, he said, "Now what am I to do?" "At the time when a drum sounds the night watches, the city is crowded with people. Then, taking your stand in the cleft [2] of a house wall or at a cross-ways, strike down a man and carry off some of his flesh." From that day he used to come with some fat flesh, and in various places dead bodies were found. A sound of lamentation was heard, "I have lost my father, I have lost my mother, or brother or sister." The men of the city were panic-stricken and said, "Surely some lion or tiger or demon has devoured these people." On examining the bodies they saw what looked like a gaping wound and said, "Why it must be a man that eats their flesh!" The people gathered together in the palace-yard and made a complaint. The king asked, "What is it, my friends?" "Sire," they said, "in this city is some man-eating robber: have him

seized." "How am I to know who it is? Am I to walk round and guard the city?" The people said [460], "The king has not a care for the city: we will report it to the commander-in-chief, Kāḷahatthi." They told him and said, "You must search for this robber." He answered, "Wait for seven days and I will seek out the robber and hand him over to you." And dismissing the people he gave orders to his officers, saying, "My friends, they say there is a man-eating robber in this city. You are to lay an ambuscade in various places and capture him." They said, "All right," and from that day they surround the whole city. Now the cook was concealed in a hole in the wall of a house and he killed a woman and began to fill his basket with pieces of solid flesh. So the officers seized and buffeted him, and tying his arms behind him they raised a loud cry, "We have caught the man-

eating robber." A crowd of people gathered around them. Then beating him soundly and fastening the basket of flesh upon his neck they brought him before the commander-in-chief. On seeing him he thought, "Can it be that this fellow eats this flesh or does he mix it with other meat and sell it, or does he kill people at the bidding of somebody else?" And inquiring into the matter he spoke the first stanza:

Master of dainty flavours, what dire need
Has urged thee on to do this dreadful deed?
Hast thou for food to eat or wealth to gain,
Misguided wretch, these men and women slain?

The verses that follow are of obvious connexion and are to be understood as uttered by alternate speakers in accordance with the scripture context:

Neither for wife or child, friends, kin or pelf,
Nor did I slay this woman for myself;
My gracious lord, the sovereign of this land,
Eats human flesh: I sinned at his command.

If thus suborned to sate thy master's greed
Thou hast been guilty of this awful deed,
[461] Let us at early dawn seek out the king
And in his face the accusation fling.

O Kālahatthi, worshipful good lord,
So will I do according to thy word,
At early dawn will I seek out the king
And in his face this accusation fling.

So the commander had him laid down, firmly bound, and at dawn he took counsel with his officers, and as they were unanimous he stationed guards in every direction, and having got the city well in hand he bound the basket of flesh on the

cook's neck and went off with him to the palace, and the whole city was in an uproar. The king had breakfasted the day before, but had gone without his supper and had spent the whole night in a sitting posture, expecting the cook to come every moment. "To-day, too," he thought, "no cook comes, and I hear a great uproar in the city. What

can it all be about?" and looking out of the window he-saw the man being dragged thither as described, and thinking everything was discovered he plucked up his courage and took his seat on his throne. And Kāḷahatthi drew nigh and questioned him, and the king answered him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

’Twas now sunrise and day had scarce begun to break,
As Kāḷa to the court with cook his way did take,
And drawing nigh the king words such as these he spake.

"Sire, is it true this cook was sent into the street,
And men and women slew to furnish thee with meat?"

[462] "Kāḷa, ’tis even so; ’twas done at my request:
Why blame him then for what he did at my behest?"

On hearing this the commander-in-chief thought, "With his own mouth he confesses it; Oh, the ruffian! all this long time he has been eating men: I will stop him from this," and he said, "Sire, do not this thing; eat not the flesh of men." "Kāḷahatthi, what is it you say? I cannot cease from it." "Sire, if you do not cease from it, you will destroy both yourself and your realm." "Even though my realm be destroyed, I cannot possibly cease from it." Then

the commander, to bring him to a better mind, told him a story by way of illustration.

Once upon a time there were six monster fishes in the ocean. Amongst them were Ānanda, Timanda, Ajjhohāra—these three were five hundred leagues in extent—Tītimīti, Miṅgala, Timirapiṅgala—these were a thousand leagues long—and all of them fed upon the rock-sevāla [1] weed. Of them Ānanda dwelt on one side of the ocean and many fish came to see him. One day they thought, "Amongst all bipeds and quadrupeds kings are to be found, but we have no king: we will make this fish our king." And being all of one mind they made Ānanda their king, and from that day the fish evening and morning came to pay their respects to him. Now one day Ānanda on a certain mountain was feeding on rock-sevāla and unwittingly ate a fish, thinking it to be sevāla. [463] Its flesh was pleasing to his taste, and wondering what it could be that was so very sweet, he took it out of his mouth and looking at it found it was a piece of fish. He thought, "All this long time in my ignorance I never ate this: evening and morning when the fish come to pay their respects to me, I will devour one or two of them, for if when they are being eaten I make the fact too clear to them, not a single one will come near me, but they will all scurry off." So lying in concealment he struck at any that were retreating from behind and devoured them. The fish as their numbers gradually diminished thought, "From what quarter will this peril to our

kind be threatening us?" Then a sage amongst them thought, "I am not satisfied with what Ānanda is doing: I will investigate what he is about," and when the fish came to pay homage to

Ānanda, the sage hid himself in the lobe of Ānanda's ear. Ānanda on dismissing the fish devoured those that were straggling behind. The wise fish seeing it reported it to the others and they all were panic-stricken and fled. From that day Ānanda in his greedy longing for the flavour of fish refused every other kind of food. Growing sick from hunger he thought, "Where in the world can they be gone?" and in searching for them he espied a certain mountain and thought, "From fear of me the fish, methinks, are dwelling near this mountain. I will encircle it and keep a watch over it." So encircling it with his head and tail he compassed it on both sides, thinking, "If they live here, they will be for escaping," and catching sight of his own tail as it coiled round the mountain he thought, "This fish lives near the mountain and is trying to elude me," and in his rage he seized his own tail, which was fifty leagues long, and believing he had got hold of a fish, he devoured it with a crunching sound, suffering thereby excruciating pain. At the smell of the blood the fish gathered together, and pulling bit after bit out of Ānanda's tail ate it up till they reached his head. [464] Having such a big carcase he could not turn round but then and there came to his end. And there was a heap of bones as big as a mountain. Holy ascetics, male and female, travelling through space, saw it and told men of it. And the inhabitants of all India knew of it. Kāḷahatthi, by way of illustration, told this story and said:

Ānanda ate of every fish and when his suite had fled,

He his own tail right greedily devoured till he was dead.

The slave to appetite no other pleasure knows,
Poor careless fool, so blind is he to coming woes:
He children, kith and kin in ruin low will lay,
Then turns and rends himself, to monstrous greed a prey.

To these my words, O king, I pray thee, hearken well,
Eat not the flesh of men; forego thy purpose fell:
Lest thou perchance shouldst share that fish's awful fate
And leave, O lord of men, thy kingdom desolate.

[465] On hearing this the king said, "Kāḷahatthi, I too know an example as well as you," and as an instance he told an old story in illustration of his greed for human flesh and said:

Sujāta's son and heir for some rose-apples loudly cried,
For loss of them the lad so grieved, he laid him down and died.

So, Kāḷa, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

Once upon a time, they say, a landed gentleman named Sujāta at Benares lodged in his park and ministered to five hundred ascetics who had come down from the Himalayas to procure salt and vinegar. Food

was constantly set out in his house for them, but these ascetics sometimes went on a pilgrimage for alms in the country and brought back pieces of big rose-apples to eat. When they were feeding on the rose-apples they had brought, Sujāta thought, "To-day it is the third or fourth day that these holy men have not come to me here. Where in the world can they have gone?" So making his little boy take hold of his hand he went there while they were taking their repast. At that moment a novice was giving the elders water to rinse their mouths and was eating a bit of rose-apple. Sujāta saluted the ascetics and when he was seated he asked, saying, "Holy sirs, what are you eating?" "Pieces of large rose-apples, sir." The boy on hearing this felt thirsty, so the leader of the company of ascetics had a small piece given to

him. The boy ate it and was so charmed with the delicate flavour that he kept on continually begging them to give him another piece. The gentleman, who was listening to the preaching of the Law, said, "Do not cry; when you get home, you shall have a piece to eat," thus deceiving the boy for fear lest the holy Brethren might be worn out by his cries. So comforting the boy he took his leave of the band of ascetics and returned home. From the moment they arrived there the boy kept up a cry of "Give me a piece." The ascetics too said, "We have stayed here a long time," and departed for the Himalayas. Not finding the boy in the park the ascetics sent him a present of pieces of mangoes, rose-apples, bread-fruit, bananas and other fruits, all mixed with powdered sugar. This mixture was no sooner placed on the tip of his tongue than it acted like a deadly poison. For seven days he took no food and then died. [466] This story the king told by way of illustration. Then Kāḷahatthi thought, "This king is a great glutton: I will tell him further instances," and he said, "Great king, desist from this." "It is impossible," he said. "Should you not desist, you will gradually be dropped by your family circle and deprived of your kingly glory." Once upon a time too in this very Benares there was a brahmin family which kept the five Moral Precepts. An only son was born to this family, the darling and delight of his parents, a wise lad and well seen in the Three Vedas. He used to go about in the company of a band of youths of the same age as himself. The other members of the company ate fish, meat and similar food and took strong drink. The young boy neither ate meat nor drank strong drink. The thought struck them, "This boy because he takes no strong drink does not pay his reckoning: let us devise a plan to make him drink." So when they were gathered together, they said, "My friend, let us hold a festival." He said, "You drink strong drink but I do not. You go without me." "Friend, we will take some milk for you to drink."

He consented, saying, "All right." The rogues went to the garden and tied up some fiery spirit in a leaf cup and put it amongst some lotus leaves. So when they began to drink they

offered the lad some milk. One of the rogues cried, "Bring us some lotus nectar," and having had it brought to him, he cut a hole in the bottom of the leaf cup placed in the lotus, and putting it to his mouth sucked it. The others too had some brought to them and drank it. The lad asked what it was and took some strong drink, believing it to be lotus nectar. Then they offered him some broiled meat and this too he ate. And when from repeated draughts of liquor he was intoxicated, they told him, "This is no lotus nectar: it is spirit." "All this long while," he said, "I never knew what a sweet taste was. Bring me more strong drink, I say!" They brought it and once more gave it him, for he was very thirsty. [467] Then when he asked for more, they told him it was all finished. He said, "Come, I say! fetch me some more," and gave them his signet ring. After drinking with them all the day, being now quite drunk and his eyes bloodshot, trembling and babbling, he went home and lay down. Then his father finding out he had been drinking, when the effects of it had passed off, said to him, "My son, you have done very wrong, being a member of a brahmin family, to drink strong drink: never do so again." "Dear father, what is my offence?" "Drinking strong drink." "How say you, father? in all my life I never before tasted anything so sweet." The brahmin repeatedly besought him to give it up. "I cannot do it," he said. Then the brahmin thought, "If this is so, our family tradition will be destroyed and our wealth will perish," and he repeated this stanza:

A scion of a brahmin house, withal a comely boy,

Thou must not drink the accursèd thing no brahmin may enjoy.

And after these words he said, "My dear son, abstain from it, otherwise I shall put you out of my house and have you banished from my kingdom." The lad said, "Even so, I cannot give up strong drink," and he repeated two stanzas:

Since, father, from this best of tastes thou fain wouldst me debar,

To get it, where it may be found I'll go however far.

Depart will I in haste and ne’er dwell with thee any more,
For now the very sight of me, methinks, thou dost abhor.

Moreover he said, "I will not abstain from dram drinking: do what you please." Then the brahmin, saying, "Well, as you give us up, we too will give you up," repeated this stanza:

[468]

Surely some other sons we'll find as heirs our wealth to claim,

Go, rascal, where we never more may hear thy cursèd name.

Then taking his son into court he disinherited him and had him driven out of his house. This youth later on, being a poor destitute wretch, put on a coarse garment, and taking a beggar's bowl in his hand he went round begging for alms, and resting against a wall so died. Kāḷahatthi relating

this incident by way of a lesson to the king, said, "If, sire, you refuse to hearken to our words, they will have you banished from the kingdom," and so saying he spoke this stanza:

So hearken well, O king of men, obeying my command,
Or like that drunken youth wilt thou be banished from the land.

Even after the instance thus adduced by Kāḷahatthi, the king could not desist from his habit, and to illustrate yet another story he said:

Disciple of the Perfect Saints [1], Sujāta, it is said,
Abstained from food and drink through love felt for a heavenly maid.

As dewdrop on a blade of grass to waters of the sea,
Is human love compared with love for some divinity.

So, Kāḷa, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

The story is just like the one already related.

This Sujāta, they say, on seeing that the ascetics, at the time when they ate pieces of big rose-apple did not return, thought, "I wonder why they do not come back. If they are gone anywhere, I will find it out: otherwise I will listen to their preaching." So he went to the park and heard the Law preached by the leader of the company, and when the sun set, though he was dismissed he said, "I will remain here to-day," and saluting the company of saints he went into his hut of leaves and lay down. At night Sakka, king of heaven, accompanied by a troop of angelic beings, together with his handmaids, came to pay his respects to the band of ascetics, and the whole hermitage was one blaze of light. Sujāta, wondering what this might be, rose up and looking through a chink in his hut of leaves, saw Sakka come to salute the company [469], attended by a troop of heavenly Apsarasas, and no sooner did he see them than he was fired with passion. Sakka took a seat and after listening to a sermon on the Faith

departed to his own abode. The landed proprietor next day saluted the ascetics and asked, saying, "Who was it, reverend sirs, came in the night to pay his respects to you?" "Sakka, sir." "And who were those that sat round about him?" "They are called heavenly Apsarasas." Saluting the band of ascetics he went home and from the moment he got there he kept up a foolish cry of "Give me an Apsaras." His kinsmen, standing about him, wondered if he were possessed of an evil spirit, and snapped their fingers. He said, "It is not this snapping of the fingers I speak of, but of the heavenly Apsaras [2]." And when they dressed up and brought to him a wife or even a courtesan and said, "Here is an Apsaras," he said, "This is no Apsaras, it is a female ghoul," and went on with his

foolish cry, "Give me an Apsaras," and taking no food he died. On hearing this Kāḷahatthi said, "This king is a great glutton: I will bring him to a better mind." And he said, "The golden geese too that gavel through the air perished from eating the flesh of their kin," and to illustrate this he repeated two stanzas

Just as these dhataraṭṭha geese that travel through the air
All died because they lived upon a most unnatural fare,

So too do thou, O king of men, list well to what I say,
For eating this unlawful food, thee too they'll drive away.

Once upon a time, they say, ninety thousand geese dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa. For four months in the rainy season they do not stir out. If they should do so, their wings being full of water, they would be unable to take a long flight and would fall into the sea, and therefore they do not stir out, but when the rainy season is drawing near, they gather wild paddy

from a natural lake, and filling their cave with it live upon rice. But no sooner had they entered the cave than an uṇṇanābhi spider as big as a chariot wheel at the entrance of the cave used to spin a web every month, and each thread of it was as thick as a cow's halter. The geese give two portions of food to a young goose, thinking he will then be able to break through the web. [470] When the sky clears, this young goose being in front of them severs the web and the rest all escape by the same way. Now once the rainy season lasted five months, and the food of the geese grew short. They consulted as to what was to be done and said, "If we are to live, we must take the eggs." First they ate the eggs, then the goslings and after that the old geese. At the end of five months the rain left off, the spider had spun five webs, and the geese from eating the flesh of their kin had grown feeble. The young goose that had received a double portion of food, striking at the webs broke four of them but could not break the fifth, and stuck there. So the spider cut off his head and drank his blood. First one and then another came and struck the web, and the spider said, "Here's another of them stuck in the same place," and sucked the blood of all of them, and at that time the family of the dhataraṭṭha geese became extinct, they say. The king was anxious to give yet another illustration, but the citizens rising up said, "My lord commander, what do you propose to do? How will you proceed now you have caught the man-eating rogue? If he does not give it up, have him expelled from his kingdom," and they would not suffer the king to say a word. Hearing the common talk of the people, the king was terrified and could say nothing more, and once again the commander said to him, "Sire, will it be possible for you to give it up?" "Impossible," he said. So the commander placed on one side all his harem, his sons and his daughters, arrayed in all their

splendour, and said, "Sire, behold this circle of your kinsfolk, this band of councillors

and your royal pomp: be not undone, but cease from eating man's flesh." The king said, "All this is not dearer to me than man's flesh." "Then depart, sire, from this city and kingdom." "Kāḷahatthi," he said, "I do not want my kingdom; I am ready to depart, but grant me one favour; let me have my sword and my cook." So they let him take a sword, a vessel for cooking man's flesh and a basket, and giving him his cook they carried out his expulsion from the kingdom. [471] Taking his cook he set out from the city and entered a forest and made his dwelling at the foot of a banyan tree. Living there he would take his stand on the road which led through the forest, and killing men he would bring their bodies and give them to the cook, and he cooked the flesh and served it up and both of them lived after this manner. And when he sallied forth, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber!" no one could hold his own, and they all fell to the ground and any one of them that he fancied, he seized, heels upwards or not as it might happen, and gave him to his cook. One day, he did not find any man in the forest, and when on his return the cook said, "How is this, sire?" he told him to put the pot on the brasier. "But where is the meat, sire?" "Oh! I will find some meat," he said. Thought the cook, "I am a dead man," and all of a tremble he made a fire and put the pot on the brasier. Then the man-eater killed him with a stroke of his sword and cooked and ate his flesh. Thenceforth he was quite alone and had to cook his food himself. The rumour spread throughout all India, "The man-eater murders wayfaring men." At that time a certain wealthy brahmin who traded with five hundred waggons

was travelling from the east in a westerly direction and he thought, "This man-eating robber, they say, murders men on the road. By a payment of money I will make my way through the forest." So he paid a thousand pieces of money to the people who lived at the entrance of the forest, bidding them convoy him safely through it and set out on the road with them. He placed all his caravan in front of him, and having bathed and anointed himself and put on sumptuous apparel he seated himself in an easy carriage drawn by white oxen, and escorted by his convoy he travelled last of all. The man-eater climbing up a tree was on the look out for men, but though he felt no appetite for any of the rest of the convoy, no sooner did he catch sight of the brahmin than his mouth watered through desire to eat him. When the brahmin came up to him, [472] he proclaimed his name, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber," and brandishing his sword, like to one filling men's eyes with sand, he leaped upon them and no man was able to stand up against him, but they all fell prone upon the ground. Seizing the brahmin as he sat in his easy carriage by the foot he slung him on his back, head downwards, and striking his head against his heels so carried him off. The men rising up cried one to another, "Ho! my man, bestir yourself. We received a thousand pieces of money from the

brahmin's hands. Who amongst us wears the semblance of a man? Let us, one and all, strong man or weakling, pursue him for a short space." They pursued him and the man-eater stopped and looked back, and not seeing anyone went slowly on. At that moment a bold fellow running at full speed came up with him. On seeing him, the robber leaping over a fence trod upon an

acacia splinter [1] which, wounding him, came out at the top of his foot, and the robber went limping along with the blood trickling from the wound. Then his pursuer on seeing it said, "Surely I have wounded him: you just follow on behind and I will catch him." They saw how feeble he was and joined in the pursuit. When the robber saw that he was pursued he dropped the brahmin and secured his own safety. The brahmin's escort as soon as they had recovered him thought, "What have we got to do with this robber?" and turned back. But the man-eater, going to the foot of his banyan tree, lay down amongst the shoots and offered up a prayer to the spirit of the tree, saying, "My lady, nymph of the tree, if within seven days thou canst heal my wound, I will bathe thy trunk with blood from the throats of one hundred and one princes from all India, and will hang the tree all round with their inwards and offer up a sacrifice of the five sweet kinds of flesh." Now, in consequence of having nothing to eat or drink, his body wasted away, and within the seven days his wound healed. He recognised that his cure was due to the tree-nymph, and in a few days he recovered his strength by eating man's flesh and thought, "The spirit has been very helpful to me. I will discharge my vow." Taking his sword he sallied forth from the foot of the tree [473] and set out, purposing to bring the kings. Now, a Yakkha which had gone about as his comrade, eating man's flesh with him, when in a former existence he himself had been a Yakkha, caught sight of him and knowing that he had in a former existence been his friend he asked him, saying, "Do you not recognise me, friend?" "I do not," he said. Then he told him about something they had done in a former state and the man-eater recognised him and gave him a kind greeting. When asked where he had been reborn, he told him of his place of birth and how he had been banished from his kingdom and where he was now living. He told him moreover

how he was wounded by a splinter and that he was now going on an expedition to redeem his promise to the tree-nymph. "I must get over this difficulty of mine by your help: we will go together, my friend," he said. "I cannot go, but there is one service I can render you. I certainly know a spell characterised by words of priceless value. It ensures strength, speed of foot, and an increase of prestige. Learn this spell." He readily agreed to

this, and the goblin gave it to him and went off. The man-eater got the spell by heart, and from that time became swift as the wind and very bold. Within seven days he found a hundred and one kings on their ways to parks and other places and leaped upon them with the swiftness of the wind, proclaiming his name, and by jumping about and shouting he greatly terrified them. Then he seized them by the feet and held them head downwards, and striking their heads with his heels carried them off with the swiftness of the wind. Next he drilled holes in the palms of their hands and hung them up by a cord on the banyan tree, and the wind striking them as they just touched the ground with the tips of their toes, they hung on the tree, revolving like withered wreaths of flowers in baskets. But he thought, "Sutasoma was my private teacher: let not India be altogether desolate," and did not bring him. Being minded to make an offering to the tree he lighted a fire and sat down, sharpening a stake. The tree-nymph on seeing this thought, "He is preparing to offer sacrifice to me, but it was not I that healed his wound: [474] he will now make a great slaughter. What is to be done? I shall not be able to stop him." So she went and told the Four Great Kings of it and bade them stop him. When they said they could not do it, she approached Sakka and told him the whole

story and asked him to stop him. He said, "I cannot do it, but I will tell you some one who can." She said, "Who is that?" "In the world of men and gods," he answered, "there is no one else, but in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom is Sutasoma, prince of Kuru. He will tame and humble this man and will save the lives of these kings, and cure him of eating human flesh and will shower nectar over all India. If you are anxious to save the lives of the kings, bid him first bring Sutasoma and then offer his sacrifice to the tree." "All right," said the tree-spirit and went quickly, disguised as an ascetic, and approached close to the man-eater. At the sound of footsteps he thought, "Can one of the kings have escaped?" Looking up and seeing him he thought, "Ascetics surely are kshatriyas. If I capture him, I shall make up the full number of one hundred and one kings and offer my sacrifice [1]." He. rose up and sword in hand pursued the ascetic, but though he chased him for three leagues he could not overtake him, and streams of sweat poured from his limbs. He thought, "I once could pursue and catch an elephant, or horse, or chariot going at full speed, but to-day though I am running with all my might I cannot catch this ascetic who is going just his natural pace. What can be the reason for this?" Then thinking, "Ascetics are accustomed to obey: if I bid him stand and he does so, I shall catch him," he cried, "Stand, holy sir." "I am standing," he answered, "do you too try and

stand." Then he said, "Ho there! ascetics even to save their life do not tell a lie, but you speak falsely," and he repeated this stanza:

[475]

Although I bid thee stand, thou still dost forward fly,
And crying "Lo! I stand," methinks thou dost but lie:
Unseemly ’tis; this sword, O priest, thou must assume
To be a harmless shaft equipped with heron's plume [1].

Then the nymph spoke a couple of stanzas:

Steadfast in righteousness am I,
Nor change my name or family,
Here robbers but brief moment dwell,
Soon doomed to pass to woes of hell.

Be bold and captive here great Sutasoma bring
And by his sacrifice shalt thou win heaven, O king.

With such words the nymph put off her disguise as an ascetic and stood revealed in her own form, blazing in the sky like the sun. The man-eater hearing what she had to say and beholding her form asked who she was, and on her replying that she had come to life as the spirit of this tree, he was delighted and thinking, "I have looked upon my tutelary divinity," he said, "O heavenly sovereign, be not troubled by reason of Sutasoma, [476] but enter once more into thine own tree." The spirit entered into the tree before his very eyes. At that moment the sun set and the moon arose. The man-eater being versed in the Vedas and their auxiliaries and acquainted with the movements of the astral bodies, looking at the sky, thought, "To-morrow it will be the Phussa asterism; Sutasoma will come to the park to bathe and then will I lay hands upon him. But as he will have a strong guard and the dwellers throughout all India will come to guard him for three leagues around, at the first watch, before the guard is posted, I will go to the Migācira park and descend into the royal tank and there take my stand." So he went down

into the tank and stood there, covering his head with a lotus leaf. By reason of his great glory the fish, tortoises and the like fell back and swam about in large bodies at the water's edge. Whence, it may be asked, came this glory of his? From his devotion in a former existence. For at the time when Kassapa was Buddha, he started a distribution of milk by ticket. Owing to this he became very mighty, and having got the Assembly of the Brethren to erect a hall for a fire to dispel the cold, he provided fire, firewood and an axe to cleave the wood. As the result of this he became famous.—So now when he had gone into the garden, while it was still early dawn, they picked a guard for three leagues round about, and king Sutasoma quite early in the morning after breakfast, mounted on a richly caparisoned elephant, with a complete force of four arms, sallied from the city. At that very moment a brahmin named Nanda from Takkasilā,

bringing with him four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money, reached the city after a journey of one hundred and twenty leagues, and took up his abode in a suburb. At sunrise on entering the city he saw the king issuing forth by the eastern gate, and raising his hand he cried, "Victory to the king." Now the king being far-sighted, as he was riding along, saw the outstretched hand of the brahmin as he stood on some rising ground, and drawing nigh to him on his elephant he spoke after this manner:

Born in what realm and why, I pray,

Dost hither come, O brahmin, say;

[477] This said, to-day I grant to thee
Thy prayer, whatever it may be.

Then the brahmin answered him:

Four verses, mighty king, to thee
Of import deep as is the sea
I hither bring; list to them well,
Secrets of highest worth they tell.

"Great king," he said, "these four verses taught me by the Buddha Kassapa are worth a hundred pieces of money each, and having heard that you take pleasure in libations [1] of soma juice, I am come to teach you." The king was greatly pleased and said, "Master, in this you have done well, but it is impossible for me to turn back. To-day, because it is the Phussa conjunction, it is the day for bathing my head: when I return I will listen to you. Be not dissatisfied with me." And with these words he bade his councillors, saying, "Go ye and in a certain house of a brahmin prepare a couch and arrange a dining place under cover," and he retired into his park. This was girt about by a wall eighteen cubits high and guarded all round by elephants within touch of one another. Then came horses, then chariots, and finally archers and other foot-soldiers—like a mighty troubled ocean was the army that had been transported thither. The king, when he had put off his heavy adornments and had been shaved and shampooed, bathed in all his royal majesty in the lotus tank, and coming up out of the water he stood there clad in bathing garments, and they brought him scented garlands to adorn him. The man-eater thought, "When he is fully dressed, the king must be a heavy weight. I will seize him just when he is light to carry." [478] So shouting and jumping about and whirling a sword

above his head as quick as lightning he proclaimed his name, crying, "Ho! here am I, the man-eating robber," and he laid his finger on his forehead [2] and stepped out of the water. As soon as they heard his cry, the elephant-riders with their elephants, the horsemen with their horses, and the charioteers with their chariots fell to the ground, and all the host of them dropping the weapons they held lay

prone upon their bellies. The man-eater seized Sutasoma, holding him erect. The rest of the kings he had caught by the foot and held head downwards and had gone off with them, knocking their heads against his heels, but in coming up to the Bodhisatta he stooped down and lifting him up placed him on his shoulders. Thinking it would be a roundabout way by the gate he leaped over the wall, eighteen cubits high, at the point where it faced him, and going forward he trampled on the temples of elephants exuding the juice of rut, overthrowing them as it were mountain peaks. Next he trod on the backs of the horses—swift as the wind were they and of priceless worth—laying them also low. Then as he stepped on the fronts of the splendid chariots, he was like to one whirling a humming top [1] or as it were one crushing the dark green phalaka [2] plant or banyan leaves, and at a single burst he ran a distance of three leagues. Then wondering if anyone were following to rescue Sutasoma, he looked and seeing no one he went on slowly. Noticing the drops that fell upon him from Sutasoma's hair he thought, "There is no man living free from the fear of death: Sutasoma, too, methinks, is weeping from this fear," and he said:

Men versed in lore, in whom high thoughts arise,

Such never weep, the learned and the wise;

All find herein a refuge and a stay,

That sages thus can sorrow drive away.

Is it thy kin, wife, child, perchance thyself,
Thy stores of grain, thy gold and silver pelf—
[479] What, Sutasoma, caused thy tears to flow?
Great Kuru lord, thy answer we would know.

Sutasoma said:

Nay, I no tears am shedding for myself,

Nor for my wife or child, my realm or pelf.

The practice of the saints of old I keep,

And for a promise unfulfilled I weep.

Once to a brahmin I my word did plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might;
That plighted word I fain would keep and then,
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said:

I'll not believe if any one should be

By happy chance from jaws of death set free,

He would return to yield him to his foe;

No more wouldst thou, if I should let thee go.

[480] Escaped from fierce man-eater shouldst thou come,
Full of sweet longings, to thy royal home,
Dear life with all its charms restored to thee,
Why in the world shouldst thou come back to me?

On hearing this the Great Being, like a lion still fearless, said:

If innocent, a man would death prefer

To life o’erclouded with some odious slur;

Should he, to save his life, a falsehood tell,

It may not shield him from the woes of hell.

[1]The wind may sooner move some mountain high,
Or sun and moon to earth fall from the sky,
Yea, rivers all up stream may flow, my lord,
Ere I be guilty of one lying word.

Though he spoke thus, the man-eater still did not believe him. So the Bodhisatta, thinking, "He does not believe me; by means of an oath I will make him believe," said, "Good Mister Man-eater, let me down from your back and I will take an oath and make you believe me." After these words he was let down by the man-eater and placed upon the ground, and in taking an oath he said:

[481]

Lo! as I touch this spear and sword

To thee I pledge my solemn word,

Release me and I will debt-free,

My honour saved, return to thee.

Then the man-eater thought, "This Sutasoma swears under penalty of violating kshatriya rules. What do I want with him? Well, I too am a kshatriya king. I will take blood from my own arm and make an offering to the spirit of the tree. This is a very faint-hearted fellow." And he said:

The word thou once didst to a brahmin plight,

What time in thine own realm thou ruledst with might,

That plighted word I bid thee keep and then,

Thy honour saved, return to me again.

Then the Great Being said, "My friend, do not vex yourself. After I have heard the four verses, each worth a hundred pieces of money, and have made an offering to the preacher of the Law, I will return at daybreak." And he spoke this stanza:

The word I once did to a brahmin plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,
That plighted word I first will keep and then,
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said: "You have taken an oath under penalty of violating the custom of kshatriyas. See that you act accordingly." "My man-eating friend," he said, "you have known me from a boy: never even in jest have I aforetime told a lie, and now that I am established on the throne and know right and wrong, why should I lie? Trust me, [482] I will provide an offering for you." Being induced to believe him he said, "Well, sire, depart, and, if you do not return, there can be no offering and

the spirit does not agree to it without you: do not place any obstacle in the way of my offering," and he let the Great Being go. Like the moon escaped from the jaws of Rāhu and with the strength of a young elephant he speedily reached the city. And his soldiers thought, "King Sutasoma is wise and a sweet preacher of the Law. If he can have a word or two with him he will convert the man-eater and will return, like a furious elephant escaping from the lion's mouth." And thinking, "The people will chide us and say, "After giving up your king to the man-eater are ye come back to us?" they remained encamped outside the city walls, and when they saw him coming from afar off they went out to meet him and saluting him with a friendly greeting they

asked, "Were you not, sire, heartily sick of the man-eater?" "The man-eater," he said, "did something far harder than anything my parents ever did. For being such a fierce and violent creature, after listening to my preaching of the Law, he let me go." Then they decked out the king and mounting him on an elephant escorted him into the city. On seeing him the inhabitants rejoiced, and owing to his zeal for the Law, he did not visit his parents but thinking, "I will see them by and bye," he entered his palace and took his seat upon his throne. Then he summoned the brahmin and gave orders for him to be shaved, and when his hair and beard had been trimmed and he was washed and anointed and decked out with brave apparel, they brought him to the king. And when the brahmin was presented, Sutasoma himself afterwards took a bath and ordered his own food to be given to the brahmin, and when he had eaten he himself partook of the food. Then he seated the brahmin on a costly throne and to mark his reverence for him he made offerings of scented garlands and the like to him, and seating himself on a low seat he prayed him, saying, "Master, we would hear the verses which you have brought to us."

To throw light upon this the Master said:

Released from fierce man-eater's hand he flies
To brahmin friend and "Fain would we," he cries,
[483] "Hear stanzas worth a hundred pieces each,
Us for our good if thou wouldst deign to teach."

The brahmin, when the Bodhisatta made his request, after shampooing his hands with perfumes, pulling a beautiful book out of a bag took it in both hands and said: "Well, sire, listen to

my four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money; they were taught me by Kassapa Buddha, and are destructive of passion, pride and similar vices, and procure for man the removal of desire, the cessation of the faculties, even the eternal mighty Nirvāna, to the decay of lust, the cutting of the circle of transmigration

and the rooting out of attachment," and with these words, looking at his book, he repeated these stanzas:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be,

And ne’er consort with evil men and peace shall compass thee.

With holy men consorting aye, as friends such only know,
From holy men true doctrine learn and daily better grow.

As painted cars of royalty wax dim and fade away,
So too our bodies frail wear out and suffer swift decay.
But Faith of holy men abides and never waxes old,
Good men proclaim it to the good through ages yet untold.

The sky above us stretches far, far stretches earth below,
And lands beyond the boundless sea far distant are we know,
But greater still than all of these and wider in its reach
Is doctrine whether good or bad that saints or sinners preach.

[484] Thus did the brahmin teach him the four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces, just as he had been taught them by Kassapa Buddha, and then remained silent. The Great Being was delighted at hearing them and said, "My journey here is not without its reward," and thinking, "These verses are not merely the words of a disciple or a saint nor the work of a poet, but were spoken by the Omniscient One; I wonder what they are worth. Though one were to give a whole world that extends to

the Brahma heaven, after filling it with the seven precious things, one could not make an adequate return for these stanzas. Surely I can give him sovereignty in the city of Indapatta covering seven leagues in the realm of Kuru, which extends over three hundred leagues. Doubtless it is his merited fate to be king." But regarding him with the power he possessed of divining a man's future from his personal appearance, he found no such signs. Then he bethought him of the office of commander-in-chief and similar posts, but did not find that he was destined even to the headship of a single village. Next, considering the case of acquisition of wealth and starting from a crore of money he found he was destined to receive four thousand pieces, and thinking to honour him with just this sum he bestowed on him four purses containing a thousand pieces each and he asked him, saying, "Master, when you teach other princes these verses, how much do you receive?" "A hundred for each one, sire," he said, "so they are worth just a hundred pieces." The Great Being said, "Master, you are ignorant of the priceless value of the goods you hawk about. Henceforth let them be considered worth a thousand pieces," and so saying he repeated this stanza:

Not hundreds merely are they worth, nay thousands rather say,
So brahmin here four thousand take and, quick, with them away.

Then he presented him with an easy carriage [485] and gave orders to his men, saying, "Convey this brahmin safely to his home," and so dismissed him. At this moment loud sounds of applause were heard and cries of "Bravo, bravo! king Sutasoma has highly honoured these verses, deeming

worth a thousand pieces what was valued at a hundred." The king's parents hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on learning the true state of things, by reason of their covetousness were angry with the Great Being, but after dismissing the brahmin he went to them and stood saluting them. Then his father said, "My son, you have escaped from the hands of one described as a fierce robber," and instead of expressing pleasure at seeing him, through his greed of money he asked, "Is it true what they say, that you gave four thousand pieces of money for hearing four stanzas," and on his confessing it was so, his father repeated this verse:

Verses may be worth eighty pieces each,
Or e'en a hundred may in value reach,
But, Sutasoma, thou thyself must own
A stanza worth a thousand is unknown.

Then the Great Being, to induce him to see things in a different light, said, "Dear father, it is not increase in wealth I desire, but increase in learning," and he uttered these stanzas:

Increase in holy lore I most desire
And to the friendship of the saints aspire;
No rivers can the void of ocean fill,
So I good words imbibe, insatiate still.

As flames for wood and grass insatiate roar,
And seas aye fed with streams crave more and more,
E'en so do sages, mighty lord of lords,
Insatiate hearken to well-spoken words.

If from the mouth of my own slave I e'er
Should verses full of deepest import hear,
[486] His words I would accept with honour due,
Unsated still with doctrines good and true.

After having thus spoken he said, "Do not just for the sake of money blame me. I have come here, after swearing an oath that when I had heard the Truth I would return. Now then I will go back to this monster; do you then accept this sovereignty," and handing it over to him he spoke this stanza:

This realm is thine with all its wealth of gold,
Trappings of state and joy and bliss untold.
Why blame, should I from sensual pleasures fly
And at man-eater's hand go forth to die?

At this moment the heart of the king's father grew hot within him and he said, "What, my dear Sutasoma, is this you say? I will come with a complete host of all four arms [1] and will seize the robber," and he repeated this stanza:

For our defence lo! valiant soldiers come,
Some riding elephants, on chariots some,
Foot-soldiers these, these horsemen armed with bow—
Marshal our host and let us slay our foe.

Then his father and mother, their eyes swimming with tears, besought him, saying, "Go not, my son, nay, you cannot go," and sixteen thousand dancing girls and the rest of his suite lamented and said, "Leaving us helpless, whither wouldst thou go, sire?" and no one throughout the city could restrain his feelings and they said, "He has come, they tell us, after giving a promise to the man-eater, and now [487] that he has heard four stanzas worth a hundred pieces each and has paid due honour to the preacher of the Law and bidden farewell to his parents, he will return once more to the robber," and the whole city was greatly

stirred. And on hearing what his father and mother said, he repeated this stanza:

Wondrous this deed of our man-eating foe,
To capture me alive and let me go.
Calling to mind his friendly acts of yore
How can I violate the oath I swore?

Comforting his parents he said, "Dear father and mother, be not anxious about me: I have wrought a virtuous action, and mastery over the desires of the six senses [1] is no hard matter," and bidding farewell to his parents he admonished the rest of the people and so departed.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Farewell to parents said, with counsel wise
Townsmen and soldiers he did straight advise,
Then true to plighted word refused to lie
And to man-eater back again did hie.

Then the man-eater thought, "If my friend Sutasoma wishes to return, let him return, otherwise not, and let my tree-spirit [488] do whatsoever she pleases, and I will put these princes to death and make an offering of their flesh with the five sweet things." So he reared a funeral pile and kindled a fire, thinking he would wait till the coal was red hot, and while he sat and sharpened his spit Sutasoma returned. Then the man-eater at the sight of him was glad at heart and asked, saying, "My friend, have you gone and done what you wanted to do?" The Great Being said, "Yes, your majesty, I have heard the stanzas that were taught the

brahmin by the Kassapa Buddha, and I paid due honour to the preacher of the Truth, and so I have come back, having done the thing I had to do." To illustrate this, he repeated this stanza:

My word I once did to a brahmin plight,
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,
And now that I have kept my plighted word
And saved my honour, have returned, my lord.
So slay and offer me to thy tree-sprite
Or for man's flesh sate thy fell appetite.

On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king has no fear; he speaks with all the terrors of death dispelled. I wonder from whence comes this power. It can be nothing else. He says, "I have heard the verses that the Kassapa Buddha taught." This supernatural power must come from them. I will make him utter these verses in my hearing, and so will I too be free from all fear." And being so resolved he repeated this stanza:

The fire still smokes: though I somewhat delay,
I forfeit not the right to eat my prey.
Meat roast o’er embers clear is roasted well;
These strains a hundred pieces worth, come, tell.

[489] The Great Being on hearing this thought, "This man-eater is a sinner: I will rebuke him somewhat and by my words I will put him to shame," and he said:

Thou, O man-eater, art a wicked wight,
Fall’n from thy throne through carnal appetite;

These verses do proclaim the Right to me,

But how, I pray, can Right and Wrong agree?

To wicked robber, one whose hands are steeped in gore,
Whence cometh Truth or Right? What profits holy lore?

Even when addressed in these words the man-eater was not angry. Why was this? It was owing to the mighty power of charity in the Great Being. So he said, "Am I only, friend Sutasoma, unrighteous?" and he repeated this stanza:

The man that hunts a beast to make him savoury meat,

And one that slays a man, his fellow's flesh to eat,

Both after death in guilt are counted much the same:

Then why am I alone for wickedness to blame?

On hearing this the Great Being, in refuting his heresy, repeated this stanza:

Of five-clawed things a warrior prince all witting five may eat,

Wicked art thou, O king, in that thou eat’st forbidden meat.

[490] On receiving this rebuke, as he saw no other means of escape, he tried to conceal his own wrong-doing and repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come

Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,

And then to foe entrust thy life once more?

Well versed art thou, forsooth, in astral lore!

Then the Great Being said, "Friend, one like me must be well versed in the lore of kshatriyas. I know it well, but I do not regulate my actions accordingly," and he spoke this stanza:

All such as are in kshatriya doctrine [1] versed
In hell are mostly doomed to life accursed.
Therefore I have all kshatriya lore abhorred
And here returned, true to my plighted word:
Make then thy sacrifice and eat me up, dread lord.

The man-eater said:

Palatial halls, broad acres, steeds and kine,
Perfumes, rich robes and many a concubine,
All these as mighty lord thou holdst in fee—
In Truth what blessing, prithee, dost thou see?

[491] The Bodhisatta said:

Of all the sweets this world can yield to me
None sweeter than the joys of Truth I see:
Brahmins and priests that in the Truth abide,
Birth, death, escaping, reach the further side.

Thus did the Great Being discourse to him of the blessing of Truth. Then the man-eater, regarding his face, glorious as a lotus in bloom or as the full moon, thought, "This Sutasoma sees me preparing a pile of embers and sharpening a spit and yet does not show an atom of fear. Can this be the magic power in these verses that are worth a hundred pieces or does it arise from some other truth? I will ask him." And in the form of a question he repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come
Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,

And then once more return to meet thy foe?

Thou, surely, prince, no fear of death canst know,

To keep thy plighted word and worldly lusts forego.

The Great Being in answer to him said:

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,

My bounteous offerings are known to fame,

To the next world a path I have kept clear:

Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,
My bounteous offerings are known to fame,
[492] With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

My parents have I cherished with fond care,
My rule wins praise as eminently fair,
To the next world a path I have kept clear:
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

My parents have I cherished with fond care,
My rule wins praise as eminently fair,
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

To friends and kin due service I have done,

My rule was just and praise from all has won,

With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,

So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,
Yea, priests and brahmins fully satisfied,
To the next world a path I have kept clear:
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,
Yea priests and brahmins fully satisfied,
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

[493] On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king Sutasoma is a good and wise man: supposing I were to eat him, my skull would split into seven pieces, or the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up," and being terrified he said, "My friend, you are not the sort of man that I ought to eat," and he repeated this stanza:

He knowingly would quaff a poison cup
Or fiery snake, so fell and fierce, take up,
Yea into fragments seven his head would fly
That dares to eat a man that cannot lie.

Thus did he address the Great Being, saying, "You are, as it were, a deadly poison, methinks; who will eat you?" and being anxious to hear those verses he besought him to tell him them, and when in order to produce a due reverence for holy things his prayer was rejected by the Great Being, on the ground that he was no proper recipient of verse of such unexceptionable morality, he said, "In all India there is no sage like this, for when he was released from my hand he went and heard these verses, and after paying due honour to the preacher of the Law he came back again with death written on his forehead. These verses must be of transcendent excellence," and being still more filled with a reverent desire to hear them, he besought the Great Being and repeated this stanza:

Hearing the Truth men soon discern betwixt the good and ill;
Perchance if heard these strains my heart with joy in Truth may fill.

Then the Great Being thought, "The man-eater is now eager to hear: I will reveal them to him," and he said, "Well then, my friend, listen carefully," and having gained his attention he sang the praises of these verses exactly as he was taught them by the brahmin Nanda, while the gods in the six worlds of sense all broke into one loud cry [494], and the angels in heaven shouted applause, and the Great Being thus proclaimed the Truth to the man-eater:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be [1].

Owing to these verses being so well delivered by the Great Being and to the fact that he himself was wise, the man-eater thought, "These stanzas are, as it were, the words of an Omniscient Buddha," and his whole body thrilled with the five kinds of joy, and he felt a tender pity for the Bodhisatta and regarded him in the light of a father that was ready to confer on him the white umbrella of royalty. And he thought, "I see no offerings of yellow gold to give to Sutasoma, but for each stanza I will grant him a boon," and he spoke this verse:

Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear
Thy goodly words, O prince, fall on mine ear,
So glad am I at heart, that I rejoice
Four boons, good friend, to offer thee for choice.

Then the Great Being upbraided him and said, "What boon, forsooth, will you offer me?" and he repeated this stanza:

[495]

One his own mortal state that fails to learn,

Or good from evil, heaven from hell discern,

The slave of carnal appetite, how can

A wretch like thee know any boon for man?

Suppose I say "Grant me this boon" and then
Thou shouldst thy promised word take back again,
Who that is wise would knowingly incur
So clear a risk of quarrelling, good sir?

Then the man-eater said, "He does not believe me; I will make him believe," and he repeated this stanza:

No one should claim to grant a boon and then

His promised word, false man, take back again:

Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose;

I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

Then the Great Being thought, "He has spoken like a brave fellow and will do what I tell him; I will accept his offer. But if I should choose as the very first boon that he should abstain from eating human flesh, he will be very sick at heart. I will first choose three other boons, and after that I will choose this," and he said:

Who with a saint lives face to face [1] ever with saint agrees,

So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please:

Thus safe and sound a hundred years I pray to see thee live:

This is the first of all the boons I fain would have thee give.

[496] The man-eater, on hearing this, thought, "This man, even though I have driven him from his sovereignty, now wishes long life for me, the noted robber that lusteth after human flesh and would do him a mischief. Ah! he is my well-wisher." And he was glad at heart, not knowing that this boon had been chosen to

cheat him to his good, and in granting the boon he uttered this stanza:

Who with a saint lives face to face ever with saint agrees,
So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please:
Thou fain wouldst see me safe and sound for years twice fifty live:
Lo! at thy prayer this first of boons to thee I gladly give.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in thy hand,
By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,
These mighty lords of earth thou must not eat:
For this as second boon I next entreat.

Thus did he in choosing a second boon gain the boon of life for over a hundred kshatriyas, and the man-eater in granting the boon to him said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in my hand,
By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,
These mighty lords, I'll not eat them, I swear:
This second boon too grant I to thy prayer.

[497] Well, did these kings hear what they were talking about? They did not hear it all. For when the man-eater lighted a fire, for fear of any injury to the tree from the smoke and flame, he stepped back a space from it, and the Great Being conversed with him, seated in the interval between the fire and the tree, and consequently these kings did not hear all that they said, but heard only partially, and they comforted one another, saying,

"Fear not: now will Sutasoma convert the man-eater," and at this moment the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Thou captive holdst a hundred kings and more,
All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,
Restore then each to his own realm again:
This the third boon I would from thee obtain.

Thus did the Great Being in making his third choice choose the restoration of these kshatriyas, each to his own kingdom. Why was this? Because the ogre, supposing he did not eat them, through fear of their hostility would either enslave them all and make them, dwell in the forest, or would slay them and expose their dead bodies, or would bring them to the border country and sell them as slaves; and therefore he made choice as his boon of their restoration to their own kingdoms, and the man-eater in granting his request spoke this stanza:

I captive hold a hundred kings and more,
All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,
All will I to their realms restore again:
This third boon too thou shalt from me obtain.

Now in making his fourth choice the Bodhisatta spoke this stanza:

Distracted is thy realm and sick with fright,
In caves much people hide them from thy sight.
From eating human flesh, O king, abstain:
This the fourth boon I would from thee obtain.

[498] When he had so spoken, the man-eater clapped his hands and laughing said, "Friend Sutasoma, what in truth is this that you say I How can I grant you this boon? If you are anxious to receive another boon, choose something else," and he uttered this stanza:

Much to my taste I surely find this food;
'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood.
How then from such delights should I abstain?
For thy fourth boon, good sir, pray, choose again.

Then the Great Being said, "Because you love man's flesh, you say, "I cannot abstain from it." He verily that does evil because it is pleasant is a fool," and he repeated this stanza:

[1]A king like thee should not his pleasure take
Nor sacrifice his life for pleasure's sake.
Life in its highest sense, best gift, attain
And future joys thou shalt by merit gain.

When these words had been spoken by the Great Being, the man-eater was overcome with fear and thought, "I can neither repudiate the choice Sutasoma has made nor abstain from human flesh. [499] What in the world am I to do?" and with his eyes swimming in tears he repeated this stanza:

I love man's flesh: thou too must know,
Great Sutasoma, it is so.
From it I never can abstain,
Think, sir, of something else and choose again.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

Whoso shall ever his own pleasure take
And sacrifice e’en life for pleasure's sake,
The poison cup like drunkard will he drain,
And so hereafter suffers endless pain.

Who knowingly shall pleasure here eschew,
The arduous path of duty to pursue,
As one in pain that drains the healing cup,
So he to bliss in the next world wakes up.

After he had thus spoken, the man-eater sorely lamenting repeated this stanza:

The five-fold joys that from our senses spring
And parents dear and all abandoning,
For this cause came I in this wood to live;
How then can I the boon thou askest give?

Then the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Sages in speech duplicity ne’er show,
True to their promise are good men, we know:
[500] "Choose, friend, some boon" is what thou saidst to me;
What now thou sayst with this will scarce agree.

Once more, still weeping, the man-eater spoke this stanza:

Demerit, with disgrace and shame combined,
Misconduct, lust and sin of every kind,
All this, to eat man's flesh, I did incur:
Why then should I this boon on thee confer?

Then the Great Being said:

No one should claim to grant a boon and then
His promised word, false man, take back again:
Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose;
I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

When he had thus pointed out the stanza uttered in the first instance by the man-eater, to inspire him with courage to grant the boon, he spoke this stanza:

Good men will life give up, but never right,
True to their word e’en in their own despite;
If thou shouldst promise, best of kings, a boon,
Perfect thy work and see it done right soon [1].

One who to save a limb rich treasure gave
Would sacrifice a limb, his life to save,
[501] Yea, wealth, limbs, life and all away would fling,
Right and its claims alone remembering.

Thus did the Great Being by these means establish the man-eater in the Truth, and now to make clear to him his own title to respect he spoke this stanza:

One from whose lips a man the Truth may prove,
—Yea all good men that will his doubts remove
—A refuge sure is he, a rest, a stay;
The wise man's love for him should ne’er decay.

After repeating these verses he said, "My man-eating friend, it is not right that you should transgress the words of so excellent a master, and I, too, when you were young, acted as your private teacher and gave you much instruction, and now with all the charm of a Buddha I have repeated to you stanzas worth a

hundred pieces each: therefore you ought to obey my words." On hearing this the man-eater thought, "Sutasoma was my teacher and a learned man, and I granted him the choice of a boon. What am I to do? Death verily is a certainty in the case of an individual existence. I will not eat human flesh but will grant him the boon he asks," and with tears streaming front his eyes he rose up and fell at king Sutasoma's feet, and in granting the boon he repeated this stanza:

[502]

Sweet to my taste and pleasant is this food,
'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood;
But if thou askest me to do this thing,
This boon I'll grant to thee, my friend and king.

Then the Great Being said, "So be it, friend; to one firmly grounded in moral practice, verily even death is a boon. I accept, sire, the boon you have offered me. From this very day you are established in the path of a spiritual guide, and this being so I beg this favour of you; if you have any love for me, accept, sir, the five moral laws." "Very good," he answered, "teach me, friend, these moral laws." "Learn then from me, sire." So he saluted the Great Being with the five Rests [1] and took a seat apart, and the Great Being established him in the moral law. At that moment the deities that dwell on the earth gathered together and said, "There is no one else from the inhabitants of the Avīci hell to those of the highest of the Formless Worlds that by inspiring affection for the Great Being could make this man-eater abstain from eating human flesh. Oh! a miracle has been wrought by Sutasoma," and they applauded, making the jungle

re-echo with their loud cries, and hearing the tumult the Four Great Kings did likewise and there was one universal roar reaching even to the Brahma world. And the kings suspended on the tree heard this noise of applauding spirits, and the tree nymph still standing in her abode uttered a sound of applause. So the cry of the angel spirits was heard, but their form was invisible. The kings on hearing the loud applause of the spirits thought, "Owing to Sutasoma our lives are saved: Sutasoma has wrought a miracle in converting the man-eater [2]," and they offered up their praises to the Bodhisatta. The man-eater after bowing down to the feet of the Great Being stood apart. Then the Great Being said to him, "Friend, release these warrior princes." He thought, "I am their enemy; if they are released by me, they will say, "Seize him, he is an enemy of ours," and will do me a mischief, but even if I lose my life, I cannot transgress the moral law which I have accepted at the hands of Sutasoma: I will go with him and release them and in this way I shall find safety." Then bowing to the Bodhisatta he said, "Sutasoma, we will go together and release the warrior princes," and he repeated this stanza:

[503]

My teacher and my friend art thou in one,
Behold, good sir, thy bidding I have done:
Do thou in turn what I have bidden thee
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

Then the Bodhisatta said to him:

Thy teacher and thy friend am I in one,
And thou in truth my bidding, sir, hast done:

I too will do what thou hast bidden me
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

And drawing nigh to them he said

Strung up upon this tree your tears fast flow
Because of ogre that has wronged you so,
Still we would fain from you a promise wring
Never to lay a finger on this king.

Then they replied:

Strung up upon this tree and weeping sore
This ogre that has wronged us we abhor,
Yet will we all a solemn promise give
To harm him not, if only we may live.

[504] Then the Bodhisatta said, " Well, give me this promise," and he repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may
A merciful and tender love display,
E’en such a father may he ever prove
And may ye him as children dearly love.

They, too, agreeing to this, repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may
A merciful and tender love display,
E’en such a father may he ever prove
And may we him as children dearly love.

Thus did the Great Being exact a promise from them and summoning the man-eater he said, "Come and release these princes," and the man-eater took his sword and severed the bonds of one of the kings, and as this king had been fasting for seven days and was maddened with pain, no sooner was he released by the cutting of his bonds than he fell on the ground, and the Great Being on seeing this was moved with compassion and said, "My man-eating friend, do not cut them down like this," and taking hold of a king firmly with both hands he clasped him to his breast and said, "Now cut his bonds." So the man-eater severed them with his sword and the Great Being, endowed as he was with great strength, placed him on his breast, and letting him down tenderly as though it were his own son laid him flat upon the ground. Thus did he lay them all on the ground, and after bathing their wounds he gently pulled the cords from their hands, just as it were a string from a child's ear, and washing off the clotted blood he rendered the wounds harmless. And he said to the man-eater, "My friend, pound some bark from the tree on a stone and bring it to me." And when he had got him to fetch it, he performed an Act of Truth and rubbed the palms of their hands, and at that very moment their wounds were healed. The man-eater took some husked rice and cooked it as a prophylactic [505], and the pair of them gave it to the hundred and odd warrior princes to drink as a prophylactic, and so all of them were satisfied and the sun set. On the next day at dawn and at noon and in the evening they still gave them rice water to drink, but on the third day they gave them gruel with boiled rice, and so on till they were convalescent. Then the Great Being asked them if they were strong enough to go home, and when they answered they were equal to the journey he said, "Come, my man-eating friend, let us depart to our own kingdom." But weeping he fell at the Great Being's

feet and cried, "Do you, my friend, take these kings and depart, but I will continue to live here on roots and wild berries." "What would you do here, my friend? Your kingdom is a delightful one: go and reign at Benares." "Friend, what is this you say? It is out of the question for me to go there: all the inhabitants of that city are my enemies. They will revile me and say, "This fellow ate my mother or my father; seize this brigand," and with a clod of earth they will deprive me of life, but if I am firmly established in the moral law by you, I could not kill anyone else, not even to save my life. I will not go. In consequence of my abstaining from eating human flesh how long shall I live? and now I shall no more set eyes on you," and he wept, saying, "Do you go." And the Great Being stroked him on the back and said, "My friend, my name is Sutasoma: I have ere now tamed just such a cruel wretch as yourself, and if you ask what story you are to tell in Benares, why I will either establish you there, or dividing my own kingdom I will hand over the half of it to you." "In your city too I have enemies," he said. Sutasoma thought, "In obeying my word this man has achieved a difficult task: by some means or other I must establish him in his former state of glory," and to tempt him he sang the praises of the great glory of his city and said:

Of beasts and birds of every kind the flesh thou once didst share,
By skilful cooks prepared was it, in sooth a dainty fare,
Yielding such joy as Indra felt, to taste ambrosial food
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[506] These noble dames with slender waists, magnificently dressed,
That round about thee formerly, a thronging bevy, pressed,
Whilst thou, like Indra midst his gods, didst step in happy mood—
Why leave them thus, to take delight alone within this wood?

In midst of ample couch, O king, thou once at ease didst lie,
With many a woollen coverlet around thee piled on high,
And pillow red beneath thy head and bedding clean and white—
Why leave it thus, within this wood alone to take delight

There thou ofttimes at dead of night the beat of drum wouldst hear,
And sounds surpassing human strains [1] would strike upon the ear,
Music and song in unison, inspiring cheerful mood—
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

Thou hadst a charming park wherein flowers in abundance grew,
Migācira, so known to fame, as park and city too,
There horses, elephants, and cars innumerable stood—
Why leave them all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[507] The Great Being thought, "Haply this man, calling to mind the flavour of dainties he enjoyed long ago, will be eager to come with me," and so he tempted him first with food, next by appealing to his passions, thirdly by the thought of a bed, fourthly by song, dancing and music, fifthly

by remembrance of a park and a city—with all these thoughts he tempted him, saying, "Come, sire, I will go with you to Benares and firmly establish you there and afterwards return to my own kingdom; but if we shall fail in securing the kingdom of Benares, I will grant you the half of my realm. What have you to do with a forest life? Only do what I tell you." The man-eater after hearing his words was eager to go with him and he thought, "Sutasoma is anxious for my well-being and is a merciful man. He first established me in virtue and now says he will restore me to my former glory, and he will be able to do so. I ought to go with him. What have I to do with a forest?" And being glad at heart he was eager by reason of his merit to sing Sutasoma's praises, and he said, "Friend Sutasoma, there is nothing better than consorting

with a virtuous friend, nothing worse than consorting with a wicked one," and he repeated these verses:

As in the dark half of the month the moon wanes day by day,
So friendship with the bad, O king, will suffer like decay;

Thus I consorting with that cook, the lowest of the low,
Wrought evil deeds, for which in time to hell I'm doomed to go.

As in the mouth's clear half the moon aye waxes day by day,
So friendship with the good, O king, will suffer no decay:

Thus with thee, Sutasoma, I consorting, thou must know,
Shall after working righteousness to heaven all blissful go.

As copious floods when shed upon dry ground
Are ever fleeting, transitory found,
[508] E'en so is union of bad men, O king,
Like water on dry land, a fleeting thing.

But copious floods when shed upon the sea
Enduring long are ever found to be,
E'en such is union of good men, O king,
Like water in the sea, a lasting thing.

No transient thing is union of the good,
As long as life endures such brotherhood,
But union of the bad soon falls away,
From virtue's course bad men go far astray.

Thus did that man-eater in seven stanzas sing the praises of the Great Being. But he took the man-eater and those kings and went to a frontier village, and the inhabitants on seeing the Great Being went to the city and reported it, and the king's ministers came with an army and escorted the Great Being, and with this escort he came to the kingdom of Benares. And on his way there the country people brought presents and followed in his train, and a great company reached Benares with him. At that time the man-eater's son was the king and Kāḷahatthi was still

commander-in-chief, and the people of the city reported it to the king, saying, "Sutasoma, they tell us, sire, has tamed the man-eater and is come here with him: we will not allow him to enter the city," and they hastily closed the city gates and stood by with arms in their hands. The Great Being, when he discovered

that the gate was closed, left the man-eater and the hundred and odd kings and coming with a few of his counsellors he cried, "I am king Sutasoma, open ye the gate," and the officers went and told the king, and he ordered them to open the gate with all speed, and the Great Being entered the city. And the king and Kāḷahatthi came out to meet him [509] and took him up with them to the tower of the palace. The Great Being seating himself on the royal throne summoned the man-eater's chief consort and the rest of his counsellors, and addressing Kāḷahatthi said, "Why, Kāḷahatthi, do you not suffer the king to enter the city?" He answered, "The wicked wretch that he was, while he was ruling as king in this city, devoured many men and did that which is not lawful for kshatriyas to do, and rent asunder all India: that is the reason why we act thus." "Do not suppose," he answered, "that he will act after this sort now. I have converted him and established him in the moral law. Not even to save his life will he do anyone an injury: you are in no danger from him; act not after this manner. Verily children ought to watch over their parents: they who cherish their father and mother go to heaven, the others go to hell." Thus did he admonish the king's son, as he sat by him on a low seat. And he instructed the commander-in-chief and said, "Kāḷahatthi, you are a friend and follower of the king, and were firmly established by him in great power; you too ought to act in the king's interests." And

admonishing the queen he said, "You, O queen, came from a noble stock and from his hand acquired the position of chief consort and were blest with many sons and daughters by him; you too ought to act in his interests." And, to bring this matter to a head, in teaching the law he said:

No king should conquer one who aye inviolate [1] should be,
No friend should get the better of a friend by treachery;
She of her lord that stands in fear is no true wife, I hold,
Nor children they that nourish not a father when he's old.

No council-hall is that wherein the wise do not appear,
Nor wise are they that do not preach the Truth both far and near.
The wise are they that lust and hate and error lay aside,
And never fail to preach the Truth to mortals far and wide.

The sage midst fools if silent none at once discern as wise,
He speaks and all a Teacher of Nirvāna recognise.

Preach, glorify the Truth, and lift the sages' flag on high,
Emblem of saints is goodly speech, Truth is the flag they fly.

[510] The king and the commander-in-chief on hearing his exposition of the Truth were highly pleased and said, "Let us go and bring the great king here," and having made proclamation in the city by beat of drum, they called together the inhabitants and said, "Be not afraid; the king, they tell us, is established in righteousness: let us conduct him hither." So with a great multitude and with the Great Being at their head they went and

saluted the king. And they provided barbers and when his hair and beard had been shorn and he had taken a bath and put on goodly raiment, they placed him on a pile of precious stones and besprinkled him and then conducted him into the city. The man-

eating king paid great honour to the hundred and more kshatriyas and the Great Being, and there was great excitement throughout all India at the report that Sutasoma, lord of men, had converted the man-eater and re-established him on the throne. And the inhabitants of the city Indapatta sent a message bidding the kings return. The Great Being stayed there just a month and admonished the king, saying, "Friend, we will be going; see that you are zealous in good works and have five alms-halls erected at the city gates and at your palace door, and observe the ten royal virtues and guard against evil courses." And from a hundred and more royal cities a numerous army [511] assembled together, and with this escort he went forth from Benares. The man-eater too going forth with him halted midway on the road. The Great Being presented horses to ride to such as had them not and then dismissed them all. And they exchanged friendly greetings with him, and then after fitting salutations and embraces they returned each to his own people. The Great Being too on reaching Indapatta with great majesty entered the city, which its inhabitants had decorated like as it were a city of the gods. After paying his respects to his parents and expressing his pleasure at seeing them he ascended the palace tower. While exercising just rule in his kingdom the thought occurred to him, "The tree-spirit was very helpful to me; I will see that it receives a religious offering." So he had a vast lake constructed near the banyan tree and transported thither many families and founded a village. It grew into a big place supplied with eighty thousand shops. And starting from the farthest limits of its branches he levelled the ground about the roots of the tree and surrounded it with a balustrade [1] furnished with arches and gates; and the spirit of the tree was propitiated. And owing to the fact of the village having been settled on the spot where the ogre was converted, the place grew into the town

of Kammāsadamma. And all the kings, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, performed good works such as alms-giving and the like, and attained to heaven.

The Master here ended his religious instruction and said, "Not now only, Brethren, do I convert Aṅgulimāla, in former times too was he converted by me and he identified the Birth": "At that time the man-eating king was Aṅgulimāla, Kāḷahatthi was Sāriputta, the brahmin Nanda was Ānanda, the tree-sprite was Kassapa, Sakka was Anuruddha, the rest of the kings were the followers of Buddha, the king's father and mother were members of the great king's household, and king Sutasoma, it is said, was I myself."

Footnotes

246:1 Compare *Jātaka-Mālā,* XXXI. The Story of Sutasoma, *Jāt.* vol. V. No. 513, *Jayaddisa-Jātaka,* and *Cariyā-Piṭaka,* III. 12. p. 100 (ed. by R. Morris).

246:2 For the story of Aṅgulimāla see *Aṅgulimālasuttam (Majjhima Nikāya,* No. 86, vol. II. pt. I. p. 97) and Hardy's *Manual,* pp. 257-261.

246:3 *padesañāṇam.* See *Śikshāsamuccaya,* Index, p. 385, s.v. *prādeśika,* 1. local, provincial, 2. limited, as in *prādeśikayānam, Mahāvyutpatti,* § 59.

247:1 *piṭṭhiācariya.* This word occurs in *Jāt.* vol. II. 100. 13, and in both passages seems to mean an *assistant teacher,*

supplementing the master's teaching.

247:2 For *pakkhadivasā,* the two chief fortnightly fast-days, see *Jāt.* III. 292. 19, 342. 5 and VI. 97. 3.

248:1 Throughout the Jātakas demons called yakkhas are frequently mentioned as eating human flesh. The only cases of cannibalism are those of men who have either been reared by a yakkha or such as have been yakkhas in a previous birth, as in this story. Compare an interesting paper, "*Piśāca* = Ὠμοφάγος," contributed by Dr Grier-son to the *R. A. S. J.* 1905, on legends connected with cannibalism in the modern Piśāca country.

248:2 With *gharasandhi,* a hole in the wall of a house, compare *Manu,* IX. 276.

250:1 The aquatic plant *vallisneria.*

254:1 For *bhāvitattā* compare *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi,* English translation, p. 138.

254:2 The Pali here has a play upon the two meanings of the word *accharā,* a heavenly nymph, and a snapping of the fingers.

257:1 The construction of this passage is not very clear, even if one takes *khānum* to be a nominative as *dhanum,* Jat. II. 88. 14. Perhaps *khānum piṭṭhipādena nikkhami* means, he got rid of the splinter by rubbing the top of the other foot against it.

258:1 As Sutasoma was left behind, one more victim was still wanting to complete the number.

259:1 A heron's feather was fixed on an arrow.

260:1 *suta.* A play upon the double meaning of the word, *juice* and *sacred literature.*

260:2 As a mark of reverence for the Bodhisatta.

261:1 Compare *Bālarāmāyaṇa,* Act IX. Stanza 51, *bhramarakabhrāmam bhrāmyate rathaḥ.*

261:2 *phalaka,* the plant *Mesua Roxburghii,* or it might be the seed-pods of the lotus. In *Jāt.* vol. I. 304. 26, 28, and *Jāt.* vol. II. 68. 17, we find *phalakattharasayana,* a bed of phalaka leaves.

262:1 These verses have occurred in vol. IV. p. 286. English version.

265:1 Elephants, cavalry, chariots, and infantry.

266:1 See *Jātaka,* III. 234. 18.

268:1 See supra, p. 123, where by kshatriya doctrine it is maintained that a man is justified in doing evil to serve his own interests.

269:1 Here follow the four stanzas already given *supra,* p. 264.

270:1 *sakkhi.* The scholiast renders it "friend," apparently from the v.1. *sakhi.*

272:1 These verses are repeated from *Jāt.* vol. III. p. 177, English version.

273:1 *avākarohi* here and in *Jāt.* VI. 280. 13, must mean "pay, fulfil," but *avākareyya* in *Jāt.* V. 495. 6, and 500. 19, seems to

mean "not to pay." Is it possible that for *datvāna avākareyya* we should read *datvā na avākareyya?*

274:1 Childers, p. 327.

274:2 The sense is clear, but the construction of *damento* is irregular.

276:1 *nippurisa.* The word is applied to music and means "not human," "not produced by human beings," but by *gandharvas,* or heavenly musicians. Morris, *Academy,* Feb. 25, 1888.

278:1 The commentator explains this to be a man's father or mother.

279:1 *vedikā.* This word is discussed in Senart's *Mahāvastu,* I. pp. 529 and 544, and in *Vinaya Texts,* III. 104 and 162.

INDEX OF SUBJECT MATTERS.

Act of Truth 15, 16, 47, 52, 246, 275

Alms, exchange of, forbidden 208

Alms-Halls 85, 203, 206, 279

Ambrosia 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216

Ānanda's renunciation of life 175, 177, 178, 186

Annihilation, doctrine of 117, 123

Archery, extraordinary 68, 69

Areca nuts 171

Arhatship 79, 130, 245, 246,

Arms, blaze of, an omen 66

Ascetic youth led astray by a girl habited as a boy 102

Attainments, eight 70, 135, 166

Backbiting 1, 5

Bamboo dies after bearing fruit 41, 195

Bark garment 49, 70, 102, 104, 153

Beauty and the Beast, parallel to 141

Benares cloth 199

Birds adopted as children by a king 60

Birth without the intervention of parents 218

Brahmins, entertainment of 127, 206, 269

Brahmins not allowed strong drink 253

Brahmins spoken of as low-caste 132

Bribery 2, 5, 117

Buddha emits dark rays from his hair 220

Cambodian horses 241

Cannibalism 12, 18, 248

Car, festal 128

Cats intoxicated 7

Child suckled by a goat 230

Children, three kinds of 46

Clapping with one hand 243

Conception, miraculous 144

Coral tree 143, 210

Crows nourished by oblations 58

Cry of capture, birds' 178, 190

Cuckoo, royal, escorted through the air by a train of cuckoos 221

Cycle, flame at the beginning of a 177,

Dead flowers removed from temples by a low-caste man 242

Death written on the brow 119, 159, 269

Devadatta, attempt of, to kill the Buddha 37, 41, 175

Devadatta swallowed up by the earth 42, 48, 134

Dhuta precepts 202

Doe gives birth to a man child 79, 100

Dog warns his benefactor of danger 119

Door, back or side-door 69, 135

Door, mechanism of 153, 156

Dreams 23, 186, 239

Drink, strong, how it was discovered 6

Drink, strong, evil effects of 7, 8, 9, 10

Drinking festival 5, 252

Eating alone wrong 207, 208, 212

Ecstasy, mystic *see* Mystic Meditation

Eight blessings of the ascetic 130, 131

Eight grounds for despising a husband 232

Eighty Great Elders 177, 246

Elephant festival 147

Elephant trained to stand firm under attack 162

Emblems of royalty, five 136

Exposure of an infant 230

Faculties, supernatural 70, 100, 135, 165, 166, 224

Fast-day, reward for keeping 4

Fast-day vows 1, 247

Fauna of India 222

Finger laid on the forehead as mark of respect to the Bodhisatta 260

Fire, sacred 2

Fish choose a king 250

Fish devours its own tail 251

Five emblems of royalty 136

Five feminine charms 48

Five five-clawed things that may be eaten 267

Five kinds of immorality 185

Five kinds of immorality 185

Five kinds of lust 244, 272

Five kinds women to be avoided 241

Five kinds of locks of hair 125, 129, 130

Five kinds of moral laws 18, 174, 177, 193, 201, 191 209, 252, 274

Five Rests 274

Five signs of falling from the Faith 141

Five sweet kinds of flesh 257, 266

Fortune tellers 154

Fortune tellers from personal marks 108, 154, 247, 264

Forty ways in which a woman makes up to a man 232

Four arms in a host 162, 168, 170, 259, 265

Four Great Kings 166, 258, 274

Four island continents 220

Four modes of conciliation 174, 185, 191

Four postures 107

Four requisites 19

Four things likely to prove injurious 232

Four things not to be satisfied 243

Four ways of deportment 135

Fowlers, village of 178, 187

Frenzy produced by a woman's beauty 108

Gandhabba 276

Garuḍa king 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 48

Garuḍa wind raised by wings of 43, 46

Geese enclosed in a cave by a spider's web 255

Geese preaching the law 183, 184, 186,187, 192, 198

Gold plate inscribed 32, 37, 64

Grey hair, a king frightened by the appearance of a 92

Guardian angel 230

Hells, eight major 137

Hells one hundred and twenty minor 137

Heresies and heretics 65, 117, 122, 123, 124, 177

Heretics, four great 126

Heron feather fixed on arrows 259

Holy days, observance of 84, 85, 90, 91, 247

Hunting one beast with another condemned 139, 198

Impermanence of things 78, 96, 128

Iron Cauldron hell 138, 139

Jar of water, a good omen 73

Karma denied 117, 122

Kshatriya doctrine 117, 123, 268

Kshatriya wiles 16 108, 247, 264

Kusa makes the earth to tremble by his look 162

Layman, characteristics of a 128

Leprosy 38, 39, 41, 49, 52, 53

Lion's mouth its fifth paw 225

Lotus nectar 253

Lucky marks 81, 108, 194, 196

Magic jewel 88, 90, 163

Magic powers 5, 29, 65, 166, 167, 169, 221

Marks, auspicious *see* Lucky marks

Milk money 66

Miser 204, 205, 206

Moggallāna, death of 64, 65, 66

Monkey-skin, parable of the 121

Moon, eclipse of, due to Rāhu 18

Moon figure of a hare depicted in the 18

Moons, observance of 90, 109, 247

Mother, virtues of a 173, 174

Mystic circle 166

Mystic Meditation 5, 53, 70, 79, 83, 84, 100, 103, 106, 126, 134, 135

Nerves of taste, seven thousand 152, 248

Nine ways in which a woman incurs blame 232

Nirvāna 55, 134, 245, 263, 278

Nude ascetic 8, 42, 45

Oath, form of 262

Ogress (female yakkha) carries off children 11

Omens 66, 73, 127, 239

One shoulder bared as a mark of respect 217

Parables 114, 121, 124, 131

Parents called "Brahma" 174

Parents care of 11, 164, 278

Parents care of devolves on the eldest son 165, 171, 172, 176

Parents inviolate 278

Paths, the 5, 6, 19, 31, 84, 106, 115, 164, 174, 177

Patience, virtue of 75, 76

Perfect States, the four 91, 106, 126

Perfection of Wisdom 31, 116, 221

Phantom palace 2

Pit dug to trap an elephant 27

Prayer offered in a previous existence fulfilled 11, 22, 25, 109, 149

Precious stones, king enthroned on a pile of 279

Pregnancy, ceremonies observed on 144

Previous existence, sin committed in a, bears fruit 65

Princess to be cut into seven pieces for seven suitors 158

Problem proposed or solved 31, 37, 61, 62, 63, 73, 75, 76, 79, 136

Problem of the Five Sages 45

Prognostication from personal appearance 108, 247, 264

Proverbs 34, 35, 52, 137, 154, 204, 232, 243

Puns 110, 254, 260

Quarrel between two clans about water rights 209, 210

Rain, absence of, for three years 100

Rainy season lasting five months 255

Rays emitted from Buddha's hair 6

Rays of light from a woman's body 49, 147, 147

Remembrance of former births 20, 22, 25, 225, 257

Renunciation 86, 99, 127, 129, 134

Requisites for ascetic life 69, 70, 90, 98, 119

Riddles 75

Right-wise movement 83

Sakka's four daughters, contest between 210

Sakka's throne shaken by a mortal's virtue 50, 80, 100

Sakka's throne shows signs of heat 50,

Sanctuary lake for birds 187, 188

Sāriputta, death of 64, 66

Scape-goats for sin 71

Scented wreaths, offering of 5, 65, 187, 201, 210, 260, 263

Sevāla plant 20, 250

Seven gold-coloured creatures 187

Seven precious things 264

Shower, miraculous 65, 72, 73, 79

Sieve, life like water running through a 96

Signet ring 236, 253

Simples in surgery 49, 275

Sindh horses 132

Sinning, three modes of 9

Six-coloured rays emitted by Buddha 20, 22, 23, 220, 221

Six injurious things 232

Six senses, desires of the 266

Six-tusked elephant 23, 24, 27

Six worlds of sense 269

Slaves made freedmen 165

Snakes, how they defend themselves against garuḍas 43

Snare for birds described 189

Soma juice 92, 246

Spell 257

Spirit enjoys alternate bliss and woe 2

Sprinkling ceremonial 52, 128, 132, 147, 239, 241, 271, 279

Squatting penance 124

Stars, lucky conjunction of 66

Sterility of women, observances to remove 142

Sun worship 192, 228

Supernatural powers 65, 169, 208, 221, 225, 245

Supreme Being 117, 122

Tax gatherers, oppression of 54, 57

Ten royal virtues 200, 201, 279

Thirty-Three, heaven of the 11, 83, 142, 143, 208, 210, 216, 218

Three kinds of misconduct 9

Three kinds of right conduct 8

Tooth-stick 49, 71, 72, 81, 165

Top knot severed by a king as a sign of abdicating the throne 97

Torture, "straw and meal" 65

Traditions kept up in a family 147, 204, 206

Transformation from one bodily shape to another 208

Tree deity 54, 234, 257, 259

Triple folds in the neck a sign of luck 81

Truths, the 5, 19, 71, 84, 106, 115, 164, 174

Twelve evil things destroyed by eating ambrosia 212

Twenty-five ways by which a wicked woman is known 233

Umbrella, white, token of royalty 7, 11, 12, 18, 52, 64, 92, 121, 151, 162, 184, 187, 196, 201, 205, 270

Universal monarch 245

Vedas, the 164, 243, 252, 259

Vision, supernatural 18, 128

Weapons, five kinds of 150

West, the, ill-omened quarter 214

White Nun 228

Wind, to catch with a net 154, 241, 243

Woman, frailty of 225, 229, 231, 234, 235, 236, 240, 242

Woman, story of a, soft to the touch 237, 238, 239

World, Formless 274

World of Form 245

Yak-tail fan, emblem of royalty 170

Yakkha, carnivorous 51, 248, 257

Yakkha eyes of, red and unwinking 18

Yakkha, figure of, depicted in the moon 18

Yellow robe of priest 27, 28, 97, 98

Yellow robe does not make a saint 28

The Jataka, Vol. V: Page Index

Title Page

page i
page ii
page iii
page iv
page v
page vi

Preface

page vii
page viii

Contents

page ix
page x
page XI
page xii
page xiii

Additional Notes and Corrections

page xiv

No. 511.: Kiṁchanda-Jātaka.

page 1

page 2
page 3
page 4
page 5

No. 512.: Kumbha-Jātaka.

page 6
page 7
page 8
page 9
page 10
page 11

No. 513.: Jayaddisa-Jātaka.

page 12
page 13
page 14
page 15
page 16
page 17
page 18
page 19

No. 514.: Chaddanta-Jataka.

page 20
page 21
page 22
page 23
page 24
page 25

page 26
page 27
page 28
page 29
page 30
page 31

No. 515.: Sambhava-Jātaka.

page 32
page 33
page 34
page 35
page 36
page 37

No. 516.: Mahākapi-Jātaka.

page 38
page 39
page 40
page 41

No. 517.: Dakarakkhasa-Jātaka.

page 42

No. 518.: Paṇḍara-Jātaka.

page 43
page 44
page 45
page 46

page 47
page 48

No. 519.: Sambula-Jātaka.

page 49
page 50
page 51
page 52
page 53

No. 520.: Gaṇḍatindu-Jātaka.

page 54
page 55
page 56
page 57
page 58

No. 521.: Tesakuṇa-Jātaka.

page 59
page 60
page 61
page 62
page 63
page 64

No. 522.: Sarabhaṅga-Jātaka.

page 65
page 66
page 67

page 68
page 69
page 70
page 71
page 72
page 73
page 74
page 75
page 76
page 77
page 78
page 79

No. 523.: Alambusā-Jātaka.

page 80
page 81
page 82
page 83
page 84

No. 524.: Saṁkhapāla-Jātaka.

page 85
page 86
page 87
page 88
page 89
page 90
page 91

No. 525.: Culla-Sutasoma-Jātaka.

page 92
page 93
page 94
page 95
page 96
page 97
page 98
page 99

No. 526.: Naḷinikā-Jātaka.

page 100
page 101
page 102
page 103
page 104
page 105
page 106

No. 527.: Ummadantī-Jātaka.

page 107
page 108
page 109
page 110
page 111
page 112
page 113
page 114
page 115

No. 528.: Mahābodhi-Jātaka.

page 116
page 117
page 118
page 119
page 120
page 121
page 122
page 123
page 124
page 125
page 126

No. 529.: Sonaka-Jātaka.

page 127
page 128
page 129
page 130
page 131
page 132
page 133
page 134

No. 530.: Saṁkicca-Jātaka.

page 135
page 136
page 137
page 138
page 139
page 140

No. 531.: Kusa-Jātaka.

page 141
page 142
page 143
page 144
page 145
page 146
page 147
page 148
page 149
page 150
page 151
page 152
page 153
page 154
page 155
page 156
page 157
page 158
page 159
page 160
page 161
page 162
page 163
page 164

No. 532.: Sona-Nanda-Jātaka.

page 165
page 166
page 167

page 168
page 169
page 170
page 171
page 172
page 173
page 174

No. 533.: Cullahaṁsa-Jātaka.

page 175
page 176
page 177
page 178
page 179
page 180
page 181
page 182
page 183
page 184
page 185
page 186

No. 534.: Mahāhaṁsa-Jātaka.

page 187
page 188
page 189
page 190
page 191
page 192
page 193

page 194
page 195
page 196
page 197
page 198
page 199
page 200
page 201
page 202

No. 535.: Sudhābhojana-Jātaka.

page 203
page 204
page 205
page 206
page 207
page 208
page 209
page 210
page 211
page 212
page 213
page 214
page 215
page 216
page 217
page 218

No. 536.: Kuṇāla-Jātaka.

page 219

page 220
page 221
page 222
page 223
page 224
page 225
page 226
page 227
page 228
page 229
page 230
page 231
page 232
page 233
page 234
page 235
page 236
page 237
page 238
page 239
page 240
page 241
page 242
page 243
page 244
page 245

No. 537.: Mahā-Sutasoma-Jātaka.

page 246
page 247
page 248

page 249
page 250
page 251
page 252
page 253
page 254
page 255
page 256
page 257
page 258
page 259
page 260
page 261
page 262
page 263
page 264
page 265
page 266
page 267
page 268
page 269
page 270
page 271
page 272
page 273
page 274
page 275
page 276
page 277
page 278
page 279

Index of Subject Matters

page 280
page 281
page 282

The Jataka

Volume VI

tr. E. B. Cowell

and W. H. D. Rouse

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Title Page
Preface
Errata
Contents
No. 538.: Mūga-Pakkha Jātaka.

No. 539.: Mahājanaka-Jātaka.
No. 540.: Sāma-Jātaka.
No. 541.: Nimi-Jātaka.
No. 542.: The Khaṇḍahāla-Jātaka.
No. 543.: Bhūridatta-Jātaka.
No. 544: Mahānāradakassapa-Jātaka.
No. 545.: Vidhurapaṇḍita-Jātaka.
No. 546.: The Mahā-Ummagga-Jātaka.
No. 547.: Vessantara-Jātaka.
Index

THE JATAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S

FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. VI.

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PREFACE.

WHEN I returned to Cambridge in 1902, Professor Cowell asked me to revise with him the translation of this volume. We accordingly went through the first three stories, before his death took place: his manuscripts were then handed over to me, and I have supplied what he left undone. The translation was completed down to page 338, excepting no. 541 and a few small gaps elsewhere; my portion of the work therefore consists of no. 541 and page 338 to the end, together with the shorter omissions which are indicated each in its place, being altogether about half the book. I have also revised that part of Professor Cowell's translation which we were unable to do together. I have not felt at liberty to make any alterations in his text, excepting very rarely, where there was some obvious mistake or oversight. These are all indicated in the notes.

Since the proportion of verse is very large in this book, and the verse is often obscure, scholars must be prepared to find a certain number of difficulties which I have been unable to solve. The remarks on the text accordingly are more numerous than usual: the doubtful points are indicated in the notes.

I have to thank Mr. H. T. Francis for help kindly given in many places.

I have a peculiar satisfaction in completing this labour, because in 1888 I first suggested the work to Professor Cowell. I had originally intended to carry it through myself; but circumstances modified this plan to the great advantage of the work.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

September 1907.

ERRATA.

p. 1, l.4. *Read* Jetavana.

p. 13, l. 5 from bottom. *Read* transcendent.

p. 75, l. 2. *Read* Selā.

p.75, l. 27. *Read* Canda's.

p. 83, l. 25. *Add note:* Compare the trick of Brer Rabbit and the briar patch.

p. 126, l. 12. *Read* Sunakkhatta.

p. 131, l. 23. *Read* Kimpurusa.

p. 160, last line. *Read* maṁsaṁ.

p. 164, l. 12. *Read* Goḷakāḷa.

p. 167, footnotes [1,2]. *Read* Sinhalese *for* Burmese. (So also pp. 181[1], 213[1], 218[1], 219[1], 231[1,4,6], 236, 243[1], 249[2], 251[1], 280[3] 283[2], 285[2], 287[2].)

VOL. IV.

p. 304, l. 12 f. *Omit* those *and read:* in the company of the K. Birth, of the M. Birth, of the C. Birth, of the A. Birth, and of the H. Birth: these were called the late corners. *Compare* vi p. 30 (p.17 *of the translation*).

CONTENTS.

538. MŪGA-PAKKHA-JĀTAKA 1

A prince pretends to be dumb and incapable. Various means are taken to try to break through his reserve, but fail for sixteen years. At last, as he is about to be buried, he opens his mouth and discourses on religion to the charioteer. He then becomes an ascetic, and is followed by his father.

539. MAHĀJANAKA-JĀTAK 19

A prince suspected by his brother, without reason, rebels against him and kills him. The king's consort, being with child, flees from the city; her son is brought up without knowledge of his father, but when he learns the truth, goes to sea on a merchant venture. He is wrecked, and a goddess brings him to his father's kingdom, where after answering some difficult questions, he marries the daughter of the usurper. By and by, he becomes an ascetic, and is followed by his wife.

540. SĀMA-JĀTAKA 38

A hunter's son marries a hunter's daughter, and both become ascetics. The wife becomes pregnant without human intercourse, and bears a son. The parents are both blinded by a snake, and the son attends upon them. A king, coming out to hunt, sees the lad and shoots him with an arrow; but on learning his dutiful affection he repents, and attends upon the parents

himself. The boy is miraculously cured and the parents recover their sight.

541. NIMI-JĀTAKA 53

A king, on the appearance of his first grey hair, becomes an ascetic. Sakka explains to him that holy life is better than giving alms. Sakka's charioteer takes him all round the heavens and the hells, and finally brings him to Sakka.

542. THE KHAṆḌAHĀLA-JĀTAKA 68

A king misled by a false judge decrees that all his family shall be put to death in order that he may go to heaven. After various fluctuations Sakka comes to the rescue and saves them.

543. BHŪRIDATTA-JĀTAKA 80

An ascetic is seduced by a Nāga-woman. Afterwards he becomes a king. Scenes in the Nāga country are described. He has four sons, one of whom becomes an ascetic. The feud between the Nāgas and the Garuḷas. A magic spell, and the adventures of the prince in snake form.

544. MAHĀNĀRADAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA 114

A king questions an ascetic as to the various moral duties. He is himself devoted to pleasure, but his daughter is virtuous and tries to deliver him from heretical beliefs, which is finally effected by the help of the Buddha.

545. VIDHURAPAṆḌITA-JĀTAKA. 126

Four kings, including Sakka, dispute as to which is the most virtuous and they ask a solution from a wise man who decides that they are all equal. The wife of the Nāga king is so enchanted at what she hears that she desires the wise man's heart. The king promises his daughter's hand to a Yakkha if he will bring the heart. The Yakkha visits the court where the wise man is, defeats the king at dice, and claims the wise man. The wise man asks for three days' delay to exhort his family. The Yakkha tries to kill him, but fails. The wise man asks him what he wants, and he tells him. The wise man then wins over the Yakkha and goes to the Nāga king where no harm comes to him.

546. THE MAHĀ-UMMAGGA-JĀTAKA 156

A story of four pretended wise men and one real wise man, of numerous problems which the four failed to solve and the one succeeded, of many attempts of the four to destroy the one and of his final triumph, including wars, battles, sieges, and the description of a wonderful tunnel full of machinery.

547. VESSANTARA-JĀTAKA 246

A prince devoted to giving gifts falls into disrepute through giving a magical elephant. He is banished with his family into the forest where he gives away everything he has left, including his two children. Ultimately the children are set free and all ends well.

BOOK XXII. MAHĀNIPĀTA.

No. 538.

MŪGA-PAKKHA JĀTAKA [1]

[1] *"Shew no intelligence," etc.* This story the Master told at Jatavana concerning the great renunciation. One day the Brethren seated in the Hall of Truth were discussing the praises of the Blessed One's great renunciation. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the topic which they were discussing as they sat there, on hearing what it was, he said, "No, Brethren, this my renunciation of the world, after leaving my kingdom, was not wonderful, when I had fully exercised the perfections; for before, even when my wisdom was still immature, and while I was still attaining the perfections, I left my kingdom and renounced the world." And at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king Kāsirājā ruled justly in Benares. He had sixteen thousand wives, but not one among them conceived either son or daughter. The citizens assembled as in the Kusa Jātaka [2], saying, "Our king has no son to keep up his line"; and they begged the king to pray for a son. The king commanded his sixteen thousand wives to pray for sons; but though they worshipped the moon and the other deities and prayed, they obtained none. Now his chief queen Candādevī, the daughter of the king of the Maddas, was devoted to good works, and he

asked her also to pray for a son. So on the day of the full moon she took upon herself the Uposatha vows, and while lying on a little bed, as she reflected on her virtuous life, she made an Act of Truth in these terms, "If I have never broken the commandments, by the truth of this my protestation [2] may a son be borne to me." Through the power of her piety, Sakka's dwelling became hot. Sakka, having considered and ascertained the cause, said, "Candādevī asks for a son, I will give her one"; so, as he looked for a suitable son, he saw the Bodhisatta. Now the Bodhisatta, after having reigned twenty years in Benares, had been reborn in the Ussada hell

where he had suffered for eighty thousand years, and had then been born in the world of the thirty-three gods, and after having stayed there his allotted period, he had passed away therefrom and was desirous of going to the world of the higher gods. Sakka went up to him and said, "Friend, if you are born in the world of men you will fully exercise the perfections and the mass of mankind will be advantaged; now this chief queen of Kāsirājā, Candā, is praying for a son, do you be born in her womb." He consented, and came attended by five hundred deities, and was himself conceived in her womb, while the other deities were conceived in the wombs of the wives of the king's ministers. The queen's womb seemed to be full of diamond; when she became aware of it, she told it to the king, who caused every care to be taken for the safety of the unborn child; and at last she brought forth a son endued with auspicious marks. On the same day five hundred young nobles were born in the ministers' houses. At that moment the king was seated on his royal dais, surrounded by his ministers, when it was announced, "A son is born to thee,

O king"; at hearing it, paternal affection arose, and piercing through his skin reached to the marrow in his bones; joy sprang up within him and his heart became refreshed. He asked his ministers, "Are you glad at the birth of my son?" "What art thou saying, Sire?" they answered, "we were before helpless, now we have a help, we have obtained a lord." The king gave orders to his chief general, "A retinue must be prepared for my son, find out how many young nobles have been born to-day in the ministers' houses." He saw the five hundred and went and told it to the king. The king sent princely dresses of honour for the five hundred young nobles, and he also sent five hundred nurses. He gave moreover sixty-four nurses for the Bodhisatta, all free from the faults of being too tall, &c., [3] with their breasts not hanging down, and full of sweet milk. If a child drinks milk, sitting on the hip of a nurse who is too tall, its neck will become too long; if it sits on the hip of one too short, its shoulder-bone will be compressed; if the nurse be too thin, the babe's thighs will ache; if too stout, the babe will become bow-legged [1]; the body [2] of a very dark nurse is too cold, of one very white, is too hot; the children who drink the milk of a nurse with hanging breasts, have the ends of their noses flattened; some nurses have their milk sour, others have it bitter, &c. Therefore, avoiding all these faults, he provided sixty-four nurses all possessed of sweet milk and without any of these faults; and after paying the Bodhisatta great honour, he also gave the queen a boon. She accepted it and kept it in her mind. On the day of naming the child they paid great honour to the brahmans who read the different marks, and inquired if there was any danger threatening. They, beholding the excellence of his marks, replied, "O king, the prince

possesses every mark of future good fortune, he is able to rule not one continent only but all the four,—there is no danger visible." The king, being pleased, when he fixed the boy's name, gave him the name Temiyakumāro, since it had rained all over the kingdom of Kāsī on the day of his birth and he had been born wet.

When he was one month old, they adorned him and brought him to the king, and the king having looked at his dear child, embraced him and placed him on his hip and sat playing with him. Now at that time four robbers were brought before him; one of them he sentenced to receive a thousand strokes from whips barbed with thorns, another to be imprisoned in chains, a third to be smitten with a spear, the fourth to be impaled. The Bodhisatta, on hearing his father's words, was terrified and thought to himself, "Ah! my father through his being a king, is becoming guilty of a grievous action which brings men to hell." The next day they laid him on a sumptuous bed under a white umbrella, and he woke after a short sleep and opening his eyes beheld the white umbrella and the royal pomp, and his fear increased all the more; [4] and as be pondered "from whence have I come into this palace?" by his recollection of his former births, he remembered that he had once come from the world of the gods and that after that he had suffered in hell, and that then he had been a king in that very city. While he pondered to himself, "I was a king for twenty years and then I suffered eighty thousand years in the Ussada hell, and now again I am born in this house of robbers, and my father, when four robbers were brought before him, uttered such a cruel speech as must lead to hell; if I become a king I shall be born again in hell and suffer great pain there," he became greatly alarmed, his golden body became pale and faded like a lotus crushed by the hand, and he

lay thinking how he could escape from that house of robbers. Then a goddess who dwelt in the umbrella, and who in a certain previous birth had been his mother, comforted him, "Fear not, my child Temiya; if you really desire to escape, then pretend to be a cripple, although not really one; though not deaf, pretend to be deaf, and, though not dumb, pretend to be dumb. Putting on these characteristics, shew no signs of intelligence." So she uttered the first stanza,

"Shew no intelligence, my child, be as a fool in all men's eyes,
Content to be the scorn of all, thus shalt thou gain at last the prize."

Being comforted by her words he uttered the second stanza,

"O goddess, I will do thy will,—what thou commandest me is best,
Mother, thou wishest for my weal, thou longest but to see me blest,"

and so he practised these three characteristics. The king, in order that his son might lose his melancholy, had the five hundred young nobles brought near him; the children began crying for their milk, but the

Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, reflected that to die of thirst would be better than to reign, and did not cry. The nurses told this [5] to Queen Candā and she told it to the king; he sent for some brahmans skilled in signs and omens and consulted them. They replied, "Sire, you must give the prince his milk after the proper time has passed; he will then cry and seize the breast eagerly and drink of his own accord." So they gave him his milk after letting the proper time pass by, and sometimes they let it pass by for once, and sometimes they did not give it to him all

through the day. But he, stung by fear of hell, even though thirsty, would not cry for milk. Then the mother or the nurses gave him milk, though he did not cry for it, saying, "The boy is famished." The other children cried when they did not get their milk, but he neither cried nor slept nor doubled up his hands nor feet, nor would he hear a sound. Then his nurses reflected, "The hands and feet of cripples are not like his, the formation of the jaws of the dumb is not like his, the structure of the ears of the deaf is not like his; there must be some reason for all this, let us examine into it"; so they determined to try him with milk, and so for one whole day they gave him no milk; but, though parched, he uttered no sound for milk. Then his mother said, "My boy is famished, give him milk," and she made them give him milk. Thus giving him milk at intervals they spent a year in trying him, but they did not discover his weak point. Then saying, "The other children are fond of cakes and dainties, we will try him with them "; they set the five hundred children near him and brought various dainties and placed them close by him, and, telling them to take what they liked, they hid themselves. The other children quarrelled and struck one another and seized the cakes and ate them, but the Bodhisatta said to himself, "O Temiya, eat the cakes and dainties if you wish for hell," and so in his fear of hell he would not look at them. Thus even though they tried him with cakes and dainties for a whole year they discovered not his weak point. Then they said, "Children are fond of different kinds of fruit," and they brought all sorts of fruit and tried him; [6] the other children fought for them and ate them, but he would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with various kinds of fruit. Then they said, "Other children are fond of playthings"; so they set golden and other figures of elephants, &c., near him; the rest of the children seized them as if they were spoil, but the Bodhisatta would not look at them, and thus for a

whole year they tried him with playthings. Then they said, "There is a special food for children four years old, we will try him with that"; so they brought all sorts of food; the other children broke them in pieces and ate them; but the Bodhisatta said to himself, "O Temiya, there is no counting of the past births when you did not obtain food," and for fear of hell he did not look at them; until at last his mother, with her heart well nigh rent, fed him with her

own hand [1]. Then they said, "Children five years old are afraid of the fire, we will try him with that"; so, having had a large house made with many doors, and having covered it over with palmleaves, they set him in the middle surrounded by the other children and set fire to it. The others ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta said to himself that it was better than the torture in hell, and remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic, and when the fire came near him they took him away. Then they said, "Children six years old are afraid of a wild elephant "; so they had a well-trained elephant taught, and, when they had seated the Bodhisatta with the other children in the palace-court, they let it loose. On it came trumpeting and striking the ground with its trunk and spreading terror; the other children fled in all directions in fear for their lives, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, sat where he was, and the well-trained animal took him and lifted him up and down, and went away without hurting him. When he was seven years old, as he was sitting surrounded by his companions, they let loose some serpents with their teeth extracted and their mouths bound; the other children ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta, remembering the fear of hell, remained motionless, saying, "It is better to perish by the mouth

of a fierce serpent"; then the serpents enveloped his whole body and they spread their hoods on his head, but still he remained motionless. Thus though they tried him again and again, they still could not discover his weak point. [7] Then they said, "Boys are fond of social gatherings"; so, having set him in the palace-court with the five hundred boys, they caused an assembly of mimes to be gathered together; the other boys, seeing the mimes, shouted "bravo" and laughed loudly, but the Bodhisatta, saying to himself that if he were born in hell there would never be a moment's laughter or joy, remained motionless as he pondered on hell, and never looked at the dancing. Thus trying him again and again they discovered no weak point in him. Then they said, "We will try him with the sword"; so they placed him with the other boys in the palace-court, and while they were playing, a man rushed upon them, brandishing a sword like crystal and shouting and jumping, saying, "Where is this devil's-child of the King of Kāsī? I will cut off his head." The others fled, shrieking in terror at the sight of him, but the Bodhisatta, having pondered on the fear of hell, sat as if unconscious. The man, although he rubbed the sword on his head and threatened to cut it off, could not frighten him and at last went away. Thus though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. When he was ten years old, in order to try whether he was really deaf, they hung a curtain round a bed and made holes in the four sides and placed conch-blowers underneath it without letting him see them. All at once they blew the conchs,—there was one burst of sound; but the ministers,

though they stood at the four sides and watched by the holes in the curtain, could not through a whole day detect in him any

confusion. of thought or any disturbance of hand or foot, or even a single start. So after a year had past, they tried him for another year with drums; but even thus, though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. Then they said, "We will try him with a lamp"; so in the night-time in order to see whether he moved hand or foot in the darkness, they lighted some lamps in jars, and having extinguished all the other lamps, they put these down for a while in the darkness, and then suddenly lifting the lamps in the jars, created all at once a blaze, and watched his behaviour; but though they thus tried him again and again for a whole year, they never saw him start even once. [8] Then, they said, "We will try him with molasses"; so they smeared all his body with molasses and laid him in a place infested with flies and stirred the flies up; these covered his whole body and bit it as if they were piercing it with needles, but he remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic; thus they tried him for a year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was fourteen years old, they said, "This youth now he is grown up loves what is clean and abhors what is unclean,—we will try him with what is unclean"; so from that time they did not let him bathe or rinse his mouth or perform any bodily ablutions, until he was reduced to a miserable plight, and he looked like a released prisoner. As he lay, covered with flies, the people came round and reviled him, saying, "O Temiya, you are grown up now, who is to wait on you? are you not ashamed? why are you lying there? rise up and cleanse yourself." But he, remembering the torments of the hell Gūtha, lay quietly in his squalor; and though they tried him again and again for a year, they discovered no weak point in him. Then they put pans of fire in the bed under him, saying, "When he is distressed by the heat, he will perhaps be unable to bear the pain and will shew some signs of writhing "; boils seemed to break out on his

body, but the Bodhisatta resigned himself, saying, "The fire of the hell Avīci flames up a hundred leagues,—this heat is a hundred, a thousand times preferable to that," so he remained motionless. Then his parents, with breaking hearts, made the men come back, and took him out of the fire, and implored him, saying, "O prince Temiya, we know that thou art not in any way crippled by birth, for cripples have not such feet, face, or ears as thou hast; we gained thee as our child after many prayers, do not now destroy us, but deliver us from the blame of all the kings of Jambudīpa"; but, though thus entreated by them, he lay still motionless, as if he heard them not. Then his parents went away weeping; [9] and sometimes his father or his mother came back alone, and implored him; and thus they tried him again and again for a whole year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was sixteen years old they

considered, "Whether it be a cripple or deaf and dumb, still there are none, who when they are grown up, do not delight in what is enjoyable and dislike what is disagreeable; this is all natural in the proper time like the opening of flowers. We will have dramas acted before him and will thus try him." So they summoned some women full of all graces, and as beautiful as the daughters of the gods, and they promised that whichever of them could make the prince laugh, or could entangle him in sinful thoughts should become his principal queen. Then they had the prince bathed in perfumed water and adorned like a son of the gods, and laid on a royal bed prepared in a suite of royal chambers like the dwellings of the gods, and having filled his inner chamber with a mingled fragrance of perfumed wreaths, wreaths of flowers, incense, unguents, spirituous liquor, and the like, they

retired. Meanwhile the women surrounded him and tried hard to delight him with dancing and singing and all sorts of pleasant words; but he looked at them in his perfect wisdom and stopped his inhalations and exhalations in fear lest they should touch his body, so that his body became quite rigid. They, being unable to touch him, said to his parents, "His body is all rigid, he is not a man, but must be a goblin." Thus his parents, though they tried him again and again, discovered no weak point in him. Thus, though they tried him for sixteen years with the sixteen great tests and many smaller ones, they were not able to detect a weak point in him. Then the king, being full of vexation, summoned the fortune-tellers and said, "When the prince was born ye said that he has fortunate and auspicious marks, he has no threatening obstacle; but he is born a cripple and deaf and dumb; your words do not answer to the facts." "Great king," they replied, "nothing is unseen by your teachers, but we knew how grieved you would be if we told you that the child of so many royal prayers [10] would be all Ill-luck; so we did not utter it." "What must be done now?" "O king, if this prince remains in this house, three dangers are threatened, viz. to your life or your royal power, or the queen; therefore it will be best to have some unlucky horses yoked to an unlucky chariot, and, placing him therein, to convey him by the western gate and bury him in the charnel-ground [1]." The king assented, being frightened at the threatened dangers. When the queen Candādevī heard the news she came to the king, "My lord, you gave me a boon and I have kept it unclaimed, give it to me now." "Take it, O queen." "Give the kingdom to my son." "I cannot, O queen; thy son is all Ill-luck." "Then if you will not give it for his life, give it to him for seven years." "I cannot, O queen." "Then give it to him for six years,—for five, four, three, two, one year. Give it to him for

seven months, for six, five, four, three, two months, one month, for half a month." "I cannot, O queen." "Then give

it to him for seven days." "Well," said the king, "take your boon." So she had her son adorned, and, the city being gaily decorated, a proclamation was made to the beat of a drum, "This is the reign of prince Temiya," and he was seated upon an elephant and led triumphantly rightwise round the city, with a white umbrella held over his head. When he returned, and was laid on his royal bed she implored him all the night, "O my child, prince Temiya, on thy account for sixteen years I have wept and taken no sleep: and my eyes are parched up, and my heart is pierced with sorrow; I know that thou art not really a cripple or deaf and dumb,—do not make me utterly destitute." In this manner she implored him day after day for five days. On the sixth day the king summoned the charioteer Sunanda and said to him, "To-morrow morning early yoke some ill-omened horses to an ill-omened chariot, and having set the prince in it, take him out by the western gate and dig a hole with four sides in the charnel-ground; throw him into it, and break his head with the back of the spade and kill him, then scatter dust over him and make a heap of earth above, [11] and after bathing yourself come hither." That sixth night the queen implored the prince, "O my child, the King of Kāsī has given orders that you are to be buried to-morrow in the charnel-ground,—to-morrow you will certainly die, my son." When the Bodhisatta heard this, he thought to himself, "O Temiya, your sixteen years' labour has reached its end," and he was glad; but his mother's heart was as it were cleft in twain. Still he would not speak to her lest his desire should not attain its end. At the end of that night, in the early morning,

Sunanda the charioteer yoked the chariot and made it stand at the gate, and entering the royal bedchamber he said, "O queen, be not angry, it is the king's command." So saying, as the queen lay embracing her son he pushed her away with the back of his hand, and lifted up the prince like a bundle of flowers and came down from the palace. The queen was left in the chamber smiting her breast and lamenting with a loud cry. Then the Bodhisatta looked at her and considered, "If I do not speak she will die of a broken heart," but though he desired to speak, he reflected, "If I speak, my efforts for sixteen years will be rendered fruitless; but if I do not speak, I shall be the saving [1] of myself and my parents." Then the charioteer lifted him into the chariot and saying, "I will drive the chariot to the western gate," he drove it to the eastern gate, and the wheel struck against the threshold. The Bodhisatta, hearing the sound, said, "My desire has attained its end," and he became still more glad at heart. When the chariot had gone out of the city, it went a space of three leagues by the power of the gods, and there the end of a forest

appeared to the charioteer as if it were a charnel-ground; so thinking it to be a suitable place, he turned the chariot out of the road, and stopping it by the roadside he alighted and took off all the Bodhisatta's ornaments and made them into a bundle and laid them down, and then taking a spade began to dig a hole. Then the Bodhisatta thought, "This is my time for effort; for sixteen years I have never moved hands nor feet, are they in my power or not?" So he rose and rubbed his right hand with his left, and his left hand with his right, [12] and his feet with both his hands, and resolved to alight from the chariot. When his foot

came down, the earth rose up like a leather bag filled with air and touched the hinder end of the chariot; when he had alighted, and had walked backwards and forwards several times, he felt that he had strength to go a hundred leagues in this manner in one day. Then he reflected, "If the charioteer were to set against me, should I have the power to contend with him?" So he seized hold of the hinder end of the chariot and lifted it up as if it were a toy-cart for children, and said to himself that he had power to contend with him; and as he perceived it, a desire arose to adorn himself. At that moment Sakka's palace became hot. Sakka, having perceived the reason, said, "Prince Temiya's desire has attained its end, he desires to be adorned, what has he to do with human adornment?" and he commanded Vissakamma to take heavenly decorations and to go and adorn the son of the King of Kāsī. So he went and wrapt the prince with ten thousand pieces of cloth and adorned him like Sakka with heavenly and human ornaments. The prince, decked with all the bravery of the King of the gods, went up to the hole as the charioteer was digging, and standing at the edge, uttered the third stanza:

"Why in such haste, O charioteer? and wherefore do you dig that pit?
Answer my question truthfully,—what do you want to do with it?"

The charioteer went on digging the hole without looking up and spoke the fourth stanza:

"Our king has found his only son crippled and dumb,—an idiot quite;
And I am sent to dig this hole and bury him far out of sight."

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I am not deaf nor dumb, my friend, no cripple, not e'en lame am I;

If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt thereby.

[13] Behold these arms and legs of mine, and hear my voice and what I say;
If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt to-day."

Then the charioteer said, "Who is this? It is only since I came here that he has become as he describes himself." So he left off digging the hole and looked up; and beholding his glorious beauty and not knowing whether he was a god or a man, he spoke this stanza:

"A heavenly minstrel or a god, or art thou Sakka, lord of all?

Who art thou, pray; whose son art thou? what shall we name thee when we call?"

Then the Bodhisatta spoke, revealing himself and declaring the law,

"No heavenly minstrel nor a god, nor Sakka, lord of all, am I [1];

I am the King of Kāsi's son whom you would bury ruthlessly.

I am the son of that same king under whose sway you serve and thrive,
You will incur great guilt to-day if here you bury me alive.

If 'neath a tree I sit and rest while it its shade and shelter lends [2],
I would not break a single branch,—only the sinner harms his friends.

The sheltering tree—it is the king—; I am the branch that tree has spread;
And you the traveller, charioteer, who sits and rests beneath its shade;
If in this wood you bury me, great guilt will fall upon your head."

[14] But though the Bodhisatta said this, the man did not believe him. Then the Bodhisatta resolved to convince him, and he made the woods resound with his own voice and the applause of the gods, as he commenced these ten gāthās in honour of friends [3].

"He who is faithful to his friends may wander far and wide,—
Many will gladly wait on him, his food shall be supplied.

Whatever lands he wanders through, in city or in town,
He who is faithful to his friends finds honour and renown.

No robbers dare to injure him, no warriors him despise;
He who is faithful to his friends escapes all enemies.

Welcomed by all he home returns,—no cares corrode his breast,
He who is faithful to his friends is of all kin the best.

He honours and is honoured too,—respect he takes and gives;
He who is faithful to his friends full meed from all receives.

He is by others honoured who to them due honour pays,
He who is faithful to his friends wins himself fame and praise.

Like fire he blazes brightly forth, and sheds a light divine,
He who is faithful to his friends will with fresh splendour shine.

His oxen surely multiply, his seed unfailing grows,
He who is faithful to his friends reaps surely all he sows.

If from a mountain-top he falls or from a tree or grot,
He who is faithful to his friends finds a sure resting spot.

The banyan tree defies the wind, girt with its branches rooted round,—
He who is faithful to his friends doth all the rage of foes confound."

[15] Even though he thus discoursed, Sunanda did not recognise him and asked who he was; but as he approached the chariot, even before he saw the chariot and the ornaments which the prince wore, he recognised him as he looked at him, and falling at his feet and folding his hands spoke this stanza:

"Come, I will take thee back, O prince, to thine own proper home;
Sit on the throne and act the king,—why in this forest roam?"

The Great Being replied:

"I do not want that throne or wealth, I want not friends nor kin,
Since ’tis by evil acts alone that I that throne could win."

The charioteer spoke:

"A brimful cup of welcome, prince, will be prepared for thee;
And thy two parents in their joy great gifts will give to me.

The royal wives, the princes all, Vesiyas and brahmans both,
Great presents in their full content will give me, nothing loth.

Those who ride elephants and cars, foot-soldiers, royal guards,
When thou returnest home again, will give me sure rewards.

The country folk and city folk will gather joyously,
And when they see their prince returned will presents give to me."

[16] The Great Being spoke:

"By parents I was left forlorn, by city and by town,
The princes left me to my fate,—I have no home my own.

My mother gave me leave to go, my father me forsook,—
Here in this forest-wild alone the ascetic's vow I took."

As the Great Being called to mind his own virtues, delight arose in his mind and in his ecstasy he uttered a hymn of triumph:

"Even to those who hurry not, th’ heart's longing wins success;
Know, charioteer, that I to-day have gained ripe holiness [1].

Even by those who hurry not, the highest end is won;
Crowned with ripe holiness I go, perfect and fearing none."

The charioteer replied:

"Thy words, my lord, are pleasant words, open thy speech and clear;

Why wast thou dumb, when thou didst see father and mother near?"

The Great Being spoke:

"No cripple I for lack of joints, nor deaf for lack of ears,

I am not dumb for want of tongue as plainly now appears.

In an old birth I played the king, as I remember well,
But when I fell from that estate I found myself in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury I passed upon that throne,
But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.

[17] My former taste of royalty filled all my heart with fear;
Thence was I dumb, although I saw father and mother near.

My father took me on his lap, but midst his fondling play,
I heard the stern commands he gave, "At once this miscreant slay,
Saw *him* in sunder,—go, that wretch impale without delay."

Hearing such threats well might I try crippled and dumb to be,
And wallow helplessly in filth, an idiot willingly.

Knowing that life is short at best and filled with miseries,
Who ’gainst another for its sake would let his anger rise?

Who on another for its sake would let his vengeance light,
Through want of power to grasp the truth and blindness to the right [2]?"

[18] Then Sunanda reflected, "This prince, abandoning all his royal pomp as if it were carrion, has entered into the wood, unwavering in his resolve to become an ascetic,—what have I to do with this miserable life? I too will become an ascetic with him"; so he spoke this stanza:

"I too would choose th’ ascetic's life with thee;

Call me, O prince, for I as thou would be."

When thus requested, the Great Being reflected, "If I at once admit him to the ascetic life, my father and mother will not come here and thus they will suffer loss, and the horses and chariot and ornaments will perish, and blame will accrue to me, for men will say, "He is a goblin,—has he devoured the charioteer?" So wishing to save himself from blame and to provide for his parents' welfare, he entrusted the horses and chariot and ornaments to him and spoke this stanza:

"Restore the chariot first, thou’rt not a free man now;
First pay thy debts, they say,—then take the ascetic's vow."

The charioteer thought to himself, "If I went to the city and he meanwhile departed elsewhere his father and mother on hearing my news of him would come back with me to see him; and if they found him not they would punish me; so I will tell him the circumstances in which I find myself and will get his promise to remain here"; so he spoke two stanzas:

"Since I have done thy bidding, prince, I pray,
Do thou be pleased to do what I shall say.

Stay till I fetch the king,—stay here of grace,
He will be joyful when he sees thy face."

[19] The Great Being replied:

"Well, be it as thou sayest, charioteer;
I too would gladly see my father here.

Go and salute my kindred all, and take
A special message for my parents' sake."

The man took the commands:

He clasped his feet and, all due honours paid,

Started to journey as his Master bade.

At that moment Candādevī opened her lattice and, as she wondered whether there were any tidings of her son and looked on the road by which the charioteer would return, she saw him coming alone and burst into lamentation.

The Master has thus described it:

"Seeing the empty car and lonely charioteer,

The mother's eyes were filled with tears, her breast with fear:

"The charioteer comes back,—my son is slain;
Yonder he lies, earth mixed with earth again.

Our bitterest foes may well rejoice, alack!
Seeing his murderer come safely back.

Dumb, crippled,—say, could he not give one cry,

As on the ground he struggled helplessly?

Could not his hands and feet force thee away,
Though dumb and maimed, while on the ground he lay?"

[20] The charioteer spoke:

"Promise me pardon, lady, for my word,

And I will tell thee all I saw and heard."

The queen answered:

"Pardon I promise you for every word;

Tell me in full whate’er you saw or heard."

Then the charioteer spoke:

"No cripple he, he is not deaf,—his utterance clear and free;
He played fictitious parts at home, through dread of royalty.

In an old birth he played the king as he remembers well,
But when he fell from that estate he found himself in hell.

Some twenty years of luxury he passed upon that throne,
But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.

His former taste of royalty filled all his heart with fear;
Hence was he dumb although he saw father and mother near.

Perfectly sound in all his limbs, faultlessly tall and broad,
His utterance clear, his wits undimmed, he treads salvation's road.

If you desire to see your son, then come at once with me,
You shall behold prince Temiya, perfectly calm and free."

[21] But when the prince had sent the charioteer away, he desired to take the ascetic vow. Knowing his desire, Sakka sent Vissakamma, saying, "Prince Temiya wishes to take the ascetic vow, go and make a hut of leaves for him and the requisite articles for an ascetic." He hastened accordingly, and in a grove of trees three leagues in extent he built a hermitage furnished with an apartment for the night and another for the day, a tank, a pit, and fruit-trees, and he prepared all the requisites for an ascetic and then returned to his own place. When the Bodhisatta saw it, he knew that it was Sakka's gift; so he entered into the hut and took off his clothes and put on the red bark garments, both the upper and under, and threw the black antelope-skin on one shoulder, and tied up his matted hair, and, having taken a carrying pole on his shoulder and a walking staff in his hand, he went out of the hut. Then he walked repeatedly up and down, displaying the full dress of an ascetic, and having shouted triumphantly "O the bliss, O the bliss," returned to the hut; and

sitting down on the ragged mat [1] he entered upon the five transcended faculties. Then going out at evening and gathering some leaves from a kāra [2] tree near by, he soaked them in a vessel supplied by Sakka in water without salt or

buttermilk or spice, and ate them as if they were ambrosia, and then, as he pondered on the four perfect states, he resolved to take up his abode there.

Meanwhile the King of Kāsī, having heard Sunanda's words, summoned his chief general and ordered him to make preparation for the journey, saying:

"The horses to the chariots yoke,—bind girths on elephants and come;
Sound conch and tabour far and wide, and wake the loud-voiced kettledrum.

Let the hoarse tomtom fill the air, let rattling drums raise echoes sweet,—
Bid all this city follow me,—I go my son once more to greet.

Let palace-ladies, every prince, vesiyas and brahmans every one,
All have their chariot-horses yoked,—I go to welcome back my son.

Let elephant-riders, royal guards, horsemen and footmen every one,
Let all alike prepare to go, I go to welcome back my son.

Let country folk and city folk gather in crowds in every street,
Let all alike prepare to go, I go once more my son to greet."

[22] The charioteers thus ordered yoked the horses, and having brought the chariots to the palace-gates informed the king.

The Master has thus described it:

"Sindh horses of the noblest breed stood harnessed at the palace gates;
The charioteers the tidings bring, "The train, my lord, thy presence waits."

The king spoke:

"Leave all the clumsy horses out, no weaklings in our cavalcade,"
(They told the charioteer, "Be sure not to bring horses of that kind,")
Such were the royal orders given, and such the charioteers obeyed."

The king, when he went to his son, assembled the four castes, the eighteen guilds, and his whole army, and three days were spent in the assembling of the host. On the fourth day, having taken all that was to be taken in the procession, he proceeded to the hermitage and there was greeted by his son and gave him the due greeting in return.

The Master has thus described it [1]:

"His royal chariot then prepared, the king without delay
Got in, and cried out to his wives—"Come with me all away!"

With yakstail fan and turban crest, and royal white sunshade,
He mounted in the royal car [2], with finest gold arrayed.

Then did the king set forth at once, his charioteer beside,
And quickly came where Temiya all tranquil did abide.

[23] When Temiya beheld him come all brilliant and ablaze,
Surrounded by attendant bands of warriors, thus he says:

"Father, I hope 'tis well with thee, thou hast good news to tell,
I hope that all the royal queens, my mothers, too, are well?"

"Yes, it is well with me, my son, I have good news to tell,
And all the royal queens indeed, thy mothers, all are well."

"I hope thou drinkest no strong drink, all spirit dost eschew,
To righteous deeds and almsgiving thy mind is ever true?"

"Oh yes, strong drink I never touch, all spirit I eschew,
To righteous deeds and almsgiving my mind is ever true."

"The horses and the elephants I hope are well and strong,
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong?"

"Oh yes, the elephants are well, the horses well and strong,
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong."

"The frontiers, as the central part, all populous, at peace,
The treasures and the treasuries quite full—say, what of these?

Now welcome to thee, royal Sir, O welcome now to thee!
Let them set out a couch, that here seated the king may be."

The king, out of respect for the Great Being, would not sit upon the couch [1].

[24] The Great Being said, "If he does not sit on his royal seat, let a couch of leaves be spread for him," so he spoke a stanza:

"Be seated on this bed of leaves spread for thee as is meet,

They will take water from this spot and duly wash thy feet."

The king in his respect would not accept even the seat of leaves but sat on the ground. Then the Bodhisatta entered the hut of leaves, and, taking out a kāra leaf [2], and inviting the king, he spoke a stanza:

"No salt have I, this leaf alone is what I live upon, O king;

Thou art come here a guest of mine,—be pleased to accept the fare I bring."

The king replied:

"No leaves for me, that's not my fare; give me a bowl of pure hill rice,

Cooked with a subtil flavouring of meat [3] to make the pottage nice."

At that moment the queen Candādevī, surrounded by the royal ladies, came up, and after clasping her dear son's feet and saluting him, sat on one side with her eyes full of tears. The king said to her, "Lady, see what thy son's food is," and put some of the leaves into her hand and also gave a little to the other ladies, who took it, saying, "O my lord, dost thou indeed eat such food? thou endurest great hardship," and sat down. Then the king said, "O my son, this appears wonderful to me," and he spoke a stanza:

"Most strange indeed it seems to me that thou thus left alone
Livest on such mean food and yet thy colour is not gone."

[25] The prince thus replied:

"Upon this bed of leaves strewn here I lie indeed alone,—
A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone;

Girt with their swords no cruel guards stand sternly looking on,—
A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone;

Over the past I do not mourn nor for the future weep,—
I meet the present as it comes, and so my colour keep.

Mourning about the hopeless past or some uncertain future need,—
This dries a young man's vigour up as when you cut a fresh green reed."

The king thought to himself, "I will inaugurate him as king and carry him away with me"; so he spoke these stanzas inviting him to share the kingdom:

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,
Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood
Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy,—why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;
When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchoret to be.

Come, O my first-born and my heir, in the first glory of thine age,
Enjoy thy kingdom to the full,—what dost thou in this hermitage?"

The Bodhisatta spoke:

"No, let the young man leave the world and fly its vanities,

The ascetic's life best suits the young,—thus counsel all the wise.

[26] No, let the young man leave the world, a hermit and alone;
I will embrace the hermit's life, I need no pomp nor throne.

I watch the boy,—with childish lips he "father" "mother," cries,—
Himself begets a son, and then he too grows old and dies.

So the young daughter in her flower grows blithe and fair to see,
But she soon fades cut down by death like the green bamboo tree.

Men, women all, however young, soon perish,—who in sooth
Would put his trust in mortal life, cheated by fancied youth?

As night by night gives place to dawn life still contracts its span;
Like fish in water which dries up,—what means the youth of man?

This world of ours is smitten sore, is ever watched by one,
They pass and pass with purpose fell,—why talk of crown or throne?

"Who sorely smites this world of ours? who watches grimly by?
And who thus pass with purpose fell? Tell me the mystery."

'Tis death who smites this world, old age who watches at our gate,
And 'tis the nights which pass and win their purpose soon or late.

As when the lady at her loom sits weaving all the day,
Her task grows ever less and less,—so waste our lives away.

As speeds the hurrying river's course, on with no backward flow,
So in its course the life of men doth ever forward go;

And as the river sweeps away trees from its banks uptorn,
So are we men by age and death in headlong ruin borne."

[27] The king, as he listened to the Great Being's discourse, became disgusted at a life spent in a house, and longed to leave the world; and he exclaimed, "I will not go back to the city, I will become an ascetic here; if my son will go to the city I will give him the white umbrella,"—so to try him he once more invited him to take his kingdom:

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,

And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,
Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood
Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy, why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;
When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchoret to be.

My treasures and my treasuries, footmen and cavalry,
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

With troops of slaves to wait on thee, and queens to be embraced,
Enjoy thy throne, all health to thee, why linger in this waste?"

But the Great Being replied by shewing how little he wanted a kingdom.

"Why seek for wealth,—it will not last; why woo a wife,—she soon will die;

Why think of youth, ’twill soon be past; and threatening age stands ever nigh.

What are the joys that life can bring? beauty, sport, wealth, or royal fare?
What is a wife or child to me? I am set free from every snare.

This thing I know,—where'er I go, Fate watching never slumbereth;
Of what avail is wealth or joy to one who feels the grasp of death? [1]

[28] Do what thou hast to do to-day, who can ensure the morrow's sun?
Death is the Master-general who gives his guarantee to none.

Thieves ever watch to steal our wealth,—I am set free from every chain;
Go back and take thy crown away; what want I with a king's domain?"

The Great Being's discourse with its application came to an end, and when they heard it not only the king and the queen Candā but the sixteen thousand royal wives all desired to embrace the ascetic life. The king ordered a proclamation to be made in the city by beat of drum, that all who wished to become ascetics with his son should do so; [29] he caused the doors of his treasuries to be thrown open, and he had an inscription written on a golden plate, and fixed on a great bamboo as a pillar, that his treasure jars would be exposed in certain places and that all who pleased might take of them. The citizens also left their houses with the doors open as if it were an open market, and flocked round the king. The king and the multitude took the ascetic vow together before the Great Being. An hermitage erected by Sakka extended for three leagues. The Great Being went through the huts made of branches and leaves, and he appointed those in the centre for the women as they were naturally timid, while those on the outside were for the men. All of them on the fast-day

stood on the ground, and gathered and ate the fruits of the trees which Vissakamma had created, and followed the rules of the ascetic life. The Great Being, knowing the mind of every one,

whether he indulged thoughts of lust or malevolence or cruelty, sat down in the air and taught the law to each, and as they listened they speedily developed the Faculties and the Attainments.

A neighbouring king, hearing that Kāsirājā had become an ascetic, resolved to establish his rule in Benares, so he entered the city, and seeing it all adorned he went up into the palace, and, beholding the seven kinds of precious stones there, he thought to himself that some kind of danger must gather round all this wealth; so he sent for some drunken revellers and asked them by which gate the king had gone out. They told him "by the eastern gate"; so he went out himself by that gate and proceeded along the bank of the river. The Great Being knew of his coming, and having gone to meet him, sat in the air and taught the law. Then the invader took the ascetic vow with all his company; and the same thing happened also to another king. In this way three kingdoms were abandoned; the elephants and horses were left to roam wild in the woods, the chariots dropped to pieces in the woods, and the money in the treasuries, being counted as mere sand, was scattered about in the hermitage. All the residents there attained to the eight Ecstatic Meditations; and at the end of their lives became destined for the world of Brahma. Yea the very animals, as the elephants and horses, having their minds calmed by the sight of the sages, were eventually reborn in the six heavens of the gods.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, said, "Not now only but formerly also did I leave a kingdom and become an ascetic." Then he identified the Birth: "the goddess in the umbrella was Uppalavaṇṇā, [30] the charioteer was Sāriputta,

the father and mother were the royal family, the court was the Buddha's congregation, and the wise Mūgapakkha was myself [1]."

After they had come to the island of Ceylon, Elder Khuddakatissa, a native of Maṅgaṇa, Elder Mahāvaṁsaka, Elder Phussadeva, who dwelt at Kaṭakandhakāra [2], Elder Mahārakkhita, a native of Uparimaṇḍakamāla, Elder Mahātissa, a native of Bhaggari, Elder Mahāsiva, a native of Vāmattapabbhāra, Elder Mahāmaliyadeva, a native of Kāḷavela,—all these elders are called the late comers in the assembly of the Kuddālaka birth [3], the Mūgapakkha birth [4], the Ayoghara birth [5], and the Hatthipāla birth [6]. Moreover Elder Mahānāga, a native of Maddha, and Elder Maliyamakādeva,

remarked on the day of Pārīnibbāna, "Sir, the assembly of the Mūgapakkha birth is to-day extinct." "Wherefore?" "I was then passionately addicted to spirituous drink, and when I could not bring those with me who used to drink liquor with me I was the last of all to give up the world and become an ascetic."

Footnotes

1:1 The story of the deaf cripple.

1:2 No. 531, transl. V. p. 141.

2:1 *Khalaṃkapādo*?

2:2 There is another reading, "the milk."

5:1 I have followed B *d* here.

7:1 Cf. Vol. I., transl., p. 215.

8:1 Prof. Cowell translates as follows: "I shall be the death of my father and mother as well as of myself," adding a note: "I have doubtfully translated *paccayo* as if it were the opposite of the phrase ἔργον τινὸς εἶναι."

10:1 Petavatthu, p. 24.

10:2 *Jāt.* V. 340 (p. 180 of the translation), Petavatthu, p. 23.

10:3 See Feer in the *Journ. Asiatique,* 1871, XVIII. p.248.

11:1 See Vol. I. p. 30.

11:2 The four lines of triumph are here repeated.

13:1 *Kaṭṭhattharake* in IV. 58[24] *attharo* is a "rug," आस्तर.

13:2 *Canthium parviflorum.*

14:1 This passage, down to the end of p. 23, was omitted by Prof. Cowell.

14:2 *upādhiratham:* Schol. *suvaṇṇapādukārathaṁ āruyhantu, ime tayo pāde puttassa tatth' eva abhisekakaraṇatthāya pañca rājakakudhabhaṇḍāni ganhathā ti.*

15:1 These words, printed in the Comm. on p. 23, should be put in the text. Read: *pallaṁke na nisīdi;* and so on p. 24[1].

15:2 A leaf of the tree *Canthium parviflorum.*

15:3 Cf. *supra,* III. 29[9].

17:1 Four lines are here repeated from Vol. IV. transl. p. 81, ll. 11—14.

18:1 A later addition here describes how certain priests were later than the others in adopting the ascetic life, in this birth, cf. *Jāt.* IV. 490.

18:2 See Sum. 190.

18:3 No. 70, I. p. 311.

18:4 No. 538, VI. p. 1.

18:5 No. 510, IV. p. 304.

18:6 No. 509, IV. p. 293.

No. 539.

MAHĀJANAKA-JĀTAKA.

"Who art thou, striving," etc. This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the great Renunciation. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth discussing the Tathāgata's great Renunciation. The Master came and found that this was their subject; so he said "This is not the first time that the Tathāgata performed the great Renunciation,—he performed it also formerly." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there was a king named Mahājanaka reigning in Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha. He had two sons, Ariṭṭhajanaka and Polajanaka; the elder he made viceroy and the younger commander-in-chief. Afterwards, when Mahājanaka died, Ariṭṭhajanaka, having become king, gave the viceroyalty to his brother. One day a slave went to the king and told him that the viceroy was desirous to kill him. The king, after repeatedly hearing the same story, became suspicious, and had Polajanaka thrown into chains and imprisoned with a guard in a certain house not far from the palace. The prince made a solemn asseveration, "If I am my brother's enemy, let not my chains be unloosed nor the door become opened; but otherwise, may my chains be unloosed and the door become opened," and thereupon [31] the chains broke into pieces and the door flew open. He went out and, going to a frontier village, took up his abode there, and the inhabitants, having recognised him, waited upon him; and the king was unable to have him arrested. In course of time he became master of the frontier district, and,

having now a large following, he said to himself, "If I was not my brother's enemy before, I am indeed his enemy now," and he went to Mithilā with a large host, and encamped in the outskirts of the city. The inhabitants heard that Prince Polajanaka was come, and most of them joined him with their elephants and other riding animals, and the inhabitants of other towns also gathered with them. So he sent a message to his brother, "I was not your enemy before but I am indeed your enemy now; give the royal umbrella up to me or give battle." As the king went to give battle, he bade farewell to

his principal queen. "Lady," he said, "victory and defeat in a battle cannot be foretold,—if any fatal accident befalls me, do you carefully preserve the child in your womb": so saying he departed; and the soldiers of Polajanaka ere long took his life in battle. The news of the king's death caused a universal confusion in the whole city. The queen, having learned that he was dead, quickly put her gold and choicest treasures into a basket and spread a cloth on the top and strewed some husked rice over that; and having put on some soiled clothes and disfigured her person, she set the basket on her head and went out at an unusual time of the day, and no one recognised her. She went out by the northern gate; but she did not know the way, as she had never gone anywhere before and was unable to fix the points of the compass; so since she had only heard that there was such a city as Kāḷacampā, she sat down and kept asking whether there were any people going to Kāḷacampā city. Now it was no common child in her womb, but it was the Great Being re-born, after he had accomplished the Perfections, and all Sakka's world shook with his majesty. Sakka considered what the

cause could be, and he reflected that a being of great merit must have been conceived in her womb, and that he must go and see it; so he created a covered carriage and prepared a bed in it and stood at the door of the house where she was sitting, as if he were an old man driving the carriage, and he asked if any one wanted to go to Kāḷacampā. "I want to go there, father." [32] "Then mount up into this carriage, lady, and take your seat." "Father, I am far gone with child, and I cannot climb up; I will follow behind, but give me room for this my basket." "What are you talking about, mother? there is no one who knows how to drive a carriage like me; fear not, but climb up and sit down." By his divine power he caused the earth to rise as she was climbing up, and made it touch the hinder end of the carriage. She climbed up and lay down in the bed, and she knew that it must be a god. As soon as she lay down on the divine bed she fell asleep. Sakka at the end of thirty leagues came to a river, and he woke her, saying, "Mother, get down and bathe in the river; at the head of the bed there is a cloak, put it on; and in the carriage there is a cake to eat, eat it." She did so and lay down again and at evening time, when she reached Campā and saw the gate, the watch-tower and the walls, she asked what city it was. He replied, "Campā city, mother." "What sayest thou, father? Is it not sixty leagues from our city to Campā?" "It is so, mother, but I know the straight road." He then made her alight at the southern gate; "Mother, my village lies further on,—do you enter the city," so saying Sakka went on, and vanishing, departed to his own place.

The queen sat down in a certain hall. At that time a certain Brahmin, a reciter of hymns, who dwelt at Campā, was going with his five hundred disciples to bathe, and as he looked he saw her sitting there so fair and

comely, and, by the power of the being in her womb, immediately as he saw her he conceived an affection for her as for a youngest sister, and making his pupils stay outside he went alone into the hall and asked her, "Sister, in what village dost thou dwell?" "I am the chief queen of King Ariṭṭhajanaka in Mithilā," she said. "Why art thou come here?" "The king has been killed by Polajanaka, and I in fear have come here to save my unborn child." "Is there any kinsman of thine in this city?" "There is none, father." "Do not be anxious; I am a Northern Brahmin of a great family, a teacher famed far and wide, I will watch over you as if you were my sister,—call me your brother and clasp my feet and make a loud lamentation." [33] She made a great wailing and fell at his feet and they each condoled with the other. His pupils came running up and asked him what it all meant. "This is my youngest sister, who was born at such a time when I was away." "O teacher, do not grieve, now that you have seen her at last." He caused a grand covered carriage to be brought and made her sit down in it and sent her to his own house, bidding them tell his wife that it was his sister and that she was to do everything that was necessary. His Brahmin wife gave her a hot water bath and prepared a bed for her and made her lie down. The Brahmin bathed and came home; and at the time of the meal he bade them call his sister and ate with her, and watched over her in the house. Soon after she brought forth a son, and they called him after his grandfather's name Prince Mahājanaka. As he grew up and played with the lads,—when they used to provoke him with their own pure Khattiya birth, he would strike them roughly from his own superior strength and stoutness of heart. When they made a loud outcry and were asked who had struck them, they would reply "The widow's son." The prince

reflected "They always call me the widow's son,—I will ask my mother about it"; so one day he asked her, "Mother, whose son am I?" She deceived him, saying that the Brahmin was his father. When he beat them another day and they called him the widow's son, he replied that the Brahmin was his father; and when they retorted "What is the Brahmin to you?" he pondered, "These lads say to me "What is the Brahmin to you?" My mother will not explain the matter to me, she will not tell me the truth for her own honour's sake,—come, I will make her tell it to me." So when he was sucking her milk he bit her breast and said to her, "Tell me who my father is,—if you do not tell me I will cut your breast off." She, being unable to deceive him, said, "My child, you are the son of King Ariṭṭhajanaka of Mithilā; thy father was killed by Polajanaka, and I came to this city in my care to save thee, and the Brahmin has treated me as his sister and taken care of me." From that time he was no longer angry when he was called the widow's son: and before he was sixteen years old he had learned the three vedas and all the sciences; [34] and by the time he was sixteen,

he had become very handsome in his person. Then he thought to himself, "I will seize the kingdom that belonged to my father "; so he asked his mother "Have you any money in hand? If not, I will carry on trade and make money and seize my father's kingdom." "Son, I did not come empty-handed, I have a store of pearls and jewels and diamonds sufficient for gaining the kingdom—take them and seize the throne; do not carry on trade." "Mother," he said, "give that wealth to me, but I will only take half of it, and I will go to Suvaṇṇabhūmi and get great riches there, and will then seize the kingdom." He made her

bring him the half, and having got together his stock-in-trade he put it on board a ship with some merchants bound for Suvaṇṇabhūmi, and bade his mother farewell, telling her that he was sailing for that country. "My son," she said, "the sea has few chances of success and many dangers,—do not go,—you have ample money for seizing the kingdom." But he told his mother that he would go,—so he bade her adieu and embarked on board. That very day a disease broke out in Polajanaka's body and he could not rise from his bed. There were seven caravans with their beasts [1] embarked on board; in seven days the ship made seven hundred leagues, but having gone too violently in its course it could not hold out:—its planks gave way, the water rose higher and higher, the ship began to sink in the middle of the ocean while the crew wept and lamented and invoked their different gods. But the Great Being never wept nor lamented nor invoked any deities, but knowing that the vessel was doomed he rubbed some sugar and ghee, and, having eaten his belly-full, he smeared his two clean garments with oil and put them tightly round him and stood leaning against the mast. When the vessel sank the mast stood upright. The crowd on board became food for the fishes and tortoises, and the water all round assumed the colour of blood; but the Great Being, standing on the mast, having determined the direction in which Mithilā lay, flew up from the top of the mast, and by his strength passing beyond the fishes and tortoises fell at the distance of 140 cubits from the ship. That very day Polajanaka died. After that the Great Being crossed through the jewel-coloured waves, making his way like a mass of gold, [35] he passed a week as if it had been a day, and when he saw the shore again he washed his mouth with salt water [2] and kept the fast. Now at that time a daughter of the gods named Maṇimekhalā had been appointed guardian of the sea by the four guardians of the world. They said to her, "Those

beings who possess such virtues as reverence for their mothers and the like do not deserve to fall into the sea,—look out for such"; but for those seven days she had not looked at the sea, for they say that her memory had become bewildered in her enjoyment of her

divine happiness, and others even say that she had gone to be present at a divine assembly; at last however she had looked, saying to herself, "This is the seventh day that I have not looked at the sea,—who is making his way yonder?" As she saw the Great Being she thought to herself, "If Prince Mahājanaka had perished in the sea I should [not] have kept [1] my entry into the divine assembly!" so assuming an adorned form she stood in the air not far from the Bodhisatta and uttered the first stanza, as she thus tested his powers:

"Who art thou, striving manfully here in mid-ocean far from land?
Who is the friend thou trustest in, to lend to thee a helping hand?"

The Bodhisatta replied, "This is my seventh day here in the ocean, I have not seen a second living being beside myself,—who can it be that speaks to me?" so, looking into the air, he uttered the second stanza:

"Knowing my duty in the world, to strive, O goddess, while I can,
Here in mid ocean far from land I do my utmost like a man."

Desirous to hear sound doctrine, she uttered to him the third stanza:

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"Here in this deep and boundless waste where shore is none to meet the eye,
Thy utmost strivings are in vain,—here in mid-ocean thou must die."

The Bodhisatta replied, "Why dost thou speak thus? if I perish while I make my best efforts, I shall at all events escape from blame," and he spoke a stanza: [36]

"He who does all a man can do is free from guilt towards his kin,
The lord of heaven acquits him too and he feels no remorse within."

Then the goddess spoke a stanza:

"What use in strivings such as these, where barren toil is all the gain,
Where there is no reward to win, and only death for all thy pain?"

Then the Bodhisatta uttered these stanzas to shew to her her want of discernment:

"He who thinks there is nought to win and will not battle while he may,—
Be his the blame whate'er the loss,—'twas his faint heart that lost the day.

Men in this world devise their plans, and do their business as seems best,—
The plans may prosper or may fail,—the unknown future shows the rest.

Seest thou not, goddess, here to-day 'tis our own actions which decide;
Drowned are the others,—I am saved, and thou art standing by my side.

So I will ever do my best to fight through ocean to the shore;
While strength holds out I still will strive, nor yield till I can strive no more."

[37] The goddess, on hearing his stout words, uttered a stanza of praise:

"Thou who thus bravely fightest on amidst this fierce unbounded sea
Nor shrinkest from the appointed task, striving where duty calleth thee,
Go where thy heart would have thee go, nor let nor hindrance shall there be."

[http://indianetzone.com/jataka_stories/appreciation_of_courage.htm]

Then she asked him whither she should carry him, and on his answering "to the city of Mithilā," she threw him up like a garland and seizing him in both arms and making him lie on her bosom, she took him as if he was her dear child and sprang up in the air. For seven days the Bodhisatta slept, his body wet with the salt spray and thrilled with the heavenly contact. Then she brought him to Mithilā and laid him on his right side on the ceremonial stone in a mango grove, and, leaving him in the care of the goddesses of the garden, departed to her own abode. Now Polajanaka had no son: he had left only one daughter, wise and learned, named Sīvalīdevī. They had asked him on his death-bed, "O king, to whom shall we give the kingdom when thou art become a god?" and he had said, "Give it to him who can please the princess, my daughter Sīvalī, or who knows which is the head of the square bed, or who can string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men, or who can draw out the sixteen great treasures." "O king, tell us the list of the treasures." Then the king repeated it:

"The treasure of the rising sun, the treasure at his setting seen,
The treasure outside, that within, and that not outside nor within, [38]

At th' mounting, at the dismounting, *sāl*-pillars four, the *yojana* round,
The end of th' teeth, the end of th' tail, the *kebuka,* th' ends of the trees,—

The sixteen precious treasures these, and these remain, where these are found,
The bow that tasks a thousand men, the bed, the lady's heart to please."

The king, besides these treasures, repeated also a list of others. After his death the ministers performed his obsequies, and on the seventh day they assembled and deliberated: "The king said that we were to give the kingdom to him who is able to please

his daughter, but who will be able to please her?" They said, "The general is a favourite," so they sent a command to him. He at once came to the royal gate and signified to the princess that he was standing there. She, knowing why he had come, and intending to try whether he had the wisdom to bear the royal umbrella, gave command that he should come. On hearing the command and being desirous to please her, he ran up quickly from the foot of the staircase and stood by her. Then to try him, she said, "Run quickly on the level ground." He sprang forward, thinking that he was pleasing the princess. She said to him, "Come hither." He came up with all speed. She saw his want of wisdom and said, "Come and rub my feet." In order to please her, he sat down and rubbed her feet. Then she struck him on the breast with her foot and made him fall on his back, and she made a sign to her female attendants, "Beat this blind and senseless fool and seize him by the throat and thrust him out"; and they did so. "Well, general?" they said; he replied, "Do not mention it, she is not a human being." Then the treasurer went, but she put him also in the same way to shame. So too the cashier, the keeper of the umbrella, the sword- bearer:

she put them all to shame. Then the multitude deliberated and said, "No one can please the princess: give her to him who is able to string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men." But no one could string it. Then they said, "Give her to him who knows which is the head of the square bed." But no one knew it. "Then give her to him who is able to draw out the sixteen great treasures." But no one could draw them out. [39] Then they consulted together, "The kingdom cannot be preserved without a king; what is to be done?" Then the family

priest said to them, "Be not anxious; we must send out the festive carriage, the king who is obtained by the festal carriage will be able to rule over all India." So they agreed, and having decorated the city and yoked four lotus-coloured horses to the festive chariot and spread a coverlet over them and fixed the five ensigns of royalty, they surrounded them with an army of four hosts. Now musical instruments are sounded in front of a chariot which contains a rider, but behind one which contains none; so the family priest, having bid them sound the musical instruments behind, and having sprinkled the strap of the car and the goad with a golden ewer, bade the chariot proceed to him who has merit sufficient to rule the kingdom. The car went solemnly round the palace and proceeded up the kettle-drum road. The general and the other officers of state each thought that the car was coming up to him, but it passed by the houses of them all, and having gone solemnly round the city it went out by the eastern gate and passed onwards to the park. When they saw it going along so quickly, they thought to stop it; but when the family priest said, "Stop it not; let it go a hundred leagues if it pleases," the car entered the park and went solemnly round the ceremonial stone and stopped as ready to be mounted. The family priest beheld the Bodhisatta lying there and addressed the ministers, "Sirs, I see someone lying on the stone; we know not whether he has wisdom worthy of the white umbrella or not; if he is a being of holy merit he will not look at us, but if he is a creature of ill omen he will start up in alarm and look at us trembling; sound forthwith all the musical instruments." Forthwith they sounded the hundreds of instruments,—it was like the noise of the sea. The Great Being awoke at the noise, and having uncovered his head and looked round, beheld the great multitude; and having perceived that it must be the white umbrella which had come to him he again wrapped his head and

turned round and lay on his left side. The family priest uncovered his feet and, beholding the marks, said, "Not to mention one continent, he is able to rule all the four," so he bade them sound the musical instruments again.

[40] The Bodhisatta uncovered his face, and having turned round lay on his right side and looked at the crowd. The family priest, having comforted the people, folded his hands and bent down and said, "Rise, my lord, the kingdom belongs to thee." "Where is the king?" he replied.

"He is dead." "Has he left no son or brother?" "None, my lord." "Well, I will take the kingdom"; so he rose and sat down cross-legged on the stone slab. Then they anointed him there and then; and he was called King Mahājanaka. He then mounted the chariot, and, having entered the city with royal magnificence, went up to the palace and mounted the dais, having arranged the different positions for the general and the other officers. Now the princess, wishing to prove him by his first behaviour, sent a man to him, saying, "Go to the king and tell him, "the princess Sīvalī summons thee, go quickly to her". The wise king as if he did not hear his words, went on with his description of the palace,—"Thus and thus will it be well." Being unable to attract his attention he went away and told the princess, "Lady, the king heard thy words but he only keeps on describing the palace and utterly disregards thee." She said to herself, "He must be a man of a lofty soul," and sent a second and even a third messenger. The king at last ascended the palace walking at his own pleasure at his usual pace yawning like a lion. As he drew near, the princess could not stand still before his majestic

bearing; and coming up she gave him her hand to lean on. He caught hold of her hand and ascended the dais, and having seated himself on the royal couch beneath the white umbrella, he inquired of the ministers, "When the king died, did he leave any instructions with you?" Then they told him that the kingdom was to be given to him who could please the princess Sīvalī. "The princess Sīvalī gave me her hand to lean on as I came near: I have therefore succeeded in pleasing her; tell me something else." "He said that the kingdom was to be given to him who could decide which was the head of the square bed." The king replied, "This is hard to tell, but it can be known by a contrivance," so he took out a golden needle from his head and gave it into the princess' hand, saying, "Put this in its place." [41] She took it and put it in the head of the bed. Thus they also say in the proverb "She gave him a sword [1]." By that indication he knew which was the head, and, as if he had not heard it before, he asked what they were saying, and when they repeated it, he replied, "It is not a wonderful thing for one to know which is the head"; and so saying, he asked if there were any other test. "Sire, he commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could string the bow which required the strength of a thousand men." When they had brought it at his order, he strung it while sitting on the bed as if it were only a woman's bow for carding cotton [2]. "Tell me something else," he said. "He commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could draw out the sixteen great treasures." "Is there a list?" and

they repeated the before-mentioned list. As he listened the meaning became clear to him like the moon in the sky. "There is not time to-day, we will take the treasure to-morrow." The next

day he assembled the ministers and asked them, "Did your king feed pacceka-buddhas?" When they answered in the affirmative, he thought to himself, "The sun' cannot be this sun, but pacceka-buddhas are called suns from their likeness thereto; the treasure must be where he used to go and meet them." Then he asked them, "When the pacceka-buddhas came, where did he use to go and meet them?" They told him of such and such a place; so he bade them dig that spot and draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. "When he followed them as they departed, where did he stand as he bade them farewell?" They told him, and he bade them draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. The great multitude uttered thousands of shouts and expressed their joy and gladness of heart, saying, "When they heard before of the rising of the sun, they used to wander about, digging in the direction of the actual sunrise, and when they heard of his setting, they used to go digging in the direction of the actual sunset, but here are the real riches, here is the true marvel." When they said, "The treasure within" he drew out the treasure of the threshold within the great gate of the palace; "The treasure outside,"—he drew out the treasure of the threshold outside; "Neither within nor without,"—he drew out the treasure from below the threshold; [42] "At the mounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they planted the golden ladder for mounting the royal state elephant; "At the dismounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they dismounted from the royal elephant's shoulders; "The four great *sāl*-pillars,"—there were four great feet, made of *sāl*-wood, of the royal couch where the courtiers made their prostrations on the ground, and from under them he brought out four jars full of treasure;"A *yojana* round,"—now a *yojana* is the yoke of a chariot, so he dug round the royal couch for the length of a yoke and brought out jars of treasure from thence; "The treasure at

the end of the teeth,"—in the place where the royal elephant stood, he brought out two treasures from the spot in front of "his two tusks"; "At the end of his tail,"—at the place where the royal horse stood, he brought out jars from the place opposite his tail; "In the *kebuka*"; now water is called *kebuka;* so he had the water of the royal lake drawn off and there revealed a treasure; "The treasure at the ends of the trees,"—he drew out the jars of treasure buried within the circle of shade thrown at midday under the great *sāl* trees in the royal garden. Having thus brought out the sixteen treasures, he asked if there was anything more, and they answered "No." The multitude were delighted. The king said, "I will throw this wealth in the mouth of charity"; so he had five halls for alms erected in the middle of the city and at the four gates, and made a great distribution. Then he

sent for his mother and the Brahmin from Kāḷacampā, and paid them great honour.

In the early days of his reign, King Mahājanaka, the son of Ariṭṭhajanaka, ruled over all the kingdoms of Videha. "The king, they say, is wise, we will see him," so the whole city was in a stir to see him, and they came from different parts with presents; they prepared a great festival in the city, covered the walls of the palace with plastered impressions of their hands [1], hung perfumes and flower-wreaths, darkened the air as they threw fried grain, flowers, perfumes and incense, and got ready all sorts of food to eat and drink. In order to present offerings to the king they gathered round and stood, bringing food hard and soft, and all kinds of drinks and fruits [43], while the crowd of the

king's ministers sat on one side, on another a host of brahmins, on another the wealthy merchants and the like, on another the most beautiful dancing girls; brahmin panegyrists, skilled in festive songs, sang their cheerful odes with loud voices, hundreds of musical instruments were played, the king's palace was filled with one vast sound as if it were in the centre of the Yugandhara ocean [2];— every place which he looked upon trembled. The Bodhisatta as he sat under the white umbrella, beheld the great pomp of glory like Sakka's magnificence, and he remembered his own struggles in the great ocean; "Courage is the right thing to put forth,—if I had not shewn courage in the great ocean, should I ever have attained this glory?" and joy arose in his mind as he remembered it, and he burst into a triumphant utterance [3]. [44] He after that fulfilled the ten royal duties and ruled righteously and waited on the pacceka-buddhas. In course of time Queen Sīvalī brought forth a son endowed with all auspicious marks and they called his name Dīghāvu-kumāra. When he grew up his father made him viceroy. One day when various sorts of fruits and flowers were brought to the king by the gardener, he was pleased when he saw them, and shewed him honour, and told him to adorn the garden and he would pay it a visit. The gardener carried out these instructions and told the king, and he, seated on a royal elephant and surrounded by his retinue, entered at the garden-gate. Now near it stood two bright green mango trees, the one without fruit, the other full of very sweet fruit. As the king had not eaten of the fruit no one ventured to gather any, and the king, as he rode on his elephant, gathered a fruit and ate it. The moment the mango touched the end of his tongue, a divine flavour seemed to arise and he thought to himself, "When I return I will eat several more"; but when once it was known that the king had eaten of the first fruit of the

tree, everybody from the viceroy to the elephant-keepers gathered and ate some, and those who did not take the fruit broke the boughs with sticks and stripped off the leaves till that tree stood all broken and battered, while the other one stood as beautiful as a mountain of gems. As the king came out of the garden, he saw it and asked his ministers about it. "The crowd saw that your majesty had eaten the first fruit and they have plundered it," they replied. "But this other tree has not lost a leaf or a colour." "It has not lost them because it had no fruit." The king was greatly moved, "This tree [45] keeps its bright green because it has no fruit, while its fellow is broken and battered because of its fruit. This kingdom is like the fruitful tree, but the ascetic life is like the barren tree; it is the possessor of property who has fears, not he who is without anything of his own. Far from being like the fruitful tree I will be like the barren one,—leaving all my glory behind, I will give up the world and become an ascetic." Having made this firm resolution, he entered the city, and standing at the door of the palace, sent for his commander-in-chief, and said to him, "O general, from this day forth let none see my face except one servant to bring my food and another to give me water for my mouth and a toothbrush, and do you take my old chief judges and with their help govern my kingdom: I will henceforth live the life of a Buddhist priest on the top of the palace." So saying he went up to the top of the palace alone, and lived as a Buddhist priest. As time passed on the people assembled in the courtyard, and when they saw not the Bodhisatta they said, "He is not like our old king," and they repeated two stanzas:

"Our king, the lord of all the earth, is changed from what he was of old,
He heeds no joyous song to-day nor cares the dancers to behold;

The deer, the garden, and the swans fail to attract his absent eye,
Silent he sits as stricken dumb and lets the cares of state pass by."

They asked the butler and the attendant, "Does the king ever talk to you?" "Never," they replied. Then they related how the king, with his mind plunged in abstraction, and detached from all desires, had remembered his old friends the pacceka-buddhas, and saying to himself, "Who will show me the dwelling-place of those beings free from all attachments and possessed of all virtues?" had uttered aloud his intense feelings in three stanzas:

"Hid from all sight, intent on bliss, freed from all bonds and mortal fears,
In whose fair garden, old and young, together dwell those heavenly seers?

[46] They have left all desires behind,—those happy glorious saints I bless,
Amidst a world by passion tost they roam at peace and passionless.

They have all burst the net of death, and the deceiver's outspread snare,—
Freed from all ties, they roam at will,—O who will guide me where they are?"

Four months passed as he thus led an ascetic's life on the palace, and at last his mind turned intently towards giving up the world: his own home seemed like one of the hells between the sets of worlds [1], and the three modes of existence [2] presented themselves to him as all on fire. In this frame of mind he burst into a description of Mithilā, as he thought, "When will the time come that I shall be able to leave this Mithilā, adorned and decked out like Sakka's palace, and go to Himavat and there put on the ascetic's dress?"

"When [3] shall I leave this Mithilā, spacious and splendid though it be,
By architects with rule and line laid out in order fair to see,
With walls and gates and battlements,—traversed by streets on every side,
With horses, cows, and chariots thronged, [47] with tanks and gardens beautified,
Videha's far-famed capital, gay with its knights and warrior swarms,
Clad in their robes of tiger-skins, with banners spread and flashing arms,
Its brahmins dressed in Kāçi cloth, perfumed with sandal, decked with gems,—
Its palaces and all their queens with robes of state and diadems!
When shall I leave them and go forth, the ascetic's lonely bliss to win,—
Carrying my rags and water-pot,—when will that happy life begin?
When shall I wander through the woods, eating their hospitable fruit,
Tuning my heart in solitude as one might tune a seven-stringed lute [4],
Cutting my spirit free from hope of present or of future gain,
As the cobbler [5] when he shapes his shoe cuts off rough ends and leaves it plain [6]."

[52] Now he had been born at a time when men lived to the age of 10,000 years; so after reigning 7,000 years he became an ascetic while 3,000 years still remained of his life: and when he had embraced the ascetic life, he still dwelt in a house four months from the day of his seeing the mango tree; but thinking to himself that an ascetic's house would be better than the palace, he secretly instructed his attendant to have some yellow robes and an earthen vessel brought to him from the market. He then sent for a barber and made him cut his hair and beard; he put on one yellow robe as the under dress, another as the upper, and the third he wrapped over his shoulder, and, having put his vessel in a bag, he hung it on his shoulder; then, taking his walking-stick, he walked several times backwards and forwards on the top-story with the triumphant step of a pacceka-buddha. That day he continued to dwell there, but the next day at sunrise he began to go down. The queen Sīvalī sent for seven hundred favourite concubines, and said to them, "It is a long time,

four full months, since we last beheld the king, we shall see him to-day, do you all adorn yourselves and put forth your graces and blandishments and try to entangle him in the snares of passion." Attended by them all arrayed and adorned, she ascended the palace to see the king; [53] but although she met him coming down, she knew him not, and thinking that it was a pacceka-buddha come to instruct the king she made a salutation and stood on one side; and the Bodhisatta came down from the palace. But the queen, after she had ascended the palace, and beheld the king's locks, of the colour of bees, lying on the royal bed, and the articles of his toilet lying on the royal bed, exclaimed, "That was no pacceka-buddha, it must have been our own dear lord, we will implore him to come back "; so having gone down from the top-story and reached the palace yard, she and all the attendant queens unloosed their hair and let it fall on their backs and smote their breasts with their hands, and followed the king, wailing plaintively, "Why dost thou do this thing, O great king?" The whole city was disturbed, and all the people followed the king weeping, "Our king, they say, has become an ascetic, how shall we ever find such a just ruler again?"

Then the Master, as he described the women's weeping, and how the king left them all and went on, uttered these stanzas:

"There stood the seven hundred queens, stretching their arms in pleading woe,
Arrayed in all their ornaments,—"Great king, why dost thou leave us so?"

But leaving those seven hundred queens, fair, tender, gracious,—the great king
Followed the guidance of his vow, with stern resolve unfaltering.

Leaving the inaugurating cup [1], the old sign of royal pomp and state,
He takes his earthen pot to-day, a new career to inaugurate."

[54] The weeping Sīvalī, finding herself unable to stop the king, as a fresh resource sent for the commander-in-chief and bade him kindle a fire before the king among the old houses and ruins which lay in the direction where he was going, and to heap up grass and leaves and make a great smoke in different places. He did so. Then she went to the king and, falling at his feet, told him in two stanzas that Mithilā was in flames.

"Terrible are the raging fires, the stores and treasures burn,
The silver, gold, gems, shells, and pearls, are all consumed in turn;

Rich garments, ivory, copper, skins,—all meet one ruthless fate;
Turn back, O king, and save thy wealth before it be too late."

The Bodhisatta replied, "What sayest thou, O queen? the possessions of those who have can be burned, but I have nothing;

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh;
Mithilā's palaces may burn, but naught of mine is burned thereby [2]."

[55] So saying he went out by the northern gate, and his queens also went out. The queen Sīvalī bade them shew him how the villages were being destroyed and the land wasted; so they pointed out to him how armed men were running about and plundering in different directions, while others, daubed with red lac, were being carried as wounded or dead on boards. The people shouted, "O king, while you guard the kingdom, they spoil and kill your subjects." Then the queen repeated a stanza, imploring the king to return:

"Wild foresters lay waste the land,—return, and save us all;
Let not thy kingdom, left by thee, in hopeless ruin fall."

The king reflected, "No robbers can rise up to spoil the kingdom while I am ruling,—this must be Sīvalīdevī's invention," so he repeated these stanzas as not understanding her:

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,
The kingdom may lie desolate, but naught of mine is harmed thereby.

We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,—
Feasting on joy in perfect bliss like an Ābhassara deity [1]."

Even after he had thus spoken the people still followed. Then he said to himself, "They do not wish to return,—I will make them go back"; so when he had gone about half a mile he turned back, and standing in the high road, he asked his ministers, "Whose kingdom is this?" [56] "Thine, O king." "Then punish whosoever passes over this line," so saying he drew a line across with his staff. No one was able to violate that line; and the people, standing behind that line, made loud lamentation. The queen also being unable to cross that line, and beholding the king going on with his back turned towards her, could not restrain her grief, and beat her breast, and, falling across, forced her way over the line. The people cried, "The line-guardians have broken the line," and they followed where the queen led. The Great Being went towards the Northern Himavat. The queen also went with him, taking all the army and the animals for riding. The king, being unable to stop the multitude, journeyed on for sixty leagues. Now at that time an ascetic, named Nārada, dwelt in the Golden Cave in Himavat who possessed the five supernatural faculties; after passing seven days in an ecstasy, he had risen from his trance and was shouting triumphantly, "O the bliss, O

the bliss!" and while gazing with his divine eye to see if there was anyone in India who was seeking for this bliss, he beheld Mahājanaka the potential Buddha. He thought, "The king has made the great renunciation, but he cannot turn the people back who follow headed by the queen Sīvalī,—they may put a hindrance in his way, and I will give him an exhortation to confirm his purpose still more"; so by his divine power

he stood in the air in front of the king and thus spoke, to strengthen his resolve:

"Wherefore is all this noise and din, as of a village holiday?
Why is this crowd assembled here? will the ascetic kindly say?"

The king replied:

"I've crossed the bound and left the world, ’tis this has brought these hosts of men;
I leave them with a joyous heart: thou know’st it all,—why ask me then?"

[57] Then the ascetic repeated a stanza to confirm his resolve:

"Think not thou hast already crossed, while with this body still beset;
There are still many foes in front,—thou hast not won thy victory yet."

The Great Being exclaimed:

"Nor pleasures known nor those unknown have power my steadfast soul to bend,
What foe can stay me in my course as I press onwards to the end?"

Then he repeated a stanza, declaring the hindrances:

"Sleep, sloth, loose thoughts to pleasure turned, surfeit, a discontented mind—
The body brings these bosom-guests,—many a hindrance shalt thou find."

[58] The Great Being then praised him in this stanza:

"Wise, Brahmin, are thy warning words, I thank thee, stranger, for the same;
Answer my question if thou wilt; who art thou, say, and what thy name."

Nārada replied:

"Know I am Nārada by name,—a kassapa [1]; my heavenly rest
I have just left to tell thee this,—to associate with the wise is best.

The four perfections exercise,—find in this path thy highest joy;
Whate'er it be thou lackest yet, by patience and by calm supply;

High thoughts of self, low thoughts of self,—nor this, nor that befits the sage;
Be virtue, knowledge, and the law the guardians of thy pilgrimage."

Nārada then returned through the sky to his own abode. After he was gone, another ascetic, named Migājina, who had just arisen from an ecstatic trance, beheld the Great Being and resolved to utter an exhortation to him that he might send the multitude away; so he appeared above him in the air and thus spoke:

[59] "Horses and elephants, and they who in city or in country dwell,—
Thou hast left them all, O Janaka: an earthen bowl contents thee well.

Say, have thy subjects or thy friends, thy ministers or kinsmen dear,
Wounded thy heart by treachery that thou hast chosen this refuge here?"

The Bodhisatta replied:

"Never, O seer, at any time, in any place, on any plea,
Have I done wrong to any friend nor any friend done wrong to me.

I saw the world devoured by pain, darkened with misery and with sin;
I watched its victims bound and slain, caught helplessly its toils within;
I drew the warning to myself and here the ascetic's life begin."

[60] The ascetic, wishing to hear more, asked him:

"None chooses the ascetic's life unless some teacher point the way,
By practice or by theory: who was thy holy teacher, say."

The Great Being replied:

"Never at any time, O seer, have I heard words that touched my heart
From Brahman or ascetic lips, bidding me choose the ascetic's part."

He then told him at length why he had left the world:

"I wandered through my royal park one summer's day in all my pride,
With songs and tuneful instruments filling the air on every side,

And there I saw a Mango-tree, which near the wall had taken root,—
It stood all broken and despoiled by the rude crowds that sought its fruit.

Startled I left my royal pomp and stopped to gaze with curious eye,
Contrasting with this fruitful tree a barren one which grew close by.

The fruitful tree stood there forlorn, its leaves all stripped, its branches bare,
The barren tree stood green and strong, its foliage waving in the air.

[61] We kings are like that fruitful tree, with many a foe to lay us low,
And rob us of the pleasant fruit which for a little while we show.

The elephant for ivory, the panther for his skin is slain,
Houseless and friendless at the last the wealthy find their wealth their bane;
That pair of trees my teachers were,—from them my lesson did I gain."

Migājina, having heard the king, exhorted him to be earnest and returned to his own abode.

When he was gone, Queen Sīvalī fell at the king's feet, and said

"In chariots or on elephants, footmen or horsemen, all as one,
Thy subjects raise a common wail, "Our king has left us and is gone!"

O comfort first their stricken hearts and crown thy son to rule instead;
Then, if thou wilt, forsake the world the pilgrim's lonely path to tread."

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I've left behind my subjects all, friends, kinsmen, home and native land;
[62] But th’ nobles of Videha race, Dīghāvu trained to bear command,—
Fear not, O queen of Mithilā, they will be near to uphold thy hand."

The queen exclaimed, "O king, thou hast become an ascetic, what am I to do?" Then he said to her, "I will counsel thee, carry out my words"; so he addressed her thus:

"If thou would’st teach my son to rule, sinning in thought, and word and deed,
An evil ending will be thine—this is the destiny decreed;
A beggar's portion, gained as alms, so say the wise, is all our, need."

Thus he counselled her, and while they went on, talking together, the sun set.

The queen encamped in a suitable place, while the king went to the root of a tree and passed the night there, and the next day, after performing

his ablutions, went on his way. The queen gave orders that the army should come after, and followed him. At the time for going the round for alms they reached a city called Thūṇā. At that time a man in the city had bought a large piece of flesh at a slaughter-

house and, after frying it on a prong with some coals, had placed it on a board to grow cool; but while he was busied about something else a dog ran off with it. The man pursued it as far as the southern gate of the city, but stopped there, being tired. The king and queen were coming up separately in front of the dog, [63] which in alarm at seeing them dropped the meat and made off. The Great Being saw this, and reflected, "He has dropped it and gone off, disregarding it, the real owner is unknown, there is not another piece of offal alms so good as this: I will eat it "; so taking out his own earthen dish and seizing the meat he wiped it, and, putting it on the dish, went to a pleasant spot where there was some water and ate it. The queen thought to herself, "If the king were worthy of the kingdom he would not eat the dusty leavings of a dog, he is not really my husband "; and she said aloud, "O great king, dost thou eat such a disgusting morsel?" "It is your own blind folly," he replied, "which prevents your seeing the especial value of this piece of alms"; so he carefully examined the spot where it had been dropped, and ate it as if it were ambrosia, and then washed his mouth and his hands and feet.

Then the queen addressed him in words of blame:

"Should the fourth eating-time come round, a man will die if still he fast;
Yet for all that the noble soul would loathe so foul a mess to taste;

This is not right which thou hast done,—shame on thee, shame, I say, O king;
Eating the leavings of a dog, thou hast done a most unworthy thing."

The Great Being replied:

"Leavings of householder or dog are not forbidden food, I ween;
[64] If it be gained by lawful means, all food is pure and lawful, queen."

As they thus talked together they reached the city-gate. Some boys were playing there; and a girl was shaking some sand in a small winnowing-basket. On one of her hands there was a single bracelet, and on the other two; these two jangled together, the other one was noiseless. The king saw the incident, and thought to himself, "Sīvalī keeps following me; a wife is the ascetic's bane, and men blame me and say that even when I have left the world I cannot leave my wife; if this girl is wise, she will be able to tell Sīvalī the reason why she should turn back and leave me. I will hear her story and send Sīvalī away." So he said to her:

"Nestling beneath thy mother's care, girl, with those trinkets on thee bound,
Why is one arm so musical while the other never makes a sound?"

The girl replied:

"Ascetic, on this hand I wear two bracelets fast instead of one,
'Tis from their contact that they sound,—'tis by the second this is done.

But mark this other hand of mine: a single bracelet it doth wear,
That keeps its place and makes no sound, silent because no other's there.

The second jangles and makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;
Would'st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

[65] Having heard the girl's words, he took up the idea and addressed the queen:

"Hear what she says; this servant girl would overwhelm my head with shame
Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."

The queen, on hearing him, bade him take the better path to the right, while she chose the left; but after going a little way, being unable to restrain her grief, she again came to him, and she and the king entered the city together.

Explaining this, the Master said: "With these words on their lips they entered the city of Thūṇā."

[66] After they had entered, the Bodhisatta went on his begging-round and reached the door of the house of a maker of arrows, while Sīvalī stood on one side. Now at that time the arrow-maker had heated an arrow in a pan of coals and had wetted it with some sour rice-gruel, and, closing one eye, was looking with the other while he made the arrow straight. The Bodhisatta reflected, "If this man is wise, he will be able to explain the incident,—I will ask him"; so he went up to him:

The Master described what had happened in a stanza:

"To a fletcher's house he came for alms; the man with one eye closed did stand,
And with the other sideways looked to shape the arrow in his hand."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"One eye thou closest and dost gaze with the other sideways,—is this right?
I pray, explain thy attitude; thinkest thou, it improves thy sight?"

He replied:

"The wide horizon of both eyes serves only to distract the view;
But if you get a single line, your aim is fixed, your vision true.

It is the second that makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;
Would’st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

[67] After these words of advice, he was silent. The Great Being proceeded on his round, and, having collected some food of various sorts, went out of the city, and sat down in a spot pleasant with water; and having done all he had to do, he put away his bowl in his bag and addressed Sīvalī:

"Thou hear’st the fletcher: like the girl, he would o’erwhelm my head with shame
Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."

She still continued to follow him even after this speech; but she could not persuade the king to turn back, and the people followed her. Now there was a forest not far off and the Great Being saw a dark tract of trees. He was wishing to make the queen turn back, and he saw some muñja grass near the road; so he cut a stalk of it, and said to her, "See, Sīvalī, this stalk cannot be joined again, so our intercourse can never be joined again"; and he repeated this half stanza; "Like to a muñja reed full-grown, live on, O Sīvalī, alone." When she heard him, she said, "I am henceforth to have no intercourse with King Mahājanaka"; and being unable to control her grief, she beat her breast with both hands and fell senseless [68] on the road. The Bodhisatta, perceiving that she was unconscious, plunged into the wood, carefully obliterating his footsteps. His ministers came and sprinkled her body with water and rubbed her hands and feet, and at last she recovered consciousness. She asked, "Where is the king?" "Do you not know?" they said. "Search for him," she cried. But though they ran hither and thither they saw him not. So she made a great lamentation, and after erecting a tope

where he had stood, she offered worship with flowers and perfumes, and returned. The Bodhisatta entered into the region of Himavat, and in the course of seven days he perfected the Faculties and the Attainments, and he returned no more to the land of men. The queen also erected topes on the spots where he had conversed with the arrow-maker, and with the girl, and where he had eaten the meat, and where he had conversed with Migājina and with Nārada, and offered worship with flowers and perfumes; and then, surrounded by the army, she entered Mithilā and had her son's coronation performed in the mango-garden, and made him enter with the army into the city. But she herself, having adopted the ascetic life of a ṛishi, dwelt in that garden and practised the preparatory rites for producing mystic meditation until at last she attained absorption and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

The Master, his lesson ended, said, "This is not the first time that the Tathāgata performed the great Renunciation; he performed it also formerly." So saying he identified the Birth: "At that time the sea-goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, Nārada was Sāriputta, Migājina was Moggallāna, the girl was the princess Khemā, the maker of arrows was Ānanda, Sīvalī was the mother of Rāhula, Prince Dīghāvu was Rāhula, the parents were the members of the royal family, and I myself was the king Mahājanaka."

Footnotes

22:1 I would read *sattajaṁghasatthāni* (cf. Text, iii. 283, 18). The text *-satāni* would mean "700 legs," i.e. 350 men (?).

22:2 Reading *loṇodakena* as Dr Fausbøll proposes.

23:1 Prof. Cowell adds on the margin of his text: "*na,* or is it a question?"

26:1 So in the Kathāsaritsāgara, § 72, 47, 54, the snake-maiden gives the hero a sword and horse.

26:2 See Grierson's *Bihār Peasant Life,* pp. 64, 98.

28:1 *Hatthattharādīhi,* cf. piṣṭapañcāṅgula *Harṣac.* 63, 13, and 157, l. 1.

28:2 This is one of the seas between the seven concentric circles of rock round Meru. Hardy, p. 12.

28:3 The six stanzas which follow in the Pali were translated in Vol. IV. p. 171.

30:1 See Hardy, *Budhism,* p. 27.

30:2 Sc. the Kāmaloka, the Rūpabrahmaloka, and the Arūpabrahmaloka.

30:3 A long description, full of repetitions, is here much condensed.

30:4 See *Mahāvagga,* V. 1. 16.

30:5 The use of the word *rathakāro* might suggest "wooden shoes," but these were forbidden by Buddha, see *Mahāvagga,* V. 6.

30:6 Cf. Vol. IV. p. 172 (text).

31:1 For the golden jars used at a king's inauguration see Rāmāy. II. 15, Kathāsarits. XV. 77.

31:2 These lines seem proverbial in various shapes, cf. Dhammapada, 200; Mahābh. XII. 9917, 529, 664s1.

32:1 For these heavenly beings, "the Radiant ones," see Burnouf, *Introd.* p. 611.

33:1 Nārada is sometimes called the son of the Muni Kaçyapa; see Wilson, *Vishṇu Purāna,* Vol. II. p. 19.

No. 540.

SĀMA-JĀTAKA.

"Who, as I filled," etc. This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain priest who supported his mother. They say that there was a wealthy merchant at Sāvatthi, who was worth eighteen crores; and he had a son who was very dear and winning to his father and mother. One day the youth went upon the terrace of the house, and opened a window and looked down on the street; and when he saw the great crowd going to Jetavana with perfumes and garlands in their hands to hear the law preached, [69] he exclaimed that he would go too. So having ordered perfumes and garlands to be brought, he went to the monastery, and having distributed dresses, medicines, drinks, etc. to the assembly and honoured the Blessed One with perfumes and garlands, he sat down on one side. After hearing the law, and perceiving the evil consequences of desire and the blessings arising from adopting the religious life, when the assembly broke up he asked the Blessed One for ordination, but he was told that the Tathāgatas do not ordain anyone who has not obtained the permission of his parents; so he went away, and lived a week without food, and having at last obtained his parents' consent, he returned and begged for ordination. The Master sent a priest who ordained him; and after he was ordained he obtained great honour and gain; he won the favour of his teachers and preceptors, and having received full orders he mastered the law in five years. Then he thought to himself, "I live here distracted,—it is not suitable for me," and he became

anxious to reach the goal of mystic insight; so having obtained instruction in meditation from his teacher, he departed to a frontier village and dwelt in the forest, and there having entered a course of spiritual insight, he failed, however much he laboured and strove for twelve years, to attain any special idea. His parents also, as time went on, became poor, for those who hired their land or carried on merchandise for them, finding out that there was no son or brother in the family to enforce the payment, seized what they could lay their hands upon and ran away as they pleased, and the servants and labourers in the house seized the gold and coin and made off therewith, so that at the end the two were reduced to an evil plight and had not even an ewer for pouring water; and at last they sold their dwelling, and finding themselves homeless, and in extreme misery, they wandered begging for alms, clothed in rags and carrying potsherds in their hands. Now at that time a Brother came from Jetavana to the son's place of abode; he performed the duties of hospitality and, as he sat quietly, he first asked whence he was come; and learning that he was come from Jetavana he asked after the health of the Teacher and the principal disciples and then asked for news of his parents, "Tell me, Sir, about the welfare of such and such a merchant's family in Sāvatthi." "O friend, don't ask for news of that family." "Why not, Sir?" "They say that there was one son in that family, but he has become an ascetic under the law, and since he left the world that family has gone to ruin; and at the present time the two old people are reduced to a most lamentable state and beg for alms." When he heard the other's words he could not remain unmoved, but began to weep with his eyes full of tears, and when the other asked him why he wept, "O Sir," he replied, "they are my own father and mother, I am their son." "O friend, thy father and mother have come to ruin through thee,—do thou go

and take care of them." "For twelve years," he thought to himself, "I have laboured and striven but never been able to attain the path or the fruit: [70] I must be incompetent; what have I to do with the ascetic life? I will become a householder and will support my parents and give away my wealth, and will thus eventually become destined for

heaven." So having determined he gave up his abode in the forest to the elder, and the next day departed and by successive stages reached the monastery at the back of Jetavana which is not far from Sāvatthi. There he found two roads, one leading to Jetavana, the other to Sāvatthi. As he stood there, he thought, "Shall I see my parents first or the Buddha?" Then he said to himself, "In old days I saw my parents for a long time, from henceforth I shall rarely have the chance of seeing the Buddha; I will see the perfectly Enlightened One to-day and hear the law, and then to-morrow morning I will see my parents." So he left the road to Sāvatthi and in the evening arrived at Jetavana. Now that very day at daybreak, the Master, as he looked upon the world, had seen the potentialities of this young man, and when he came to visit him he praised the virtues of parents in the Mātiposaka-sutta [1]. As he stood at the end of the assembly of elders and listened, he thought, "If I become a householder I can support my parents; but the Master also says, "A son who has become an ascetic can be helpful"; I went away before without seeing the Master, and I failed in such an imperfect ordination; I will now support my parents while still remaining an ascetic without becoming a householder." So he took his ticket and his ticket-food and gruel, and felt as if he had committed a sin deserving expulsion after a solitary abode of twelve years in the

forest. In the morning he went to Sāvatthi and he thought to himself, "Shall I first get the gruel or see my parents?" He reflected that it would not be right to visit them in their poverty empty-handed; so he first got the gruel and then went to the door of their old house. When he saw them sitting by the opposite wall after having gone their round for the alms given in broth, he stood not far from them in a sudden burst of sorrow with his eyes full of tears. They saw him but knew him not; then his mother, thinking that it was someone standing for alms, said to him, "We have nothing fit to be given to you, be pleased to pass on." When he heard her, he repressed the grief which filled his heart and remained still standing as before with his eyes full of tears, and when he was addressed a second and a third time he still continued standing. At last the father said to the mother, "Go to him; can this be thy son [2]?" She rose and went to him and, recognising him, fell at his feet and lamented, and the father also joined his lamentations, and there was a loud outburst of sorrow. To see his parents he could not control himself, but burst into tears; then, after yielding to his feelings, he said, "Do not grieve, I will [71] support you"; so having comforted them and made them drink some gruel, and sit down on one side, he went again and begged for some food and gave it to them, and then went and asked for alms for himself, and having finished his meal, took up his abode at a short distance off. From that day forward he watched over his parents in this manner; he gave them all the alms he received for himself, even those at the fortnightly distributions, and he went on separate expeditions for his own alms, and ate them; and whatever food he received as provision for the rainy season he gave to them, while he took their worn-out garments and dyed them with the doors fast closed and used them himself: but the days were few when he gained alms and there were many when he failed to win

anything, and his inner and outer clothing became very rough. As he watched over his parents he gradually grew very pale and thin and his friends and intimates said to him, "Your complexion used to be bright, but now you have become very pale,—has some illness come upon you?" He replied, "No illness has come upon me, but a hindrance has befallen me," and he told them the history. "Sir," they replied, "the Master does not allow us to waste the offerings of the faithful, you do an unlawful act in giving to laymen the offerings of the faithful." When he heard this he shrank ashamed. But not satisfied with this they went and told it to the Master, saying, "So and so, Sir, has wasted the offerings of the faithful and used them to feed laymen." The Master sent for the young man of family and said to him, "Is it true that you, an ascetic, take the

offerings of the faithful and support laymen with them?" He confessed that it was true. Then the Master, wishing to praise what he had done and to declare an old action of his own, said, "When you support laymen whom do you support?" "My parents," he answered. Then the Master, wishing to encourage him still more said, "Well done, well done" three times; "You are in a path which I have traversed before you: I in old time, while going the round for alms, supported my parents." The ascetic was encouraged thereby. At the request of the Brethren the Master, to make known his former actions, told them a legend of the olden time.

Once on a time, not far from Benares on the near bank of the river, there was a village of hunters, and another village on the

further side; five hundred families dwelt in each. Now two hunter chiefs dwelt in the two villages who were fast friends; and they had made a compact in their youth, that if one of them had a daughter and the other a son, they would wed the pair together. In course of time [72] a son was born to the chief in the near village and a daughter to the one in the further; the name. Dukūlaka was given to the first as he was taken up when he was born in a wrapping of fine cloth [1], while the second was named Pārikā because she was born on the further side of the river. They were both fair to look at and of a complexion like gold; and though they were born in a village of hunters they never injured any living creature. When he was sixteen years old his parents said to Dukūlaka, "O son, we will bring you a bride"; but he, a pure being newly come from the Brahma world, closed both his ears, saying, "I do not want to dwell in a house, do not mention such a thing"; and though they spoke three times to the same effect, he shewed no inclination for it. Pārikā also, when her parents said to her, "Our friend's son is handsome and with a complexion like gold, we are going to give you to him," made the same answer and closed her ears, for she too had come from the Brahma world. Dukūlaka privately sent her a message, "If you wish to live as a wife with her husband, go into some other family, for I have no wish for such a thing," and she too sent a similar message to him. But however unwilling they were, the parents would celebrate the marriage. But both of them lived apart like the Archangel Brahman, without descending into the ocean of carnal passion. Dukūlaka never killed fish or deer, he never even sold fish which was brought to him. At last his parents said to him, "Though you are born in a family of hunters you do not like to dwell in a house, nor kill any living creature; what will you do?" "If you will give me leave," he replied, "I will become an ascetic this very day." They gave them both leave at

once. Having bid them farewell, they went out along the shore of the Ganges and entered the Himavat region, where the river Migasammatā flows down from the mountain and enters the Ganges; then, leaving the Ganges, they went up

along the Migasammatā. Now at that moment Sakka's palace grew hot. Sakka, having ascertained the reason, commanded Vissakamṃa, "O Vissakamṃa, two great beings have left the world and entered Himavat, we must find an abode for them,—go and build them [73] a hut of leaves and provide all the necessaries of an ascetic's life a quarter of a mile from the river Migasammatā and come back hither." So he went and prepared everything as it is described in the Mūgapakkha Birth [1], and returned to his own home, after having driven away all beasts that caused unpleasant noises, and having made a footpath near. They saw the footpath and followed it to the hermitage. When Dukūlaka went into the hermitage and saw all the necessaries for an ascetic's life, he exclaimed, "This is a gift to us from Sakka"; so having taken off his outer garment and put on a robe of red bark and thrown a black antelope-hide over his shoulder and twisted his hair in a knot, and assumed the garb of an anchorite, and having also given ordination to Pārikā, he took up his abode there with her, exercising all the feelings of benevolence which belong to the world of sensual pleasure [2]. Through the influence of their benevolent feelings all the birds and beasts felt only kindly feelings towards each other,—not one of them did harm to any other. Pārī brings water and food, sweeps the hermitage, and does all that has to be done, and both collect various kinds of fruits and eat them, and then they enter their respective huts of leaves and live there fulfilling the

rules of the ascetic life. Sakka ministers to their wants. One day he foresaw that a danger threatened them, "They will lose their sight," so he went to Dukūlaka; and having sat on one side, after saluting him, he said, "Sir, I foresee a danger which threatens you,—you must have a son to take care of you: follow the way of the world." "O Sakka, why dost thou mention such a thing? Even when we lived in a house we shrank in disgust from all carnal intercourse; can we practise it now when we have come into the forest and are living an anchorite life here?" "Well, if you will not do as I say,—then at the proper season touch Pārī's navel with your hand." This he promised to do; and Sakka, after saluting him, returned to his own abode. The Great Being told the matter to Pārī, and at the proper time he touched her navel with his hand. Then the Bodhisatta descended from the heavenly world and entered her womb and was conceived there. [74] At the end of the tenth month she bore a son of golden hue, and they called his name accordingly Suvaṇṇasāma. (Now the Kinnarī nymphs in another mountain had nursed Pārī.) The parents washed the babe and laid it down in the hilt of leaves and went out to collect different sorts of fruit. While they were gone the Kinnaras took the child and washed it in their caves,

and, going up to the top of the mountain, they adorned it with various flowers, and made the sectarial marks with yellow orpiment, red arsenic, and other paints, and then brought it back to its bed in the hut; and when Pārī came home she gave the child suck. They cherished him as he grew up year after year, and when he was about sixteen they used to leave him in the hut and go out to collect forest roots and fruits. The Bodhisatta considered, "Some danger will one day happen"; he used to

watch the path by which they went. One day they were returning home at evening time after collecting roots and fruits, and not far from the hermitage a great cloud rose up. They took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill; and in this ant-hill a snake lived. Now water dropped from their bodies, which carried the smell of sweat to the snake's nostrils, and, being angry, it puffed out its breath and smote them as they stood there, and they both were struck blind and neither could see the other. Dukūlaka called out to Pali, "My eyes are gone, I cannot see you"; and she too made the same complaint. "We have no life left," they said, and they wandered about, lamenting and unable to find the path. "What former sin can we have committed?" they thought. Now in former times they had been born in a doctor's family, and the doctor had treated a rich man for a disease of his eyes, but the patient had given him no fee; and being angry he had said to his wife, "What shall we do?" She, being also angry, had said, "We do not want his money; make-some preparation and call it a medicine and blind one of his eyes with it." He agreed and acted on her advice, and for this sin the two eyes of both of them now became blind.

Then the Great Being reflected, "On other days [75] my parents have always returned at this hour, I know not what has happened to them, I will go and meet them"; so he went to meet them and made a sound. They recognised the sound, and making an answering noise they said, in their affection for the boy, "O Sāma, there is a danger here, do not come near." So he held out to them a long pole and told them to lay hold of the end of it, and they, seizing hold of it, came up to him. Then he said to them, "How have you lost your sight?" "When it rained we took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill, and that made us blind." When he heard it, he knew what had happened.

"There must have been a snake there, and in his anger he emitted a poisonous breath"; and as he looked at them he wept and also laughed. Then they asked him why he wept and also laughed. "I wept because your sight is gone while you are still young, but I laughed to think that I shall now take care of you; do not grieve, I will take care of you." So he led them back to the hermitage and he tied ropes in all directions, to distinguish the day and the night apartments, the cloisters, and all the different rooms; and from that day forwards he made them keep within, while he himself collected the forest roots and fruits, and in the morning swept their apartments, and fetched

water from the Migasammatā river, and prepared their food and the water for washing and brushes for their teeth, and gave them all sorts of sweet fruits, and after they had washed their mouths he ate his own meal. After eating his meal he saluted his parents and surrounded by a troop of deer went into the forest to gather fruit. Having gathered fruit with a band of Kinnaras in the mountain he returned at evening time, and having taken water in a pot and heated it, he let them bathe and wash their feet as they chose, then he brought a potsherd full of hot coals and steamed their limbs, and gave them all sorts of fruits when they were seated, and at the end ate his own meal and put by what was left. In this way he took care of his parents.

Now at that time a king named Piliyakkha reigned in Benares. He in his great desire for venison had entrusted the kingdom to his mother, and armed with the five kinds of weapons had come into the region of Himavat, and while there had gone on killing deer and eating their flesh, [76] till he came to the river

Migasammatā, and at last reached the spot where Sāma used to come and draw water. Seeing there the footsteps of deer he erected his shelter with boughs of the colour of gems, and taking his bow and fitting a poisoned arrow on the string he lay there in ambush. In the evening the Great Being having collected his fruits and put them in the hermitage made his salutation to his parents, and saying, "I will bathe and go and fetch some water," took his pot, and surrounded by his train of deer, singled out two deer from the herd surrounding, and putting the jar on their backs, leading them with his hand, went to the bathing-place. The king in his shelter saw him coming, and said to himself, "All the time that I have been wandering here I have never seen a man before; is he a god or a nāga? Now if I go up and ask him, he will fly up into heaven if he is a god, and he will sink into the earth if he is a nāga. But I shall not always live here in Himavat, and one day I shall go back to Benares, and my ministers will ask me whether I have not seen some new marvel in the course of my rambles in Himavat. If I tell them that I have seen such and such a creature, and they proceed to ask me what its name was, they will blame me if I have to answer that I do not know; so I will wound it and disable it, and then ask it." In the meantime the animals went down first and drank the water and came up from the bathing-place; and then the Bodhisatta went slowly down into the water like a great elder who was perfectly versed in the rules, and, being intent on obtaining absolute calm, put on his bark garment and threw his deer-skin on one shoulder and, lifting up his water-jar, filled it and set it on his left shoulder. At this moment the king, seeing that it was the time to shoot, let fly a poisoned arrow and wounded the Great Being in the right side, and the arrow went out at the left side. The troop of deer, seeing that he was wounded, fled in terror, but Suvaṇṇasāma, although wounded, balanced

the water jar as well as he could, and, recovering his recollection, slowly went up out of the water. He dug out the sand and heaped it on one side and, placing his head in the direction of his parents' hut, [77] he laid himself down like a golden image on the sand which was in colour like a silver plate. Then recalling his memory he considered all the circumstances; "I have no enemies in this district of Himavat, and I have no enmity against anyone." As he said these words, blood poured out of his mouth and, without seeing the king, he addressed this stanza to him:

"Who, as I filled my water-jar, has from his ambush wounded me,—
Brahman or Khattiya, Vessa,—who can my unknown assailant be?"

Then he added another stanza to shew the worthlessness of his flesh as food:

"Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;
Why couldst thou think me worth thine aim; what was the gain thou thought’st to win?"

And again another asking him his name, &c.:

"Who art thou, say,—whose son art thou? and what name shall I call thee by?
Why dost thou lie in ambush there? Answer my questions truthfully."

When the king heard this, he thought to himself, "Though he has fallen wounded by my poisoned arrow, yet he neither reviles me nor blames me; he speaks to me gently as if soothing my heart, —I will go up to him"; so he went and stood near him, saying:

"I of the Kāsis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,
Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.

Skilled in the archer's craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;
No Nāga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range."

[78] Thus praising his own merits, he proceeded to ask the other his name and family:

"But who art thou? Whose son art thou? How art thou called? Thy name make known;
Thy father's name and family,—tell me thy father's and thine own."

The Great Being reflected, "If I told him that I belonged to the gods or the Kinnaras, or that I was a Khattiya or of similar race, he would believe me; but one must only speak the truth," so he said:

"They called me Sāma while I lived,—an outcast hunter's son am I;
But here stretched out upon the ground in woful plight thou see'st me lie.

Pierced by that poisoned shaft of thine, I helpless lie like any deer,
The victim of thy fatal skill, bathed in my blood I wallow here.

Thy shaft has pierced my body through, I vomit blood with every breath,—
Yet, faint and weak, I ask thee still, why from thy ambush seek my death?

Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;
Why could'st thou think me worth thy aim; what was the gain thou thought'st to win?"

When the king heard this, he did not tell the real truth, but made up a false story and said:

"A deer had come within my range, I thought that it my prize would be,
But seeing thee it fled in fright,—I had no angry thought for thee."

[79] Then the Great Being replied, "What say'st thou, O king? In all this Himavat there is not a deer which flies when he sees me":

"Since my first years of thought began, as far as memory reaches back,
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled in fear to cross my track.

Since I first donned my dress of bark and left behind my childish days
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled to see me cross their ways.

Nay, the grim goblins are my friends, who roam with me this forest's shade,
Why should this deer then, as you say, at seeing me have fled afraid?"

When the king heard him, he thought to himself, "I have wounded this innocent being and told a lie,—I will now confess the truth." So he said:

"Sāma, no deer beheld thee there, why should I tell a needless lie?
I was o'ercome by wrath and greed and shot that arrow,—it was I."

Then he thought again, "Suvaṇṇasāma cannot be dwelling alone in this forest, his relations no doubt live here; I will ask him about them." So he uttered a stanza:

"Whence didst thou come this morning, friend,—who bade thee take thy water-jar
And fill it from the river's bank and bear the burden back so far?"

[80] When he heard this, he felt a great pang and uttered a stanza, as the blood poured from his mouth:

"My parents live in yonder wood, blind and dependent on my care,—
For their sakes to the river's bank I came to fill my water-jar."

Then he went on, bewailing their condition:

"Their life is but a flickering spark [1], their food at most a week's supply,—
Without this water which I bring blind, weak, and helpless they will die.

I reek not of the pain of death, that is the common fate of all;
Ne'er more to see my father's face—'tis this which doth my heart appall [2].

Long, long, a sad and weary time my mother there will nurse her woe,
At midnight and at early morn her tears will like a river flow [3].

Long, long, a sad and weary time my father there will nurse his woe,
At midnight and at early morn his tears will like a river flow.

They will go wandering through the wood and of their tarrying son complain,
Expecting still to hear my step or feel my soothing touch—in vain.

This thought is as a second shaft which pierces deeper than before,
That I, alas! lie dying here, fated to see their face no more."

[81] The king, on hearing his lamentation, thought to himself, "This man has been fostering his parents in his excessive piety and devotion to duty, and even now amidst all his pain he only thinks of them,—I have done evil to such a holy being,—how can I comfort him? When I find myself in hell what good will my kingdom do me? I will watch over his father and mother as he watched over them; thus his death will be counteracted to them." Then he uttered his resolution in the following stanzas:

"O Sāma of auspicious face, let not despair thy soul oppress,
Lo I myself will wait upon thy parents in their lone distress.

I am well practised with the bow,—my promise is a surety good,—
I'll be a substitute for thee and nurse thy parents in the wood.

I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits to meet their need;
I'll wait myself upon them both, their household slave in very deed.

Which is the forest where they are? Tell me, O Sāma, for I vow
I will protect and foster them as thou thyself hast done till now."

The Great Being replied, "It is well, O king, then do thou foster them," so he pointed out the road to him:

"Where my head lies there runs a path two hundred bow lengths through the trees,
'Twill lead thee to my parents' hut,—go, nurse them there if so thou please."

[82] Having thus shewn the path and borne the great pain patiently in his love for his parents, he folded his hands respectfully, and made his last request that he would take care of them:

"Honour to thee, O Kāsi king, as thus thou goest upon thy way;
Helpless my parents are and blind,—O guard and nurse them both, I pray.

Honour to thee, O Kāsi king,—I fold my hands respectfully,
Bear to my parents in my name the message I have given to thee."

The king accepted the trust, and the Great Being, having thus delivered his final message, became unconscious. Explaining this, the Master said:

"When Sāma of auspicious face thus to the king these words had said,
Faint with the poison of the shaft he lay unconscious as if dead."

Up to this point when he uttered his words he had spoken as one out of breath; but here his speech was interrupted, as his form, heart, thoughts, and vital powers were successively affected by the violence of the poison [1], his mouth and his eyes closed, his hands and feet became stiffened, and his whole body was wet with blood. The king exclaimed, "Till just this moment he was talking to me, what has suddenly stopped his inhaling and exhaling his breath? These functions have now ceased, his body has become stiff, surely Sāma is now dead"; and being unable to control his sorrow, he smote his head with his hands and bewailed in a loud voice.

Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

"Bitterly did the king lament, "I knew not until this befell.
That I should e'er grow old or die,—I know it now, alas! too well.

All men are mortal, now I see; for even Sāma had to die,
Who gave good counsel to the last, yea in his dying agony;

[83] Hell is my sure and certain doom,—that murdered saint lies speechless there;
In every village all I meet will with one voice my guilt declare.

But in this lone unpeopled wood who will there be to know my name?
Here in this desert solitude who will remind me of my shame?"

Now at this time a daughter of the gods, named Bahusodarī, who dwelt in the Gandhamādana mountain and who had been a mother to the Great Being in his seventh existence before this one, was continually thinking of him with a mother's affection; but on that day in the enjoyment of her divine bliss she did not remember him as usual; and her friends only said that she had gone to the assembly of the gods (and so remained silent). Suddenly thinking of him at the very moment when he became unconscious, she said to herself; "What has become of my son?" and then she saw that King Piliyakkha had wounded him with a poisoned arrow on the bank of the Migasammatā and that he was lying on a sandbank, while the king was loudly lamenting. "If I do not go to him, my son Suvaṇṇasāma will perish there and the king's heart will break, and Sāma's parents will die of hunger and thirst. But if I go there, the king will carry the jar of water and go to his parents, and after hearing their words, [84] will take them to their son, and I and they will make a solemn asseveration which shall overpower the poison in Sāma's body, and my son shall then regain his life and his parents their sight, and the king, after hearing Sāma's instruction, will go and

distribute great gifts of charity and become destined for heaven; so I will go there at once." So she went, and standing unseen in the sky, by the bank of the river Migasammatā, she discoursed with the king.

Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

"The goddess, hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamādan mount,
Uttered these verses in his ears, by pity moved on his account;

"A wicked action hast thou done,—heavy the guilt which rests on thee;
Parents and son all innocent, thy single shaft hath slain the three;

Come, I will tell thee how to find a refuge from thy guilt and rest;
Nurse the blind pair in yonder wood, so shall thy sinful soul be blest."

When he heard her words, he believed what she said,—that, if he went and supported the father and mother, he would attain to heaven; so he made a resolve, "What have I to do with a kingdom? I will go and devote myself to nursing them." After an outburst of weeping he conquered his sorrow, and thinking that Sāma was indeed dead, he paid homage to his body with all kinds of flowers and sprinkled it with water, and thrice went round it, turning his right side towards it, and made his

obeisance at the four several points. Then he took the jar which had been consecrated by him, he turned his face to the south and went on his way with a heavy heart.

Here the Master added this verse of explanation:

"After a burst of bitter tears, lamenting for the hapless youth,

The king took up the water-jar and turned his face towards the south."

[85] Strong as he was by nature, the king took up the water jar and resolutely forced his way to the hermitage and at last reached the door of wise Dukūla's hut. The wise man, seated inside, heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and, as he pondered doubtfully, he uttered these two lines:

"Whose are these footsteps which I hear? someone approaches by this way;

'Tis not the sound of Sāma's steps,—who art thou,—tell me, Sir, I pray."

When the king heard him, he thought to himself; "If I tell him that I have killed his son and do not reveal my royal character, they will be angry and speak roughly to me, and then my anger will be roused against them and I shall do them some outrage, and this would be sinful; but there is no one who does not feel afraid when he hears that it is a king, I will therefore make myself known to them"; so he placed the jar in the enclosure where the water jar should be put, and standing in the doorway of the hut, exclaimed:

"I of the Kāsis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,

Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.

Skilled in the archer's craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;
No Nāga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range."

The wise man gave him a friendly greeting, and replied [1]:

"Welcome, O king, a happy chance directed thee this way:

Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?

The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet,
Though few and little, take the best we have, O king, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will."

[86] When the king heard his welcome he thought to himself, "It would not be right to address him at once with the bare statement that I have just killed his son; I will begin to talk with him as if I knew nothing about it and then tell him"; so he said to him

"How can a blind man roam the woods? These fruits,—who brought them to your door?
He must have had good eyes y-wis, who gathered such a varied store."

The old man repeated two stanzas to shew the king that he and his wife did not gather the fruit, but that their son had brought it to them:

"Sāma our son is young in years, not very tall but fair to the eye,
The long black hair that crowns his head curls like a dog's tail [1] naturally.

He brought the fruit, and then went off, hastening to fill our water jar;
He will be back here presently,—the way to the river is not far."

The king replied:

"Sāma, that duteous son of yours, whom you describe so fair, so good,—
I have slain him: those black curls of his are lying yonder, drenched in blood."

Pārikā's hut of leaves was close by, and as she sat there she heard the king's voice, and went out anxious to learn what had happened, [87] and, having gone near Dukūla by the aid of a rope, she exclaimed:

"Tell me, Dukūla, who is this who says that Sāma has been slain?

"Our Sāma slain,"—such evil news seem to have cleft my heart in twain.

Like a young tender pēpul shoot torn by the blast from off the tree,—
Our Sāma slain,—to hear such news my heart is pierced with agony."

The old man gave her words of counsel:

"It is the king of Kāsi land, his cruel bow has slain, I wot,

Our Sāma by the river's bank, but let us pause and curse him not."

Pārikā replied:

"Our darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long,—

How shall my heart contain its wrath against the man who did this wrong?"

The old man exclaimed:

"A darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long!

But all the wise forbid our wrath against the doer of the wrong."

Then they both uttered their laments, beating their breasts and praising the Bodhisatta's virtues. Then the king tried to comfort them:

"Weep not, I pray you, overmuch, for your loved Sāma's hapless fate;

Lo I will wait upon you both,—mourn not as wholly desolate;

I am well practised with the bow, my promise is a surety good,
Lo I will wait upon you both and nurse you in this lonely wood.

I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits for all your need;
Lo I will wait upon you both, your household slave in very deed."

[88] They remonstrated with him:

"This is not right, O king of men, this would be utterly unmeet;

Thou art our lord and rightful king: here we pay homage to thy feet."

When the king heard this he was glad. "A wonderful thing," he thought, "they do not utter one harsh word against me who have committed such a sin, they only receive me kindly"; and he uttered this stanza:

"Ye foresters, proclaim the right, this welcome is true piety;

Thou art a father from henceforth, and thou a mother unto me."

They respectfully raised their hands and made their petition, "We have no need of any act of service from thee, but guide us, holding out the end of a staff; and show us our Sāma," and they uttered this couplet of stanzas:

"Glory to thee, O Kāsi-king who art thy realm's prosperity,

Take us and lead us to the spot where Sāma, our loved son, doth lie.

There fallen prostrate at his feet, touching his face, eyes, every limb [1],
We will await the approach of death, patient so long as near to him."

[89] While they were thus speaking, the sun set. Then the king thought, "If I take them there now, their hearts will break at the sight; and if three persons thus die through me I shall certainly lie down in hell, —therefore I will not let them go thither"; so he said these stanzas:

"A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world's extremest bound,—

'Tis there where Sāma lies, as if the moon had fallen on the ground.

A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world's extremest bound,—
'Tis there where Sāma lies, as if the sun had fallen on the ground.

At the world's furthest end he lies, covered with dust and stained with blood;
Stay rather in your cottage here nor tempt the dangers of the wood."

They answered in this stanza to shew their fearlessness:

"Let the wild creatures do their worst,—by thousands, millions, let them swarm,
We have no fear of beasts of prey, they cannot do us aught of harm."

So the king, being unable to stop them, took them by the hand and led them there.

[90] When he had brought them near, he said to them, "This is your son." Then his father clasped his head to his bosom and his mother his feet, and they sat down and lamented.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke these stanzas [2]:

"Covered with dust and pierced to th' heart, beholding thus their Sāma lie
Prostrate as if a sun or moon had fallen earthward from the sky,
The parents lifted up their arms, lamenting with a bitter cry.

"O Sāma, art thou fast asleep? art angry? or are we forgot?
Or say, has something vexed thy mind, that thou liest still and answerest not?

Who will now dress our matted locks and wipe the dirt and dust away,
When Sāma is no longer here, the poor blind couple's only stay?

Who now will sweep the floor for us, or bring us water, hot or cold?
Who fetch us forest roots and fruits, as we sit helpless, blind, and old?"

[91] After long lamentation the mother smote her bosom with her hand, and considering her sorrow carefully, she said to herself, "This is all mere grief for my son,—he has swooned through the violence of the poison, I will perform a solemn

asseveration of truth to take the poison from him"; so she performed an act of truth and repeated the following stanzas:

"If it be true that in old days Sāma lived always virtuously,
Then may this poison in his veins lose its fell force and harmless be.

If in old days he spoke the truth and nursed his parents night and day,
Then may this poison in his veins be overpowered and ebb away.

Whatever merit we have gained in former days, his sire and I,
May it o'erpower the poison's strength and may our darling son not die [1]."

[92] When his mother had thus made the solemn asseveration, Sāma turned as he lay there. Then his father also made his solemn asseveration in the same words; and while he was still speaking, Sāma turned round and lay on the other side [2].

Then the goddess made her solemn asseveration. The Master in explanation uttered these stanzas:

"The goddess hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamādan mount
Performed a solemn act of truth, by pity moved on Sāma's count;

"Here in this Gandhamādan mount long have I passed my life alone,
In forest depths where every tree beareth a perfume of its own,

And none of earth's inhabitants is dearer to my inmost heart,—
As this is true so from his veins may all the poison's power depart."

While thus in turn by pity moved they all their solemn witness bore,
Lo in their sight up Sāma sprang, young, fair, and vigorous as before."

Thus the Great Being's recovery from his wound, the restoration of both his parents' sight, and the appearance of dawn,—[93] all these four marvels were produced in the hermitage at the same moment by the goddess's supernatural power. The father and mother were beyond measure delighted to find that they had

regained their sight and that Sāma was restored to health. Then Sāma uttered these stanzas:

"I am your Sāma, safe and well,—see me before you and rejoice:

Dry up your tears and weep no more, but greet me with a happy voice.

Welcome to thee too, mighty king, may fortune wait on thy commands;
Thou art our monarch: let us know what thou desirest at our hands.

Tindukas, piyals, madhukas, our choicest fruits we bring our guest,—
Fruits sweet as honey to the taste,—eat whatsoe'er may please thee best.

Here is cold water, gracious lord, brought from the caves in yonder hill,
The mountain-stream best quenches thirst,—if thou art thirsty, drink thy fill [3]."

The king also beholding this miracle exclaimed:

"I am bewildered and amazed, which way to turn I cannot tell,

An hour ago I saw thee dead,—who now stand here alive and well!"

Sāma thought to himself, "This king looked upon me as dead, I will explain to him my being alive"; so he said:

"A man possessed of all his powers, with not one thought or feeling fled,

Because a swoon has stopped their play, that living man they think is dead."

Then being desirous to lead the king into the real meaning of the whole matter, he added two stanzas to teach him the Law:

[94] "Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,

The gods observe their piety and come to heal their sicknesses.

Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,
The gods in this world praise their deed and in the next with heaven them bless."

The king, on hearing this, thought to himself; "This is a wonderful miracle: even the gods heal him who cherishes his parents when he falls into sickness; this Sāma is exceeding glorious"; then he said:

"I am bewildered more and more, which way to turn I cannot see,
Sāma, to thee I fly for help, Sāma, do thou my refuge be."

Then the Great Being said, "O king, if thou wishest to reach the world of the gods and enjoy divine happiness there, thou must practise these ten duties," and he uttered these stanzas concerning them:

"Towards thy parents first of all fulfil thy duty, warrior king;
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring [1].

Towards thy children and thy wife, fulfil thy duty, warrior king;
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty to friends and ministers, thy soldiers with their different arms,
To townships and to villages, thy realm with all its subject swarms,

To ascetics, Brahman holy men, duty to birds and beasts, O king,
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty fulfilled brings happiness,—yea Indra, Brahma, all their host,
By following duty won their bliss: duty pursue at any cost."

[95] The Great Being, having thus declared to him the ten duties of a king, gave him some still further instruction, and taught him the five precepts. The king accepted the teaching with bended head, and, having reverentially taken his leave, went to Benares, and, after giving many gifts and performing many other virtuous actions, passed away with his court to swell the host of heaven. The Bodhisatta also, with his parents, having attained the

supernatural faculties and the various degrees of ecstatic meditation, went to the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master said, "O Brethren, it is an immemorial custom with the wise to support their parents." He then declared the truths (after which the Brother attained to the Fruit of the First Path) and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, Sakka was Anuruddha, the father was Kassapa, the mother was Bhaddakāpilānī, and Suvaṇṇasāma was I myself."

Footnotes

39:1 Query Brāhmaṇa-saṃyutta, II. 9.

39:2 Reading *kho* for *ko.* Prof. Cowell, omitting *gaccha,* translates:"Who is this who is as a son of your own?"

40:1 *dukūla.*

41:1 No. 530 in Westergaard's Catalogue, but no such title occurs in our collection. Vissakamma however performs this duty in other Births: see IV. 303, V. 98 (trans.).

41:2 As opposed to the Brahmaloka.

45:1 The Schol. explains *usā* as "food,"—I have taken it as = *ushmā.* This is also given as an alternative by the Scholiast. This word however occurs in Pali as *usmā* or *usumā*.

45:2 This stanza is twice said.

45:3 Lit. they will only grow dry as a river does.

46:1 Should we not read upaṭṭitabhavañga &c.?

48:1 Repeating the four stanzas given in Vol. IV. p. 270, Vol. V. p. 171.

49:1 Cf. Hitop, II. 135. "Even whilst being raised to honour, a bad man invariably reverts to his natural habit; as a dog's tail, after all the expedients of sudorifics and unguents, remains curled." I read *sunagga-.*

50:1 If I follow the schol. who seems to connect *bhuja* with *bhuñjati.* But could the words mean "beating our faces, arms and eyes"? *Sumh, sumbh* mean "to strike." Cf. "to hurt." The rendering in the text is clearly right; "his" not "our": but there is nothing to give a clue to the sense of *saṁsumbhamānā* except the scholiast's note "vaṭṭentā."

50:2 I have omitted some of these stanzas, as they are full of repetitions.

51:1 Here eight stanzas have been compressed into three.

51:2 The prose narrative is often repeated in verse, as it is here. Such repetitions have generally been omitted.

51:3 See above, p. 48.

52:1 See Vol. V. p. 123 (text), Mahāvagga, I. 281.

No. 541 [1]

NIMI-JĀTAKA.

"Lo these grey hairs," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Makhādeva's mango park, near Mithilā, about a smile. One day at eventide, the Master with a large company of Brethren was walking up and down in this mango park, when he espied a pleasant spot. Being desirous of telling his behaviour in former times, he allowed a smile to be seen on his face. When asked by the Reverend Ānanda why he smiled, he answered, "In yonder spot, Ānanda, I once dwelt, deep in ecstatic meditation, in the time of King Makhādeva." Then at his request, he sat down upon an offered seat, and told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Videha, and in the city of Mithilā, a certain Makhādeva was king [2]. Four and eighty thousand years he took his pleasure as a young man, four and eighty thousand years he was viceroy, eighty and four thousand years he was king.

Now he told his barber to be sure to inform him as soon as ever he should see grey hairs on his head. When by and by the barber saw grey hairs, and told him, he made the man pull them out with a pair of tongs, and to lay them upon his hand, and seeing death as it were clinging to his forehead, [96] "now," thinks he, "is the time for me to leave the world." So he gave the barber his choice of a village, and sending for his eldest son, he told him to

undertake the government, since he was himself about to renounce the world. "Why, my lord?" asked he. The king replied:

"Lo these grey hairs that on my head appear
Take of my life in passing year by year:
They are God's messengers, which bring to mind
The time I must renounce the world is near."

With these words he made his son king with the ceremonial sprinkling, and leaving him directions to act thus and thus, he left the city; and embracing the life of a Brother, through eighty-four thousand years he fostered the Four Excellencies, and he was then reborn in Brahma's heaven.

His son also, in like manner, renounced the world, and became destined to Brahma's heaven. So also his son again; and so one royal prince after another, to the number of eighty and four thousand less two— each as he saw a white hair in his head became an ascetic in this mango park, and fostered the Four Excellencies, and was born in Brahma's

heaven. The first of all this line to be there born, King Makhādeva, standing in Brahma's heaven looked down upon the fortunes of his family, and was glad at heart to see that four and eighty thousand princes less two had renounced the world. He pondered: "Will there be nirvana now, or not?" Seeing that there would not, he resolved that he and no other must round off his family. Accordingly, he came from thence and was conceived in the womb of the king's consort in Mithilā city. On his name-day, the soothsayers looking at his marks, said, "Great king, this prince is born to round off your family. This your family of

hermits will go no further." Hearing this, the king said, "The boy is born to round off my family like the hoop of a chariot-wheel!" so he gave him the name of Nemi [1]-Kumāra, or Prince Hoop.

From his childhood upwards, the boy was devoted to giving, to virtue, to keeping the sabbath vow. Then his father, as usual, saw a white hair, gave a village to his barber, made his son king, became a hermit in the mango park, and was destined for Brahma's heaven. King Nimi, in his devotion to almsgiving, made five almshalls, one at each of the four gates of the city, and one in the midst of it, and [97] distributed great gifts: in each of the almshalls he distributed a hundred thousand pieces of money, that is five hundred thousand each day; continually he kept the Five Precepts; on the moon-days [2] he observed the sabbath; he encouraged the multitude in almsgiving and good works; he pointed out the road to heaven, and affrighted them with the fear of death, and preached the Law. They abiding by his admonitions, giving gifts and doing good, passed away one after another and were born in the world of gods: that world became full, hell was as it were empty. Then in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, the company of gods assembled in Sudhammā the divine hall of assembly, crying aloud—"Hail to our teacher, King Nimi! By his doing, by the knowledge of a Buddha, we have attained to this divine enjoyment infinite!" Thus they sang the virtues of the Great Being. Even in the world of men that sound of praise was spread, as oil spreads over the surface of the great deep.

The Master explained this to the assembled Brethren in the following lines:

"It was a marvel in the world how good men did arise
In the days of good King Nimi, the worthy and the wise.

Alms gave Videha's monarch, the conqueror of his foes;
And as he gave in charity, this thought in him arose:
"Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows [3]?"

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka pondering the

reason, saw him reflecting there. [98] "I will solve the question," he said; and going about, and swiftly, he made the palace one blaze of light, and entering the chamber, stood there glowing; and at the king's request, made all clear.

To explain this, the Master said:

"The mighty monarch of the gods, he of the thousand eyes,
Perceives his thought; before his light away the darkness flies.

Great Nimi spake to Vāsava, and all his flesh did creep:

"Who art thou? or a demigod or Sakka's self must be:
For I have never seen or heard such glory as I see."

Then Vāsava to Nimi spake, knowing his flesh did creep:

Sakka, the king of gods, I am; to visit you I'm here;
Ask what you will, O king, and let your flesh not creep for fear."

Then Nimi spake to Vāsava, this invitation made:

"Most puissant lord of all that breathe, this question solve for me:
Holy to live, or alms to give, which should more fruitful be?"

Then Vāsava to Nimi spake, solving his question so,
And told the fruit of holy life to him who did not know:

"He's born a Khattiya, who lives holy in the third degree:
A god, the middle; and the first brings perfect purity."

Not easy are these states to win by any charity,
Which hermits who have left the world win by austerity."

[99] By these verses he illustrated the great fruitfulness of a holy life, and then recited others, naming the kings who in times past had been unable to get beyond the domain of sense by giving great gifts:

"Dudīpa, Sāgara, Sela, Mucalinda, Bhagīrasa,

Usīnara and Aṭṭhaka, Assaka, and Puthujjana,

Yea, kings and brahmins, Khattiya chiefs, many and many a one,
For all their sacrifice, beyond the Peta world came none."

Having thus explained how much greater was the fruitfulness of holy life than that of almsgiving, he described those ascetics who by the holy life had passed the Peta world to be born in Brahma's heaven, and said:

"These holy hermits who had left the world,

Seven sages, passed beyond: Yāmahanu,

Somayāga, Manojava, Samudda,

Māgha, and Bharata, and Kālikara:

Four others: Kassapa, Aṅgīrasa,

Akitti, Kisavaccha, these besides."

[100] So far, he described by tradition the great fruit of a holy life; but now he went on, declaring what he had himself seen:

"Sīdā's a river in the north, unnavigable [1], deep:

About it, like a fire of reeds, blaze golden mountains steep,

With creepers filled and fragrant plants river and hills as well.

Thereby ten thousand eremites once on a time did dwell.

Noble am I, who kept the vow of temperance, self-control,
Almsgiving: solitary then tended [1] each stedfast soul.

Caste or no caste, the upright man I would attend at need:
For every mortal man is bound by his own act and deed.

Apart from righteousness, all castes are sure to sink to hell:
All castes are purified if they are righteous and act well."

[102] After this, he said: "But, great king, although holy living is more fruitful by far than almsgiving, yet both these are the thoughts of great men: do you be watchful in both, give alms and follow virtue." With this advice, he went to his own place.

Then the company of gods said: "Sire, we have not seen you lately; where have you been?" "Sirs, a doubt arose in the mind of King Nimi at Mithilā, and I went to resolve the question, and to place him beyond doubt." And then he described the occurrence in verse:

"Listen to me, Sirs, one and all that here assembled be:

Men who are righteous differ much in caste and quality.

There is King Nimi, wise and good, the better part who chose—
King of Videha, gave great gifts, that conqueror of his foes;

And as these bounteous gifts he gave, behold this doubt arose:
Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows?"

[103] So he spoke, without omission, telling the king's quality. This made the deities long to see that king; and they said, "Sire, King Nimi is our teacher; by following his admonitions, by his means, we have attained to the joy of godhood. We wish to see him—send for him, Sire, and show him to us!" Sakka consented,

and sent Mātali: "Friend Mātali, yoke my royal car, go to Mithilā, place King Nimi in the divine chariot and bring him here." Mātali obeyed and departed. Whilst Sakka was talking with the gods, and giving his orders to Mātali, and sending his chariot, one month had past by men's reckoning. So it was the holy day of the full moon: King Nimi opening the eastern window was sitting on the upper floor, surrounded by his courtiers, contemplating virtue; and just as the moon's disk rose in the east this chariot appeared. The people had eaten their evening meal, and sat at their doors talking comfortably together. "Why, there are two moons to-day!" they cried. As they gossiped, the chariot became plain to their view. "No, it is no moon," they said, "but a chariot!" In due course there appeared Mātali's team of a thousand thoroughbreds, and the car of Sakka, and they wondered whom that could be for? Ah, their king was righteous; for him Sakka's divine

car must be sent; Sakka must wish to see their king. So in delight they cried out:

"A marvel in the world, to make one shiver with delight:
For glorious Videha comes the car divine in sight!"

As the people talked and talked, swift as the wind came Mātali, who turned the chariot, and brought it to rest out of the way by the sill of the window, and called on the king to enter.

[104] Explaining this, the Master said:

"The mighty Mātali, the charioteer
Of heaven, summoned now Videha's king

Who lived in Mithilā: "Come, noble king,
Lord of the world, upon this chariot mount:
Indra and all the gods, the Thirty-three,
Would see you, waiting in Sudhammā Hall."

The king thought, "I shall see the gods' dwelling-place, which I never have seen; and I shall be showing kindness to Mātali," so he addressed his women and all the people, and said—"In a short time I shall return: you must be watchful, do good and give alms." Then he got into the car.

The Master said, to explain this [1]:

"Then with all speed, Videha's king arose,
And went towards the chariot, and got in.
When he was in it, Mātali thus spoke:
"By which road shall I take you, noble king?
Where dwell the wicked, or where dwell the good?"

At this the king thought—"I have never seen either of these places before, and I should like to see both." He answered:

"Mātali, charioteer divine, both places I would see:
Both where the righteous men abide, and where the wicked be."

Mātali thinking, "One cannot see both at once; I will question him," recited a stanza:

"Which first, great monarch, noble king—which place first would you see,
That where the righteous men abide, or where the wicked be?"

[105] Then the king, thinking that go to heaven he would in any case, and that he might as well choose to see hell [2], recited the next stanza:

"I'd see the place of sinful men; please let me go to hell;
Where they who once did cruel deeds and where the wicked dwell."

Then he just showed him Vetaraṇī [3], the river of hell.

To explain this, the Master said;

"Mātali showed the king Vetaraṇī,
A river stinking, full of corrosive brine,
Hot, covered all with burning flames of fire."

The king was terrified when he saw creatures thus sorely tormented in Vetaraṇī, and he asked Mātali what sins they had done. Mātali told him.

This the Master explained:

"Then Nimi, when he saw the people fall
In this deep river-flood, asked Mātali
[106] "Fear comes on me to see it, charioteer:
Tell me, what is the sin these mortals did
Who are cast in the river?" He replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Who in the world of life are strong themselves,
Yet hurt the weak, oppress them, doing sin,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are cast into the stream Vetaraṇī."

Thus did Mātali answer his question. And when the king had seen the hell Vetaraṇī, he caused this place to disappear, and driving the chariot onwards showed him the place where they

are torn by dogs and other beasts. He answered the, king's question as follows.

This the Master explained:

"Black dogs and speckled vultures, flocks of crows
Most horrid, prey upon them. When I look,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Whom ravens prey on?" Mātali replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are the churls, the misers, foul of tongue
To brahmins and ascetics, that do hurt;
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those you see of ravens here the prey."

[107] His other questions are answered in the same way.

"Their bodies all ablaze they lie prostrate,
Pounded with red-hot lumps: when I behold,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,
What sins have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps?"
Then Mātali the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These in the world of life were sinful men,
Who hurt and did torment those without sin,
Both men and women, sinful as they were.
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps."

"Others lie struggling in a pit of coals,
Roaring, their bodies charred: when I behold,

[108] Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there struggling in the fiery pit?"
Then Mātali the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are they who before a crowd of men
Suborned a witness and forswore a debt;
And thus destroying people, mighty king,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Lie there now struggling in the pit of coals."

"Blazing and flaming, all one mass of fire,
I see an iron cauldron, huge and great:
Fear comes upon me, as I look upon it.
Mātali, tell me, charioteer divine—
What sin these mortals did, that here headfirst
They're cast into the iron cauldron huge?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Whoso has hurt a brahmin or ascetic,
Foul men of sin, and he a virtuous man,
Those cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now headlong fall into the iron bowl."

[109] "They wring them by the neck and cast them in,
Filling the cauldron full of boiling water!
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That with their heads all battered, there they lie?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,

Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are the wicked men who in the world
Caught birds, and did destroy them, mighty king;
And thus, destroying other creatures, they
By these their cruel acts gave rise to sin,
And they lie yonder, with their own necks wrung."

"There flows a river, deep, with shallow banks,
Easy of access: thither go the men,
Scorcht with the heat, and drink: but as they drink,
The water turns to chaff [1]; which when I see,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That as they drink, the water turns to chaff?"
[110] Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These men are they who mixt good grain with chaff,
And sold it to a buyer, doing ill;
Therefore now scorcht with heat and parcht with thirst,
Even as they drink, the water turns to chaff."

"With spikes and spears and arrowheads they pierce
Those loudly-wailing folk on either side:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder riddled with the spears?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These in the world of life were wicked men
Who took what was not theirs, and lived upon it—
Goats, sheep, kine, bulls, corn, treasure, silver, gold:

These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now yonder lie all riddled with the spears."

[111] "Who are these fastened by the neck I see,
Some cut to pieces, others all to-torn:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder torn in little bits?"

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Fishers and butchers, hunters of the boar,
Slayers of cattle, bulls, and goats, who slew
And laid the corpses in the slaughter-house,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder torn in little bits."

"Yon lake of filth and ordure, stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where starving men
Eat of the contents! this when I behold,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom there I see devouring dirt and filth?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These are malicious persons [1], who, for hurt
Of others, lived with them, and harmed their friends:
[112] These cruel creatures begat sin, and now,
Poor fools, they have ordure and filth to eat."

"Yon lake is full of blood, and stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where scorcht with heat
Men drink the contents! which when I behold,
Fear seizes on me; tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they must now drink of the draught of blood?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"They who have slain a mother or a father,
Whom they should reverence; excommunicate
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those who yonder drink the draught of blood."

"That tongue see, pierced with a hook, like as a shield
Stuck with a hundred barbs; and who are those
[113] Who struggle leaping like a fish on land,
And roaring, drabble spittle? when I see it,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom I see yonder swallowing the hook?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These men are they who in the market-place
Haggling and cheapening from their greed of gain
Have practised knavery, and thought it hidden,
Like one that hooks a fish: but for the knave
There is no safety, dogged by all his deeds:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder swallowing the hook."

"Yon women, bent and broken, stretching their arms
And wailing, wretched, smeared with stains of blood,

Like cattle in the shambles, stand waist-deep
Buried in earth, the upper trunk ablaze!
[114] Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those women,
That now they stand all buried in the earth
Waist-deep, the upper trunk a mass of flame?"

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"They were of noble birth when in the world,
Lived lives unclean, did deeds of wickedness,
Were traitors, left their husbands, and besides
Did other things to satisfy their lust;
They spent their lives in dalliance; therefore now
Stand blazing, waist-deep buried in the earth."

"Why do they seize yon persons by the legs
And cast them headlong into Naraka [1]?
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
[115] What sin has been committed by those men,
That they are so hurled headlong into Naraka?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"These in the world did evil, did seduce
Another's wife, stole his most precious thing,
So now are headlong cast in Naraka.
They suffer misery for countless years
In hell; there is no safety for the sinner,
But he is ever dogged by his own deeds.

These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are now cast headlong into Naraka."

With these words, Mātali the charioteer made this hell to disappear also, and driving the chariot onwards, showed him the hell of torment for heretics. On request he explained it to him.

"Many and various causes I have seen
Most terrible, amongst these hells: to see them
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Why they must suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
"Who in the world were wicked heretics,
Who put their faith in false delusion,
Made proselytes of others to their heresy,
[116] They by their heresy begetting sin
Must therefore suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable."

Now in heaven the gods were sitting in Sudhammā. Hall, looking for the king's coming. "Mātali is a long time away," thought Sakka; and he perceived the reason, so he said, "Mātali is going the round as guide, showing all the different hells to the king and telling him what sin led to each hell. So calling to him a young god, very swift, he said to him—"Go tell Mātali to bring the king quickly hither. He is using up King Nimi's life; he must not go round all the hells." With speed the young god went, and gave his message. When Mātali heard it, he said, "We must not

delay"; then showing to the king at one flash all the great hells in the four quarters, he recited a stanza:

"Now, mighty monarch, thou hast seen the place
Of sinners, and where cruel men are sent,
And where the wicked go: now, royal sage,
Come let us hasten to the king of heaven."

With this speech he turned the chariot towards heaven. As the king went towards heaven he beheld [117] in the air the mansion of a goddess, Bīraṇī, with pinnacles of jewels and gold, ornamented in great magnificence, having a park and a lake covered with lilies, and surrounded with trees worthy of the place: and there was this goddess seated upon a divan in a gabled chamber towards the front, and attended by a thousand nymphs, looking out through an open window. He asked Mātali who she was, and Mātali explained it to him.

"Behold yon mansion with five pinnacles:
There, deckt with garlands, lies upon a. couch
A most puissant woman, who assumes
All kinds of majesty and wondrous power.
Joy comes on me to see it, charioteer:
But tell me, Mātali, what her good deeds,
That she is happy in this heavenly mansion."
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Heard you ever in the world of Bīraṇī?
A brahmin's home-born slave, who once received
A guest at the right moment, welcomed him

As mother might her son.; and therefore now,
Generous and chaste, lives happy in this mansion."

[118] With these words, Mātali drove the chariot onwards and showed him the seven golden mansions of the god Soṇadinna. The other, when he saw these and the glory of the god, asked an explanation, which Mātali gave.

"There are seven mansions, shining clear and bright,
Where dwells a mighty being, richly dight,
Who with his wives inhabits them. Delight
Moves me, to see it: tell me, Mātali,
What is the good this mortal did, that he
Dwells happy in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Declaring how good ripens and bears fruit:
"This once was Soṇadinna, one who gave
With royal bounty, and for hermits wrought
Seven hermitages: all their needs did crave
He faithfully provided. Food he brought,
Bedding to lie on, clothes to wear, and light,
Contented with those men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways [1],
So now dwells in this mansion of delight."

[119] Thus he described the deeds of Soṇadinna; then driving onwards his chariot, he showed a mansion of crystal: in height it was five and

twenty leagues, it had hundreds of columns made of the seven precious things, hundreds of pinnacles, it was set about with lattices and little bells, a banner of gold and silver flew, beside it was a park and grove full of many bright flowers, with a lovely lake of lilies, nymphs cunning to sing and to make music were there in plenty. Then the king seeing this asked what were the deeds of these nymphs, and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
With pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good these women did, that now in heaven
They dwell within this palace of delight?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"These women ever walked in holy ways,
Faithful lay sisters, kept the holy days,
Generous, controlled, and watchful, heart-serene,
Now happy in the mansion you have seen."

He drove the chariot on, and showed a mansion of gems: it stood on a level spot, lofty, like a mountain of gems, bright shining, full of gods that played and sang divine music. Seeing this, the king asked what were the deeds of these gods, and the other replied.

[120] "Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:

I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good these mortals did, that now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"These were lay Brethren in the world of men:
Provided parks and wells, or water drew
In the well-shed, and tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
Who kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, they walked in holy ways,
And now dwell in this mansion of delight."

Thus having described the deeds of these persons, he drove on and showed him another crystal mansion: with many a pinnacle, and all manner of flowers all about, and fine trees, echoing with the songs of birds of all kinds, by which flowed a river of pure water, [121] become the dwelling-place of a virtuous person surrounded by a company of nymphs. Seeing this the king asked what his deeds were; and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,

With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a flower and tree—

Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"At Kimbilā a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Thus he described the deeds of this man, and drove on. Then he showed another crystal mansion: this even more than the last was grown about with all manner of fruit and flowers and clumps of trees. This seen, the king asked what were the deeds of this man who was so fortunate, and the other told him.

"Yon mansion, built of jewels, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
[122] Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a tree and flower,
Royal and elephant trees, and mango, sāl,
Roseapple sweet, and tindook, piyal bower,
And orchard-trees fruit-bearing one and all—
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"At Mithilā a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Thus he described the deeds of this man also, and drove on. Then he showed another mansion of jewels, like the first, and at the king's request told him the deeds of a god who was happy there.

"Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:
I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!

[123] Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Once a Benares householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully

Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

Again driving on, he showed a mansion of gold, like the sun in his strength, and at the king's request told him the deeds of the god who dwelt there.

"Behold yon mansion made of flaming fire,
Red like the sun whereas he riseth higher!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Once a Sāvatthi householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight."

[124] As he thus described these eight mansions, Sakka, king of the gods, thinking that Mātali was a long time in coming, sent another swift god with a message. Mātali, on hearing the

message, saw that there must be no more delay; so at one flash he showed many mansions, and described to the king what were the deeds of those who dwelt in then.

"See many fiery mansions in the air,
As in a bank of cloud the lightning's flare!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Rejoicing in the heavenly mansion there?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"Good-living, well-instructed, full of faith,
They acted as the Master's teaching saith;
By living as the Allwise Buddha told
They came to these abodes you now behold."

Having thus shown him these mansions in the sky, he set out to come before Sakka with these words:

"Thou’st seen the places of the good and wicked in the air;
Unto the monarch of the gods come let us now repair."

[125] With these words he drove on, and showed him the seven hills which make a ring about Sineru; to explain how the king questioned Mātali on seeing these, the Master said:

"As the king journeyed on his way in the celestial car
Drawn by a thousand steeds, he saw the mountain peaks afar
In Sīdā ocean, and he asked, "Tell me what hills these are."

At this question of Nimi the god Mātali replied:

"The mighty hills Sudassara, Karavīka, Īsadhara,
Yugandhara, Nemindhara, Vinataka, Assakaṇṇa.
These hills are in Sīdantara, in order there they be,
Which high-upstanding in the air thou, mighty king, dost see."

Thus he showed the Heaven of the Four Great Kings, and drove on until he could show the statues of Indra which stood around the great Cittakūṭa gateway of the Heaven of the Thirty-three. At this sight the king asked, and the other answered.

"This place so fine, elaborate, adorned,
Set round with Indra's statues, as it were
By tigers guarded—[126] as I see this sight,
Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,
What is the name of this that I behold?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
"This place is Cittakūṭa which you see,
The entrance to the place of heaven's king,
The doorway of the Mountain Beautiful:
Elaborate, adorned, and set about
With Indra's statues, as by tigers guarded.
Enter, wise king! enter this spotless place."

With these words Mātali led the king within; so it is said—

"Journeying in the car celestial,
Drawn by a thousand steeds, the mighty king
Beheld the place where all the gods assemble."

And as he passed along, standing in the car still, he saw the place of the gods' assemblage in Sudhammā, and questioned Mātali, who replied.

"As in the autumn is the sky all blue,
So is that jewelled mansion to the view.
Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,
What is this mansion which I now behold?"
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
[127] "This is Sudhammā, where the gods assemble,
Supported by fair columns, finely wrought,
Eight-sided, made of gems and jewels rare,
Where dwell the Three-and-thirty, with their chief,
Lord Indra, thinking of the happiness
Of gods and men: enter this lovely place,
O mighty monarch, where the gods abide!"

The gods on their part sat watching for his arrival; and when they heard that the king was come, they went out to meet him with divine

flowers and perfumes as far as the great Cittakūṭa gateway; and presenting him with their flowers and perfumes they brought him to Sudhammā Hall. The king dismounting from the car entered the hall of the gods, and the gods offered him a seat, Sakka the like and all pleasures too.

Explaining this, the Master said [1]:

"The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet,
Cried—"Welcome, mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet!
O king! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat."

And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithilā town,
Ay, Vāsava offered him all joys and prayed him to sit down.

"Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand."

Thus Sakka offered him celestial pleasures; and the king declining made answer [2]:

"As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,

So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another's hand.

[128] I care not blessings to receive given by another's hand,
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my deeds I stand.

I'll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand."

Thus did the Great Being discourse to the gods with honeyed sound; and discoursing he stayed seven days by men's reckoning, and gave delight to the company of the gods. And standing in the midst of the gods he described the virtue of Mātali:

"A most obliging personage is Mātali the charioteer,

The places where the good abide and where the bad, he showed me clear."

Then the king took leave of Sakka, saying that he wished to go to the world of men. Then Sakka said, "Friend Mātali, take King Nimi at once to Mithilā." He got ready the chariot; the king exchanged friendly greetings with the company of gods, left them and entered the car. Mātali drove the car eastwards to Mithilā. There the crowd, seeing the chariot, were delighted to know that their king was returning. Mātali passed round the city of Mithilā rightwise, and put down the Great Being at the same window, took leave, and returned to his own place. A great number of people surrounded the king, and asked him what the

gods' world was like. The king, describing the happiness of the gods and of Sakka their king, exhorted them to give alms and do good, for so they should be born in that divine place.

Afterwards, when his barber found a white hair and told him, he

made the barber put aside that white hair; [129] then he gave a village to the barber, and desiring to renounce the world, made his son king in his place. So when asked why he wished to renounce the world, he recited the stanza, "Lo, these grey hairs"; and like the former kings he renounced the world, and dwelt in the same mango grove, developing the Four Excellencies, and became destined to Brahma's heaven.

It is his renouncing of the world which is described by the Master in the last stanza:

"Thus spake King Nimi, lord of Mithilā,
And having made a mighty sacrifice,
Entered upon the path of self-control."

And his son, named Kaḷāra janaka, also renounced the world, and brought his line to an end.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he said—"So, Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathāgata left the world; he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Anuruddha was Sakka, Ānanda was Mātali, the eighty-four kings were the Buddha's followers, and King Nimi was I myself."

Footnotes

53:1 No. 541 was not amongst Prof. Cowell's MSS.

53:2 See No. 9, Vol. I. p. 137 (trans. p. 30). See also note I. 32 trans.

54:1 *Sic,* but below, Nimi.

54:2 *pakkhadivasesu.*

54:3 The scholiast says that this doubt occurred to him in the night, and that he could not decide.

55:1 "Because," quoth the scholiast, "the water is so delicate, that even a peacock's feather will not float, but sinks to the bottom."

56:1 The scholiast adds *upatthahiṁ* to complete the construction. He adds a long dull story to explain how this came about. This stanza is quite as abrupt in the original.

57:1 The composite character of the following episode is clear.

57:2 With the description of hell compare Vol. V. p. 266 ff. (translation, p. 137 ff.), Mahāvastu, I. 9 ff., 16 ff., Çikṣāsamuccaya, p. 75 ff.

57:3 The scholiast gives a long description of the horrors of this region.

59:1 "And all blazes up": schol.

60:1 *kāraṇikā:* "kāraṇakārakā." The small St Petersburg Dictionary gives "Lehrer" as one meaning of it. There is nothing

more to guide us.

61:1 "An abyss full of blazing coals": schol.

62:1 See IV. 320^{19} ff., translation IV. 202 with note 1.

67:1 Vol. IV. p. 356 (IV. 225 of the translation).

67:2 Vol. IV. p. 358(IV. 225 of the translation); and II. 257.

No. 542.

THE KHAṆḌAHĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"In Pupphavatī once there reigned," etc. The Teacher, while dwelling on the Gijjhakūṭa mountain, related this story concerning Devadatta. Its substance is contained in the section relating to the sin of causing schisms in the community; it is to be fully known by studying the Tathāgata's conduct from his first becoming an ascetic down to the murder of King Bimbisāra. As soon as he had caused him to be killed, Devadatta went to Ajātasattu and said to him, "O king, thy desire has attained its end, but mine has not yet attained it." He replied, "What is your desire?" "I wish to have Dasabala killed and then myself become Buddha." "Well, what have we to do?" "We must collect some archers together." The king assented and collected five hundred archers, all able to shoot as quick as the lightning, and of these he chose out one-and-thirty [130] and sent them to wait on Devadatta, telling them to carry out his commands. He called the chief one amongst them and said to him, "My friend, the ascetic Gotama lives on the Gijjhakūṭa mountain: at a certain time he walks up and down in his place of retirement during the day; do you go there and wound him with a poisoned arrow, and when you have killed him return hither by such a road." Then he sent two archers by that road, and said to them, "You will meet a man coming by your road,—kill him and return by such a road." Then he sent four archers by that road with the same instructions, and after that similarly eight and sixteen. If you ask why he did this, he did it to conceal his own wickedness. So this chief man among the archers bound his sword on his left side and his quiver on his back, and taking his bow made of a

ram's horn went to the Tathāgata; but after he had strung his bow to wound him, and fixed the arrow, and pulled the string, he could not discharge it. His whole body became stiff as if it were crushed, and he stood terrified with the fear of death. When the Teacher saw him he spoke in a gentle voice, "Fear not, come hither." He at once threw down his weapons and fell with his head on the Blessed One's feet, saying, "My lord, sin has overpowered me like a child or a fool or a sinner; I knew not thy virtues, and I came here at the command of that blind dotard Devadatta, to take away thy life: forgive me, I pray." He gained his pardon and sat down on one side. Then the Teacher revealed the Truths to him and caused him to attain the first grade of sanctification. Then he told him to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta; and himself came down from his covered walk and sat at the foot of a tree. As the first archer did not return, the two others came along the road to meet him, and wondered why he delayed so long, until at last they saw the Buddha, when they went up to him, and after saluting him sat down on one side of him. Then he revealed the Truths to them also and made them attain the first grade of sanctification, and told them to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta. In the same way, as the others came up and successively sat down, he established them also in the first grade of sanctification and sent them away by another road. Then the archer who first returned [131] went to Devadatta and said to him, "Master, I was not able to kill the Allwise One, he is the Mighty One, the Blessed One of supernatural powers." Thus they all recognised that they had saved their lives only through the Allwise One, and they embraced the ascetic life under him, and became arhats. This incident became known in the assembly of

the Brotherhood, and one day they began to talk of it in the hall of truth; "Brethren, have you heard how Devadatta, in his enmity against one person, the Blessed One, has tried hard to deprive many people of their lives, and how they all saved their lives through the Teacher?" In came the Master and asked, "Brethren, what are you talking of as you sit here?" and when they told him, "This is not the first time," said he; "he tried before this to deprive many people of their lives in his enmity against me"; and he told them a story of the past.

In the olden time this Benares was called Pupphavatī. The son of King Vasavatti reigned there, named Ekarājā, and his son Candakumāra was viceroy. A brahmin named Khaṇḍahāla was the family priest: he gave the king counsel in temporal and spiritual matters, and the king, having a high opinion of his wisdom, made him a judge. But he, being fond of bribes, used to take bribes and dispossess the real owners and put the wrong owners in possession. One day a man who had lost his suit went out of the judgment hall loudly complaining, and, as he saw Candakumāra passing by to visit the king, he threw himself at his feet. The prince asked him what was the matter. "My lord, Khaṇḍahāla robs the suitors when he judges: I have lost my cause, although I gave him a bribe." The prince told him to cease his fears, and, having taken him to court, made him the owner of the disputed property. The people loudly shouted their applause. When the king heard it and asked the reason, they replied, "Candakumāra has rightly decided a suit which was determined wrongly by Khaṇḍahāla: this is why there was such shouting." When the prince came and had paid his homage, the king said to him, "My son, they say you have just judged a case." "Yes, Sire."

He gave the office of judge to the prince and told him thenceforth to determine all

suits. Khaṇḍahāla's income began to fall off, and from that time he conceived a hatred against the prince and watched for some fault in him. Now the king had little religious insight; and one day at dawn, at the end of his sleep he saw the heaven of the Thirty-three gods with its ornamented portico, and its walls made of the seven precious things, sixty [132] yojanas in extent, with golden streets, a thousand yojanas in height, adorned with the Vejayanta and other palaces, with all the glories of the Nandana and other forests and the Nandā and other lakes and filled everywhere with heavenly beings. He longed to enter into it and he thought, "when the teacher Khaṇḍahāla comes I will ask him the way to the world of the gods, and I will enter it by the road which he points out." Khaṇḍahāla came to the palace in the early morning, and asked whether the king had passed a happy night. Then the king commanded that a seat should be given him and asked his question. The Teacher has thus narrated it:

"In Pupphavatī once there reigned a wicked king who in his need
Asked Khaṇḍahāla, his base priest, brahmin in name but not in deed;

Thou art a seer to whom, they say, all sacred learning has been given,—
Tell me the road whose travellers rise by their good merits up to heaven."

Now this was a question which, in default of an all-knowing Buddha or his disciples, one must ask of a Bodhisatta, but which the king asked of Khaṇḍahāla; just as a man who for seven days had lost his way might ask guidance of another who had lost his way for a fortnight. He thought to himself, "Now is the time to

see my enemy's back, now I will kill Candakumāra and fulfil my desire." So he addressed the king:

"Exceeding many gifts bestow, those who deserve not death destroy,—
Thus men surpassing merit win and reach at last to heaven's joy."

The king asked:

"What are th' exceeding many gifts? and who deserve not to be slain?
I'll give the gifts, the victims slay, if you but make your meaning plain."

[133] Then he explained his meaning:

"Thy sons, thy queens must offered be, thy merchant princes too must fall,
Thy choicest bulls, thy noblest steeds,—yea the four kinds of victims all";

And thus, being asked the road to heaven, in answer to the question he declared the road to hell.

He said to himself, "If I take Candakumāra alone they will think that I have done it through enmity to him"; so he put him in with a number of people. When the matter came to be talked about, the ladies of the royal palace, hearing the rumour, were filled with alarm, and at once raised a loud cry. Explaining this, the Master recited a stanza:

"The royal ladies heard the news: "Princes and queens are doomed," they cried,
And a wild cry of sudden fear rose up to heaven on every side."

The entire royal family were agitated like a grove of sāl trees shaken by the wind at the world's end; even the brahmin asked the king whether or not it was possible for him to offer the

sacrifice. "What dost thou mean, O teacher? If I offer it I shall go to the world of the gods." "O king, those who are timid and weak of purpose cannot offer this sacrifice. Do thou assemble them all here, and I will make the offering in the sacrificial pit." So he took sufficient forces and went out of the city, and ordered a sacrificial pit to be dug with a level floor, and surrounded it with a fence; for ancient brahmins had enjoined that this surrounding fence should be made, lest some righteous ascetic or brahmin might come and stop the rite.

[134] The king also caused a proclamation to be made, "By sacrificing my sons and daughters and my wives I shall go to the world of the gods, do you go and announce this to them and bring them all here"; and he at once ordered them to bring his sons:

"Warn Canda, Suriya [1] of my will, then Bhaddasena in his turn,
Sūra and Vāmagotta next,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went first to Candakumāra and said, "O prince, thy father desires to kill thee and go to heaven; he has sent us to seize thee." "By whose instructions has he ordered me to be seized?" "By those of Khaṇḍahāla." "Does he wish to have me alone seized or others also with me?" "Others also with thee, for he desires to offer a sacrifice of the four kinds of victims." He thought to himself, "He has no enmity against others, but he intends to put many to death in his enmity against me alone, because I prevent him from committing robbery by his unjust judgment; it is my duty to obtain an interview with my father and gain from him the release of all the rest." So he said to them, "Carry out my father's commands." They took him to the palace yard and placed him by himself, and then they brought the other

three [2] and when they had set them near they informed the king. Then he bade them bring his daughters and place them near the others:

"Upaseṇī and Kokilā, Muditā, Nandā, each in turn,
Tell the princesses of their doom,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went and brought them weeping and wailing, and placed them near their brothers. Then the king uttered a stanza to order that his wives should be seized:

"Tell Vijayā, first of all my queens, Sunandā, Kesinī, each in turn,
With all their beauty and their charms, they must all die: my will is stern."

[135] Then they brought them also, loudly wailing, and placed them

near the princes. Then the king uttered a stanza ordering them to seize his four merchants:

"Punṇamukha and Bhaddiya, Siṅgāla, Vaddha, each in turn,
Bear to my merchants my command,—they all must die: my will is stern."

The king's officers went and brought them. When the king's sons and wives were brought the citizens uttered not a word; but the merchants had a widely-spread kindred, and the whole city was troubled when they were seized, and loudly protested against their being sacrificed, and went with their relatives into the king's presence. Then the merchants surrounded by their kindred begged the king to spare their lives. Explaining this, the Master said:

"The merchants raised a bitter cry, surrounded by their sons and wives,

"Leave but the topknot, shave our heads,—make us thy slaves, but spare our lives."

Still however much they entreated, they could not find mercy. The king's officers at last forced the rest to retire and dragged the merchants to stand near the princes.

Then the king ordered the elephants and the other animals to be brought:

"Bring hither all my elephants, of matchless might, and costly price,

My best of horses and of mules, let them all be the sacrifice;

[136] My bulls the leaders of the herd,—a noble offering they shall be;
And all the officiating priests shall have their gifts accordingly.

Make ready for the sacrifice against to-morrow's dawning light;
And bid the princes feast their fill, enjoying now their life's last night."

The king's father and mother were still living, so men went and told them of their son's purposed offering. In consternation they took their hearts in their hands and went weeping before, him, "Is it true, O son, that thou purposest such a sacrifice?"

The Teacher thus described it:

"The mother left her royal home, "My son, what means this monstrous thing?

Must thy four sons be put to death to swell thy cruel offering?"

The king answered:

"When I lose Canda I lose all; but him and them will I resign,

For by this costly sacrifice a heavenly dwelling will be mine."

His mother said:

[p a r a g r a p h c o n t i n u e s]

"To sacrifice thy sons, my child, can never lead to heaven's bliss;

Give ear to no such lying words; the road to hell and night is this."

[137] Take thou the well-proved royal road: let all thy wealth in alms be given,
And hurt no living thing on earth—this is the certain path to heaven."

The king replied:

"I must obey my teacher's words,—my sons alas! must all be slain,—

'Tis hard indeed to part with them, but heaven's the prize which I shall gain."

So the mother went away, being unable to convince him by her words. Then the father heard the tidings and came to remonstrate.

The Teacher describes what happened:

"The father Vasavatti came: "Strange tidings fill my soul with fright!

Must thy four sons be put to death to crown to the full thy monstrous rite?"

The same dialogue is repeated [138] and the old king, unable to turn his son, goes away repeating as his parting words:

"Give all thou canst and never harm a living thing of thine own will;

And with thy sons as body-guard shield thou thy land from every ill."

Then Candakumāra thought within himself, "All this sorrow has befallen so many people on my single account, I will entreat my father and so deliver them all from the pain of death"; so he thus spoke to his father:

"Let us be Khaṇḍahāla's slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,

His horses and his elephants we'll watch in chains, if such his will.

Let us be Khaṇḍahāla's slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,
We'll sweep his stables and his yards, and work in chains, if such his will.

Give us as slaves to whom thou wilt,—we are as bondsmen in thy hands;
Or banish us from thy domains to beg our bread in foreign lands."

The king listened to his lamentations, and felt his heart broken; and his eyes filled with tears, and he ordered them all to be set free: "No one," he said, "shall kill my sons, I have no need of the world of the gods."

"These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free,

Release the princes, let them go: no more of sacrifice for me."

On hearing the king's words they set the whole multitude at liberty, beginning with the princes and ending with the birds. Khaṇḍahāla [139] was busily engaged in the sacrificial pit, and a man said to him, "You villain Khaṇḍahāla, the king has released the princes; do you go and kill your own sons and offer a sacrifice with their throats' blood." "What has the king been doing?" he cried, and he rushed in haste and said to him:

"I warned thee that this sacrifice would prove a hard and toilsome one;

Why interfere to stop the rite when it is all so well begun?

They who give offerings such as these go by a certain road to heaven;
Or those who heartily approve, seeing the same by others given."

The blinded king, hearing the words of the incensed brahmin, and having his thoughts fixed on religion, ordered his sons to be recaptured. Then Candakumāra reasoned with his father:

"Why did the brahmin at our birth utter vain blessings on our path,

When ’twas our fate that we should die innocent victims of thy wrath?

Why didst thou spare us while still babes, too young as yet to feel the blow?
We are to die to-day instead, now that the joys of youth we know.

Think of us riding clothed in mail on horse or elephant to the fight,
And then as victims butchered here in sacrifice—can this be right?

In battle ’gainst a rebel chief or in a forest such as I
Are wont to serve: whom now thou slay’st without a cause or reason why.

See the wild birds who build their nests and sing amidst the trees all day,

They love their young and tend them well—and thou, would’st thou thy children slay?

[140] Nor think thy treacherous brahmin friend will spare thy life when I am gone;
Thy turn, O king, will follow next: I shall not perish all alone.

Kings give these brahmins villages, choice cities are their appanage,
On every family they feed and gain a goodly heritage;

And ’tis these benefactors, sire, whom they most readily betray;
The brahmin order, take my word, are faithless and ingrate alway [1]."

[141] The king exclaimed, on hearing his son's reproach:

"These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free,

Release the princes and the rest, no more of sacrifice for me."

Khaṇḍahāla again rushed up as before and repeated his former expostulations; and the prince again reasoned with his father:

"If they who sacrifice their sons are, when they die, all glorified,

Then let the brahmin offer his: the king shall follow him as guide.

If they who sacrifice their sons go straight to heaven when they die,
Why does the brahmin offer not himself and all his family?

Nay rather, they who offer up such victims all shall go to hell,
And those who dare to approve the deed shall perish at the last as well."

When the prince, as he uttered these words, found that he could not convince his father, he turned to the multitude who surrounded the king and thus addressed them:

[142] "How can the fathers, mothers, here stand silent, looking on, and none,
Loving their children as they do, forbids the king to slay his son?

I love the welfare of the king, I love to see your hearts rejoice,
And is there none among you found to utter one protesting voice?"

But not one spoke a word. Then the prince bade his wives go and implore the king to show pity:

"Go, noble ladies, with your prayers, implore the king, implore his priest,
To spare these guiltless sons of his, well-proved in battle's sternest test;

Implore the king, implore the priest, to spare these sons unstained by crime,
Whose names are blazoned through the world, the glory of their land and time."

They went and implored him to show mercy; but the king paid no regard. Then the prince feeling himself helpless began to lament:

"O had I but been born from courts aloof,
Under some cobbler's, sweeper's, outcast's roof,
I should have lived my days to the end in peace,
Nor died a victim to a king's caprice."

Then he exclaimed:

"Go, all ye women in a band,—low before Khaṇḍahāla fall,
And tell him ye have wronged him not, that ye are guiltless one and all."

[143] These are the Teacher's words:

"Loudly wails Sela when she sees her brothers sentenced by the king,
"My father longs for heaven, they say, and this forsooth his offering."

But the king paid no regard to her either. Then the prince's son Vāsula, seeing his father's grief, said, "I will entreat my grandfather, I will make him grant me my father's life," and he fell at the king's feet and lamented.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Then Vāsula with uncertain steps went this way, that way to the throne,
"O spare our father, children we,—leave us not helpless and alone."

The king heard his lament, and his heart being as it were cleft in twain, he embraced the boy with tears in his eyes and said to him, "Be comforted, my child, I will give thy father up to thee," and he uttered his orders:

"Here is thy father, Vāsula; thy words o’erpower me,—he is free;
Release the princes, let them go,—no more of sacrifice for me."

Then again Khaṇḍahāla rushed up with his old expostulations, [144] and again the king blindly yielded to his words and ordered his sons to be recaptured.

Then Khaṇḍahāla thought to himself, "This tender-hearted king now seizes his sons and now releases them: he will now again release them through the words of his children; I will take him into the sacrificial pit." So he repeated a verse to urge him to go thither:

"The sacrifice has been prepared, the costliest treasures have been given:
Go forth, O king, to offer it, and claim the choicest joys of heaven."

[g r a g r a p h o n t i n u e s]

When they took the Bodhisatta into the sacrificial pit the royal ladies went out in a body.

The Teacher has described it:

"Prince Chanda's seven hundred queens, radiant in all their youthful bloom,
With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, followed the hero to his doom;

And other ladies joined the train like beings from heaven's firmament,
With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, following the hero as he went."

Then they all raised their lamentations:

"With earrings, aloes, sandal-wood, in Kāsī silk of costly price,
See Canda, Suriya [1] yonder led as victims to the sacrifice.

Piercing their mother's heart with woe, filling the citizens with gloom,
See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims to their cruel doom.

Bathed and perfumed with richest scents and with white robes of Kāsī drest,
See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims at the king's behest.

[145] They who once rode on elephants, a gallant sight for every eye,
Our Canda, Suriya yonder see, toiling along on foot to die.

They who in chariots wont to ride, or mules, or horses gold-bedight,
Our Canda, Suriya [1] yonder see, toiling on foot to die ere night."

While the queens were thus lamenting, the officers carried the Bodhisatta out of the city. The whole city went out with him in great agitation. But as the vast multitude went out, the gates were not wide enough to give them room; and the brahmin apprehensive of what might happen, ordered the gates to be stopped up. The multitude were thus unable to find an outlet; but there was a garden near the inner gate, and they gathered there and lamented the prince's fate with a loud cry; and at the

sound a great concourse of birds gathered in the sky. The citizens raised a general wailing and thus addressed the birds:

"Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavatī's eastern gate,
There the mad king is offering up his four brave sons in blinded hate.

Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavatī's eastern gate,
There the mad king is offering up four daughters in his blinded hate [1]."

[146] Thus did the multitude lament in the garden. Then they went to the Bodhisatta's house, going round it in solemn procession and uttering their lamentations as they gazed on the queens' apartments, the towers and gardens, [147] the groves and lakes, and the elephants' stables [2]:

"Villages uninhabited turn to a forest solitude;
So will our capital lie waste, if once our princes shed their blood."

[148] Unable to find a way out of the city, they wandered about lamenting within its walls.

In the meantime the Bodhisatta was led to the sacrificial pit. Then his mother, Queen Gotamī, threw herself prostrate at the king's feet, begging with tears and cries that he would spare her son's life:

"I shall go crazy in my grief, covered with dust, undone, forlorn,
If my son Canda [3] has to die, my breath will choke me as I mourn."

When she got no answer from the king, she embraced the prince's four wives and said to them, "My son must have gone away from you in displeasure, why do you not persuade him to turn back?"

"Why do you not talk lovingly each to the other as ye stand,
And dance around him cheerfully, clasping each other hand in hand,

Until his melancholy flies and leaves him cured at your command,
For who can dance, indeed, like you, although they search through all the land?"

Then seeing nothing else that could be done she ceased to lament with the royal ladies and began to curse Khaṇḍahāla:

"Now may thy mother, cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony
Which tears my heart when I behold my precious Canda led to die [4].

[149] Now may thy wife, O cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony
Which tears my soul when I behold my precious Suriya led to die;

May she see sons and husband slain, for thou, O cruel priest, to-day
The pride and glory of the world, those guiltless lion-hearts wouldst slay."

Then the Bodhisatta entreated his father in the sacrificial pit [1]:

[150] "Some women long and beg for sons and offer prayers and gifts to heaven,
They long for sons and grandsons too, but none to cheer their homes are given;

O slay us not thus recklessly, though given in answer unto prayer,
Nor offer us a sacrifice in spite of all our mother's care."

When he received no reply from his father, he fell lamenting at his mother's feet:

"Tenderly hast thou nursed thy son, hard is the lot which falls to thee;
I bow before thy sacred feet: all blessings on my father be.

Give me thy feet to kiss once more, embrace me, mother, ere we part,
'Tis a long journey which I go, a bitter sorrow to thy heart."

[151] Then his mother uttered her stanzas of wailing:

Sacred Texts
Buddhism
Jātaka Tales
Khaṇḍahāla-Jātaka
Khaṇḍahāla-Jātaka
Khaṇḍahāla-Jātaka

"Bind on your head, my darling son, a diadem of lotus leaves,

With Campāk flowers,—such coronal thy manly beauty well receives.

For the last time anoint thyself with all those unguents rich and rare
Which in old days before the king in court festivities thou didst wear.

For the last time put on, my boy, bright Kāsi silk in fine array,
And wear the jewels and the pearls which thou shouldst wear on gala day."

Then his chief queen, named Candā, fell at his feet and bitterly lamented:

"This lord of lands, this sovereign king, whose will in all his realm is done,

Sole heir of all his country's wealth, has no affection for his son."

When the king heard her he replied:

"My sons are dear, myself is dear, and ye, my queens, are dear as well;

I sacrifice my son, because I wish to go to heaven, not hell."

[152] Candā exclaimed:

"O king, in mercy slay me first, nor let the anguish rend my heart,

Thy boy is garlanded for both, he is complete in every part.

Slay us together on the pile, and let me go where Canda goes:
Infinite merit will be thine, two souls will rise to heaven's repose."

The king answered:

"Wish not for death before its time; gallant brothers-in-law hast thou;

They will console thee, large-eyed one, for the dear prince thou losest now."

Then she beat her breast with her hands, and threatened to drink poison, and at length she burst into loud lamentations:

"No friends or counsellors surround this king,

Who dare to warn him not to do this thing,

He has no faithful ministers, not one,

Who dares persuade him not to slay his son.

[153] His other sons wear all their bravery,
Let them be offered and set Canda free.

Cut me in pieces, offer me,—but spare my eldest son, my knight,
Him whom the world doth reverence, the lion-hearted in the fight."

Having thus mourned out her soul and found no comfort, she went up to the Bodhisatta and stood weeping by his side, until he said to her, "O Candā, during my lifetime many various pearls and gems have been given by me to thee in times of social unbending; now to-day I give thee this last ornament from my body; pray accept it."

Candā burst into tears, uttering the following stanzas:

"His shoulders once were bright with flowers, which hung down as his diadem,—

To-day the cruel sharp bright sword spreads its dark shadow over them.

Soon will the sword come sweeping down upon that guiltless royal neck,—

Ah! iron bands must bind my heart,—or else what could it do but break?

[154] With aloes and with sandal decked, wearing rich silks and many a ring,

Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, befitting offering for the king.

With aloes and with sandal-wood, with silken robes and gems of price,
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, the great king's worthy sacrifice.

Bathed for the offering, waiting there in silk and gems the impending blow,
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, filling the people's hearts with woe."

While she thus lamented, all the preparations were completed in the sacrificial pit. They brought the prince and placed him in his proper position with his neck bent forward. Khaṇḍahāla held the golden bowl close and took the sword and stood up, saying, "I will cut his neck." When the queen Cana, saw this, she said to herself; "I have no other refuge, I will bless my lord with all my power of truth," and she clasped her hands, and, walking amidst the assembly, performed a solemn asseveration of truth.

The Teacher thus described it:

"When all is ready for the rite and Canda sits and waits the blow,
The daughter of the Pañcāl king went through the assembly, high and low:

"As truly as the brahmin here works a vile purpose by his guile,
So may I gain my dear-loved lord restored me in a little while.

May all the spirits in this place—ghosts, goblins, fairies—hear my word,
Do my commission loyally and reunite me to my lord.

[155] Oh all ye gods who fill this place, lo! prostrate at your feet I fall,
Protect me in my helplessness, hear me in mercy as I call."

Sakka, the king of the gods, having heard her cry [1] and seen what had happened, took a blazing mass of iron and frightened the king, and dispersed the assembly.

The Teacher has described the scene:

"A heavenly being heard the cry and came to earth to help the right,
Whirling a blazing iron mass, filling the tyrant's heart with fright,

"Know me, O tyrant, who I am; mark well the weapon which I wield,
Harm not thy guiltless eldest son, the lion of the battlefield.

Where has earth seen a crime like this,—thy sons, their wives, to slaughter given,
With all thy noblest citizens, worthy to fill my highest heaven?"

The tyrant and his minister then set the guiltless victims free,
And all the crowd seized sticks and stones, and in a fit of frenzied glee
Made Khaṇḍahāla there and then pay forfeit for his cruelty."

[156] When they had killed the minister, the great crowd sought to put the king himself to death; but Sakka embraced him and would not allow them to kill him. The multitude decided that they would spare his life, "but we will not give him rule or dwelling in this city,—we will make him an outcast and appoint his dwelling outside this city." So they stripped him of his royal garments and made him wear a yellow dress, and put a yellow cloth on his head, and having made him an outcast sent him away to an outcast-settlement. And all who had helped in any way in the sacrifice or approved of it went to hell as their portion.

The Teacher uttered this stanza:

"All who had done so vile a deed passed straight to hell,—none could attain
An afterbirth in any heaven, who bore the trace of such a stain."

The great multitude, having caused the two monsters of wickedness to be removed out of sight, brought the materials for the coronation and anointed Prince Canda as king.

"When all the captives were released, a vast assembly gathering
With solemn pomp and festival anointed Canda to be king;

A vast assembly, gods and men, waved cloths and flags and sang his praise,
Starting a new and happy reign of plenty, peace and halcyon days.

Men, women, gods and goddesses joined in one great festivity,
Comfort and peace filled every home and every captive was set free."

[157] The Bodhisatta caused all his father's wants to be attended to, but he was not allowed to enter within the city; and when all his allowance was spent, he used to go up to the Bodhisatta, when the latter went to join in the amusements of the public gardens or other public spectacles. At these times he did not use to join his hands to salute his son, for he said to himself, "I am the true king," but he addressed him, "Live

long, O Master"; and when he was asked what he wanted, he mentioned it, and the Bodhisatta ordered the sum to be given to him.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he added, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has sought to kill many persons on my sole account; he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was Khaṇḍahāla, Mahāmāyā was Queen Gotamā, Rāhula's mother was Candā, Rāhula was Vāsula, Uppalavaṇṇā was Selā, Kassapa of the Vāma family was Sūra, Moggallāna was Candasena, Sāriputta was Prince Suriya and I myself was Candarāja."

Footnotes

71:1 The scholiast adds that these were the sons of Queen Gotamā, but perhaps Canda-Suriya is only one name; see afterwards. Two princes are especially mentioned and identified at the final summary.

71:2 Should it not be "four"?

74:1 He then repeats the six stanzas "Let us be Khaṇḍahāla's slaves," &c. from p. 73.

75:1 It is curious to observe that the prose throughout has only one prince, but the verses seem to have two.

76:1 Six stanzas are omitted here about the *four* queens, householders, elephants, horses, bulls, and the complete sacrifice of four kinds of victims. See Morris, *Pali Text S. Journ.* 1864, p. 80.

76:2 Some 15 stanzas are here omitted, as they only repeat what has been said before.

76:3 This verse is repeated with the name Suriya instead of Canda.

76:4 Cp. IV. 285[12].

77:1 I omit the eight lines repeated from p. 74.

79:1 I read *tassū.*

No. 543.

BHŪRIDATTA-JĀTAKA.

"Whatever jewels there may be," etc. This story the Master told, while dwelling at Sāvatthi, about some lay-brethren who kept the fast-days. On a fast-day, it is said, they rose early in the morning, took upon them the fasting vows, gave alms, and after their meal took perfumes and garlands in their hands and went to Jetavana, and at the time of hearing the Law seated themselves on one side. The Master, coming to the Hall of Truth, having sat down in the adorned Buddha-seat, looked upon the assembly of the brethren. [158] Now the Tathāgatas like to converse with those among the brethren or others, in reference to whom a religious discourse takes its rise; therefore on the present occasion, as he knew that a religious discourse concerning former teachers would arise in connection with these lay-brethren, while he was conversing with them, he asked them, "O lay-brethren, do you keep the fast-day?" On their replying in the affirmative, he said, "It is right and well done of you, O lay-brethren; but yet it is no matter for wonder that you who have a Buddha teacher like me should keep the fast-day,—sages of old who were without any teacher forsook great glory and kept the fast-day." And so saying, he told at their request an old legend of the past.

I.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta, when he was reigning in Benares, had made his son viceroy; but when he saw his great

glory, he became suspicious lest he should also seize the kingdom. So he said to him, "Do you depart hence and dwell for the present where you please, and at my death take the hereditary kingdom." The prince complied, and after saluting his father, went out and proceeding to the Yamunā built a hut of leaves between the river and the sea and dwelt there, living on roots and fruits. Now at that time a young Nāga female in the Nāga-world beneath the ocean who had lost her husband, and on account of her carnal passions

when she saw the happiness of the other Nāgas who had husbands living she had left the Nāga-world, was wandering by the seashore, when she observed the prince's foot-prints, and following the track saw the hut of leaves. Now the prince happened to be away, having gone out in search of various kinds of fruit. She entered into the hut, and as she saw the wooden bedstead and the rest of the furniture she thought to herself, "This is the dwelling-place of some ascetic, I will prove him, whether he is an ascetic from faith or not. If he is an ascetic from faith and bent upon self-abnegation he will not accept my adorned bed; but if he is at heart a lover of pleasure and not an ascetic from faith he will lie down on my bed; then I will take him and make him my husband and dwell here." So she went back to the Nāga-world and collected divine flowers and perfumes and prepared a bed of flowers, and having made an offering of flowers and scattered perfumed powder about and adorned the hut, she departed to the abode of the Nāgas. When the prince returned at evening time and entered the hut, and saw what she had done, he said, "Who has prepared [159] this bed?" And when he ate the various fruits, he exclaimed, "Oh these sweet-scented

flowers, this bed has been pleasantly arranged," and being filled with pleasure as he was not a true ascetic at heart, he lay down on the couch of flowers and fell fast asleep. The next day he rose at sunrise and went off to collect fruits, without sweeping his hut of leaves. At that moment the female Nāga came up and seeing the withered flowers knew at once, "This man is a lover of pleasure and not an ascetic from faith, I shall be able to capture him"; so she took away the old flowers and brought others and spread a fresh bed and adorned the hut of leaves and strewed flowers etc. in the covered walk and then returned to the Nāga-world. He rested that night also on that bed of flowers and the next day he thought to himself, "Who can it be that adorns this hut?" So he did not go out to gather fruits, but remained concealed not far from the hut. The Nāga woman, having collected perfumes and flowers, came along the path to the hermitage. The prince, having beheld the Nāga in all her great beauty, at once fell in love with her, and, without letting himself be seen, entered the hut as she was preparing the couch and asked her who she was. "My lord, I am a Nāga woman." "Hast thou a husband or not?" "I am a widow without a husband; and where dost thou dwell?" "I am Brahmadattakumāra, the son of the king of Benares; but why dost thou wander about, leaving the abode of the Nāgas?" "My lord, as I beheld the happiness of the other Nāga women who had husbands I became discontented on account of carnal passion and I came away and go wandering about, seeking for a husband." "I also am not an ascetic from faith, but I have come to dwell here because my father drove me away; vex not thyself, I will be thy husband and we will dwell here in concord." She at once consented;

and from that time they lived harmoniously together there. By her magic power she made a costly house and brought a costly couch and spread a bed. Thenceforth he ate no roots or fruits but feasted on divine meat and drink. After a while she conceived and brought forth a son whom they called Sāgara-Brahmadatta. [160] When the child was able to walk, she brought forth a daughter, and as she was born on the seashore they called her Samuddajā. Now a forester who lived in Benares came to that place, and on giving him greeting recognised the prince, and after he had stayed there a few days, he said, "My lord, I will tell the king's family that you are dwelling here," and he accordingly departed and went to the city. Now just then the king died, and after the ministers had buried him they met together on the seventh day, and they deliberated together, "a kingdom without a king cannot stand; we know not where the prince dwells nor whether he is alive or dead,—we will send forth the festal car and so get a king." At that time the forester came to the city, and having heard the news went to the ministers and told them that before he came there he had been staying three or four days near the prince. The ministers paid him respect and went there under his guidance, and after a friendly greeting told the prince that the king was dead and asked him to assume the kingdom. He thought to himself, "I will learn what the Nāga woman thinks"; so he went to her and said, "Lady, my father is dead and his ministers have come to raise the royal umbrella over me; let us go and we will both reign in Benares which is twelve yojanas in extent, and you shall be the chief among the sixteen thousand queens." "My lord, I cannot go." "Why?" "We possess deadly poison and we are easily displeased for a trifling matter; and the anger of a co-wife is a serious thing; if I see or hear anything and cast an angry glance thereon, it will be instantly scattered like a handful of chaff;

therefore I cannot go." The prince asked her again the next day; and then she said to him, "I myself will on no account go, but these my sons are not young Nāgas; as they are your children they are of the race of men; if you love me watch over them. But as they are of a watery nature and therefore delicate, they would die if they went by the road and bore the burden of the wind and sunshine; so I will hollow out a boat and fill it with water, and you shall let them play in the water and when you have brought them to the city [161] you shall have a lake prepared in the precincts of the palace; in this way they will not suffer." With these words, having saluted the prince and walked round him respectfully, she embraced her sons and folded them between her breasts and kissed their heads, and entrusted them to him, and with many tears and sobs at once vanished and departed to the Nāga-world. The prince also, overcome with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, went out of the house, and, after wiping his eyes, proceeded to the ministers, who at once besprinkled him and said, "Sire, let us go to

our city." He commanded them to hollow out a ship and put it on a cart and fill it with water. "Strew all sorts of flowers of various colours and scents on the surface of the water, for my sons have a watery nature and they will go along joyfully playing there"; and the ministers did so. When the king came to Benares he entered the city which was all adorned, and he seated himself on the terrace, surrounded by sixteen thousand dancing girls and his ministers and other officers; and having held a great drinking feast for seven days, he caused a lake to be prepared for his sons, where they sported continually. But one day when the water was let into the lake, a tortoise entered, and not seeing

any way of exit it floated on the surface of the water; and while the lads were playing about, it rose out of the water and putting out its head looked at them and then sank down in the water. When they saw it they were frightened and ran to their father, and said to him, "O father, a yakkha has frightened us in the lake." The king ordered some men to go and seize it, and they threw a net and caught the tortoise and shewed it to the king. When the princes saw it, they cried out, "O father, it is a demon." The king through love of his sons was angry with the tortoise, and ordered the attendants to punish it. Some said, "It is an enemy to the king, it should be pounded to powder with a pestle and mortar," others said, "Let us cook it three times over and eat it," others, "Bake it upon hot coals," others, "It must be baked in a jar"; but one minister who was afraid of the water, said, "It should be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamunā, it will be utterly destroyed there, there is no punishment for it like that." The tortoise, as he heard his words, [162] thrust out his head and said, "Friend, what sin have I committed that you are discussing such a punishment for me? The other punishments I can bear, but this last is excessively cruel, do not even mention it." When the king heard him, he said, "This is the one to carry into action," so he ordered him to be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamunā; there he found a current which led to the dwelling of the Nāgas, and went by it to their place. Now at that time some young sons of the Nāga king Dhataraṭṭha [1] were sporting in that stream, and when they saw they cried, "Seize that slave." The tortoise thought, "I have escaped from the hand of the king of Benares to fall into the hands of these fierce Nāgas;. by what means shall I get away?" Then he thought of a plan, and, making up a false story, he said to them, "Why do you speak in this way who belong to the court of King Dhataraṭṭha? I am a tortoise named Cittacūḷa, and I am come to Dhataraṭṭha as

a messenger from the king of Benares; our king has sent me as he wishes to give his daughter to King Dhataraṭṭha, shew me to him," and they well pleased took him, and going to the king related the whole matter. The king ordered them to bring him; but being displeased when he

saw him, he said, "Those who have such mean bodies cannot act as messengers." The tortoise, when he heard this, replied by telling his own good qualities, "Why should the king need messengers as tall as a palm tree? a small body or a big body is of no matter,—the real matter is the power to carry out the errand where you are sent. Now our king, O monarch, has many messengers; men do his business on the dry land, birds in the air, and I in the water, for I am a favourite of the king's named Cittacūḷa and I have a particular post, do not scoff at me." Then King Dhataraṭṭha asked him why he was sent by the king, and he made answer, "The king said to me that he had made friendship with all the kings of Jambudīpa, and that he now wished to give his daughter Samuddajā in order to make friendship with the Nāga king Dhataraṭṭha; with these words he sent me, and do you make no delay but send a company at once with me and name the day and receive the maiden." Being highly pleased [163] the king paid him great honour and sent four Nāga youths with him, bidding them go and fix a day after hearing the king's words, and then return, and they, having taken the tortoise with them, departed from the abode of the Nāgas. The tortoise saw a lotus-pond between the Yamunā and Benares, and wishing to escape by some device he said, "O Nāga youths, our king and his queen and son saw me coming out of the water as I went to the king's palace, and they asked me to give them some lotuses and

lotus roots; I will gather some for them; do you let me go here, and, if you do not see me, go forward to the king,—I will meet you there." They believed him and let him go, and he hid himself; and the others, as they could not see him, thought that he must have gone on to the king, and so proceeded to the palace in the guise of young men. The king received them with honour and asked them from whence they had come. "From Dhataraṭṭha, your majesty." "Wherefore?" "O king, we are his messengers; Dhataraṭṭha asks after your health and he will give you whatever you desire; and he asks you to give us your daughter Samuddajā as his queen." To explain this they repeated the first stanza:

"Whatever jewels there may be in Dhataraṭṭha's palace stored,
They all are yours, his royal boon; give us your daughter for our lord."

When the king heard it he replied in the second stanza:

"Ne’er has a man been known to wed his daughter to a Nāga king;
Such match were utterly unfit,—how could we think of such a thing?"

The youths made answer, "If an alliance with Dhataraṭṭha seems so improper to you, then why did you send your attendant the tortoise Cittacūḷa to our king, offering to give your daughter Samuddajā? [164] Since after sending such a message you now shew scorn to our king, we shall know how to deal with you as you deserve." So saying they uttered two stanzas by way of threat:

"You sacrifice your life, O king,—your throne and kingdom what are they?
Before a Nāga in his wrath all mortal glory fades away;

You a poor mortal standing there, who, by your vanity undone,
Would look with scorn on Yamuna, king Varuṇa's imperial son [1]."

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"I do not scorn that king of yours, Dhataraṭṭha of wide renown,

Of many Nāgas is he king, he wears by right a royal crown;

But great and noble though he be, sprung from Videha's khattiya line,
My daughter is of purer blood,—let him not dream of child of mine."

Although the Nāga youths wished to kill him on the spot by the blast of their breath, yet they reflected that as they had been sent to fix the marriage day it would not be right to go away and leave the man dead; so they vanished at once out of sight, saying, "we will depart and tell the king." Their king asked them whether they had brought the princess. They being angry replied, "O king, why dost thou send us about hither and thither without cause? If thou wishest to kill us, then slay us here at once. [165] He reviles and defames thee, and sets his daughter on a pinnacle in his pride of birth,"—in this way repeating things said and unsaid, they roused the king's wrath. He ordered them to assemble his army, saying:

"Assataras and Kambalas [2],—summon the Nāgas one and all;

Towards Benares let them flock, but do no harm to great or small."

Then the Nāgas answered, "If no man is to be harmed, then what shall we do, if we go there?" He uttered two stanzas to tell them what they were to do and what he himself would do:

"Over the tanks and palaces, the public roads and tops of trees,

Over the gateways twilled in wreaths let them hang dangling in the breeze;

While with white body and white hoods I will the city all invest,
And drawing close my lines of siege with terror fill each Kāsi breast."

The Nāgas did so. [166] The Teacher thus described what happened:

"Seeing the snakes on every side, the women throng, a trembling crowd,
And as the monsters swell their hoods in fear they shriek and wail aloud;

Benares city prostrate lay before these wild invading bands,
Raising their arms all begged and prayed, "Give him the daughter he demands."

While the king lay in bed he beard the wailing of his own wives and those of the citizens, and being afraid of death from the threats of the four youths, he thrice exclaimed, "I will give to Dhataraṭṭha my daughter Samuddajā"; and all the Nāga kings, when they heard it, retired for the distance of a league, and, fixing their camp there, built a very city of the gods and despatched a complimentary present, saying, "Let him send his

daughter as he says." [167] The king, having received the proffered present, dismissed those who brought it, saying, "Do you depart, I will send my daughter by the hands of my ministers." Then he sent for his daughter and, taking her upon the terrace, he opened a window and said to her, "Daughter, behold this adorned city; they say that you are to be the chief queen of a king there,—the city is not far off, you can come back when you feel a home-longing,—but you must go there now." Then he made the attendants wash her head and adorn her with all kinds of ornaments and set her in a covered carriage and sent her off in the care of his ministers. The Nāga kings came to meet her and paid her great honour. The ministers entered the city and gave her up and returned with much wealth. The princess was taken up into the palace and made to lie on a divinely decked bed; and the young Nāga women, assuming

humpbacked and other deformed appearances, waited on her as if they were human attendants. As soon as she lay down on the heavenly bed she felt a divinely soft touch and fell asleep. Dhataraṭṭha, having received her, vanished instantly with all his host and appeared in the world of the Nāgas. When the princess awoke and saw the adorned heavenly bed and the golden and jewelled palaces, etc., and the gardens and tanks and the Nāga-world, itself like an adorned city of the gods, she asked the humpbacked and other female attendants, "This city is magnificently adorned, it is not like our city; whose is it?" "O lady, it belongs to your lord,—it is not those of scanty merits who win such glory as this,—you have obtained it by reason of your great merits." Then Dhataraṭṭha ordered the drums to be carried about the Nāga city, which was five hundred yojanas in extent, with a proclamation that whoever betrayed any signs of his snake-nature to Samuddajā should be punished; therefore not one dared to appear as a snake before her. So she lived affectionately and harmoniously with him under the idea that it was a world of men [1].

II.

In course of time Dhataraṭṭha's queen conceived and brought forth a son, and from his fair appearance they named him Sudassana; then again she bore a second whom they called Datta, [168]—now he was a Bodhisatta. Then she bore another whom they called Subhaga, and a fourth whom they called Ariṭṭha. Yet even though she had borne these four sons, she knew not that it was the world of the Nāgas. But one day they said to Ariṭṭha, "Your mother is a woman, not a Nāga." Ariṭṭha said to himself, "I will prove her," so one day while drinking his

mother's breast, he assumed a serpent's form and struck the back of her

foot with his tail. When she saw his serpent-form she uttered a great cry in her terror and threw him on the ground, and struck his eye with her nail so that the blood poured forth. The king, hearing her cry, asked why she screamed, and when he learned what Ariṭṭha had done, he came up, with threats, "Seize the slave and put him to death." The princess, knowing his passionate nature, exclaimed in her love for her son, "My lord, I struck my son's eye, forgive him." The king, when she said this, replied, "What can I do?" and forgave him. That very day she learned that it was the dwelling of the Nāgas, and thenceforth Ariṭṭha was always called Kāṇāriṭṭha (or one-eyed Ariṭṭha).

Now the four princes grew up to years of discretion. Then their father gave them each a kingdom a hundred yojanas square; they possessed great glory, and each was attended by sixteen thousand Nāga maidens. Now their father's kingdom was only a hundred yojanas square, and the three sons went every month to visit their parents. But the Bodhisatta went every fortnight, and he used to propound some question which had arisen in the Nāga realm and then go with his father to visit the great king Virūpakkha [1], when he would discuss the question with him. Now one day when Virūpakkha had gone with the Nāga assembly to the world of the gods, and were sitting there waiting upon Sakka, a question arose among the gods and none could answer it, but the Great Being who was seated on a noble throne answered it. Then the king of the gods honoured him with divine flowers and fruits, and addressed him, "O Datta, thou art endued

with a wisdom as broad as the earth; henceforth be thou called Bhūridatta," and he gave him this name.

[169] From that time forth he used to go to pay his homage to Sakka, and when he saw the exceedingly delightful splendour of his court with its heavenly nymphs he longed for the heavenly world, "What have I to do with this frog-eating snake-nature? I will return to the snake-world and keep the fast and follow the observances by which one may be born among the gods." With these thoughts he asked his parents on his return to the abode of the snakes, "O my father and mother, I will keep the fast." "By all means, O son, keep it; but when you keep it do not go outside, but keep it within this one empty palace in the Nāga realm, for there is great fear of the Nāgas outside." He consented; so he kept the fast only in the parks and gardens of the empty palace. But the snake maidens kept waiting on him with their musical instruments, and he thought to himself, "If I dwell here my observance of the fast will never come to its completion,—I will go to the haunts of men and keep the fast there." So in his fear of being hindered he said to his wife, without telling it to his parents, "Lady, if I go to the haunts of men there is a banyan tree on the bank of the Yamunā,—I will fold up my body in the

top of an ant-hill near by and undertake the fast with its four divisions [1], and I will lie down there and observe the fast; and when I have lain there all night and kept the fast let ten of your women come every time at dawn with musical instruments in their hands, and after decking me with perfumes and flowers let them conduct me back with song and dance to the abode of the

Nāgas." With these words he went and folded his body on the top of an ant-hill, and saying aloud, "Let who will take my skin or muscles or bones or blood," he undertook the fast with its four divisions and lay down, after assuming a body which only consisted of a head and a tail, and kept the fast. At daybreak the Nāga girls came, and having done as they were ordered, conducted him to the Nāga abode; and while he observed the fast in this fashion, [170] a long period of time elapsed [2].

III.

Now at that time a Brahmin [3] who dwelt in a village near the gate of Benares used to go into the forest with his son Somadatta and set snares and nets and stakes and kill wild animals, and carrying the flesh on a pole sold it and so made a livelihood. One day he failed to catch even a young lizard, and he said to his son, "If we go home empty-handed your mother will be angry, let us catch something at any rate"; so he went towards the ant-hill where the Bodhisatta was lying, and observing the footsteps of the deer who went down to the Yamunā to drink, he said, "My son, this is a haunt of deer, do you return and wait, while I will wound some deer that has come to drink"; so taking his bow he stood watching for deer at the foot of a tree. Now at evening time a deer came to drink,—he wounded it; it did not however fall at once, but spurred on by the force of the arrow it fled with the blood flowing down, and the father and son pursuing it to the spot where it fell took its flesh and, going out of the wood, reached that banyan as the sun set. "It is a bad time, we cannot go on, we will stay here," so saying they laid the flesh on one side and climbing the tree lay among the branches. The Brahmin woke at dawn, and was listening to hear the sound of the deer, when the Nāga maidens came up and prepared the flowery

couch for the Bodhisatta. He laid aside his snake's body and assuming a divine body adorned with all kinds of ornaments sat on his flower-bed with all the glory of a Sakka.

The Nāga maidens honoured him with perfumes and garlands and played their heavenly instruments and performed their dance and song. When the Brahmin heard the sound he said, "Who is this? I will find out"; and he called to his son, but though he called he could not wake him. "Let him sleep on," he said, "he is tired, I will go myself alone"; so he came down from the tree and approached, but the Nāga maidens when they saw him sank into the earth with all their instruments and departed to the abode of the Nāgas, [171] and the Bodhisatta was left alone. The Brahmin, standing near, questioned him in these two stanzas:

"What youth is this, red-eyed, who here is seen,
His shoulders broad with ample space between,—
And what ten maidens these who guard him round
Clad in fair robes, with golden bracelets bound!

Who art thou ’midst this forest greenery,
Bright like a fire just newly dressed with ghee?
Art thou a Sakka or a yakkha, say,
Or some famed Nāga prince of potent sway?"

When the Great Being heard him he thought, "If I say that I am one of the Sakkas he will believe me, for he is a Brahmin; but I must speak only the truth to-day," so he thus declared his Nāga birth:

"I am a Nāga great in power, invincible with poisonous breath,
A prosperous land with all its sons my angry bite could smite with death;

My mother is Samuddajā, Dhataraṭṭha as sire I claim,
Sudassan's youngest brother I, and Bhūridatta is my name."

But when the Great Being said this, he reflected, "This Brahmin is fierce and cruel, he may betray me to a snake-charmer, and so hinder my performance of the fast; what if I were to take him to the Nāga kingdom and, give him great honour there, and thus carry on my fast without a break" So he said [172] to him, "O Brahmin, I will give thee great honour, come to the pleasant home of the Nāgas, let us go at once thither." "My lord, I have a son, I will go if he comes too." The Bodhisatta replied, "Go, Brahmin, and fetch him," and he thus described to him his own dwelling:

"Awful and dark is yonder lake, incessant storms its waters toss,
That is my home: my subjects there all hear and none my bidding cross;

Plunge thou beneath the dark blue waves,—the peacocks and the herons call,—
Plunge and enjoy the bliss there stored for those who keep the precepts all."

The Brahmin went and told this to his son and brought him, and the Great Being took them both and went to the bank of the Yamunā, and, standing there, said:

"Fear not, O Brahmin with thy son,—follow my words and thou shalt live
Honoured and happy in my home with all the pleasures I can give."

So saying the Great Being by his power brought the father and son to

the dwelling of the Nāgas, where they obtained a divine condition; and he bestowed on them divine prosperity and gave to each of them four hundred Nāga maidens, and great was the

prosperity they enjoyed. The Bodhisatta continued to practise his fast diligently, and every fortnight he went to pay honour to his parents and discoursed on the law; and then going to the Brahmin he inquired concerning his health, and said to him, "Tell me anything that you want, enjoy yourself without discontent"; and, after giving a kindly greeting also to Somadatta, he proceeded to his own home. The Brahmin, after dwelling a year in the Nāga realm, through his lack of previous merit began to grow discontented [173] and longed to return to the world of men; the dwelling-place of the Nāgas seemed like a hell to him, the adorned palace like a prison, the Nāga maidens with their ornaments like female yakkhas. He thought to himself, "I am discontented, I will learn what Somadatta thinks"; so he went to him and said, "Art thou not discontented, my son?" "Why should I be discontented? let us not feel any such feeling. Are you discontented, father?" "Yes, my son?" "Why so?" "Because I do not see your mother and your brothers and sisters; come, my son, let us go." He answered that he would not go, but, being repeatedly entreated by his father, he at last consented. The Brahmin reflected, "I have won my son's consent, but if I tell Bhūridatta that I am discontented, he will heap more honour upon me, and I shall not be able to go. My object can only be attained in one way. I will describe his prosperity and then ask him, "why do you leave all this glory and go to the world of men to practise the observance of the fast?" When he answers, "for the sake of obtaining heaven," I will tell him, "far more then should we do so, who have made our livelihood by slaughtering living creatures. I too will go to the world of men, and see my kindred, and will then leave the world and follow the law of the ascetics," and then he will let me depart." Having thus determined, one day when the other came up to him and asked him whether he was discontented, he assured him that nothing

was wanting that he could supply, and, without making any mention of his intended departure, at first he only described the other's prosperity in the following stanzas:

"Level the ground on every side, with *tagara* blossoms whitened o'er,
Red with the cochineal insect-swarms, the brightest verdure for its floor,

With sacred shrines in every wood, and swan-filled lakes which charm the eye,
While strewn the fallen lotus leaves as carpets on the surface lie,—

The thousand-columned palaces with halls where heavenly maidens dance,
Their columns all of jewels wrought, whose angles in the sunshine glance;—

[174] Thou hast indeed a glorious home, won by thy merits as thine own,
When all desires are gratified as soon as each new wish is known;—

Thou enviest not great Sakka's halls,—what are his stateliest courts to thine?
Thy palaces more glorious are and with more dazzling splendours shine."

The Great Being replied, "Say not so, Brahmin; our glory compared to Sakka's seems only as a mustard-seed beside Mount Meru,—we are not even equal to his attendants," and he repeated a stanza:

"Our highest thoughts cannot conceive the imperial pomp round Sakka's throne,
Or the four Regents [1] in his court, each in his own appointed zone."

When he heard him repeat his words "this palace of yours is Sakka's palace," he said, "I have had this in my mind, and it is through my desire to obtain Vejayanta [2] that I practise the observance of the fast,"—then he repeated a stanza, describing his own earnest wish:

"I long intensely for the home of the immortal saints on high,
Therefore upon that ant-hill top I keep the fast unceasingly."

[175] The Brahmin, on hearing this, thought to himself, "Now I have gained my opportunity," and filled with joy he repeated two stanzas, begging leave to depart:

"I too sought deer when with my son into that forest glade I sped;
The friends I left at home know not whether I am alive or dead;

O Bhūridatta, let us go, thou glorious lord of Kāsi race,
Let us depart and see once more our kindred in their native place."

The Bodhisatta answered:

"'Tis my desire that you should dwell with us, and here pass happy hours;
Where in the upper world of men will you find haunts of peace like ours?

But would you dwell awhile elsewhere and yet enjoy our pleasures still,
Then take my leave,—go, see your friends, and be as happy as you will."

And thinking to himself "if he obtains this happiness through me he will be sure not to tell it to anyone else,—I will give him my jewel which grants all desires," he gave him the jewel and said

"The bearer of this heavenly gem beholds his children and his farm;
Take it, O Brahmin, and begone,—its bearer never comes to harm."

The Brahmin replied:

"I understand thy words too well, I am grown old as thou canst see,
I will adopt the ascetic life, what are life's pleasures now to me?"

The Bodhisatta said:

"If thou shouldst fail and break thy vow then seek life's common joys once more,
And come and find me out again and I will give thee ample store."

[176] The Brahmin answered:

"O Bhūridatta, I accept with thanks the offer thou hast made;
Should the occasion come to me I will return to claim thy aid."

The Great Being perceived that he had no desire to abide there, so he commanded some young Nāgas to take him to the world of men. The Master thus described what happened:

"Then Bhūridatta gave commands to four of his young Nāgas, 'Go,
Take ye this Brahmin in your charge and lead him where he wants to go."

The four attendants heard the words,—at once their lord's command was done:
They brought the Brahmin to the place and leaving him returned alone."

Then the Brahmin, as he went along, said to his son, "Somadatta, we wounded a deer in this place and a boar in that," and seeing a lake on the way he exclaimed, "Somadatta, let us bathe"; so they both took off their divine ornaments and clothes, and wrapping them up in a bundle laid them on the bank and bathed. At that very moment the ornaments vanished and returned to the Nāga-world, and their former poor yellow clothes were wrapped round their bodies, and their bows, arrows, and spears came back as they were before. "We are undone, father," bewailed Somadatta; but his father comforted him, "Fear not; as long as there are deer we shall make a livelihood by killing deer in the forest." Somadatta's mother heard of their coming, and having gone to meet them she brought them home and she satisfied them with food and drink. When the Brahmin had eaten and fallen asleep she asked her son, [177] "Where have you been all this time?" "O mother, we were carried by the Nāga king Bhūridatta to the great Nāga realm, and we have now come back, as we were discontented." "Have you brought any jewels? " None, mother." "Why did he not

give any to you?" "Mother, Bhūridatta gave to my father a jewel which grants all desires, but he would not accept it." "Wherefore?" "He is going, they say, to become an ascetic." "What, after leaving me so long with the burden of the children and dwelling in the Nāga realm, he is now going to become an ascetic?" so flying into a passion she struck his back with the spoon which she used for frying the rice and upbraided him, saying, "Thou wicked Brahmin, why didst say that thou wast going to become an ascetic and so refuse the precious jewel, and why didst thou come here and not take the ascetic's vow? Depart from my house directly." But he said to her, "Good lady, be not angry, as long as there are deer in the forest I will support you and your children." So the next day he went with his son into the forest and followed there the same livelihood as before [1].

IV.

Now at that time a garuḷa bird which dwelt in a silk-cotton tree in Himavat in a region of the great southern ocean swept up the water with the wind of its wings, and swooping down on the Nāga region seized a Nāga king by the head; but this was the period when the garuḷas did not know how to seize the Nāgas,—they learned how in the Paṇḍara Jātaka [1]. So although he seized it by the head, without scattering the water, he carried it dangling to the summit of Himavat. A Brahmin, an old inhabitant of Kāsi, who was following the life of an anchorite in the region of Himavat, was dwelling in a hut of leaves which he had built, and there was a great banyan tree at the end of his covered walk, and he had made his abode by day at its root. The garuḷa carried the Nāga to the top of the banyan, and the Nāga as it

hung down in its effort to escape twined its tail round a branch. The garuḷa, being unaware of it, flew up to heaven by dint of his great strength and carried up the banyan tree without its roots [2]. The bird then bore the Nāga to the silk-cotton tree and struck it with his beak and split open its belly, and having eaten [178] the fat dropped the body into the middle of the sea. The banyan tree as it fell made a great noise, and the bird, wondering what noise it could be, looked down, and seeing the tree thought to himself, "From whence did I carry that off?" and recognising that it was the banyan at the end of the anchorite's covered walk, he considered, "This tree was of great service to him,—is an evil consequence following me or not? I will ask him and learn." So he went to him in the guise of a young pupil; now at that moment the ascetic was smoothing the earth down. So the king of the garuḷas, having saluted him and sat down on one side, asked him, as if he were himself ignorant of the fact, what had once grown in that spot. He replied, "A garuḷa was carrying off a Nāga for his food, which twined its tail round a branch of a banyan tree in order to escape; but the bird by its great strength made a spring upwards and flew off, and so the tree was torn up; this is the place out of which it was torn." "What demerit accrued to the bird?" "If he did it not knowing what he did, it was only ignorance, not a sin." "What was the case with the Nāga?" "He did not seize the tree with an intent to hurt it, therefore he also has no demerit." The garuḷa was pleased with the ascetic and said, "My friend, I am that king of the garuḷas, and I am pleased with your explanation of my question. Now you live here in the forest and I know the Ālambāyana spell of

priceless value. I will give it to you as my fee for your lesson,—be pleased to accept it." "I know enough about spells,—you can be going." But he continued to press him and at last he persuaded him to accept it, so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples and departed.

Now at that time a poor Brahmin in Benares had got deeply into debt, and being pressed by his creditors he said to himself, "Why should I go on living here? I am sure it will be better to go into the forest and die." So having gone from his home he went by successive journeys till he came to that hermitage. He entered it and pleased the ascetic by his diligent discharge of his duties. The ascetic said to himself, "This Brahmin is very helpful to me, I will give him the divine spell which the king of garuḷas gave to me." So he said to him, "O Brahmin, I know the Ālambāyana spell, I will give it to you, do you take it." The other replied, "Peace, good friend, I do not want any spell," [179] but the other pressed him again and again and at last persuaded him; so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples necessary for it and described the entire method of using it.

The Brahmin said to himself, "I have gained a means of livelihood"; so after staying there a few days, he made the excuse of an attack of rheumatism, and after begging the ascetic's forgiveness he took his respectful leave of him and departed from the forest, and by successive stages reached the bank of the Yamunā, from whence he went along the high road repeating the spell. Now at that very time a thousand Nāga youths who waited on Bhūridatta were carrying that jewel which grants all desires. They had come out of the Nāga-world and had stopped and placed it on a hillock of sand, and there, after playing all night in the water by its radiance, they had put on all

their ornaments at the approach of morning, and, causing the jewel to contract its splendour [1], had sat down, guarding it. The Brahmin reached the spot while he was repeating his charm, and they, on hearing the charm, seized with terror lest it should be the garuḷa king, plunged into the earth without staying to take the jewel and fled to the Nāga-world. The Brahmin, when he saw the jewel, exclaimed, "My spell has at once succeeded"; and he joyfully seized the jewel and went on his way. Now at that very time the outcast Brahmin was entering the forest with his son Somadatta to kill deer, and when he saw the jewel on the other's hand he said to his son, "Is not this the jewel which Bhūridatta gave to us ?" "Yes," said his son, "it is the very same." "Well, I will tell him its evil qualities and so deceive him and get the jewel for my own." "O father, you did not keep the jewel before when Bhūridatta gave it to you: this Brahmin will assuredly cheat you, —be silent about it." "Let

be, my son; you shall see which can cheat best, he or I." So he went to Ālambāyana and addressed him:

"Where did you get that gem of yours, bringing good luck and fair to th’ eye;
But having certain signs and marks, which I can recognise it by?"

[180] Ālambāyana answered in the following stanza:

"This morning as I walked along I saw the jewel where it lay,
Its thousand red-eyed guards all fled and left it there to be my prey."

The outcast's son, wishing to cheat him, proceeded in three stanzas to tell him the jewel's evil qualities, desiring to secure it himself:

"Carefully tended, honoured well, and worn or stowed away with care,
It brings its owner all good things, however large his wishes are;

But if he shews it disrespect and wears or stows it heedlessly,
Sore will he rue the finding it,—’twill only bring him misery.

Do you have nought to do therewith,—you have no skill such ware to hold:
Give it to me and take instead a hundred pounds of yellow gold."

Then Ālambāyana spoke a stanza in reply:

"I will not sell this gem of mine, though cows or jewels offered be;
Its signs and marks I know full well, and it shall ne’er be bought from me."

[181] The Brahmin said:

"If cows or jewels will not buy from you that jewel which you wear,
What is the price you'll sell it for? come, a true answer let me hear."

Ālambāyana answered:

"He who can tell me where to find the mighty Nāga in his pride,
To him this jewel will I give, flashing its rays on every side."

The Brahmin said:

"Is this perchance the Garuḷ King, come in a Brahmin's guise to-day,
Seeking, while on the track for food, to seize the Nāga as his prey?"

Ālambāyana answered:

"No bird-king I,—a garuḷ bird ne’er came across these eyes of mine,—
I am a Brahmin doctor, friend, and snakes and snake-bites are my line."

The Brahmin said:

"What special power do you possess, or have you learned some subtil skill
Which gives you this immunity to handle snakes whose fangs can kill?"

He replied, thus describing his power:

"The hermit Kosiya in the wood kept a long painful penance well,
And at the end a Garuḷa revealed to him the serpent-spell.

That holiest sage, who dwelt retired upon a lonely mountain height,
I waited on with earnest zeal and served unwearied day and night;

And at the last to recompense my years of faithful ministry
My blessed teacher did reveal the heavenly secret unto me.

[182] Trusting in this all-powerful spell, the fiercest snakes I do not fear;
I counteract their deadliest bites, I Alambāyana the seer."

p. 96

As he heard him, the outcast Brahmin thought to himself, "This Ālambāyana is ready to give the pearl of gems to anyone who shews him the Nāga; I will shew him Bhūridatta and so secure the gem"; so he uttered this stanza as he consulted with his son:

"Let us secure this gem, my son; come, Somadatta, let's be quick,
Nor lose our luck as did the fool [1] who smashed his meal-dish with his stick."

Somadatta replied:

"All honour due he shewed to you, when you came in that stranger's way;
And would you turn and rob him now, his kindly welcome to repay?

If you want wealth, go seek for it from Bhūridatta as before;
Ask him and he will gladly give all that your heart desires, and more."

The Brahmin said:

"That which, by lucky fortune brought, in bowl or hand all ready lies,
Eat it at once nor questions ask, lest thou shouldst lose the offered prize."

Somadatta replied:

[183] "Earth yawns for him, hell's fiercest fires await the traitor at the end,
Or, with fell hunger gnawed, he pines a living death, who cheats his friend.

Ask Bhūridatta,—he will give, if you want wealth, the wished-for boon;
But if you sin, I fear the sin will find you out and that right soon."

The Brahmin said:

"But, through a costly sacrifice Brahmins may sin and yet be clean;
Great sacrifices we will bring and, so made pure, escape the sin."

Somadatta said:

"Cease your vile talk, I will not stay,—this very moment I depart,
I will not go one step with you, this baseness rankling in your heart."

So saying, the wise youth, rejecting his father's counsel, exclaimed with a loud voice which startled the deities in the neighbourhood, "I will not go with such a sinner," and fled away as his father stood looking on; and, plunging into the recesses of Himavat, there became an ascetic, and, having practised the Faculties and the Attainments and become perfected in mystic meditation, he was born in the Brahma world. The Teacher explained this in the following stanza:

"The noble Somadatta thus rebuked his father where he stood,
Startling the spirits of the place, and turned and hurried from the wood."

The outcast Brahmin thought to himself, "Whither will Somadatta go except to his own home?" and when he saw that

Ālambāyana was a little vexed, [184] he said to him, "Do not mind, Ālambāyana, I will introduce you to Bhūridatta." So he took him and went to the place where the snake king kept the fast-day; and when he saw him lying on

the top of the ant-hill with his hoods contracted he stood a little way off, and holding out his hand uttered two stanzas:

"Seize this King-serpent where he lies and snatch forthwith that priceless gem,
Which bright-red like a lady-bird glows on his head a diadem.

On yonder ant-heap see! he lies, stretched out without a thought of fear,—
Spread like a heap of cotton there,—seize him before he knows you're near."

The Great Being opened his eyes, and, seeing the outcast, he pondered, "I took this fellow to my Nāga home and settled him in high prosperity, but he would not accept the jewel which I gave him, and now he is come here with a snake-charmer. But if I were angry with him for his treachery, my moral character would be injured. Now my first of all duties is to keep the fast-day in its four periods,—that must remain inviolate; so whether Ālambāyana cut me in pieces or cook me or fix me on a spit, I must at all events not be angry with him." So closing his eyes and following the highest ideal of Resolution he placed his head between his hoods and lay perfectly motionless [1].

V.

Then the outcast Brahmin exclaimed, "O Ālambāyana, do you seize this Nāga and give me the gem." Ālambāyana, being delighted at seeing the Nāga, and not caring the least for the gem, threw it into his hand, saying, "Take it, Brahmin"; but the

jewel slipped out of his hand, and as soon as it fell it went into the ground and was lost in the Nāga-world. The Brahmin found himself bereft of the three things, the priceless gem, Bhūridatta's friendship, and his son, and went off to his home, loudly lamenting, "I have lost everything, I would not follow my son's words." But Ālambāyana, [185] having first anointed his body with divine drugs and eaten a little and so fortified himself within, uttered the divine spell, and, going up to the Bodhisatta, seized him by the tail, and, holding him fast, opened his mouth and, having himself eaten a drug, spat into it. The pure-natured Nāga king did not allow himself to feel any anger through fear of violating the moral precepts, and though he opened his eyes did not open them to the full [2]. After he had made the snake full of the magic drug, and, holding him by the tail with his head downwards, had shaken him and made him vomit the food he had swallowed, he stretched him out at full length on the ground. Then pressing him like a pillow with his hands he crushed his bones to pieces, and then, seizing his tail, pounded him as if he were beating cloth. The Great Being felt no anger even though he suffered such pain.

The Teacher described this in the following stanza:

"By dint of drugs of magic power and muttering spells with evil skill,
He seized and held him without fear and made him subject to his will."

Having thus made the Great Being helpless, he prepared a basket of creepers and threw him into it; at first his huge body would not go into it, but after kicking it with his heels he forced it to enter. Then, going to a certain village, he set the basket down in the middle of it and shouted aloud, "Let all come here who

wish to see a snake dance"; and all the villagers crowded round. Then he called to the Nāga king to come out, and the Great Being reflected, "It will be best for me to please the crowd and dance to-day; perhaps he will gain plenty of money and in his content will let me go; whatever he makes me do, I will do it." So when Ālambāyana took him out of the basket and told him to swell out he assumed his full size; and so when he told him to become small or round or heaped up like a bank [1], or to assume one hood or two hoods or three or four or five or ten or twenty or any number up to a hundred, or to become high or low, or to make his body visible or invisible, or to become blue or yellow or red or white or pink, or to emit water, or to emit water and smoke, [186] he made himself assume all these various appearances as he was commanded and exhibited his dancing powers. No one who witnessed it could keep back his tears and the people brought gold coin, gold, garments, ornaments, and the like, so that he received a hundred thousand pieces in that village alone.

Now at first, after he had captured the Great Being, he had intended to let him go when he had gained a thousand pieces; but when he had made such a harvest, he said, "I have gained all this money in one little village,—what a fortune I shall get in a city!" So, after settling his family there, he made a basket all covered with jewels, and having thrown the Great Being into it, he mounted a luxurious carriage and started with a great train of attendants. He made him dance in every village and town which they passed, and at last they reached Benares. He gave the snake-king honey and fried grain, and killed frogs for him to eat; but he would not take the food, through fear of not being released from his captivity [2]; but even though he did not take his food, the other made him shew his sports, and began with the

four villages at the gates of the city, where he spent a month. Then on the fast-day of the fifteenth he announced to the king that he would that day exhibit the snake's dancing powers before him. The king in consequence made a proclamation by beat of drum and collected a large crowd, and tiers of scaffolding were erected in the courtyard of the palace [3].

VI.

But on the day when the Bodhisatta was seized by Ālambāna, the Great Being's mother saw in a dream that a black man with red eyes had cut off her arm with a sword and was carrying it away, streaming with blood. She sprang up in terror, but on feeling her right arm she recognised it to be only a dream. Then she considered in herself, "I have seen an evil frightful dream; it portends some misfortune either to my four sons or to King Dhataraṭṭha or to myself." But presently she fixed her thoughts especially on the Bodhisatta: "Now all the others are dwelling in the Nāga-world, but he has gone into the world of men resolved to keep the precepts and under a vow to observe the fast-day; therefore I wonder whether some snake-charmer or garuḷa is seizing him." So she thought of him more and more, and at last at the end of a fortnight she became quite dejected, saying, "My son could not live a whole fortnight without me,—surely [187] some evil must have befallen him." After a month had passed there was no limit to the tears which flowed from her eyes in her distress, and she sat watching the road by which he would come back, continually saying, "Surely he will now be coming home,—surely be will now be coming home." Then her eldest son Sudassana came with a great retinue to pay a visit to his parents

at the end of a month's absence, and having left his attendants outside he ascended the palace, and after saluting his mother stood on one side; but she said nothing to him as she kept sorrowing for Bhūridatta. He thought to himself, "Whenever I have returned before my mother has always been pleased and given me a kind welcome, but to-day she is in deep distress; what can be the reason?" So he asked her, saying:

"You see me come with all success, my every wish has hit the mark;
And yet you shew no signs of joy, and your whole countenance is dark,—

Dark as a lotus rudely plucked which droops and withers in the hand;
Is this the welcome which you give when I come back from foreign land?"

Even at these words of his she still said nothing. Then Sudassana thought, "Can she have been abused or slandered by someone?" So he uttered another stanza, questioning her:

"Has anyone upbraided you or are you racked with secret pain,
That thus your countenance is dark, e'en when you see me back again?"

She replied as follows:

"I saw an evil dream, my son, a month agone this very day;
[188] There came a man who lopped my arm as on my bed I sleeping lay,
And carried off the bleeding limb,—no tears of mine his hand could stay.

Blank terror overpowers my heart, and since I saw that cruel sight
A moment's peace or happiness I have not known by day or night."

When she had said this she burst out lamenting, "I cannot see anywhere my darling son your youngest brother; some evil must have happened to him," and she exclaimed:

"He whom fair maidens in their bloom used to be proud to wait upon,

Their hair adorned with golden nets,—Bhūridatta,—alas! is gone;

He whom stout soldiers used to guard, with their drawn swords, a gallant train,
Flashing like kaṇikāra flowers,—alas! I look for him in vain!

I must pursue your brother's track and find where he has fixed to dwell,
Fulfilling his ascetic vow, and learn myself if all be well."

Having uttered these words she set out with his retinue as well as her own.

Now Bhūridatta's wives had not felt anxious when they did not find him on the top of the ant-hill, as they said that he was no doubt gone to his mother's home; but when they heard that she was coming weeping because she could nowhere see her son, they went to meet her and fell at her feet, making a loud lamentation, "O lady, it is a month to-day since we last saw your son."

The Teacher described this as follows:

"The wives of Bhūridatta there beheld his mother drawing nigh,

And putting out their arms they wept with an exceeding bitter cry;

"Bhūridatta, thy son, went hence a month ago, we know not where;
Whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell in our despair."

[189] The mother joined with her daughters-in-law in their lamentations in the middle of the road and then went up with them into the palace, and there her grief burst forth as she looked on her son's bed:

"Like a lone bird whose brood is slain, when it beholds its empty nest,

So sorrow, when I look in vain for Bhūridatta, fills my breast.

Deep in my heart my grief for him burns with a fierce and steady glow
Just like the furnace which a smith carries where’er he is called to go."

As she thus wept, Bhūridatta's house seemed to be filled with one continuous sound like the hollow roar of the ocean. No one could remain unmoved, and the whole dwelling was like a sāl-forest smitten by the storm of doom's-day.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Like sāl-trees prostrate in a storm, their branches broken, roots uptorn,

So mother, wives, and children, lay in that lone dwelling-place forlorn."

Ariṭṭha and Subhaga also, the brothers, who had come to visit their parents, heard the noise and entered Bhūridatta's dwelling and tried to comfort their mother.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Ariṭṭha then and Subhaga, eager to help and comfort, come,

Hearing the sounds of wild lament which rose in Bhūridatta's home;

"Mother, be calm, thy wailings end,—this is the lot of all who live;
They all must pass from birth to birth: change rules in all things,—do not grieve."

[190] Samuddajā [1] replied:

"My son, I know it but too well, this is the lot of all who live,

But now no common loss is mine,—left thus forlorn I can but grieve;

Verily if I see him not, my jewel and my soul's delight,
My Bhūridatta, I will end my wretched life this very night."

Her sons answered:

"Mourn not, dear mother, still your grief,—we'll bring our brother back;
Through the wide earth on every side we will pursue his track

O'er hill and dale, through village, town and city, till he's found,—
Within ten days we promise you to bring him safe and sound."

Then Sudassana thought, "If we all three go in one direction there will be much delay: we must go to three different places,—one to the world of the gods, one to Himavat, and one to the world of men. But if Kāṇāriṭṭha [2] goes to the land of men he will set that village or town on fire where he shall happen to see Bhūridatta, for he is cruel-natured,—it will not do to send him"; so he said to him, "Do thou go to the world of the gods; if the gods have carried him to their world in order to learn the law from him, then do thou bring him thence." But he said to Subhaga, "Do thou go to Himavat and search for Bhūridatta in the five rivers and come back." But as he was resolving to go himself to the world of men, he reflected, "If I go as a young man people will revile [3] me; I must go as an ascetic, for ascetics are dear and welcome to men." So he took the garb of an ascetic and, after bidding his mother farewell, set out.

Now the Bodhisatta had a sister, born of another mother, named Accimukhī, who had a very great love for the Bodhisatta. When she saw Subhaga setting out, she said to him, [191] "Brother, I am greatly troubled, I will go with you." "Sister," he replied, "you cannot go with me, for I have assumed an ascetic's dress." "I will become a little frog and I will go inside your matted hair." On his consenting, she became a young frog and lay down in his matted hair. Subhaga resolved that he would search for him from the very commencement, so asked his wife where he spent the fast-day and went there first of all. When he saw there the blood on the spot where the Great Being had been seized by

Ālambāna and the place where the latter had made the basket of creeping plants, he felt sure that the Bodhisatta had been seized by a snake-charmer and being overcome with grief, and having his eyes filled with tears, he followed Ālambāna's track. When he came to the village where he had first displayed the dancing, he asked the people whether a snake-charmer had shewn his tricks there with such and such a kind of snake. "Yes, Ālambāna shewed these tricks a month ago." "Did he gain anything thereby?" "Yes, he gained a hundred thousand pieces in this one

place." "Where has he gone now?" "To such and such a village." He went off and, asking his way as he went, he at last arrived at the palace-gate. Now at that very moment Ālambāna had come there, just bathed and anointed, and wearing a tunic of fine cloth [1], and making his attendant carry his jewelled basket. A great crowd collected, a seat was placed for the king, and he, while he was still within the palace, sent a message, "I am coming, let him make the king of snakes play." Then Ālambāna placed the jewelled basket on a variegated rug, and gave the sign, saying, " Come hither, O snake-king." At that moment Sudassana was standing at the edge of the crowd, while the Great Being put out his head and looked round surveying the people. Now Nāgas look at a crowd for two reasons, to see whether any garuḷa is near or any actors; if they see any garuḷas, they do not dance for fear,—if any actors, they do not dance for shame. The Great Being, as he looked, beheld his brother in another part of the crowd, and, repressing the tears which filled his eyes, he came out of the basket and went up to his brother. The crowd, seeing him approach, retreated in fear and Sudassana was left alone; so he went up to him and laid his head

on his foot and wept; and Sudassana also wept. The Great Being at last stopped weeping and went into the basket. Ālambāna said to himself, "This Nāga must have bitten yonder ascetic, I must comfort him"; so he went up to him and said:

[192] "It slipped out of my hand and seized your foot with all its might;
Did it chance bite you? never fear,—there's no harm in its bite."

Sudassana wished to have some talk with him, so he answered:

"This snake of yours can harm me not,
I am a match for him, I wot;

Search where you will, you will not see
One who can charm a snake like me."

Ālambāna did not know who it was, so he answered angrily:

"This lout dressed out in Brahmin guise challenges me to-day,—
Let all the assembly hear my words and give us both fair play."

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza in answer:

"A frog shall be my champion, and let a snake be yours,
Five thousand pieces be the stake, and let us shew our powers."

Ālambāna rejoined:

"I am a man well-backed with means, and you a bankrupt clown;
Who will stand surety on your side, and where's the money down?

There is my surety, there's the stake in case I lose the bet;
Five thousand coins will shew my powers,—your challenge, see, is met."

[193] Sadassana heard him and said, "Well, let us show our powers

for five thousand pieces"; and so undismayed he went up into the royal palace and, going up to the king his father-in-law, he said this stanza:

"O noble monarch, hear my words,—ne'er may good luck thy steps forsake;
Wilt thou be surety in my name? Five thousand pieces is the stake."

The king thought to himself, "This ascetic asks for a very large sum, what can it mean?" so he replied:

"Is it some debt your father left or is it all your own,
That you should come and ask from me such an unheard-of loan?"

Sudassana repeated two stanzas:

"Ālambāna would beat me with his snake;
I with my frog his Brahmin pride will break.

Come forth, O king, with all thy train appear,
And see the beating which awaits him here."

The king consented and went out with the ascetic. When Ālambāna saw him, he thought, "This ascetic has gone and got the king on his side, he must be some friend of the royal family"; so he grew frightened and began to follow him, saying:

"I do not want to humble thee, I will not boast at all;
But you despise this snake too much, and pride may have a fall."

[194] Sudassana uttered two stanzas:

"I do not seek to humble thee, a Brahmin, or despise thy skill;
But wherefore thus cajole the crowd with harmless snakes that cannot kill?

If people knew your real worth as well as I can see it plain,—
Why talk of gold?—a little meal would be the limit of your gain."

Ālambāna grew angry and said:

"You mendicant in ass's skin, uncombed and squalid to the sight,
You dare to scorn this snake of mine, and say forsooth it cannot bite;

Come near and try what it can do,—learn by experience if you must;
I warrant you its harmless bite will make of you a heap of dust."

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza, mocking him:

"A rat or water-snake perchance may bite
And leave its poison if you anger it;
But your red-headed snake is harmless quite,
It will not bite, however much it spit."

Ālambāna replied in two stanzas:

"I have been told by holy saints who practised penance ceaselessly,—
Those who in this life give their alms will go to heaven when they die;

I counsel you to give at once if you have anything to give,—
This snake will turn you into dust,—you have but little time to live."

Sudassana said:

"I too have heard from holy saints, those who give alms will go to heaven;
Give you your alms while yet you may, if you have aught that can be given.

[195] This is no common snake of mine, she'll make you lower your boastful tone;
A daughter of the Nāga king, and a half-sister of my own,—
Accimukhī, her mouth shoots flames; her poison 's of the deadliest known."

Then he called to her in the middle of the crowd, "O Accimukhī, come out of my matted locks and stand on my hand"; and he put out his hand; and when she heard his voice she uttered a cry like a frog three times, while she was lying in his hair, and then came out and sat on his shoulder, and springing up dropped three drops of poison on the palm of his hand and then entered again into his matted locks. Sudassana stood holding the poison and exclaimed three times, "This country will be destroyed, this country will be wholly destroyed"; the sound filled all Benares with its extent of twelve leagues. The king asked what should destroy it. "O king, I see no place where I can drop this poison." "This earth is big enough, drop it there." "That is not possible," he answered, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should drop it on the ground, listen, O king, to me,—
The grass and creeping plants and herbs would parched and blasted be."

"Well then, throw it into the sky." "That also is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should do thy hest, O king, and throw it in the sky,
No rain nor snow will fall from heaven till seven long years roll by."

"Then throw it into the water." "That is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

[196] "If in the water it were dropped,—listen, O king, to me,—
Fishes and tortoises would die and all that lives i' the sea."

Then the king exclaimed, "I am utterly at a loss,—do you tell us some way to prevent the land being destroyed." "O king, cause three holes to be dug here in succession." The king did so. Sudassana filled the middle hole with drugs, the second with

cowdung, the third with heavenly medicines; then he let fall the drops of poison into the middle hole. A flame, which filled the hole with smoke, burst out; this spread and caught the hole with the cowdung, and then bursting out again it caught the hole filled with the heavenly plants and consumed them all, and then itself became extinguished. Ālambāyana was standing near that hole, and the heat of the poison smote him,—the colour of his skin at once vanished and he became a white leper. Filled with terror, he exclaimed three times, "I will set the snake-king free." On hearing him the Bodhisatta came out of the jewelled basket, and assuming a form radiant with all kinds of ornaments, he stood with all the glory of Indra. Sudassana also and Accimukhī stood by. Then Sudassana said to the king, "Dost thou not know whose children these are?" "I know not." "Thou dost not know us, but thou knowest that the king of Kāsi gave

his daughter Samuddajā to Dhataraṭṭha." "I know it well, for she was my youngest sister." "We are her sons, and you are our uncle." Then the king embraced them and kissed their heads and wept, and brought them up into the palace, and paid them great honour. While he was shewing all kindness to Bhūridatta he asked him how Ālambāna had caught him, when he possessed such a terrible poison. Sudassana related the whole story and then said, "O great monarch, a king ought to rule his kingdom in this way," and he taught his uncle the Law. Then he said, "O uncle, our mother is pining for want of seeing Bhūridatta, we cannot stay longer away from her." "It is right, you shall go; but I too want to see my sister; how can I see her?" "O uncle, where is our grandfather, the king of Kāsi?" [197] "He could not bear to live without my sister, so he left his kingdom and became an

ascetic, and is now dwelling in such and such a forest." "Uncle, my mother is longing to see you and my grandfather; we will take her and go to our grandfather's hermitage, and then you too will see him." So they fixed a day and departed from the palace; and the king, after parting with his sister's sons, returned weeping; and they sank into the earth and went to the Nāga-world [1].

VII.

When the Great Being thus came among them, the city became filled with one universal lamentation. He himself was tired out with his month's residence in the basket and took to a sick-bed; and there was no limit to the number of Nāgas who came to visit him, and he tired himself out, talking to them. In the meantime Kāṇāriṭṭha, who had gone to the world of the gods [2] and did not find the Great Being there, was the first to come back; so they made him the doorkeeper of the Great Being's sick residence, for they said that he was passionate and could keep away the crowd of Nāgas. Subhaga also, after searching all Himavat and after that the great ocean and the other rivers, came in the course of his wanderings to search the Yamunā. But when the outcast Brahmin saw that Ālambāna had become a leper, he thought to himself, "He has become a leper because he worried Bhūridatta; now I too, through lust of the jewel, betrayed him, although he had been my benefactor, to Ālambāna, and this crime will come upon me. Before it comes, I will go to the Yamunā and will wash away the guilt in the sacred bathing-place." So he went down into the water, saying that he would wash away the sin of his treachery. At that moment Subhaga came to the spot, and, hearing his words, said to himself, "This evil wretch for the sake of a gem-charm

betrayed my brother, who had given him such a means of enriching himself, to Ālambāna; I. will not spare his life." So, twisting his tail round his feet and dragging him into the water, he held him down; then when he was breathless he let him remain quiet a while, [198] and when the other lifted his head up he dragged him in again and held him down; this he repeated several times, until at last the outcast Brahmin lifted his head and said:

"I'm bathing at this sacred spot here in Payāga's holy flood;
My limbs are wet with sacred drops,—what cruel demon seeks my blood?"

Subhaga answered him in the following stanza:

"He who, men say, in ancient days to this proud Kāsi wrathful came,
And wrapped it round with his strong coils, that serpent-king of glorious fame,
His son am I, who hold thee now: Subhaga, Brahmin, is my name."

The Brahmin thought, "Bhūridatta's brother will not spare my life,—but what if I were to move him to tender-heartedness by reciting the praises of his father and mother, and then beg my life?" So he recited this stanza:

"Scion of Kāsi's [1] royal race divine,
Thy mother born from that illustrious line,
Thou wouldst not leave the meanest Brahmin's slave
To perish drowned beneath the ruthless wave."

[199] Subhaga thought, "This wicked Brahmin thinks to deceive me and persuade me to let him go, but I will not give him his life"; so he answered, reminding him of his old deeds:

"A thirsty deer approached to drink—from your tree-porch your shaft flew down:
In fear and pain your victim fled, spurred by an impulse not its own;

Deep in the wood you saw it fall and bore it on your carrying-pole
To where a banyan's shoots grew thick, clustering around the parent bole;

The parrots sported in the boughs, the kokil's song melodious rose,
Green spread the grassy sward below,—evening invited to repose;

But there your cruel eye perceived my brother, who the boughs among
In summer pomp of colour drest sported with his attendant throng.

He in his joyance harmed you not, but you in malice did him slay,
An innocent victim,—lo that crime comes back on your own head to-day,
I will not spare your life an hour,—my utmost vengeance you shall pay."

Then the Brahmin thought, "He will not give me my life, but I must try my best to escape"; so he uttered the following stanza:

"Study, the offering of prayers, libations in the sacred fire,
These three things make a Brahmin's life inviolate to mortal's ire."

[200] Subhaga, when he heard this, began to hesitate and he thought

to himself, "I will carry him to the Nāga-world and ask my brothers about this"; so he repeated two stanzas:

"Beneath the Yamunā's sacred stream, stretching to far Himālaya's feet,
Lies deep the Nāga capital where Dhataraṭṭha holds his seat;

There all my hero brethren dwell, to them will I refer thy plea,
And as their judgment shall decide, so shall thy final sentence be."

He then seized him by the neck, and, shaking him with loud abuse and revilings, carried him to the gate of the Great Being's

palace [1].

VIII.

Kāṇāriṭṭha who had become the doorkeeper was sitting there, and when he saw that the other was being dragged along so roughly he went to meet them, and said, "Subhaga, do not hurt him; all Brahmins are the sons of the great spirit Brahman; if he learned that we were hurting his son he would be angry and would destroy all our Nāga-world. In the world Brahmins rank as the highest and possess great dignity; thou dost not know what their dignity is, but I do." For they say that Kāṇāriṭṭha in the birth immediately preceding this had been born as a sacrificing Brahmin, and therefore he spoke so positively. Moreover being skilled in sacrificial lore from his former experiences, he said to Subhaga and the Nāga assembly, "Come, I will describe to you the character of sacrificial Brahmins," and he went on as follows:

"The Veda and the sacrifice, things of high worth and dignity,
Belong to Brahmins as their right, however worthless they may be;

Great honour is their privilege and he who flouts them in his scorn,
Loses his wealth and breaks the law, and lives guilt-burdened and forlorn."

[201] Then Kāṇāriṭṭha asked Subhaga if he knew who had made the world; and when he confessed his ignorance, he told this stanza to shew that it was created by Brahman the grandfather of the Brahmins:

"Brahmins he made for study; for command
He made the Khattiyas; Vessas plough the land;
Suddas he servants made to obey the rest;
Thus from the first went forth the Lord's behest."

Then he said, "These Brahmins have great powers, and he who conciliates them and gives them gifts is not fated to enter any new birth, but goes at once to the world of the gods "; and he repeated these stanzas:

"Kuvera, Soma, Varuṇa, of old,
Dhātā, Vidhātā, and the Sun and Moon,
Offered their sacrifices manifold,
And to their Brahmin priests gave every boon.

The giant Ajjun too who wrought such woe,
Round whose huge bulk a thousand arms once grew,
Each several pair with its own threatening bow,
Heaped on the sacred flame the offerings due."

[202] Then he went on describing the glory of the Brahmins and how the best gifts are to be given to them.

"That ancient king who feasted them so well
Became at last a god, old stories tell.
King Mujalinda long the fire adored,
Glutting its thirst with all the ghee he poured;
And at the last the earned reward it brought,
He found the pathway to the heaven he sought."

He also repeated these stanzas to illustrate this lesson:

[203] "Dujīpa lived a thousand years in all,
Chariots and hosts unnumbered at his call;

But an ascetic's life was his at last,
And from his hermitage to heaven he past.

Sāgara all the earth in triumph crost,
And raised a golden sacrificial post;

None worshipped fire more zealously than he,
And he too rose to be a deity.

The milk and curds which Aṅga, Kāsi's lord,
In his long offerings so profusely poured,

Swelled Gaṅgā to an ocean by their flood,
Until at last in Sakka's courts he stood.

Great Sakka's general on the heavenly plain,
By soma-offerings did the honour gain;

[204] He who now marshals the immortal powers
Rose from a mortal sin-stained lot like ours.

Brahma the great Creator, he who made
The mountains landmarks in his altar yard,

Whose hest the Ganges in its path obeyed,
By sacrifice attained his great reward."

Then he said to him, "Brother, know you how this sea became salt and undrinkable?" "I know not, Ariṭṭha." "You only know how to injure Brahmins,—listen to me." Then he repeated a stanza:

"A hermit student, versed in prayer and spell,
Once stood upon the shore, as I've heard tell;
[205] He touched the sea,—it forthwith swallowed him,
And since that day has been undrinkable."

"These Brahmins are all like this"; and he uttered another stanza:

"When Sakka first attained his royal throne,
His special favour upon Brahmins shone;
East, west, north, south, they made their ritual known,
And found at last a Veda of their own."

Thus Ariṭṭha described the Brahmins and their sacrifices and Vedas.

When they heard his words, many Nāgas came to visit the Bodhisatta's sick-bed, and they said to one another, "He is telling a legend of the past,"

and they seemed to be in danger of accepting false doctrine. Now the Bodhisatta heard it all as he lay in his bed, and the Nāgas told him about it; then the Bodhisatta reflected, "Ariṭṭha is telling a false legend,—I will interrupt his discourse, and put true views into the assembly." So he rose and bathed, and put on all his ornaments, and sat down in the pulpit and gathered all the Nāga multitude together. Then he sent for Ariṭṭha and said to him, "Ariṭṭha, you have spoken falsely when you describe the Brahmins and the Vedas, for the sacrifice of victims by all these ceremonies of the Vedas is not held to be desirable and it does not lead to heaven,—see what unreality there is in your words"; so he repeated these gāthās describing the various kinds of sacrifice:

[206] "These Veda studies are the wise man's toils,
The lure which tempts the victims whom he spoils;

A mirage formed to catch the careless eye,
But which the prudent passes safely by.

The Vedas have no hidden power to save
The traitor or the coward or the knave;

The fire, though tended well for long years past,
Leaves his base master without hope at last.

Though all earth's trees in one vast heap were piled
To satisfy the fire's insatiate child,

Still would it crave for more, insatiate still,—
How could a Nāga hope that maw to fill?

Milk ever changes,—thus where milk has been
Butter and curds in natural course are seen;

And the same thirst for change pervades the fire,
Once stirred to life it mounts still higher and higher.

Fire bursts not forth in wood that 's dry or new,
Fire needs an effort ere it leaps to view;

If dry fresh timber of itself could burn,
Spontaneous would each forest blaze in turn.

If he wins merit who to feed the flame
Piles wood and straw, the merit is the same

When cooks light fires or blacksmiths at their trade
Or those who burn the corpses of the dead.

[207] But none, however zealously he prays
Or heaps the fuel round to feed the blaze,

Gains any merit by his mummeries,—
The fire for all its crest of smoke soon dies.

Were Fire the honoured being that you think,
Would it thus dwell with refuse and with stink,

Feeding on carrion with a foul delight,
Where men in horror hasten from the sight?

Some worship as a god the crested flame,
Barbarians give to water that high name;

But both alike have wandered from their road:
Neither is worthy to be called a god.

To worship fire, the common drudge of all,

Senseless and blind and deaf to every call,

And then one's self to live a life of sin,—
How could one dream that this a heaven could win?

These Brahmins all a livelihood require,
And so they tell us Brahma worships fire;

Why should the increate who all things planned
Worship himself the creature of his hand?

Doctrines and rules of their own, absurd and vain,
Our sires imagined wealth and power to gain;

"Brahmins he made for study, for command
He made the Khattiyas; Vessas plough the land;

Suddas he servants made to obey the rest;
Thus from the first went forth his high behest [1]."

[208] We see these rules enforced before our eyes,
None but the Brahmins offer sacrifice,

None but the Khattiya exercises sway,
The Vessas plough, the Suddas must obey.

These greedy liars propagate deceit,
And fools believe the fictions they repeat;

He who has eyes can see the sickening sight;
Why does not Brahma set his creatures right?

If his wide power no limits can restrain,
Why is his hand so rarely spread to bless?

Why are his creatures all condemned to pain?
Why does he not to all give happiness?

Why do fraud, lies, and ignorance prevail?
Why triumphs falsehood,—truth and justice fail?

I count your Brahma one th’ injust among,
Who made a world in which to shelter wrong.

Those men are counted pure who only kill
Frogs, worms, bees, snakes or insects as they will,—

These are your savage customs which I hate,—
Such as Kamboja [2] hordes might emulate.

[210] If he who kills is counted innocent
And if the victim safe to heaven is sent,

[211] Let Brahmins Brahmins kill—so all were well—
And those who listen to the words they tell.

We see no cattle asking to be slain
That they a new and better life may gain,—

Rather they go unwilling to their death
And in vain struggles yield their latest breath.

To veil the post, the victim and the blow
The Brahmins let their choicest rhetoric flow;

"The post shall as a cow of plenty be
Securing all thy heart's desires to thee";

But if the wood thus round the victim spread
Had been as full of treasure as they said,

As full of silver, gold and gems for us,

With heaven's unknown delights as overplus,

They would have offered for themselves alone
And kept the rich reversion as their own.

These cruel cheats, as ignorant as vile,
Weave their long frauds the simple to beguile,

"Offer thy wealth, cut nails and beard and hair,
And thou shalt have thy bosom's fondest prayer."

The offerer, simple to their hearts' content,
Comes with his purse, they gather round him fast,

Like crows around an owl, on mischief bent,
[212] And leave him bankrupt and stripped bare at last,

The solid coin which he erewhile possessed,
Exchanged for promises which none can test.

Like grasping strangers [1] sent by those who reign
The cultivators' earnings to distrain,

These rob where’er they prowl with evil eye,—
No law condemns them, yet they ought to die.

The priests a shoot of Butea must hold
As part o’ the rite sacred from days of old;

Indra's right arm ’tis called; but were it so,
Would Indra triumph o’er his demon foe?

Indra's own arm can give him better aid,
’Twas no vain sham which made hell's hosts afraid.

"Each mountain-range which now some kingdom guards
Was once a heap in ancient altar-yards,

And pious worshippers with patient hands
Piled up the mound at some great lord's commands."

So Brahmins say,—fie on the idle boast,
Mountains are heaved aloft at other cost;

And the brick mound, search as you may, contains
No veins of iron for tile miner's pains.

[213] A holy seer well known in ancient days,
On the seashore was praying, legend says;

There was he drowned and since this fate befell
The ocean's waves have been undrinkable.

Rivers have drowned their learned men at will
By hundreds and have kept their waters still;

Their streams flow on and never taste the worse,
Why should the sea alone incur the curse?

And the salt-streams which run upon the land
Spring from no curse but own the digger's hand.

At first there were no women and no men;
'Twas mind first brought mankind to light,—and then,

Though they all started equal in the race,
[2]Their various failures made them soon change place;

It was no lack of merit in the past,
But present faults which made them first or last.

A clever low-caste lad would use his wit,

And read the hymns nor find his head-piece split;

The Brahmins made the Vedas to their cost
When others gained the knowledge which they lost.

Thus sentences are made and learned by rote
In metric forms not easily forgot,—

The obscurity but tempts the foolish mind,
They swallow all they're told with impulse blind.

Brahmins are not like violent beasts of prey,
No tigers, lions of the woods are they;

They are to cows and oxen near akin,
Differing outside they are as dull within.

[214] If the victorious king would cease to fight
And live in peace with his friends and follow right,

Conquering those passions which his bosom rend,
What happy lives would all his subjects spend!

The Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,
Both arbitrary and delusive be,

They blindly grope their way along a road
By some huge inundation overflowed.

In Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,
One secret meaning we alike can see;

For after all, loss, gain and glory, and shame
Touch the four castes alike, to all the same.

As householders to gain a livelihood
Count all pursuits legitimate and good,

So Brahmins now in our degenerate day
Will gain a livelihood in any way.

The householder is led by love of gain,
Blindly he follows, dragged in pleasure's train,

Trying all trades, deceitful and a fool,
Fallen alas! how far from wisdom's rule."

[217] The Great Being, having thus confuted their arguments, established his own doctrine, and when they heard his exposition the assembly of Nāgas was filled with joy. The Great Being delivered the outcast Brahmin from the Nāga-world and did not wound him with a single contemptuous speech. Sāgara-brahmadatta also did not let the appointed day pass, but went with his complete army to his father's dwelling-place. The Great Being also, having proclaimed by beat of drum that he would visit his maternal uncle and grandfather, crossed over from the Yamunā and went first to that hermitage with great pomp and magnificence, and his remaining brothers and his father and mother came afterwards. At that moment Sāgara-brahmadatta, not recognising the Great Being, as he approached with his great retinue, asked his father [1]:

"Whose drums are these?. whose tabours, conchs, and what those instruments, whose voice

Swells with deep concert through the air and makes the monarch's heart rejoice?

Who is this youth who marches there, with quiver and with bow arrayed,

Wearing a golden coronet that shines like lightning round his head?

Who is it that approaches there, whose youthful countenance shines bright,
Like an acacia brand which glows in a smith's forge with steady light?

[218] Whose bright umbrella, golden-hued, o'erpowers the sun in noonday's pride,
While deftly hangs a fly-flapper ready for action by his side?

See peacocks' tails on golden sticks wave by his face with colours blent [1],
While his bright ear-rings deck his brow as lightning wreaths the firmament.

What hero owns that long large eye, that tuft of wool between the brows,
Those teeth as white as buds or shells, their line so faultless and so even,
Those lac-dyed hands, those bimba lips,—he shines forth like the sun in heaven;

Like some tall sāl-tree full of bloom, upon a mountain peak alone,
Indra in his triumphant dress with every demon foe o'erthrown.

Who is it bursts upon our view, drawing from out its sheath his brand,
Its jewelled handle and rich work radiant with splendour in his hand,

Who now takes off his golden shoes, richly inwrought with varied thread,
And, bending with obeisance low, pours honour on the Sage's head?"

[219] Being thus asked by his son Sāgara-brahmadatta, the ascetic, possessed of transcendent knowledge and supernatural power, replied, "O my son, these are the sons of King Dhataraṭṭha, the Nāga sons of thy sister"; and he repeated this gāthā:

"These are all Dhataraṭṭha's sons glorious in power and great in fame,—

They all revere Samuddajā and her as common mother claim."

While they were thus talking, the host of Nāgas came up and saluted the ascetic's feet and then sat down on one side. Samuddajā also saluted her father, and then after weeping returned with the Nāgas to the Nāga-world. Sāgara-brahmadatta stayed there for a few days and then went to Benares, and

Samuddajā died in the Nāga-world. The Bodhisatta, having kept the precepts all his life and performed all the duties of the fast-day, at the end of his life went with the host of Nāgas to fill the seats of heaven.

After the lesson the Teacher exclaimed, "Thus pious disciples, wise men of former times before the Buddha was born, gave up the glory of the Nāga state and rigorously fulfilled the duties of the fast-day"; and he then identified the birth: "At that time the family of the great King were my father and mother, Devadatta was the outcast Brahmin, Ānanda was Somadatta, Uppalavaṇṇā was Accimukhī, Sāripputta was Sudassana, Moggallāna was Subhaga, Sunakkhatta was Kāṇāriṭṭha, and I myself was Bhūridatta."

Footnotes

83:1 The Nāga king.

85:1 Varuṇa is called a Nāga rāja in Lalita Vistara, p. 249, 13. These lines seem to be a quotation from another poem.

85:2 Names of Nāga tribes.

86:1 "Nagara-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitam."

87:1 I read this by conjecture for Virukkha.

88:1 In I. 390[12] we read *caturaṅgasamānnāgataṁ brahmacariyavāsaṁ vasiṁ,* which by the light of II. 190 ff. we may interpret "free from jealousy, drunkenness, desire, and wrath." (But compare *Maj. Nik.* I. 77.) I do not find it however in

connexion with the Uposatha vow; although eight divisions of this are recognised in IV. 318[6], trans. p. 200. The *Catuposatha Jātaka,* No. 441, would have thrown light on this subject; but its name only is mentioned in its proper place, a reference being given to another which has not been identified.

88:2 "Uposatha-khaṇḍaṁ niṭṭhitaṁ."

88:3 He is called later on Alambāyana, see p. 95.

91:1 The four lokapālas.

91:2 Sakka's heaven.

92:1 "Vanappavesana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitaṁ."

93:1 *Jāt.* 518, Vol. V. p. 43 (trans.).

93:2 B[d] *samūlo,* "roots and all," which suits the context better.

94:1 Or perhaps "causing bringing its splendour amongst them."

96:1 Cf. Hitopad. IV., story 8.

97:1 "Sīla-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitaṁ."

97:2 Would their full gaze have made the offender blind?

98:1 B[s]. *vappito,* from *vappo?* The text reads *vippito.*

98:2 Through the guilt which he would incur through eating.

98:3 Kīḷana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitaṁ.

101:1 See *supra,* p. 85.

101:2 See p. 87.

101:3 I read *osapissanti* (*√avaçap*).

102:1 Read *maṭṭasātakaṁ,* cf. p. 34, l. 23, text.

105:1 Nāgara-pavesana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitaṁ.

105:2 Cf. p. 100.

106:1 The text reads *Kaṁsassa,* "another name for the king of Kāsi" (Schol.).

107:1 "Mahāsattassa pārīyesana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitaṁ."

110:1 See p. 106.

110:2 The Kambojas were a north-western tribe who were supposed to have lost their original Aryan customs and to have become barbarous, see *Manu,* X. 44.

111:1 *A-kāsiyā.*

111:2 *Vossaggavibhaṅgam* may mean "difference of occupation."

112:1 See V. p. 322[4].

113:1 Does this refer to his whiskers? or is it to be taken literally?

No. 544.

MAHĀNĀRADAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA.

"There was a king of the Videhas," etc. This story was told by the Master, while dwelling in the Laṭṭhivana pleasure garden, in relation to the conversion of Uruvela-Kassapa. Now the Teacher by whom the glorious reign of law was begun, [220] after converting the ascetics Uruvela-Kassapa and the rest, came to the pleasure garden of Laṭṭhivana, surrounded by the thousand bhikkhus who had before been ascetics, in order to persuade the King of Magadha to give his promise [1]; and at that time, when the Magadha king, who had come with an attending company of twelve myriads, had seated himself after saluting the Buddha, a dispute arose among the Brahmans and householders of his train, "Has Uruvela-Kassapa placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the great Samana, or has the great Samana placed himself under the spiritual guidance of Uruvela-Kassapa?" Then the Blessed One thought to himself, "I will shew them that Kassapa has placed himself under my spiritual guidance," and he uttered this stanza:

"What was it that you saw, O inhabitant of Uruvelā, that you, renowned for your asceticism [2], abandoned your sacred fire? I ask you, Kassapa, this question,—how is it that your fire sacrifice has been deserted?"

Then the elder, Who understood the Buddha's purport, replied in this stanza:

"The sacrifices only speak of forms and sounds and tastes, and sensual pleasures and women; and knowing that all these things, being found in the elements of material existence, are filth, I took no more delight in sacrifices or offerings."

And in order to shew that he was a disciple, he laid his head upon the Buddha's feet and said, "The Blessed One is my teacher, and I am his disciple." So saying he rose into the air seven times, to the height of a palm tree, two palm trees, and so on to seven palm trees, and then having come down and saluted the Blessed One, he sat down on one side. The great multitude when they saw that miracle uttered the glories of the Teacher, saying, "O great is the power of Buddha; though filled with such a firm conviction of his own, and though he believed himself to be a saint, Uruvela-Kassapa burst the bonds of error and was converted by the Tathāgata." The Teacher said, "It is not wonderful that I who have now attained omniscience should have converted him; in olden time when I was the Brahma named Nārada and still subject to passion, I burst this man's bonds of error and made him humble"; and so saying he told the following, at the request of the audience:

In the olden time at Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha there ruled a just king of righteousness named Aṅgati. Now in the womb of his chief queen there was conceived a fair and gracious daughter, named Rujā,

possessing great merit, and one who had offered prayer for a hundred thousand ages. All his other sixteen thousand wives were barren. This daughter became very dear and engaging to him. Every day he used to send her five and twenty baskets full of various flowers and delicate raiment, bidding her adorn

herself with them; [221] and he used to send her a thousand pieces, bidding her give away alms every fortnight as there was abundance of food and drink. Now he had three ministers, Vijaya, Sunāma and Alāta; and one day when the feast came round on the full moon of the fourth month, and the city and the palace were adorned like the city of the gods, having properly bathed and anointed himself and put on all sorts of ornaments, as he stood with his ministers on a terrace at an open window and saw the round moon mounting up into the clear sky, he asked his ministers, "Pleasant indeed is this clear night,—with what amusement shall we divert ourselves?"

The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"There was a Khattiya king of the Videhas named Aṅgati, possessing many carriages, wealthy and with an innumerable army. One day on the fifteenth night of the fortnight, ere the first watch was over, on the full moon of the fourth month of the rains, he gathered his ministers together,—Vijaya, and Sunāma, and the general Alātaka, all wise, fathers of sons, wearing a smile, and full of experience. The Videha king questioned them, "Let each of you utter his wish, this is the full moon of the fourth month, it is moonlight without any darkness; with what diversion to-night shall we pass the time away?"

Thus asked by the king, each spoke in accordance with the desire of his heart.

The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"Then the general Alāta thus spoke to the king: "Let us gather a gay gallant army together; [222] let us go forth to battle, with a countless host of men; let us bring under thy power those who have kept themselves independent; this is my opinion, let us conquer what is still unconquered." Hearing the words of Alāta, Sunāma spoke thus, "All your enemies, O king, are met together here,—they have laid aside their

strength and behave themselves with submission; to-day is the chief festival; war pleases me not. Let them forthwith bring to us meat and drink and all kinds of food: O king, enjoy thy pleasure in dance and song and music." Hearing the words of Sunāma, Vijaya spoke thus, "All pleasures, O great king, are always ready at thy side; these are not hard to find, so as to rejoice in all thy desires: but even if they are always attained, this resolution is riot approved by me. Let us wait on some Samana or Brahmin learned in sacred lore, one who versed in the text and its meaning may remove our doubt to-day as to the object of our desire [1]." Having heard the words of Vijaya, the king Aṅgati said, "This saying of Vijaya is what pleases me also. Let us wait on some Samana or Brahmin learned in sacred lore, one who versed in the sacred text and its meaning may remove our doubt to-day as to the object of our desire. Do ye all carry out this resolution; on what teacher shall we wait? Who, to-day, versed in the sacred text and its meaning, will remove our doubt as to the object of our desire?" Having heard the words of Videha, Alāta replied, "There is yonder naked ascetic in the deer-park, approved by all as wise, Guṇa, of the Kassapa family, famous, a man of varied discourse, and with a large following of disciples; wait on him, O king, he will remove our

doubt." Having heard the words of Alāta, the king commanded his charioteer, "We will go to the deer-park, bring hither the chariot yoked."

[223] Then they yoked his chariot made of ivory and with silver decorations, having its equipage all bright and clean, white and spotless like a clear night [1] in its appearance. Four Sindh horses were yoked therein, white as lilies, swift as the wind, well-trained, wearing golden wreaths,—white the umbrella, white the car, white the horses and white the fan. The Videha king as he set out with his counsellors shone like the moon. Many wise and strong men armed with spears and swords, mounted on horses, followed the king of heroes. Having traversed the distance, as it were, in a moment, and alighted from the chariot, the Videha with his ministers approached Guṇa on foot;

and even the Brahmins and wealthy men who were already gathered at the place the king did not order to be removed, though they left him no room."

[224] Surrounded by that mixed assembly the king sat on one side and made his greeting.

The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"Then the king sat down on one side on a soft mattress, covered with soft variegated squirrel-skins and with a soft cushion put over them. The king, being seated, addressed him with the compliments of friendship and civility, "Are your bodily needs provided for? are your vital airs not wasted? is your mode of life comfortable? do you get your due supply of alms? are your movements unimpeded? is your sight unimpaired?" Guṇa courteously answered the Videha who was so attentive to his duties, "All my wants are provided for, and those two last-mentioned points are as I would wish them. You too,—are your neighbours not too strong for you? have you such good health as you need? does your chariot carry you well? have you none of the sicknesses which afflict the body?" The king, seeking to know the law, having received this kindly greeting, next proceeded to ask him concerning the meaning and text of the law and the rules of right conduct. "How, O Kassapa, should a mortal fulfil the law towards his parents, how towards his teacher, and how towards his wife and children? how should he behave towards the aged, how towards Samanas and Brahmins, how should he deal with his army, how with the people in the country? How should he practise the law and so eventually attain to heaven? and how do some on account of unrighteousness fall down into hell?"

[225] Through the lack of some one who was preeminent among omniscient buddhas, paccekabuddhas, buddhist disciples, or sages, the king asked his successive royal questions well deserving to be asked, of a poor naked mendicant who knew nothing and was as blind as a child; and he, being thus asked, giving no proper answer to the question but seizing the opportunity with a "Hear, O king," declared his own false

doctrine, like one who strikes an ox when it is going along or throws refuse into another's food- vessel.

The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"Having heard the Videha king's words, Kassapa thus replied: "Hear, O king, a true unerring utterance. There is no fruit, good or evil, in following the law; there is no other world, O king,—who has ever come back hither from thence? There are no ancestors,—how can there be father or mother? There is no teacher,—who will tame what cannot be tamed? All beings are equal and alike, there are none who should receive or pay honour; there is no such thing as strength or courage,—how can there be vigour or heroism?

All beings are predestined, just as the stern-rope must follow the ship. Every mortal gets what he is to get, what then is the use of giving? There is no use, O king, in giving, —the giver is helpless and weak; gifts are enjoined by fools and accepted by the wise; weak fools who think themselves wise give to the prudent."

[226] Having thus described the uselessness of giving, he went on to describe the powerlessness of sin to produce consequences hereafter:

"There are seven aggregates indestructible and uninjuring,—fire, earth, water, air, pleasure, and pain, and the soul; of these seven there is none that can destroy or divide, nor are they ever to be destroyed; weapons pass harmless amongst these aggregates. He who carries off another's head with a sharp sword does not divide these aggregates: how then should there be any consequence from evil doing? All beings become pure by passing through eighty-four great aeons; till that period arrives not even the self-restrained becomes pure. Till that period arrives, however much they have followed virtue, they do not become pure, and even if they commit many sins they do not go beyond that limit. One by one we are purified through the

eighty-four great æons: we cannot go beyond our destiny any more than the sea beyond its shore.'"

[227] Thus did the advocate of annihilation enforce his own doctrine by his vehemence without appealing to any precedent [1]:

"Having heard Kassapa's words, Alāta thus replied: "What you say approves itself also to me. I too remember having gone through a former birth. I was a cow-killing huntsman named Piṅgala in a city. Many a sin did I commit in wealthy Benares,—many living creatures I slew, buffaloes, hogs, and goats. Passing from that birth, I was then born in the prosperous family of a general; verily there are no evil consequences for sin, I did not have to go to hell."

Now there happened to be a slave clothed in rags, named Bījaka, who was keeping the fast, and who had come to listen to Guṇa; when he heard Kassapa's words and Alāta's reply, he drew many a hot sigh and burst into tears. The Videha king asked him, "Why dost thou weep? what hast thou seen or heard? why dost thou shew me thy pain?"

[228] Bījaka replied, "I have no pain to vex me: listen to me, O king. I too remember my former birth, a happy one; I was one Bhavaseṭṭhi in the city of Sāketa, devoted to virtue, pure, given to alms, and esteemed by Brahmins. and rich men; and I remember no single evil deed that I committed. But when I passed from that life I was conceived in the womb of a poor prostitute, and was born to a miserable life. But miserable as I am I keep my tranquil mind, and I give the half of my food to whosoever desires it. I fast every fourteenth and fifteenth day, and I never hurt living creatures, and I abstain from theft. But all the good deeds which I do produce no fruit; as Alāta says, I think that virtue is useless. I lose my game in life as an unskilful dice-player; Alāta wins as he has done, just like a skilled player; I see no door by which I may go to heaven; it is for this that I weep when I heard what Kassapa said."

[229] Having heard Bījaka's words, King Aṅgati said, "There is no door to heaven: only wait on destiny. Whether thy lot be happiness or misery, it is only gained through destiny: all will at last reach deliverance from transmigration; be not eager for the future. I too have been fortunate in former births and devoted to Brahmins and rich men, but while I was busy administering the laws I myself had meanwhile no enjoyment."

Thus having spoken he took his leave: "O venerable Kassapa, all this long time I have been heedless, but now at last I have found a teacher,

and from henceforth, following your teaching, I will take my delight only in pleasure, and not even hearing discourses on virtue shall hinder me. Stay where you are, I will now depart; we may yet see one another again and meet hereafter."

So saying the King of Videha went to his home.

[230] When the king first visited Guṇa he saluted him respectfully and then asked his question; but when he went away, he went without any salutation: because Guṇa was untrue to his name, through his own unworthiness [1], he received no salutation, still less did he get alms. So after the night was passed and the next day had come, the king gathered his ministers together and said to them, "Prepare all the elements of enjoyment, henceforth I will only follow the pursuit of pleasure, no other business is to be mentioned before me, let such and such a one carry on the administration of justice," and he gave himself up accordingly to enjoyment.

The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"When the night turned to day Aṅgati summoned his ministers into his presence and thus addressed them: "In the Candaka palace let them always provide pleasures ready for me, let no one come with messages concerning public or secret matters. Let Vijaya, Sunāma, and the general Alātaka, all three well skilled in law, sit in judgment on these matters." So the king, having said this, thought only of pleasure and busied himself no more in the company of Brahmins and wealthy men.

Then on the fourteenth night the dear daughter of the king, named Rujā, said to her nurse-mother, "Adorn me quickly with my jewels, let my female companions wait on me; to-morrow is the sacred fifteenth day, I will go into the royal presence." They brought her a garland and precious sandal wood, gems, shells, pearls, and precious things and garments of various dyes; and her many attendants, surrounding her as she sat on a golden chair, adorned her, shining in her beauty.

[231] Then in the midst of her train, blazing with all kinds of ornaments, Rujā entered the palace Candaka as lightning enters a cloud. Having drawn near the king and saluted him, with all due respect [2], she sat down on one side on a chair inlaid with gold.

[232] The king, when he beheld her surrounded by her train as if a company of heavenly nymphs had visited him, thus addressed her: "Do you enjoy yourself in the tank within the precincts of the palace? do they always bring you all sorts of delicate food? Do you and your maidens gather all kinds of garlands and build bowers for yourselves continually, intent upon sport? Is anything wanting to you? Let them bring it forthwith,—ask what you will, impetuous [3] one, even though it be as hard to get as the moon."

Hearing his words Rujā answered her father:

"O king, in my lord's presence every desire of mine is gained. To-morrow is the sacred fifteenth day,—let them bring me a thousand pieces, that I may give it all as a gift to the mendicants."

Hearing Rujā's words King Aṅgati replied:

"Much wealth has been wasted by you idly and without fruit. You keep the fast-days and neither eat nor drink; this idea of the duty of fasting comes from destiny,—there is no merit because you abstain. [233] [1] While you live with us, Rujā, put not food away; there is no other world than this,—why vex thyself for nought?"

Then Rujā bright in her beauty, when she heard his words, thus answered him, knowing as she did the past and the future law: "I have heard in time past and I have

seen it with mine own eyes,—he who follows children becomes himself a child. The fool who associates with fools plunges deep into folly. It is fitting for Alāta and Bījaka to be deceived; [234] but thou art a king full of learning, wise and skilled in the conduct of affairs; how hast thou fallen into such a low theory, worthy of children? If a man is purified by the mere course of existence, then Guṇa's own asceticism is useless; like a moth flying into the lighted candle, the idiot has adopted a naked mendicant's life. Having accepted the idea that all will at last be purified through transmigration, in their great ignorance many corrupt their actions; and being fast caught in the effects of former sins they find it hard to escape, as the fish from the hook.

I will tell thee a parable, O king, for thy case; the wise sometimes learn the truth by a parable. As the ship of the merchants, heavy through taking in too large a cargo, sinks overladen into the sea, so a man, accumulating sin little by little, sinks overladen into hell. Alāta's present cargo, O king, is not what he is collecting now; for that which he is now taking on board he will hereafter sink to hell. Formerly Alāta's deeds were righteous, and it is as their result that he enjoys this prosperity. That merit of his is being spent, for he is all intent upon vice; having forsaken the straight road, he is running headlong in a crooked path.

[235] As the balance properly hung in the weighing-house [2] causes the end to swing up when the weight is put in, so does a man cause his fate at last to rise if he gathers together every piece of merit little by little, like that slave Bījaka intent on merit and thinking too much of heaven.

In the sorrow which the slave Bījaka now suffers he receives the fruit of sins which he formerly committed. That sin is melting away since he is devoted to moral virtue, but let him not enter into Kassapa's devious paths."

Then she proceeded to shew the evil of practising sin and the good results of following worthy friends [3]:

"Whatever friend a king honours, whether he be good or evil, devoted to vice or to virtue, the king falls into his power. As is the friend whom he chooses for himself and follows, such he himself becomes,—such is the power of intimacy. [236] One in constant intercourse affects his fellow, a close comrade his associate, just as a poisoned arrow defiles a pure quiver. Let not the wise become the friend of the wicked for fear of contamination. If a man ties up stinking fish with a band of kusa grass, the grass will acquire a putrid smell, so is intimacy with a fool; but if a man binds up myrrh in a common leaf, it will acquire a pleasant odour, so is intimacy with the wise.

Therefore, knowing the maturity of his own actions like the ripeness of a basket of fruit, let not the wise man follow the wicked but follow the good, for the wicked lead to hell, while the good bring us to heaven."

The princess, having discoursed on righteousness in these six stanzas, declared the sorrows which she had undergone in her past births:

"I too remember seven births which I have experienced, and when I go from my present life I shall yet pass through seven future ones. My seventh former birth, O king, was as the son of a smith in the city Rājagaha in Magadha. I had an evil companion and I committed much evil; we went about corrupting other men's wives as if we had been immortal. Those actions remained laid up like fire covered with ashes. By the effect of other actions I was born in the land of Vaṁsa [237] in a merchant's family in Kosambī, great and prosperous and wealthy: I was an only son, continually fostered and honoured. There I followed a friend who was devoted to good works, wise and full of sacred learning, and he grounded me in what was good. I fasted through many a fourteenth and fifteenth night; and that action remained laid up like a treasure in water. But the fruit of the evil deeds which I had done in Magadha came round to me at last like a noxious poison. I passed from thence for a long time, O king, into the Roruva hell, I endured the effects of my own works; when I remember it grieves me still. After spending there a wretched time through a long series of years, I became a castrated goat in Bheṇṇākaṭa. [238] I carried the sons of the wealthy on my back and in a carriage; it was the fated consequence of my going after other men's wives.

After that I was born in the womb of a monkey in a forest; and on the day of my birth they shewed me to the leader of the herd, who exclaimed, "Bring my son to me," and violently seized my testicles with his teeth and bit them off in spite of my cries." She explained this in verse.

"Passing from this birth, O king, I was born as a monkey in a great forest; I was mutilated by the fierce leader of the herd: this was the fated consequence of my going after other men's wives."

Then she went on to describe the other births:

I was next born, O king, as an ox among the Dasaṇṇas, castrated but swift and fair to look at, and I long drew a carriage: this was the fatal consequence of my going after other men's wives. When I passed from that birth I was born in a family among the Vajjī people [1] but I was neither man nor woman, for it is a very hard thing to attain the being born as a man;—this was the fatal consequence of my going after other men's wives. Next, O king, I was born in the Nandana wood,—a nymph of a lovely complexion in the heaven of the Thirty-three, dressed in garments and ornaments of various hues and wearing jewelled earrings, skilled in dance and song, an attendant in Sakka's court. While I stayed there I remembered all these births and also the seven future births which I shall experience when I go from hence. The good which I did in Kosambī has come round in its turn, and when I pass from this birth I shall be born only among gods or men. For seven births, O king, I shall be honoured and worshipped, but till the sixth is past I shall not be free from my female sex. [239] But there is my seventh birth, O king,—a prosperous son of the gods, I shall be born at last as a male deity in a divine body. Even to-day they are gathering garlands from the heavenly tree in Nandana, and there is a son of the gods, named Java, who is seeking a garland for me. These sixteen years of my present life are only as one moment in heaven —a hundred mortal autumns are only as one heavenly day and night. Thus do our actions follow us even through countless births, bringing good or evil,—no action is ever lost."

[240] Then she declared the supreme Law:

"He who desires to rise continually from birth to birth, let him avoid another's wife as a man with washed feet the mire. He who desires to rise continually from birth to birth, let him worship the Lord as his attendants worship Indra. He who wishes for heavenly enjoyments, a heavenly life, glory, and happiness, let him avoid sins and follow the

threefold law. Watchful and wise in body, word and thought, he follows his own highest good, be he born as a woman or a man. Whosoever are born glorious in the world and nursed in all

pleasures, without doubt in former time they had lived a virtuous life; all beings separately abide by their own deserts. Dost thou thyself think, O king, what caused thee to own these wives of thine like heavenly nymphs, beautifully adorned and dressed with golden nets?"

[241] Thus she counselled her father. The Teacher thus explained the matter:

"Thus did the maiden Rujā please her father, she taught the bewildered one the true road, and devoutly declared to him the law."

Having proclaimed the law to her father all night from early morning, she said to him, "O king, listen not to the words of a naked heretic, but receive the words of some good friend [1] like me, who tells thee that there is this world and there is another world, and that there are fated consequences to every good or evil action,—rush not on by a wrong road." Still she was not able to deliver her father from his false doctrine: he was only pleased when he heard her sweet words, for all parents naturally love their dear children's speech, but they do not give up their old opinions. So too there arose a stir in the city, "The king's daughter Rujā is trying to drive away heretical views by teaching the law," and the multitude were well-pleased, "The wise princess will set him free from false teaching today and will inaugurate prosperity for the citizens." But though she could not make her father understand she did not lose heart, but resolving

that by some means or other she would bring her father true happiness, she placed her joined hands on her head and after having made her obeisance in the ten directions, she offered worship, saying, "In this world there are righteous Samanas and Brahmins who support the world, there are the presiding deities, there are the great Brahma deities,—let them come and cause my father to give up his heresy; [242] and if they have no power in themselves, then let them come by my power and virtue and drive away this heresy and bring about the welfare of the whole world." Now the Great Brahma of that time was a Bodhisatta named Nārada; and the Bodhisattas in their mercy, compassion, and sovereignty, cast their eyes over the world from time to time to behold the righteous and the wicked beings. As he was that day looking over the world he saw the princess worshipping the presiding deities in her desire to deliver her father from heresy, and he thought to himself, "Except me, none other can drive away false teaching, I must come to-day and shew kindness to the princess and bring happiness to the king and his people. In what garb shall I go? Ascetics are dear and venerable to men and their words are counted worthy to be received; I will go in the garb of an ascetic." So he assumed a pleasing human form, having a complexion like gold, with his hair matted and a golden needle thrust into the tangle; and having put on a tattered dress red outside and within, and having hung

over one shoulder a black antelope's hide made of silver and decorated with golden stars, and having taken a golden begging bowl hung with a string of pearls, and having laid on his shoulders a golden carrying pole curved in three places [1], and taken up a coral water-pot by a string of pearls, he went with this

garb through the heavens shining like the moon in the firmament, and having entered the terrace of the Canda palace he stood in the sky in front of the king.

The Teacher thus explained it:

"Then Nārada came down to men from the Brahma-world, and surveying Jambudīpa he beheld King Aṅgati. Then he stood on the palace before the king, and Rujā, having beheld him, saluted the divine sage who had come."

[243] Then the king, being rebuked by the Brahma's glory, could not remain on his throne, but came down and stood on the ground and asked him the cause of his coming and his name and family.

The Master thus explained it:

"Then the king, alarmed in his mind, having come down from his seat spoke thus to Nārada, making his inquiries: "Whence comest thou, of heavenly aspect, like the moon illumining the night; tell me in answer thy name and family, how do they call thee in the world of men?"

Then he thought to himself, This king does not believe in another world, I will tell him about another world," so he uttered a verse:

"I come now from the gods like the moon illumining the night,—I tell thee my name and family as thou askest: they know me as Nārada and Kassapa."

Then the king thought to himself, "By and bye I will ask him about another world; I will now ask him as to the purpose of this miracle."

"In that thou goest and standest in this marvellous fashion, I ask thee, O Nārada, what does it mean; for what reason is this miracle wrought?"

[244] Nārada replied:

"Truth, righteousness, self-command, and liberality,—these were in old days my notorious virtues; by these same virtues diligently followed I go swift as thought wherever I desire."

Even while he was thus speaking the king, unable to believe in another world from the inveteracy of his evil doctrines, exclaimed, "Is there such a thing as recompense for good actions?" and repeated a stanza:

"Thou utterest a marvel when thou talkest of the might brought by good actions; if these things are as thou sayest, Nārada, this question, being asked, do thou answer me truly."

Nārada replied:

"Ask me, O king; this is thy business; this doubt of thine which thou feelest, I will assuredly solve it for thee by reasoning, by logic, and by proofs."

[245] The king said:

"I ask thee this matter, O Nārada; give me not a false answer to my question; are there really gods or ancestors,—is there another world as people say?"

Nārada answered:

"There are indeed gods and ancestors, there is another world as people say; but men being greedy and infatuated for pleasure know not of another world in their illusion."

When the king heard this he laughed and uttered a verse:

"If thou believest, Nārada, that there is in another world a dwelling-place for the dead, then give me here five hundred pieces, and I will give thee a thousand in the next world."

Then the Great Being replied, reproving him in the midst of the assembly:

"I would give thee the five hundred if I knew that thou wast virtuous and generous; but who would press thee for the thousand in the next world, if thou, the merciless one, wast dwelling in hell? Here when a man is averse to virtue, a lover of sin, idle, and cruel,—wise men do not entrust a loan to him: there is no return from such a debtor. [246] When men know that another is skilful, active, virtuous and generous, they invite him to borrow by the advantages they hold out; when he has done his business, he will bring back what he has borrowed."

The king, thus rebuked, was not ready with an answer.

The multitude, being delighted, shouted, "O princess, thou art a being of miraculous power, thou wilt deliver the king this day from his false doctrines," and the whole city was filled with excitement. Then by the power of the Great Being there was not a person within the range of the seven leagues over which Mithilā extends who did not hear his teaching of the law. Then the Great Being reflected, "This king has grasped his false doctrines very firmly; I will frighten him with the fear of hell and make him give them up, and then I will comfort him with some heaven of the gods"; so he said to him, "O king, if thou dost not give up these doctrines, thou wilt go to hell with its endless torments," and he began to give an account of the different hells:

"When thou goest hence thou wilt see thyself dragged by flocks of ravens and devoured by them as thou livest in hell, and by crows, vultures, and hawks, with thy body torn and dripping blood: who would press thee for a thousand pieces in the next world?"

[247] Having described the raven hell, he said, "If thou dost not dwell there, thou wilt dwell in a hell in the space between three spheres," and he uttered a stanza to describe it:

"Blind darkness is there, and no moon or sun, a hell evermore tumultuous and dreadful; it is not known as either night or day: who would wander seeking money in such a place?"

Then having described that intermediate hell at full length, he said, "O king, if thou abandonest not thy false doctrines, thou wilt suffer not only this but other torments as well," and he uttered a stanza:

"Two dogs Sabala and Sāma of giant size, mighty and strong, devour with their iron teeth him who is driven hence and goes to another world."

A similar rule applies to the subsequent hells; therefore all these worlds, together with their guardians, are to be described in a pregnant prose version of the various gāthās as in the preceding narrative.

"As he lives in hell thus devoured by cruel beasts of torture, with his body torn and dripping blood, who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

[248] With arrows and well-sharpened spears the Kāḷūpakāḷas as enemies smite and wound him in hell who before committed evil.

As he wanders in hell thus smitten in belly and side, and with his entrails mangled, his body torn and dripping blood,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

Heaven rains down these spears, arrows, javelins and spikes and various weapons, flames fall like burning coals, it rains missiles of rock on the cruel man.

An intolerable hot wind blows in hell, not even a transient pleasure is felt there; rushing about, sick, with no refuge,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

Hurrying along yoked in chariots, treading along the fiery ground, [249] urged on with goads and sticks,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

As he climbs a fearful blazing mountain studded with razors, his body gashed and dripping with blood,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

As he climbs a dreadful blazing heap of burning coals like a mountain, with his body all burned, and miserable, and weeping,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world?

There are lofty thickets like heaps of clouds, full of thorns, with sharp iron spikes which drink the blood of men,—women and men who go after other people's wives have to climb it, driven on by the servants of Yama bearing spears in their hands.

As he climbs the infernal silk-cotton tree all covered with blood, his body gashed and flayed, sick and racked with pain, panting with deep hot sighs and thus expiating his former crimes,—who would ask him for his old debt?

[250] There are lofty forests like heaps of clouds, covered with swords for leaves, armed with iron knives which drink the blood of men; as he climbs the tree with iron leaves, cut with sharp swords, his body gashed and dripping blood,—who would press him for the thousand pieces in the next world?

When he escapes from that hell of iron leaves and falls into the river Vetaraṇī, who would ask him for his old debt?

On flows the river Vetaranī, cruel [1] with boiling water and covered with iron lotuses and sharp leaves; as he is hurried along covered with blood and with his limbs all cut, in the stream of Vetaranī where there is nothing to rest upon,—who would ask him for his debt?"

When the king heard this description of hell from the Great Being, bewildered in heart and seeking a refuge, he thus addressed him:

"I tremble like a tree which is being cut down; confused in mind, I know not which way to turn; I am tormented with terror, great is my fear, when I hear these verses uttered by thee. As when a thing burning is plunged in the water, or like an island in a stormy ocean, or like a lamp in the darkness, thou art my refuge, O sage.

[251] Teach me, O seer, the sacred text and its meaning; verily the past has been all sin; teach me, Nārada, the path of purity, so that I may not fall into hell."

Then the Great Being to teach him the path of purity told him by way of example of various former kings who had followed righteousness:

"Dhataraṭṭha Vessāmitta and Aṭṭhaka, Yāmataggi and Usinnara and King Sivi, these and other kings, waiting diligently on Brahmins and Samanas, all went to Sakka's heaven; do thou, O king, avoid unrighteousness and follow righteousness. Let them proclaim in thy palace, bearing food in their hands, "Who is hungry or thirsty? Who wants a garland or ointment? What naked man would put on garments decked with various jewels? Who would take an umbrella for his journey, and soft delicate shoes?'" Thus let them proclaim aloud in thy city evening and morning. Put not to labour the aged man nor the aged ox and horse: give to each the due honour still; when he was strong he fulfilled his position of trust."

[252] Thus the Great Being, having discoursed to him concerning liberality and good conduct, seeing that the king would be pleased at being compared to a chariot, proceeded to instruct him in the law under the figure of a chariot which brings every desire:

"Thy body is called a chariot, swift and provided with the mind as a charioteer: having the abstinence from all injury as its axle, liberality as its covering, a careful walk with the feet as the circumference of the wheel, a careful handling with the hands as the side of the carriage; watchfulness over the belly is the name of the wheel, watchfulness over the tongue is the prevention of the wheel's rattling. Its parts are all complete through truthful speech, it is well fastened together by the absence of slander, its frame is all smooth with friendly words and joined well [1] with well-measured speech; well-constructed with faith and the absence of covetousness, with the respectful salutation of humility as the carriage-pole, with the shaft of gentleness and meekness, with the rope of self-restraint, according to the five moral precepts, and the key (?) of absence of anger, and the white umbrella of righteousness, driven with a thorough knowledge of the proper seasons, having the three sticks [2] prepared in his assured confidence, having humble speech as the thong, and with the absence of vain-glory as the yoke, with the cushion of unattached thoughts, following wisdom and free from dust,—let memory be thy goad, and the ready application of firmness thy reins; mind pursues the path of self-control with its steeds all equally trained, desire and lust are an evil path, but self-control is the straight road. [253] As the steed rushes along after forms and sounds and smells, intellect uses the scourge and the soul is the charioteer. If one goes with his chariot, if this calmness and firmness be steadfast, he will attain all desires, O king,—he will never go to hell.

[254] Thus, O king, I have described to thee in various ways that path to happiness which I begged Nārada to tell me that I might not fall into hell [3]."

Having thus instructed him in the law and taken away his false doctrines, and established him in the moral precepts, he commanded him henceforth to eschew evil friends and to follow virtuous friends and to take heed how he walked; then he praised the virtues of the princess and [255] exhorted the royal

court and the royal wives, and then passed in their sight to the world of Brahma with great majesty.

The Master, having ended his lesson, exclaimed, "Not now only, but formerly also, Brethren, I converted Uruvela-Kassapa and cut the net of heresy which bound him"; so saying, he identified the Birth, and uttered these stanzas at the end:

"Devadatta was Alāta, Bhaddaji was Sunāma, Sāriputta was Vijaya, Mogallāna Bījaka, the Licchavi prince Sunakkhalta the naked ascetic Guṇa; Ānanda was Rujā who converted the king, and Uruvela-Kassapa the king who held false doctrines, and the Bodhisatta [1] was the great Brahmā.; thus ye hold the story of the birth."

Footnotes

114:1 He gave the Veḷuvana pleasure garden to the fraternity, *Mahāv,* I. 22. Cf. this introduction with the whole chapter.

114:2 Or perhaps "you, an ascetic and a teacher." See Rhys David's note *Vinaya,* trans., I. p. 138. See *Jāt.* I. p. 83, *Vin.* I. p. 36.

115:1 *ise.*

116:1 *Dosinā.*

117:1 ? *nippadesato.* See *St Petersb. Dict., pradeça.*

118:1 There is a play upon the words *Guṇo attano aguṇatāya.*

118:2 *Vinaye rataṁ* seems used adverbially.

118:3 Prof. Cowell has written in the margin, 'cp. चण्डी'; but the scholiast explains *kuḍḍamn.ukhī* as referring to mustard-paste *(sāsapakuḍḍena..ṣāsapakakkena)* used by women for the face.

119:1 A couplet has here been omitted, referring to Bījaka, and almost the same as the lines on p. 227[23] ff.: "B. wept to hear what Kassapa said." Obviously they do not belong to this place.

119:2 Obscure.

119:3 Cp. IV. 435[21], trans., p. 270.

120:1 They live on the northern shores of the Ganges, opposite to Magadha.

121:1 The Good Friend is a *locus communis* of Buddhism. See *Çikṣā,* 41° etc.

122:1 To fit neck and shoulders?

124:1 *khara* might mean "solid."

125:1 *silesito?*

125:2 The ascetic carried a *tidaṇḍaṁ,* three sticks in a bundle, but the reference is obscure.

125:3 Some of the phrases here are obscure. I leave the line 1131 *b* untranslated.

No. 545.

VIDHURAPAṆḌITA-JĀTAKA.

"Thou art pale and thin and weak," etc. The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. One day the Brethren raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, the Master has great and wide wisdom, he is ready and quick-witted, he is sharp and keen-witted and able to crush the arguments of his opponents, by the power of his wisdom he overthrows the subtil questions propounded by Khattiya sages and reduces them to silence, and having established them in the three Refuges and the moral precepts, causes them to enter on the path which leads to immortality." The Master came and asked what was the topic which the Brethren were debating as they sat together; and on hearing what it was he said, "It is not wonderful, Brethren, that the Tathāgata, having attained the Perfection of Wisdom, should overthrow the arguments of his opponents and convert Khattiyas and others. For in the earlier ages, when he was still seeking for supreme knowledge, he was wise and able to crush the arguments of his opponents. Yea verily in the time of Vidhurakumāra, on the summit of the Black Mountain which is sixty leagues in height, by the force of my wisdom I converted the Yakkha general, Puṇṇaka, and reduced him to silence and made him give his own life as a gift"; and so saying he told a story of the past.

I.

Once upon a time in the Kuru kingdom in the city of Indapatta a king ruled named Dhanañjaya-korabba. He had a minister named Vidhurapaṇḍita who gave his instructions concerning temporal and spiritual matters; and having a sweet tongue and great eloquence in discoursing of the law, he bewitched all the kings of Jambudīpa by his

sweet discourses concerning the law as elephants are fascinated by a favourite lute [1], [256] nor did he suffer them to depart to their own kingdoms, but dwelt in that city in great glory, teaching the law to the people with all a Buddha's power. Now there were four rich Brahmin householders in Benares, friends, who, having seen the misery of desires, went into the Himalaya and embraced the ascetic life, and having entered upon the transcendental faculties and the mystical meditations, continued to dwell a long time there, feeding on the forest roots and fruits, and then, as they went their rounds to procure salt and sour condiments, came to beg in the city Kālacampā in the kingdom of Aṅga. There four householders who were friends, being pleased with their deportment, having paid them respect and taken their begging vessels, waited upon then with choice food, each in his own house, and taking their promise arranged a home for them in their garden. So the four ascetics having taken their food in the houses of the four householders, went away to pass the day, one going to the heaven of the Thirty-three, another to the world of the Nāgas, another to the world of the Supaṇṇas, and the fourth to the park Migācira belonging to the Koravya king. Now he who spent his day in the world of the gods, after beholding Sakka's glory, described it in full to his attendant, and so too did he who spent his day in the Nāga and

Supaṇṇa world, and so too he who spent his day in the park of the Koravya king Dhanañjaya; each described in full the glory of that respective king. So these four attendants desired these heavenly abodes, and having performed gifts and other works of merit, at the end of their lives, one was born as Sakka, another was born with a wife and child in the Nāga world, another was born as the Supaṇṇa king in the palace of the Simbali lake, and the fourth was conceived by the chief queen of King Dhanañjaya; while the four ascetics were born in the Brahma world. The Koravya prince grew up, and on his father's death assumed his kingdom and ruled in righteousness, but he was famed for his skill in dice. He listened to the instruction of Vidhurapaṇḍita and gave alms and kept the moral law and observed the fast. One day when he had undertaken the fast, he went into the garden, determining to practise pious meditation, [257] and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, he performed the duties of an ascetic. Sakka also, having undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the world of the gods, so he went into that very garden in the world of men, and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, performed the duties of an ascetic. Varuṇa also, the Nāga king, having undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the Nāga world, so he went into that same garden, and, having seated himself in a pleasant place, performed the duties of an ascetic. The Supaṇṇa king also, having

undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the Supaṇṇa world, so he went into that same garden, and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, performed the duties of an ascetic. Then these four, having risen from their places at

evening time, as they stood on the bank of the royal lake, came together and looked at one another, and, being filled with their old kindly affection, they woke up their former friendship and sat down with a pleasant greeting. Sakka sat down on a royal seat, and the others seated themselves as befitted the dignity of each. Then Sakka said to them, "We are all four kings,—now what is the preeminent virtue of each?" Then Varuṇa the Nāga king replied, "My virtue is superior to that of you three," and when they inquired why, he said, "This Supaṇṇa king is our enemy, whether before or after we are born, yet even when I see him such a destructive enemy of our race I never feel any anger; therefore my virtue is superior"; and he then uttered the first stanza of the Catuposatha jātaka [1]:

"The good man who feels no anger towards one who merits anger and who never lets anger arise within him, he who even when angered does not allow it to be seen,—him they indeed call an ascetic.

[258] "These are my qualities; therefore my virtue is superior."

The Supaṇṇa king, hearing this, said, "This Nāga is my chief food; but since, even though I see such food at hand, I endure my hunger and do not commit evil for the sake of food, my virtue is superior," and he uttered this stanza:

"He who bears hunger with a pinched belly, a self-restrained hermit who eats and drinks by rule, and commits no evil for the sake of food,—him they indeed call an ascetic."

Then Sakka the king of the gods said, "I left behind various kinds of heavenly glory, all immediate sources of happiness, and came to the world of mankind in order to maintain my virtue,—therefore my virtue is superior"; and he uttered this stanza:

"Having abandoned all sport and pleasure, he utters no false word in the world, he is averse to all outward pomp and carnal desire,—such a man they indeed call an ascetic."

Thus did Sakka describe his own virtue.

Then King Dhanañjaya said, "I to-day have abandoned my court and my seraglio with sixteen thousand dancing girls, and I practise an ascetic's duties in a garden; therefore my virtue is superior"; and he added this stanza:

[259] "Those who with full knowledge abandon all that they call their own and all the workings of lust, he who is self-restrained, resolute, unselfish, and free from desire,—him they indeed call an ascetic."

Thus they each declared their own virtue as superior, and then they asked Dhanañjaya, "O king, is there any wise man in thy court who could solve this doubt?" "Yes, O kings, I have Vidhura-paṇḍita, who fills a post of unequalled responsibility and declares civil and ecclesiastical law, he will solve our doubt, we will go to him." They at once consented. So they all went out of the garden and proceeded to the hall for religious assemblies, and, having ordered it to be adorned, they seated the Bodhisatta on a high seat, and, having offered him a friendly greeting, sat down on one side and said, "O wise sir! a doubt has risen in our minds, do thou solve it for us:

"We ask thee the minister of lofty wisdom: a dispute has arisen in our utterances,—do thou consider [1] and solve our perplexities to-day, let us through thee to-day escape from our doubt."

[260] The wise man, having heard their words, replied, "O kings, how shall I know what you said well or ill concerning your virtue, as you uttered the stanzas in your dispute?" and he added this stanza:

"Those wise men who know the real state of things and who speak wisely at the proper time,— how shall they, however wise, draw out the meaning of verses which have not been uttered to them? How does the Nāga king speak, how Garuḷa, the son of Vinatā? Or what says the king of the Gandhabbas? Or how speaks the most noble king of the Kurus?"

Then they uttered this stanza to him:

"The Nāga king preaches forbearance, Garuḷa the son of Vinatā gentleness, the king of the Gandhabbas abstinence from carnal lust, and the most noble king of the Kurus freedom from all hindrances to religious perfection."

Then the Great Being, having heard their words, uttered this stanza:

"All these sayings are well spoken,—there is nothing here uttered amiss; and he in whom these are properly fitted [261] like the spokes in the nave of a wheel,—he, who is endowed with these four virtues, is called an ascetic indeed."

Thus the Great Being declared the virtue of each of them to be one and the same. Then the four, when they heard him, were well pleased, and uttered this stanza in his praise:

"Thou art the best, thou art incomparable, thou art wise, a guardian and knower of the law: having grasped the problem by thy wisdom, thou cuttest the doubts in thy skill as the ivory-workman the ivory with his saw."

Thus all the four were pleased with his explanation of their question. Then Sakka rewarded him with a robe of heavenly silk,

Garuḷa with a golden garland, Varuṇa the Nāga king with a jewel, and King Dhanañjaya with a thousand cows, etc.; then Dhanañjaya addressed him in this stanza:

"I give thee a thousand cows and a bull and an elephant, and these ten chariots drawn with thoroughbred horses, and sixteen excellent villages, being well pleased with thy solution of the question [2]."

[262] Then Sakka and the rest, having paid all honour to the Great Being, departed to their own abodes. Here ends the section of the fourfold fast.

II.

Now the queen of the Nāga king was the lady Vimalā; and when she saw that no jewelled ornament was on his neck, she asked him where it was. He replied, "I was pleased at hearing the moral discourse of Vidhura-paṇḍita the son of the Brahmin Canda, and I presented the jewel to him, and not only I, but Sakka honoured him with a robe of heavenly silk, the Supaṇṇa king gave him a golden garland, and King Dhanañjaya a thousand oxen and many other things besides." "He is, I suppose, eloquent in the law." "Lady, what are you talking about? It is as if a Buddha had appeared in Jambudīpa! a hundred kings in all Jambudīpa, being caught in his sweet words, do not return to their own kingdoms, but remain like wild elephants fascinated by the sound of their favourite lute,—this is the character of his eloquence!" When she heard the account of his preeminence she longed to hear him discourse on the law, and she thought in herself, "If I tell the king that I long to hear him discourse on the law, and ask him to bring him here, he will not bring him to me; what if I were to

pretend to be ill and complained of a sick woman's longing?" So she gave a sign to her attendants and took to her bed. When the king did not see her when he paid his visit to her, he asked the attendants where Vimalā was. They replied that she was sick, and when he went to see her he sat on the side of her bed and rubbed her body as he repeated a stanza:

"Pale and thin and weak,—your colour and form was not like this before,—O Vimalā, answer my question, what is this pain of the body which has come upon you?"

She told him in the following:

[263] "There is an affection in women,—it is called a longing, O king; O monarch of the Nāgas, I desire Vidhura's heart brought here without guile."

He replied to her:

"Thou longest for the moon or the sun or the wind; the very sight of Vidhura is hard to get: who will be able to bring him here?"

When she heard his words, she exclaimed, "I shall die if I do not obtain it," so she turned round in her bed and showed her back and covered her face with the end of her robe. The Nāga king went to his own chamber and sat on his bed and pondered how bent Vimalā was on obtaining Vidhura's heart; "She will die if she does not obtain the flesh of his heart; how can I get it for her?" Now his daughter Irandatī, a Nāga

princess, came in all her beauty and ornaments to pay her respects to her father, and, having saluted him, she stood on one side. She saw that his countenance was troubled, and she said to him, "You are greatly distressed,—what is the reason?"

"O father, why are you full of care, why is your face like a lotus plucked by the hand? [264] Why are you woe-begone, O king? Do not grieve, O conqueror of enemies."

Hearing his daughter's words, the Nāga king answered:

"Thy mother, O Irandatī, desires Vidhura's heart, the very sight of Vidhura is hard to get,—who will be able to bring him here?"

Then he said to her, "Daughter, there is no one in my court who can bring Vidhura here; do thou give life to thy mother, and seek out some husband who can bring Vidhura."

So he dismissed her with a half-stanza, suggesting improper thoughts to his daughter:

"Seek thou for a husband, who shall bring Vidhura here."
And when she heard her father's words, she went forth in the night and gave free course to her passionate desire."

[265] As she went she gathered all the flowers in the Himalaya which had colour, scent, or taste, and, having adorned the entire mountain like a precious jewel, she spread a couch of flowers upon it, and, having executed a pleasant dance, she sang a sweet song:

"What gandhabba or demon, what Nāga, kimpurasa or man, or what sage, able to grant all desires, will be my husband the livelong night?"

Now at that time the nephew of the great king Vessavana [1], named Puṇṇaka, the Yakkha general, as he was riding on a magic Sindh horse, three leagues in length, and hastening over the red arsenic surface of the Black Mountain to a gathering of the Yakkhas, heard that song of hers, and the voice of the woman which he had heard in his last previous life pierced his

skin and nerves and penetrated to his very bones; and, being fascinated by it, he turned back, seated as he was on his Sindh horse, and thus addressed her, comforting her, "O lady, I can bring you Vidhura's heart by my knowledge, holiness, and calmness,—do not be anxious about it," and he added this verse:

"Be comforted, I will be thy husband, I will be thy husband, O thou of faultless eyes: verily my knowledge is such, be comforted, you shall be my wife."

Then Irandatī answered, with her thoughts following the old experience of a wooing in a former birth, [266] "Come, let us go to my father, he will explain this matter to thee."

Adorned, clad in bright raiment, wearing garlands, and anointed with sandal, she seized the Yakkha by the hand and went into her father's presence.

And Puṇṇaka, having taken her back, went to her father the Nāga king and asked for her as his wife:

"O Nāga chief, hear my words, receive a fitting present for thy daughter; I ask for Irandatī: give her to me as my possession. A hundred elephants, a hundred horses, a hundred mules and chariots, a hundred complete waggons [1] filled with all sorts of gems,—take thou all these, O Nāga king, and give me thy daughter Irandatī."

Then the Nāga king replied:

"Wait while I consult my kinsmen, my friends, and acquaintances; a business done without consultation leads afterwards to regret."

[267] Then the Nāga king, having entered his palace, spoke these words as he consulted his wife, "This Puṇṇaka the Yakkha asks me for Irandatī; shall we give her to him in exchange for much wealth?"

Vimalā answered:

"Our Irandatī is not to be won by wealth or treasure; if he obtains by his own worth and brings here the sage's heart, the princess shall be won by that wealth,—we ask no further treasure."

Then the Nāga Varuṇa went out from his palace, and, consulting with Puṇṇaka, thus addressed him:

"Our Irandatī is not to be won by wealth or treasure; if thou obtainest by thine own worth and bringest here the sage's heart, the princess shall be won by that wealth,—we ask no further treasure."

Puṇṇaka replied:

"Him whom some people call a sage, others will call a fool; tell me, for they utter different opinions about the matter, who is he whom thou callest a sage, O Nāga?"

[268] The Nāga king answered:

"If thou hast heard of Vidhura the minister of the Koravya king Dhanañjaya, bring that sage here, and let Irandatī be thy lawful wife."

Hearing these words of Varuṇa, the Yakkha sprang up greatly pleased; just as he was, he said at once to his attendant, "Bring me here my thoroughbred ready harnessed."

With ears of gold and hoofs of ruby, and mail-armour of molten gold. The man brought the Sindh horse thus caparisoned; and Puṇṇaka, having mounted him, went through the sky to Vessavana and told him of the adventure, thus describing the Nāga world; this is described as follows:

"Puṇṇaka, having mounted his horse, a charger fit for bearing the gods, himself richly adorned and with his beard and hair trimmed, went through the sky.

Puṇṇaka, greedy with the passion of desire, longing to win the Nāga maiden Irandatī, [269] having gone to the glorious king, thus addressed Vessavana Kuvera:

"There is the palace Bhogavatī called the Golden Home, the capital of the snake kingdom erected in its golden city.

Watch-towers which mimic lips and necks, with rubies and cat's eye jewels, palaces built of marble and rich with gold, and covered with jewels inlaid with gold.

Mangoes, tilaka-trees and rose-apples, sattapaṇṇas, mucalindas and ketakas, piyakas, uddālakas and sahas, and sinduvāritas with their wealth of blossom above,

Champacs, Nāgamālikās, bhaginīmālās, and jujube trees,—all these different trees bending with their boughs, lend their beauty to the Nāga palace.

There is a huge date palm made of precious stones with golden blossoms that fade not, and there dwells the Nāga king Varuṇa, endowed with magical powers and born of supernatural birth.

There dwells his queen Vimalā with a body like a golden creeper, tall like a young kālā plant, fair to see with her breasts like nimba fruits.

Fair-skinned and painted with lac dye, like a kaṇikāra tree blossoming in a sheltered spot, like a nymph dwelling in the deva world, like lightning flashing from a thick cloud.

[270] Bewildered and full of a strange longing, she desires Vidhura's heart. I will give it to them, O king,—they will give me for it Irandatī."

As he dared not go without Vessavana's permission, he repeated these stanzas to inform him about it. But Vessavana did not listen to him, as he was busy settling some dispute about a palace between two sons of the gods. Puṇṇaka, knowing that his words were not listened to, [271] remained near that one of the

two disputants who proved victorious in the contest. Vessavana, having decided the dispute, took no thought of the defeated candidate, but said to the other, "Go thou and dwell in thy palace." Directly the words were said "go thou," Puṇṇaka called some sons of the gods as witnesses, saying, "Ye see that I am sent by my uncle," and at once ordered his steed to be brought and mounted it and set out.

The Teacher thus described what took place:

"Puṇṇaka, having bidden farewell to Vessavana Kuvera the glorious lord of beings, thus gave his command to his servant standing there, "Bring hither my thoroughbred harnessed." With ears of gold, hoofs of ruby, and mail-armour of molten gold. Puṇṇaka, having mounted the god-bearing steed, well-adorned and with his beard and hair well-trimmed, went through space in the sky."

As he went through the air he pondered, "Vidhura-paṇḍita has a great retinue and he cannot be taken by force, but Dhanañjaya Koravya is renowned for his skill in gambling. I will conquer him in play and so seize Vidhura-paṇḍita. Now there are many jewels in his house: he will not play for any poor sum; I shall have to bring a jewel of great value, the king will not accept a common jewel. Now there is a precious jewel of price belonging to the universal monarch, in the Vepulla Mountain near the city Rājagaha; I will take that and entice the king to play and so conquer him." He did so.

The Teacher declared the whole story:

"He went to pleasant Rājagaha, the far-off city of Aṅga, rich in provisions and abounding with food and drink. Like Masakkasāra, Indra's capital, [272] filled with the notes of peacocks and herons, resonant, full of beautiful courts, and with every kind of bird like the mountain Himavat covered with flowers. So Puṇṇaka climbed Mount

Vepulla, with its heaps of rocks inhabited by kimpurisas, seeking for the glorious jewel, and at last he saw it in the middle of the mountain.

When he saw the glorious precious gem thus flashing light, gleaming so splendidly with its beauty, shining like lightning in the sky,—he at once seized the precious lapis lazuli, the jewel of priceless value, and mounted on his peerless steed, himself of noble beauty, he rushed through space in the sky.

He went to the city Indapatta, and he alighted in the court of the Kurus; [273] the fearless Yakkha summoned the hundred warriors who were gathered there.

"Who wishes to conquer from us the prize of kings? or whom shall we conquer in the contest of worth? what peerless jewel shall we win? or who shall win our best of treasures?"

Thus in four lines he praised Koravya. Then the king thought to himself, "I have never before seen a hero like this who uttered such words; who can it be?" and he asked him in this stanza:

"In what kingdom is thy birthplace? these are not the words of a Koravya: thou surpassest us all in thy form and appearance; tell me thy name and kindred."

The other reflected, "This king asks my name: now it is the servant Puṇṇaka; but if I tell him that I am Puṇṇaka, he will say, "He is a servant, why does he speak to me so audaciously?" and he will despise me; I will tell him my name in my last past birth." So he uttered a stanza:

"I am a youth named Kaccāyana, O king; they call me one of no mean name; [274] my kindred and friends are in Aṅga; I have come here for the sake of play."

Then the king asked him, "What wilt thou give if thou art conquered in play? what hast thou got?" and he uttered this stanza:

"What jewels has the youth, which the gamester who conquers him may win? A king has many jewels,—how canst thou, a poor man, challenge them?"

Then Puṇṇaka answered:

"This is a fascinating jewel of mine, it is a glorious jewel which brings wealth; and the gamester who conquers me shall win this peerless steed which plagues all enemies."

When the king heard him, he replied

"What will one jewel do, O youth? and what will one thoroughbred avail? Many precious jewels belong to a king, and many peerless steeds swift like the wind [1]

III.

[275] When he heard the king's speech, he said, "O king, why dost thou say this? there is one horse, and there are also a thousand and a hundred thousand horses; there is one jewel, and there are also a thousand jewels; but all the horses put together are not equal to this one, see what its swiftness is." So saying, he mounted the horse and

galloped it along the top of a wall, and the city wall seven leagues in length was as it were surrounded by horses striking neck against neck, and then in course of time neither horse nor Yakkha could be distinguished, and a single strip of red cloth tied on his belly seemed to be spread out all round the wall. Then he alighted from the horse, and, telling him that he had now seen

the steed's swiftness, he bade him next mark something new: and lo he made the horse gallop within the city garden on the surface of the water, and he leapt without wetting his hoofs; then he made him walk on the leaves of the lotus beds, and when he clapped his hand and stretched out his arm the horse came and stood upon the palm of his hand. Then he said, "This is indeed a jewel of a horse, O king." "It is indeed, O youth." "Well, let the jewel of a horse be put on one side for a while,—see now the power of the precious jewel."

"O greatest of men, behold this peerless jewel of mine; in it are the bodies of women and the bodies of men; the bodies of beasts are in it and the bodies of birds, the Nāga kings and Supaṇṇas,—all are created in this jewel.

"An elephant host, a chariot host, horses, foot-soldiers, and banners,—behold this complete army created in the jewel; elephant-riders, the king's body-guard, warriors fighting from chariots, warriors fighting on foot, and troops in battle array,—behold all created in this jewel.

[276] "Behold created in this jewel a city furnished with solid foundations and with many gateways and walls, and with many pleasant spots where four roads meet. Pillars and trenches, bars and bolts, watch-towers and gates,—behold all created in the jewel.

"See [1] various troops of birds in the roads under the gateways, geese, herons, peacocks, ruddy geese and ospreys; cuckoos, spotted birds, peacocks, jīvajīvakas,—birds of every sort behold gathered together and created in the jewel.

"See a marvellous city with grand walls, making the hair stand erect with wonder, pleasant with banners upraised, and with its sands all of gold,—see the hermitages divided regularly in blocks, and the different houses and their yards, with streets and blind lanes between.

"Behold the drinking shops and taverns, the slaughter-houses and cooks' shops, and the harlots and wantons, created in the jewel. The garland-weavers, the washermen, the astrologers, the cloth merchants, the gold workers, the jewellers—behold created in the jewel.

[277] "See drums and tabours, conchs, tambours and tambourines and all kinds of cymbals, created in the jewel.

"Cymbals, and lutes, dance and song well executed, musical instruments and gongs, behold created in the jewel.

"Jumpers and wrestlers too are here, and a sight of jugglers, and royal bards and barbers, behold created in the jewel.

"Crowds are gathered here of men and women, see the seats tiers beyond tiers created in the jewel.

"See the wrestlers in the crowd striking their doubled arms, see the strikers and the stricken, created in the jewel.

"See on the slopes of the mountains troops of various deer, lions, tigers, boars, bears, wolves, and hyenas; rhinoceroses, gayals, buffaloes, red deer, rurus, antelopes, wild boars, niṁkas and hogs, spotted kadalī-deer, cats, rabbits, all kinds of hosts of beasts, created in the jewel.

[278] "Rivers well-situated, paved with golden sand, clear with flowing waters and filled with quantities of fishes; crocodiles, sea-monsters are here and porpoises and tortoises, pāṭhīnas, pāvusas, vālajas, and muñjarohitas.

"Behold created in the jewel all kinds of trees, filled with various birds, and a forest with its branches made of lapis lazuli.

"See too lakes well-distributed in the four quarters, filled with quantities of birds and abounding with fish with broad scales. See the earth surrounded by the sea, abounding with water everywhere, and diversified with trees,—all created in the jewel.

"See the Videhas in front, the Goyāniyas behind, the Kurus and Jambudīpa all created in the jewel.

"See the sun and the moon, shining on the four sides, as they go round Mount Sineru, —created in the jewel.

"See Sineru and Himavat and the miraculous sea and the four guardians of the world, —created in the jewel.

"See parks and forests, crags and mountains, pleasant to look at and full of strange monsters,—all created in the jewel.

"Indra's gardens Phārusaka, Cittalatā, Missaka, and Nandana, and his palace Vejayanta,—behold all created in the jewel.

"Indra's palace Sudhamma, the heaven of the Thirty-three, the heavenly tree Pāricchatta in full flower, and Indra's elephant Erāvaṇa,—behold created in the jewel. See here the maidens of the gods risen like lightning in the air, wandering about in the Nandana,—all created in the jewel.

[279] "See the heavenly maidens bewitching the sons of heaven, and the sons of heaven wandering about, all created in the jewel,

"Behold more than a thousand palaces covered with lapis lazuli, all created with brilliant colours in the jewel. And the beings of the Tāvatiṁsa heaven and the Yāma heaven and the Tusita heaven, and those of the Paranimmita heaven all created in the jewel. See here pure lakes with transparent water covered with heavenly coral trees and lotuses and water-lilies.

"In this jewel are ten white lines and ten beautiful lines dark blue; twenty-one brown, and fourteen yellow. Twenty golden lines, twenty silver, and thirty appear of a red colour. Sixteen are black, twenty-five are of the colour of madder,—these are mixed with bandhuka flowers and variegated with blue lotuses.

"O king, best of men, look at this bright flame-like jewel, perfect in all its parts,—this is the destined prize [1] for him who wins [2]."

IV.

[280] Puṇṇaka, having thus spoken, went on to say, "O great king, if I am overcome by thee in play I will give thee this precious jewel, but what wilt thou give me?" "Except my body and white umbrella let all that I have be the prize." "Then my lord, do not delay—I have come from a far distance—let the gaming room be got ready." So the king gave orders to his ministers and they quickly got the hall ready and prepared a carpet of the finest fibre-cloth [3] for the king and seats for the other kings, and having appointed a suitable seat for Puṇṇaka, they told

the king that the time was come. Then Puṇṇaka addressed the king in a verse:

"O king, proceed to the appointed goal,—thou hast not such a jewel: let us conquer by fair dealing, and by the absence of violence, and when thou art conquered pay down thy stake."

Then the king replied, "O youth, do not be afraid of me as the king, our several victory or defeat shall be by fair dealing and by the absence of violence." Then Puṇṇaka uttered a verse as calling the other kings to witness that the victory was to be gained by fair dealing only:

"O lofty Pañcāla and Surasena, O Macchas, and Maddas, with the Kekakas, —let them all see that the contest is without treachery, no one is to interfere in our assembly."

[281] Then the king attended by a hundred kings took Puṇṇaka and went into the gaming hall, and they all sat down on suitable seats, and placed the golden dice on the silver board. Then Puṇṇaka said quickly, "O king, there are twenty-four throws in playing with dice, they are called *mālika, sāvaṭa, bahula, santi, bhadra* [1]*, &c.;* choose thou whichever pleases thee." The king assented and chose the *bahula,* Puṇṇaka chose that called *sāvaṭa.* Then the king said, "O youth, do thou play the dice first." "O king, the first throw does not fall to me, do thou play." The king consented. Now his mother in his last existence but one before this was his guardian deity and by her power the king wins in play. She was standing close by, and the king remembering the goddess sang the song of play [2] and turned the dice in his hand and threw them up into the air. By Puṇṇaka's power the dice fall so as to conquer the king. The king by his skill in play recognised that the dice were falling against him [282] and seizing them and mixing them together in the air he threw

them again in the air but he detected that they were again falling against him and seized them as they were. Then Puṇṇaka thought to himself, "This king, though he is playing with a Yakkha like me, mixes the dice as they fall and so takes them up, what can be the reason of this?" Then, having recognised the power of the guardian goddess, he opened his eyes wide as if he were angry and looked at her and she being frightened fled and took refuge trembling in the top of the Cakkavāla mountain. The king, when he threw the dice a third time, although he knew that they would fall against him could not put out his hand and seize them in consequence of Puṇṇaka's power and they fell against the king. Then Puṇṇaka threw the dice and they fell favourable to him. Then knowing that he had won he clapped his hands with a loud noise, saying three times, "I have won,

I have won," and that sound thrilled through all Jambudīpa. The Teacher described the event as follows:

"The king of the Kurus and the Yakkha Puṇṇaka entered wild with the intoxication of play; the king played the losing throw and the Yakkha Puṇṇaka the winning throw. They two met there in contest in the presence of the kings and amidst the witnesses,—the Yakkha conquered the mightiest of men and loud was the tumult which arose there."

The king was displeased at being conquered, and Puṇṇaka repeated a verse to comfort him:

[283] "Victory and defeat belong to one or another of the contending parties, O king; O king, thou hast lost the great prize; being worsted, pay down the price forthwith."

Then he bade him take it in the following verse:

"Elephants, oxen, horses, jewels and earrings, whatever gems I have in the earth, take the best of wealth, O Kaccāna,—take it and go where thou wishest."

Puṇṇaka answered:

"Elephants, oxen, horses, jewels and earrings, whatever gems thou hast in the earth, Vidhura the minister is the best of them all, he has been won by me, pay him down to me."

The king said:

"He is my minister, my refuge and help, my shelter, my fortress and my defence,—that minister of mine is not to be weighed against wealth, that minister of mine is like my life."

Puṇṇaka answered:

"There would be a long contest between thee and me, let us go to him and ask him what he wishes, [284] let him decide this matter between us, let then what he determines be the judgment of us both."

The king replied:

"Verily thou speakest truth; O youth, thou utterest no injustice, let us go at once and ask him: in this way we shall both be satisfied."

So saying the king took the hundred kings and Puṇṇaka went gladly in haste to the court of justice; and the sage rose from his seat and saluted the king and sat on one side. Then Puṇṇaka addressed the Great Being and said, "O wise man, thou art firm in justice, thou wilt not utter a falsehood, even for the sake of life; such is the echo of thy fame which has spread through the whole world. I shall know to-day whether thou art really firm in justice," and so saying he uttered a verse:

"Have the gods truly set thee among the Kurus as the councillor Vidhura firm in justice? Art thou the slave or the kinsman of the king? What is thy value in the world, Vidhura?"

Then the Great Being thought to himself, "This man asks this question of me; but I cannot tell him whether I am a kinsman of the king or whether I am superior to the king or whether I am nothing to the king.

In this world there is no protection like the truth; [285] one must speak the truth." So he uttered two verses to show that he was no kinsman to the king nor his superior, but only one of his four slaves:

"Some are slaves from their mothers, others are slaves bought for money, some come of their own will as slaves, others are slaves driven by fear. These are the four sorts of slaves among men. I verily am a slave from my birth: my weal and my woe come from the king, I am the king's slave even if I go to another,—he may give me by right to thee, O young man."

Puṇṇaka, on hearing this, being excessively pleased, clapped his hands and said:

"This is my second victory to-day, thy minister when asked has answered thy question; verily the best of kings is unjust; it has been well decided, but thou dost not give it to me."

Hearing this the king was angry with the Great Being and said, "Not regarding one who can confer honour like me thou regardest this young man who catches thine eye"; then turning

to Puṇṇaka, and saying, "If he is a slave take him and go," he uttered the following stanza:

[286] "If he has thus answered our question, saying, "I am a slave and not a kinsman," then take, O Kaccāna, this best of treasures, take it and go whither thou wilt."

But when the king had thus spoken, he reflected, "The young man will take the sage and go where he pleases, and after he is once gone I shall find it hard to get any sweet converse about holy things; what if I were to set him in his proper place and ask him some question in reference to a householder's life?" So he said to him, "O sage, after thou art gone I shall find it hard to get any sweet converse about holy things; wilt thou sit down in a well-decorated pulpit and taking thy proper position expound to me a question relating to the householder's life?" He assented, and having sat down in a well-decorated pulpit he expounded the question which the king asked; and this was the question:

"O Vidhura, how shall there be a prosperous life to him who lives as a householder in his own house? how shall there be for him kind favour among his own people? how shall he be free from suffering? and how shall the young man who speaks truth escape all sorrow when he reaches the next world?" Then Vidhura, full of wisdom and insight, he who sees the real aim and presses steadily onward, he who knows all doctrines, uttered these words:

"Let him not have a wife in common with another; let him not eat a dainty meal alone; let him not deal in vain conversation, for this increases not wisdom. Virtuous, faithful to his duties, not careless, quick to discern, humble-minded, not hard-hearted, compassionate, affectionate, gentle, [287] skilled in winning friends, ready to distribute, prudent in arranging in accordance with the season,—let him continually satisfy the monks and Brahmins with food and drink. Let him long for righteousness and be a pillar of the sacred text, ever ready to ask questions and let him reverentially attend to the virtuous learned. Thus shall there be a prosperous life to one who lives

as a householder in his own house, thus shall there be for him kind favour among his own people; thus shall he be free from suffering; and thus the youth who speaks truth shall escape all sorrow when he reaches the next world."

The Great Being, having thus expounded the question relating to the householder's life, came down from his seat and made his salutation to the king. The king also, having paid him great respect, went away to his own abode, surrounded by the hundred kings [1].

[288] When the Great Being returned, Puṇṇaka said to him:

"Come, I will now depart,—you were given to me by the king; attend only to this duty —this is the ancient law."

The sage Vidhura replied:

"I know it, O youth; I was won by thee; I was given by the king to thee; let me lodge thee for three days in my home while I exhort my sons."

When Puṇṇaka heard this, he thought within himself, "The sage has spoken the truth; this will be a great benefit to me; if he had asked leave to lodge me there for seven days or even for a fortnight, I ought at once to have assented "; so he answered:

"Let that advantage be for me too, let us dwell there three days; do, Sir, whatever needs to be done in thy home; instruct to-day thy sons and thy wife, that they may be happy after thou art gone."

So saying, Puṇṇaka went with the Great Being to his home.

[289] The Teacher thus described the incident:

"Gladly assenting and eagerly longing, the Yakkha went with Vidhura; and the best of the holy ones introduced him into his home, attended by elephants and thoroughbred steeds."

Now the Great Being had three palaces for the three seasons,—one of them was called Koñca, another Mayūra, and the third Piyaketa; this verse was uttered about them:

"He went there to Koñca, Mayūra, and Piyaketa, each of most pleasant aspect, furnished with abundance of food and plenty to eat and to drink, like Indra's own palace Masakkasāra."

After his arrival, he had a sleeping-chamber, and a raised platform in the seventh story of the decorated palace, and having had a royal couch spread and every kind of dainty to eat and drink set out, he presented to him five hundred women like daughters of the gods, saying, "Let these be your attendants, stay here without a care," and then went to his own abode. When he was gone, these women took their different musical instruments end performed all kinds of dances as they attended on Puṇṇaka.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"These women adorned like nymphs among the gods dance and sing and address him, each better in her turn [2].

The guardian of the law, having given him food and drink and fair women, [290] next, thinking only of his highest good, brought him into the presence of his wife.

Then he said to his wife, who was adorned with sandal and liquid perfumes and stood like an ornament of purest gold, "Come,

listen, lady; call thy sons here, O fair one with eyes of the hue of copper."

Anujjā, hearing her husband's words, spoke to her daughter-in-law, fair-eyed and with nails like copper, "O Cetā, who wearest thy bracelets as an armour, and art like a blue water-lily, go, call my sons hither."

Having uttered her assent and traversed the whole length of the palace she assembled all the friends as well as the sons and daughters, saying, "Your father wishes to give you an exhortation, this will be your last sight of him." When the young prince Dhammapāla-kumāra heard this he began to weep, and went before his father surrounded by his younger brothers. When the father saw them, unable to maintain his tranquillity, he embraced them with eyes full of tears, and kissed their heads and pressed his eldest son for a moment to his heart. Then, raising him up from his bosom and going out of the royal chamber, he sat down in the middle of the couch on the raised platform and delivered his address to his thousand sons.

[291] The Teacher has thus described it:

"The guardian of the law, without trembling, kissed his sons on their foreheads when they drew near, and having addressed them uttered these words, "I have been given by the king to this young man. I am subject to him, but to-day I was free to seek my own pleasure, he will now take me and go whither he will, and I am come to admonish you, for how could I go if I had not given you salvation? If Janasandha, the king who dwells in Kurukhetta, should very earnestly ask you, "What do you reckon as having been ancient even in ancient time? what, did your father teach first and foremost?" and if he were then to say, "Ye are all of an equal position with me,—which of you here is not more than a king? [1] do you make a respectful salutation and reply to him, "Say

not so, O monarch, this is not the law; how shall the baseborn jackal be of equal position with the royal tiger?"

[292] Having heard this discourse of his the sons and daughters and all the kinsmen, friends, servants, and common folk were unable to maintain their tranquillity and uttered a loud cry; and the Great Being consoled them [2].

V.

Then having come to all those kinsmen and seeing that they were silent, he said, "Children, do not grieve, all material things are impermanent, honour ends in misfortune; nevertheless I will tell you of a means of obtaining honour, namely, a king's court; listen to it with your minds earnestly intent." Then through the Buddha's magic power he made them enter into a royal court.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Then Vidhura thus addressed his friends and his enemies, his kindred, and his intimates, with his mind and will detached from all things, "Come, dear ones, sit down and listen to me as I tell of a royal dwelling, how a man who enters a king's court may attain to honour. When he enters a king's court he does not win honour while he is unknown, nor does one ever win it who is a coward, nor the foolish man, nor the thoughtless. When the king finds out his moral qualities, his wisdom and his purity of heart, then he learns to trust him and hides not his secrets from him.

When he is asked to carry out some business, like a well-fixed balance, with a level beam, and evenly poised, he must not hesitate; if like the balance, he is ready to undertake every burden, he may dwell in a king's court.

[293] Whether by day or by night, the wiser man should riot hesitate when set upon the king's business; such an one may dwell in a king's court. The wise man who, when

set upon the king's business, whether by day or by night, undertakes every commission,—he is the one who may dwell in a king's court.

He who sees a path made for the king and carefully put in order for him, and refrains from entering himself therein, though advised to do so,—he is the one who may dwell in a king's court. Let him on no account ever enjoy the same pleasures as the king, let him follow behind in everything,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not put on a garment like the king's nor garlands nor ointment like his; let him not wear similar ornaments or practise a tone of voice like his; let him always wear a different attire,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. If the king sports with his ministers or surrounded by his wives, let not the minister make any allusion to the royal ladies. He who is not lifted up, nor fickle, who is prudent and keeps his senses under control, he who is possessed of insight and resolution,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

[294] Let him not sport with the king's wives nor talk with them privately; let him not take money from his treasury,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not think too much of sleep, nor drink strong drink to excess, nor kill the deer in the king's forest,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not seat himself on the king's chair or couch or seat or elephant or chariot; as thinking himself a privileged person,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him prudently keep not too far from the king nor yet too near to him, and let him stand ready before him, telling something for his lord to hear. The king does not count as a common person, the king must not be paired with anyone else; kings are easily vexed, as the eye is hurt if touched by a barley-awn. Let not the wise man, thinking himself to be held in honour, ever venture to speak roughly to the suspicious king. If he gets his opportunity, let him take it; but let him not trust in kings; let him be on his guard as in the case of fire [1],—such an one may dwell in a king's court. If the ruler favours his son or his brother with a gift of some villages or towns or some people in his kingdom as clients, let him quietly wait in silence, nor speak of him as prudent or faulty.

[295] If the king increases the pay of his elephant-driver or his life-guardsman, his chariot-soldier or his foot-soldier, through hearing some story of their exploits, let him not interfere to hinder it,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. The wise man will keep his belly small like the bow [2], but he will bend easily like the bamboo; let him not go contrary to the king [3], so he may dwell in a king's court. Let him keep his belly small like the bow, and let him have no tongue like the fish; let him be moderate in eating, brave and prudent; such an one may dwell in a king's court.

Let him not visit a woman too often, fearing the loss of his strength; the foolish man is a victim to cough, asthma, bodily pain and childishness. Let him not laugh too much, nor keep always silent; he should utter, when the due season comes, a concise and measured speech. Not given to anger, not ready to take offence, truthful, gentle, no slanderer, let him not speak foolish words,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

[296] Trained, educated, self-controlled, experienced in business [1], temperate, gentle, careful, pure, skilful,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Humble in behaviour towards the old, ready to obey, and full of respect, compassionate, and pleasant to live with,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him keep at a distance from a spy sent by a foreign king to intermeddle [2]; let him look to his own lord alone, and own no other king.

Let him pay respect to monks and Brahmins who are virtuous and learned; let him carefully wait on them; such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him satisfy virtuous and learned monks and Brahmins with food and drink,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him draw near and devotedly attend on virtuous and learned monks and Brahmins,—desiring thereby his own real good.

Let him not seek to deprive monks or Brahmins of any gift previously bestowed on them, and let him in no way hinder mendicants at a time of distributing alms. One who is righteous, endowed with wisdom, and skilled in all business arrangements, and well-versed in times and seasons,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. [297] One who is energetic in business, careful and skilful, and able to conduct his affairs successfully,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

Visiting repeatedly the threshingfloor, the house, the cattle and the field, he should have the corn carefully measured and stored in his granaries, and he should have it carefully measured for cooking in his home. (Let him not employ or promote [3]) a son or a brother who is not stedfast in virtue; such children are no true members of one's own body, they are to be counted as if they were dead; let him cause clothing and food for sustenance to be given to them and let them sit while they take it. Let him employ in offices of authority servants and agents who are established in virtue and are skilful in business and can rise to an emergency.

One who is virtuous and free from greed and devoted to his king, never absent from him [4] and seeking his interest,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him know the king's wish, and hold fast to his thoughts, and let his action be never contrary to him,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. [298] He will rub him with perfumes and bathe him, he will bend his head low when washing his feet; when smitten he will not be angry; such an one may dwell in a king's court.

He will make his salutation to a jar full of water, or offer his reverential greeting to a crow, yea, he will give to all petitioners and be ever prudent and preeminent,—he will give away his bed, his garment, his carriage, his house, his home, and shower down blessings like a cloud on all beings. This, Sirs, is the way to dwell in a king's court, this is how a man is to behave himself and so to conciliate the king's favour, and to obtain honour from his rulers [5]."

VI.

Three days went by as he thus discoursed to his sons, wives, friends and others. Then, knowing that the time was accomplished, early in the morning, after having eaten his meal of various dainties, he said, "I will take my leave of the king and depart with the young man"; so he went to the king's palace surrounded by a company of kinsmen and saluted the king and stood on one side, and uttered his words of wise practical counsel.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"Having thus counselled the company of his kindred, the wise one, surrounded by his friends, went up to the king. [299] Having saluted his feet with his head and made a reverential homage, Vidhura with his hands clasped thus addressed the king, "This youth, wishing to employ me according to his will, is leading me away; I will speak for the sake of my kindred,—hear what I say, O enemy-conqueror. Wilt thou be pleased to look to my sons and whatever property I may have besides in my house, so that when I am gone my company of kinsmen may not hereafter perish? As when the earth trembles that which is upon it likewise trembles, and as when the earth is firm it all remains firm [1], so I see that my kindred fall in my fall; this I perceive was my error."

When the king heard this, he said, "O sage, thy going pleases me not; do not go; I will send for the young man on some pretext, then we will kill him and hush it up"; and in illustration of this he repeated a stanza:

"Thou canst not go, this is my resolve; having smitten and slain this Kātiya [2] fellow, do thou dwell here,—this is what seems best to me; do not go hence, O thou possessed of such vast wisdom."

When the Great Being heard this he exclaimed, "Such an intention is not worthy of thee," and then he added,

"Do not set thy mind on unrighteousness, be thou devoted to temporal and spiritual good [3]; shame on an action which is ignoble and sinful, which when a man has done, he goes afterwards to hell.

[300] This is not righteousness, this is not what ought to be done; a king, O lord of men, is the supreme authority of a poor slave, which sets him to kill or to burn or kills by its own act; I have no wrath against him and I depart."

So saying the Great Being respectfully saluted the king and exhorted the king's wives and his officers; and then went out from the palace while they, unable to retain their fortitude, burst out into a bitter cry; and all the inhabitants of the city exclaimed, "The sage is going with the young man, come, we will see him as he goes," and they gazed upon him in the king's court. Then they too said to one another, "Sorrow not for it, all material things are transitory, be zealous in almsgiving and other good works," and then they returned and went each to his own house.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"Having embraced his eldest son and controlled the anguish in his heart, with eyes filled with tears he entered the palace."

Now in the palace there were a thousand sons, a thousand daughters, a thousand wives, and seven hundred courtezans, and with these and the other servants and attendants and relations and friends lying prostrate everywhere the palace appeared like a sāl grove with its trees strewed about by the fury of the great wind which heralds the end of the world.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"The sons and wives of Vidhura lie prostrate in the palace like sāl-trees shaken and shattered by the wind.

[301] A thousand wives, and seven hundred female slaves wailed stretching out their arms, in the palace of Vidhura. The ladies of the harem and the princes, the Vesiyas and Brahmins wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura. Elephant-drivers, the soldiers of the body-guard, chariot-riders and foot-soldiers wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura. The people of the country and the towns collected together wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura."

The Great Being, having comforted the vast assembly and performed all that remained to be done and exhorted the ladies of the harem and pointed out all that needed to be told, went to Puṇṇaka and announced to him that he had done everything that was to be done.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"Having done all that was to be done within the house and having instructed all the people, his friends and counsellors and companions, his wives, sons and relations, and having arranged the outside work which demanded attention and informed them of

the stores in the house, the treasure and the debts that were to be paid, he thus spoke to Puṇṇaka, Thou hast dwelt three days in my house, I have done all that needed to be done in my home, I have instructed my sons and my wives, let us now act according to thy will, O Kaccāna [1]."

[302] Puṇṇaka replied:

"If, O thou who attest of thine own will [2], thou hast instructed thy sons, thy wives, and thy dependents, then alas! thou standest here as one about to cross: this is a long journey before thee. Take hold, without fear, of the tail of thy noble steed, this is thy last sight of the world of the living."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"Of whom shall I be afraid, when I have done no evil to him by body, speech or thought, whereby I could come to misfortune?"

So the Great Being, uttering a loud shout, fearless like an undismayed lion, said, "This is my robe—put it not off without my permission"; and then, guided by his own perfect resolution, and having girt his robes tightly, he disentangled the horse's tail and seizing it firmly with both hands, he pressed the horse's thighs with his two feet and said to him,

"I have seized the tail, proceed, O youth, as thou wilt." At that moment Puṇṇaka gave a signal to the horse who was endowed with reason, and he forthwith bounded into the sky, carrying the seer.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"The prince of horses bearing Vidhura went up into the sky and soon reached the Black Mountain [1] without coming in contact with the boughs of trees or the rocks."

[303] While Puṇṇaka thus went off carrying the Great Being with him, the seer's sons and the other spectators went to Puṇṇaka's dwelling; but when they found not the Great Being, they lamented with loud and repeated cries, falling down as if their feet had been cut off [2].

When they thus had seen and heard the Great Being, as he went up without any cause into the sky, and had thus uttered their lamentations, they all went wailing to the king's gate, accompanied by all the citizens. The king, hearing the loud sound of lamentation, opened his window and asked why they lamented. They replied, "O sire, that was no Brahmin youth, but a Yakkha who has come in the guise of a Brahmin and carried off the seer; [304] without him there is no life for us; if he does not return on the seventh day from this, we will collect timber in hundreds, yea, thousands of carts and will all enter the fire [2]."

When the king heard their words, he replied, "The sage with his honied speech will soon beguile the youth by his religious discourse and will make him fall down at his feet, and will ere long come back and bring smiles to your tearful faces,—sorrow not"; and he repeated a stanza:

"The seer is wise, and learned, and skilful; he will soon set himself free; fear not, he will come back."

Meantime Puṇṇaka, after he had set the Great Being on the top of the Black Mountain, thought to himself, "As long as this man lives there is no chance of prosperity for me; I will kill him, and take his heart's flesh and I will then go to the Nāga world and

give it to Vimalā [3], and having thus obtained his daughter Irandatī I shall rise to the world of the gods."

The Teacher has thus described it:

"When he had gone there he thought to himself, "Rational beings exist in various gradations; I have no possible use for his life,—I will kill him and take his heart."

[305] Then again he thought, "What if without killing him by my own hand I were to cause him to perish by shewing him some frightful

shape?" So having assumed the form of a frightful demon, he went up to him and threw him down, and seizing him in his mouth made as if he were about to devour him; but not a hair of the Great being stood on end. Then he came up in the shape of a lion and of a furious elephant, he threatened to attack him with teeth and tusks; and when the other still shewed no fear, he assumed the appearance of a great serpent as big as a great trough-shaped canoe, and coming up to him hissing and coiling his body round him it covered his head with its hood, but the other shewed no signs of alarm. Then he said, "As he stands on the top of a mountain and falls down, I will shatter him into fragments by the fall,"—so he raised up a mighty wind; but it stirred not the end of one of his hairs. Then he set him on the top of a mountain and himself standing in the form of an elephant, he made it shake to and fro like a wild date palm tree, but even then he could not stir one hair of his head from its place. Then he said, "I will make his heart burst by terror at some frightful sound"; so he entered the inside of the mountain, and uttering a tremendous roar filled heaven and earth with one

mighty sound; but still the Great Being shewed no alarm; for he knew that he who had thus come in the form of a Yakkha and a lion and an elephant and a Nāga, and had shaken the mountain with the wind and rain, and had entered into the mountain and uttered the great roar, was still only a man and nothing else. Then the Yakkha thought to himself, "I shall not be able to kill him by external attacks, I shall only destroy him by my own hand." So he set the Great Being on the top of a mountain and himself going to the mountain's foot rose up from the centre of the mountain as though he were inserting a white thread into a perforated gem, and with a roar he seized the Great Being violently and whirled him round, and flung him head downwards into the sky where there was nothing that he could lay hold of. It has thus been described:

[306] "Having gone thither and entered within the mountain Kātiyāna of evil mind held him with his head downwards in the open expanse of the world [1]. While he hung there as on the precipice of hell frightful to see and most difficult to traverse, he the best of all the Kurus in action thus addressed Puṇṇaka undismayed: "Thou art base in thy nature, though thou assumest for a time a noble form, utterly licentious though wearing the guise of one restrained, thou art doing a cruel and monstrous deed,—there is nothing good in thy nature. What is thy reason for killing me, when thou wishest to see me thrown down this precipice? Thy appearance bespeaks thee as something superhuman, tell me what kind of a god thou art."

[307] Puṇṇaka answered:

"Thou hast heard perchance of the Yakkha Puṇṇaka,—he is the minister of King Kuvera. There is an earth-ruling Nāga called Varuṇa, mighty, pure, and endowed with beauty and strength; I desire his younger sister, the Nāga maiden named Irandatī; for the love of that fair damsel I have set my mind on killing thee, O sage."

The Great Being reflected, "This world is ruined by a thing being misunderstood, why should a wooer of a Nāga maiden want my death? I will learn the whole truth of the matter," so he uttered a stanza:

"Be not deceived, O Yakkha; many people are destroyed by a thing being misunderstood; what has thy love for that fair maiden to do with my death? Come, let us hear the whole."

Then Puṇṇaka said to him, "In my love for the daughter of that mighty Nāga I consulted her kinsfolk, and when I sought her hand my father-in-law told me that they knew that I was moved by an honourable passion. "We will give thee the damsel endowed with beautiful body and eyes, fair-smiling and with her limbs perfumed with sandal wood, if thou bringest to me the sage's heart won in fair fight; [308] the maiden is to be won by this prize, we ask no other gift besides. Thus I am not deceived,—listen, O thou doer of right actions; there is nothing misunderstood by me; the Nāgas will give me the Nāga maiden Irandatī for thy heart won in fair fight. It is for this that I am set on killing thee, it is in this way that I have need of thy death. If I threw thee hence down into hell I would kill thee and take thy heart."

When the Great Being heard this he reflected, "Vimalā [1] has no need of my heart. Varuṇa, after he had heard the discourse on the law and honoured me with his jewel must have gone home and described my power in discoursing concerning the law, and Vimalā must have felt a great longing to hear my words. Puṇṇaka must have been ordered by Varuṇa through a misconception, and he influenced by this his own misconception has brought about all this calamity. Now my character as a sage consists in my power to bring to light and to discover absolute truths. If Puṇṇaka kills me, what good will it do? Come, I will say to him, Young man, I know the law as followed by good men; before I die, set me on the top of the mountain and hear the law

of good men from me; and afterwards do what thou wilt"; and after having declared to him the law of good men I will let him take my life." So he uttered this stanza as he hung with his head downwards:

"Hold me up forthwith, O Kātiyāna, if thou needest my heart; [309] I will declare to thee this day all the laws of the good man."

Then Puṇṇaka reflected, "This law will never have been declared before to gods or men; I will forthwith hold him up and hear the law of good men"; so he lifted the Great Being up and set him on the summit of the mountain.

The Teacher has thus described it:

"Puṇṇaka, having quickly placed the best of the performers of good actions among the Kurus upon the mountain's summit, asked the Teacher of lofty wisdom, as he sat looking at a pipul tree, "I have brought thee up from the precipice, I have need of thy heart this day,—tell me then to-day all the laws of the good man."

The Great Being said:

"I am saved by thee from the precipice; if thou needest my heart, I will declare to thee this day all the laws of the good man."

Then the Great Being said, "My body is dirty, I will bathe." The Yakkha consented, so he brought some water, and when he was bathing, he gave the Great Being some heavenly cloth and perfumes, &c., and after he was adorned and drest he gave him some heavenly food. When he had eaten, the Great Being caused the top of the Black Mountain to be covered with adornment, and prepared a richly decorated seat, and being

seated thereon uttered a stanza, describing in it the duty of the good man with a Buddha's triumphant mastery:

"O youth, follow thou the path already traversed; put away from thee the soiled hand [1] [310] be not ever treacherous to thy friends, nor fall into the power of unchaste women."

The Yakkha, being unable to comprehend these four rules expressed so concisely, asked in detail:

"How does one follow the path already traversed? How does one burn the wet hand? Who is the unchaste woman? Who is treacherous to his friend? Tell me the meaning at my request."

The Great Being replied:

"Let a man follow *his* actions, who invites him even to a seat, when he comes as a stranger and never seen before; him the wise call one who follows in the path already traversed.

In whosesoever house a man dwells even for one night, and receives there food and drink, let him not conceive an evil thought against him in his mind; he who is treacherous to his friend burns the innocent hand [2]. Let not a man break a bough of that tree under whose shadow he sits or lies,—the wretch is treacherous to his friend. Let a man give this earth filled with riches to the woman whom he has chosen, yet she will despise him if she gets the opportunity; let him not fall into the power of unchaste women. Thus does a man follow the path already traversed; thus does he burn the wet hand; this is the unchaste woman; this is one that is treacherous to his friend; such a man is righteous, abandon thou unrighteousness."

[311] Thus did the Great Being declare to the Yakkha with a Buddha's triumphant mastery the four duties of a good man, and when he heard them Puṇṇaka reflected, "In these four

propositions the sage is only asking his own life; for he verily welcomed me though I was before unknown; I dwelt in his house three days, receiving great honour from him; I, doing him this wrong, do it for a woman's sake; I am moreover in every way treacherous to my friends; if I shall do injury to the sage, I shall not follow the duty of a good man; what need have I of the Nāga maiden? I will carry him forthwith to Indapatta and gladden the weeping faces of its inhabitants and I will seat him in the convocation hall there." Then he spoke aloud:

"I dwelt three days in thy house, I was served with food and drink, thou wast my friend, I will let thee go, O seer of excellent wisdom, thou shalt depart at thy will to thine own home. [312] Yea, let all that concerns the Nāga race perish, I have had enough of the Nāga maiden; by thine own well-spoken words thou art set free, O seer, from my threatened blow to-day."

The Great Being replied, "O youth, send me not away to my own home but carry me to the Nāga dwelling," and he uttered this stanza:

"Come, Yakkha, carry me to thy father-in-law, and act as is best towards me; I will shew to him a royal Nāga palace which he has never seen before.

Puṇṇaka said:

"The wise man should not look on that which is not for a man's wellbeing; why then, O seer of excellent wisdom, dost thou wish to go amongst thy enemies?"

The Great Being answered:

"Verily I know it all; the wise man ought not to look upon it; but I have never at any time committed evil, and therefore I fear not

the coming of death."

[313] "Moreover by my discourse concerning the law such a cruel being as thyself was won over and softened, and now thou sayest, "I have had enough of the Nāga maiden, go thou to thine own home"; it is now my task to soften the Nāga king, carry me thither forthwith." When he heard this, Puṇṇaka consented, saying:

"Come, thou shalt see with me that world of unequalled glory where the Nāga king dwells amidst dance and song like King Vessavana [1] in Nalinī. Filled with troops of Nāga maidens, gladdened constantly with their sports day and night, abounding with garlands and covered with flowers, it shines like the lightning in the sky. Filled with food and with drink, with dance and song and instruments of music; filled with maidens richly attired, it shines with dresses and ornaments."

Then Puṇṇaka placed him, the best doer of good actions among the Kurus, on a seat behind him and carried the illustrious sage to the palace of the Nāga king. When he reached that place of unrivalled glory, the sage stood behind Puṇṇaka; and the Nāga king, beholding the concord between them, thus addressed his son-in-law as he had done before.

[314] "Thou didst go before to the world of men, seeking for the sage's heart; hast thou returned here with success, bringing the sage of unequalled wisdom?"

Puṇṇaka replied:

"He whom thou desirest is come, he is my guardian in duty, won by righteous means; behold him as he speaks before thee,—intercourse with the good brings happiness."

The Nāga king uttered a stanza as he saw the Great Being:

"This mortal, beholding me whom he had never seen before and pierced with the fear of death, does not speak to me in his terror; this is not like a wise man."

The Great Being thus addressed the Nāga king while he conceived this idea, even though he had not directly said that he would not pay him

respect,—as the Great Being knew by his omniscience how best to deal with all creatures:

[315] "I am not terrified, O Nāga, nor am I pierced with the fear of death; the victim should not address his executioner, nor should the latter ask his victim to address him [1]."

Then the Nāga king uttered a stanza in the Great Being's praise:

"It is as thou sayest, O sage,—thou speakest the truth; the victim should not address his executioner nor should the latter ask his victim to address him [1]."

Then the Great Being spoke kindly to the Nāga king:

"This splendour and glory and this might and Nāga birth of thine, are subject to death and not immortal; I ask thee this question, O Nāga king, how didst thou obtain this palace? Was it gained without a cause or as the development of a previous condition? was it made by thyself or given by the gods? Explain to me this matter, O Nāga king, how thou didst win this palace [2]."

[316] The Nāga king replied:

"It was not gained without a cause, nor was it the development of a previous condition; it was not made by myself nor given by the gods; this palace of mine was gained by my own virtuous deeds [3]."

The Great Being answered:

"What holy vow was it, what practice of sanctity? Of what good action was this the fruit,—this splendour and glory and might and Nāga birth of thine and this great palace, O Nāga [4]?"

The Nāga king replied':

"I and my wife in the world of men were both full of faith and bountiful; my house was made into a drinking-hall, and priests and Brahmins were cheered there. Garlands and perfumes and ointments, lamps and couches and resting-places, raiment and beds and food and drink, I virtuously gave away there as free gifts. That was my vow and practice of sanctity, this is the fruit of that good conduct, this splendour and glory and Nāga birth and this great palace, O seer."

[317] The Great Being said:

"If thou hast thus gained this palace, thou knowest about the fruit of holy actions and rebirth; therefore practise virtue with all diligence that thou mayest live again in a palace."

The Nāga king replied:

"There are no priests or Brahmins here to whom we may give food and drink, O holy one; tell me this thing I pray, how may I again live in a palace?"

The Great Being said:

"There are snakes who have been born here, sons and wives and dependents; commit no sin towards them in word or deed at any time. Thus follow thou, O Nāga, innocence in word and deed,—so shalt thou dwell here all thy life in a palace and then depart hence to the world of the gods."

[318] The Nāga king, having heard the religious discourse of the Great Being, thought to himself, "The sage cannot stay long away from his home; I will shew him to Vimalā and let her hear his good words, and so calm her longing desire, and I will gratify King Dhanañjaya and then it will be right to send the sage home"; so he said:

"Verily that best of kings is mourning in thy absence, whose intimate minister thou art; having once regained thee, though now distressed and sick, a man will regain happiness."

The Great Being praised the Nāga:

"Thou dost indeed utter the holy words of the good, a peerless piece of right doctrine; in such crises of life as these the character of men like me is made known."

Then the Nāga king still more delighted uttered a stanza:

"Say, wast thou taken for nothing? Say, did he conquer thee in the game? He says that he won thee fairly—how didst thou come into his power?"

The Great Being replied:

Puṇṇaka conquered in the game with dice him who was my lord and king; [319] he being conquered gave me to the other; so I was won fairly and not by wrong."

The great Nāga, delighted and overjoyed, when he heard these noble words of the sage, seized the lord of lofty wisdom by the hand and thus went into the presence of his wife, "He for whom, O Vimalā, you grew pale and food lost its savour in your eyes, this sun, for the sake of whose heart this trouble came upon you,—listen well to his words, you will never see him again."

Vimalā, when she saw the lord of great wisdom, folded the ten fingers of her hands in reverence, and thus addressed the best of the Kurus with her whole soul full of delight:

"This mortal, beholding me whom he had never seen before and pierced with the fear of death, does not speak to me in his terror; this is not like a wise man."

"I am not terrified, O Nāgī, nor am I pierced with the fear of death; the victim should not address his executioner, nor should the latter ask his victim to address him [1]"

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[322] Thus the Nāga maiden asked the sage the same question which the Nāga Varuṇa had asked him before; and the sage by his answer satisfied her as he had before satisfied Varuṇa.

The sage, seeing that the Nāga king and the Nāga maiden were both pleased with his answers, undaunted in soul and with not one hair erect with fear, thus addressed Varuṇa: "Fear not, O Nāga, here I am; whatever use this body may be to thee, whatever it can do by its heart and its flesh, I myself will carry out according to thy will."

The Nāga king replied:

"The heart of sages is their wisdom,—we are delighted to-day with thy wisdom; let him whose name implies perfection [2] take his bride to-day and let him put thee in possession to-day of the Kurus."

[323] Having thus spoken, Varuṇa gave Irandatī to Puṇṇaka and he in his joy poured out his heart to the Great Being.

The Great Being has thus described the matter:

"Puṇṇaka, delighted and overjoyed, having won the Nāga maiden Irandatī, with his whole soul full of joy, thus addressed him who was the best of the Kurus in action: "Thou hast made me possessed of a wife, I will do what is due to thee, O Vidhura; I give this pearl of jewels and I will put thee to-day in possession of the Kurus."

Then the Great Being praised him in another stanza:

"May thy friendship with thy loved wife be indissoluble, and do thou in thy joy with a happy heart give me the jewel and carry me to Indapatta." Then Puṇṇaka placed the best of the Kurus in action on a seat before him and carried him, the lord of supreme wisdom, to the city Indapatta. Swift as the mind of man may travel, his speed was even swifter still; and Puṇṇaka bore the best of the Kurus to the city Indapatta.

[324] Then he said to him: "Behold before thee the city Indapatta and its pleasant mango groves and districts; I am possessed of a wife, and thou hast obtained thine own home."

Now on that very day at morning-tide the king saw a dream, and this was what he saw. At the door of the king's palace there stood a great tree whose trunk was wisdom, and whose branches and boughs were like the virtues, and its fruits the five sacred products of the cow [1], and it was covered with elephants and horses richly caparisoned; and a great multitude with folded hands were worshipping it with all reverence. Then a black man, clothed with red cloth, and wearing earrings of red flowers, and bearing weapons in his hand, came up and cut the tree down by the roots in spite of the expostulations of the multitude, and dragged it off and went away, and then came back and planted it again in its old place and departed. Then the king as he comprehended the dream said to himself, "The sage Vidhura and no one else is like the great tree; that youth and no other, who carried off the sage, is like the man who cut the tree down by the roots in spite of the expostulations of the multitude; and verily he will come back and set him at the door of the Hall of Truth and depart. We shall behold the seer again to-day." So he joyfully ordered the whole city to be decorated and the Hall of Truth to be got ready and a pulpit in a pavilion adorned with

jewels; and himself surrounded by a hundred kings, with their counsellors, and a multitude of citizens and country people, he consoled them all by saying, "Fear not, you will see the sage again to-day "; and he seated himself in the Hall of Truth, looking for the sage's return. Then Puṇṇaka brought the sage down and seated him in the middle of the assembly at the door of the Hall of Truth, and then departed with Irandatī to his own celestial city.

[325] The Teacher has thus described it:

"Puṇṇaka of noble race, having set down him, the best of the Kurus in action, in the middle of the religious assembly, mounted his own noble steed and sped in the sky through the air. When the king beheld him, he, filled with delight, sprang up and embraced him with his arms, and without a moment's fear seated him on a throne before him in the midst of the congregation."

Then after exchanging friendly greeting with him he welcomed him affectionately and uttered a stanza:

"Thou guidest us like a ready-furnished chariot, the Kurus rejoice at seeing thee; answer me and tell me this,—how was it that that young man let thee go?"

The Great Being replied:

"He whom thou callest a young man, O great king, is no common man, O best of heroes; if thou hast ever heard of the Yakkha Puṇṇaka, it was he, the minister of King Kuvera. There is a Nāga king named Varuṇa, mighty, endowed with strength and a noble presence,—now Puṇṇaka loves his younger daughter, the Nāga maiden Irandatī. [326] He laid his plan for my death for the sake of that fair maiden whom he loved,—he thus obtained his wife, and I was allowed to depart and the jewel was won.

"The Nāga king, being pleased with my solution of his question as to the four ends of men, paid me the honour of giving me a jewel; and when he returned to the Nāga world, his queen Vimalā asked him where the jewel was. He described my skill in discoursing concerning the law, and she, being desirous of hearing such a discourse, feigned a longing for my heart. The Nāga king, not understanding her real wish, said to his daughter Irandatī, "Thy mother has a longing for Vidhura's heart, find out a noble who is able to bring it for her." As she was seeking one, she saw the Yakkha Puṇṇaka who was the son of Vessavana's [1] sister, and, as she knew that he was in love with her, she sent him to her father, who said to him, "If thou art able to bring me Vidhura's heart thou shalt obtain her." So he, having brought from the mountain Vepulla the gem which might well belong to a universal monarch, played dice with me and having won me by his play he remained three days in my house. Then he made me lay hold of his horse's tail, and dashed me against the trees and mountains in Himavat, but he could not kill me. Then he rushed forward on a whirlwind in the seventh sphere of the winds and he set me on the top of the Black Mountain sixty leagues high; there he assailed me as a lion and in other shapes, but he could not kill me. Then at last at his request I told him how I could be killed. Then I proceeded to tell him the duties of the good man, and when he heard them he was highly pleased and wished to bring me hither. Then I took him and went to the Nāga world and I told the law to the king and to Vimalā, and all the court was highly pleased; and after I had stayed

there six days the king [327] gave Irandatī to Puṇṇaka. He was delighted when he gained her, and honoured me with many

jewels as his present. Then at the king's command he mounted me on a magic horse created by his will, and seating himself in the middle seat and Irandatī behind, he brought me here and put me down in the middle of the court, and then went away with Irandatī to his own city. Thus, O king, for the sake of that fair maiden whom he loved he laid his plan for my death and thus through me he obtained his wife. When the king had heard my discourse on the law, he was pleased and let me depart and I received from Puṇṇaka this jewel which grants all desires and which is worthy of a universal emperor; accept it, O monarch," and so saying he gave the jewel to the king. Then the king, in the morning, being desirous to tell the citizens the dream which he had seen, related to them the history as follows:

"There grew a tree before my gates, its trunk was wisdom and its boughs the moral virtues; it ripened into all that was natural and developed, its fruits were the five products of the cow, and it was covered with elephants and cattle. But while it resounded with dance, song, and musical instruments a man came and cut it up from the roots and carried it away; it then came to this palace of ours,—pay your homage to this tree.

Let all who are joyful by my means shew it to-day by their actions; bring your presents in abundance, and pay your homage to this tree.

Whatever captives there may be in my realm, let them set them all loose from their captivity; as this tree has been delivered from its captivity, so let them release others from bondage.

[328] Let them spend this month in holiday, hanging up their ploughs; let them feast the Brahmins with flesh and rice; let them drink in private, and still seem total abstainers, with their full cups flowing over. Let them invite their friends on the highway, and keep a strict watch in the kingdom so that none may injure his neighbour,—pay your homage to this tree."

When he had thus spoken,

"The queens, the princes, the Vesiyas, and the Brahmins brought to the sage much food and drink.

"Riders on elephants, body-guards, riders in chariots, foot-soldiers, brought to the sage much food and drink. [329] The people of the country and the city gathered together in crowds brought to the sage much food and drink. The vast assembly were filled with joy, beholding the seer after he had come: when the sage had come a triumphant waving of cloths took place."

After a month the festival came to an end: the Great Being, as fulfilling a Buddha's duties, taught the great assembly the law, counselled the king and so fulfilled his span of life and so became destined for heaven. Abiding in his teaching, and following their king all the inhabitants of the Kura kingdom gave gifts and performed good works and at the end of their lives went to swell the hosts of heaven.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, said, "Not now only but formerly also did the Buddha, having obtained complete wisdom, shew himself skilful in adapting means to ends. Then he identified the Birth: "At that time the sage's father and mother were the royal family, the eldest queen was Rāhula's mother, the eldest son was Rāhula, Varuṇa the Nāga king was Sāriputta, the garuḷa king was Moggallāna, Sakka was Anuruddha, the king Dhanañjaya was Ānanda, and the wise Vidhura was myself."

Footnotes

126:1 Sc. himself at that time.

127:1 Cf. Kathāsaritsāgara (Tawney's transl., Vol. I. p. 67).

128:1 Sc. the jātaka concerning the four vows for keeping the fast; cf. Vol. IV. *Jāt.* No. 441. The Birth is not there given, but only a reference to the Puṇṇaka Birth which has not been identified.

129:1 Prof. Cowell takes *kaṁkhaṁ* in line 26 as a participle—the verb occurs on p. 229^{8}: but the schol. takes it as a noun with asyndeton. So 261^{14}.

129:2 "*Catuposatha-khaṇḍaṁ nitthitaṁ.*"

131:1 *Kuvera.*

132:1 *Vaḷabhi* may mean a tent or shed.

134:1 *"Dohaḷa-khaṇḍaṁ."*

135:1 Cf. Vol. V. p. 406^{2}, trans., p. 215.

136:1 *odhisuṁkaṁ?*

136:2 *"Maṇi-khaṇḍaṁ."*

136:3 *varapothakattharaṇam?*

137:1 These terms are obscure. Cf. the scene of Darduraka in "The Toycart," Act II., and the *Comm. on the Chāndogya-upanishad,* IV.1. 4.

137:2 B *d* here adds six corrupt stanzas.

140:1 *"Gharāvāsa-pañhaṁ."*

140:2 *varāvaram?*

141:1 I read the line as *ko na idha rañño abbhadhiko;* the scholiast explains it as *Ko nu.*

141:2 "*Lakkha- khaṇḍaṁ.*"

142:1 This line is obscure.

142:2 The bow must not be kept bent into too great a curve.

142:3 Or "let him not go contrary to other people."

143:1 katatto = kataṭṭo *(kṛtārtha?)*.

143:2 So the scholiast seems to explain it.

143:3 Some line to this effect seems to have dropped from the text.

143:4 I would read *aviraho.*

143:5 *"Rājavasati-khaṇḍaṁ."*

144:1 This line is very obscure.

144:2 Cf. *kaccāna, supra.*

144:3 Or "the sacred text and its inner meaning."

145:1 Elsewhere *Kātiyāna.*

145:2 Is *katte* a vocative for *katta?*

146:1 Is this *Kālagiri* the same as the *Kālapabbata,* a peak of the Himālaya?

146:2 Here a verse paraphrase of the above has been omitted.

146:3 This Nāga is called Varuṇa afterwards.

147:1 So, the sky.

148:1 The wife of Kuvera.

149:1 This line seems corrupt and does not agree with the comm., which explains it "do not burn the wet hand." In the verses *addo* is translated here both "soiled" and "wet"; *adubbha* is the word used for "innocent."

149:2 Ie. the hand which had given him food?

150:1 Kuvera.

151:1 The same thought is repeated in different words after this passage.

151:2 See V. 171^{9}—trans., p. 79.

151:3 See V. 171^{22} = trans., p. 79.

151:4 See V. 171 foll. = trans., p. 79, *Sumaṅg.-Vil.* I. 177.

152:1 The same dialogue is here repeated, with the gender altered to suit Vimalā.

152:2 *anūnanāmo?* in allusion to his name Puṇṇaka from pupa "full."

153:1 Milk, ghee, curds, buttermilk, and butter.

154:1 Kuvera.

No. 546.

THE MAHĀ-UMMAGGA-JĀTAKA [1].

"King Brahmadatta of Pañcāla," etc. The Teacher, while dwelling at Jetavana, told this about the perfection of knowledge. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth and described the Buddha's perfection of knowledge: "Brethren, the omniscient Buddha whose wisdom is vast, ready, swift, sharp, crushing heretical doctrines, after having converted, by the power of his own knowledge, the Brahmins Kūṭadanta and the rest, the ascetics Sabhiya and the rest, the thieves Aṅgulimāla &c., the yakkhas Āḷavaka &c., the gods Sakka and the rest, and the Brahmins Baka &c., made them humble, and ordained a vast multitude as ascetics and established them in the fruition of the paths of sanctification." The Teacher came up and asked what they were discoursing about, and when they told him, he replied, [330] "Not now only is the Buddha omniscient,—in past time also, before his knowledge was fully mature, he was full of all wisdom, as he went about for the sake of wisdom and knowledge," and then he told a story of the past.

In days gone by, a king named Vedeha ruled in Mithilā, and he had four sages who instructed him in the law, named Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, and Devinda. Now when the Bodhisatta was conceived in his mother's womb the king saw at dawn the following dream: four columns of fire blazed up in the four corners of the royal court as high as the great wall, and in the midst of them rose a flame of the size of a fire-fly, and at that moment it suddenly exceeded the four columns of fire and rose

up as high as the Brahma world and illumined the whole world; even a grain of mustard-seed lying on the ground is distinctly seen. The world of men with the world of gods worshipped it with garlands and incense; a vast multitude passed through this flame but not even a hair of their skin was singed. The king when he saw this vision started up in terror and sat pondering what was going to happen, and waited for the dawn. The four wise men also when they came in the morning asked him whether he had

slept well. "How could I sleep well," he replied, "when I have seen such a dream" Then Pandit Senaka replied, "Fear not, O king, it is an auspicious dream, thou wilt be prosperous," and when he was asked to explain, he went on, "O king, a fifth sage will be born who will surpass us four; we four are like the four columns of fire, but in the midst of us there will arise as it were a fifth column of fire, one who is unparalleled and fills a post which is unequalled in the world of gods or of men." "Where is he at this moment?" "O king, he will either assume a body or come out of his mother's womb"; thus did he by his science what he had seen by his divine eye and the king from that time forward remembered his words. Now at the four gates of Mithilā there were four market towns, called the East town, the South town, the West town, and the North town [1]; [331] and in the East town there dwelt a certain rich man named Sirivaḍḍhaka, and his wife was named Sumanādevī. Now on that day when the king saw the vision, the Great Being went from the heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived in her womb; and a thousand other sons of the gods went from that heaven and were conceived in the families of various wealthy merchants in that village, and at the

end of the tenth month the lady Sumanā brought forth a child of the colour of gold. Now at that moment Sakka, as he looked over the world of mankind, beheld the Great Being's birth; and saying to himself that he ought to make known in the world of gods and men that this Buddha-shoot had sprung into being, he came up in a visible form as the child was being born and placed a piece of a medicinal herb in its hand, and then returned to his own dwelling. The Great Being seized it firmly in his closed hand; and as he came from his mother's womb she did not feel the slightest pain, but he passed out as easily as water from a sacred water-pot. When his mother saw the piece of the medicinal herb in his hand, she said to him, "My child, what is this which you have got?" He replied, "It is a medicinal plant, mother," and he placed it in her hand and told her to take it and give it to all who are afflicted with any sickness. Full of joy she told it to the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka, who had suffered for seven years from a pain in his head. Full of joy he said to himself, "This child came out of his mother's womb holding a medicinal plant and as soon as he was born he talked with his mother; a medicine given by a being of such surpassing merit must possess great efficacy"; so he rubbed it on a grindstone and smeared a little of it on his forehead, and the pain in his head which had lasted seven years passed away at once like water from a lotus leaf. Transported with joy he exclaimed, "This is a medicine of marvellous efficacy "; the news spread on every side that the Great Being had been born with a medicine in his hand, and all who were sick crowded to the merchant's house and begged for the medicine. They gave a little to all who came, having

rubbed some of it on a grindstone and mixed it with water, and as soon as the affected body was touched with the divine medicine all diseases were cured, and the delighted patients went away proclaiming the marvellous virtues of the medicine in the house of the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka. [332] On the day of naming the child the merchant thought to himself, "My child need not be called after one of his ancestors; let him bear the name of the medicine," so he gave him the name Osadha Kumāra. Then he thought again, "My son possesses great merit, he will not be born alone, many other children will be born at the same time"; so hearing from his inquiries that thousands of other boys were born with him, he sent them all nurses and gave them clothes, and resolving that they should be his son's attendants he celebrated a festival for them with the Great Being and adorned the boys and brought them every day to wait upon him. The Great Being grew up playing with them, and when he was seven years old he was as beautiful as a golden statue. As he was playing with them in the village some elephants and other animals passed by and disturbed their games, and sometimes the children were distressed by the rain and the heat. Now one day as they played, an unseasonable rainstorm came on, and when the Great Being who was as strong as an elephant saw it, he ran into a house, and as the other children ran after him they fell over one another's feet and bruised their knees and other limbs. Then he thought to himself, "A hall for play ought to be built here, we will not play in this way," and he said to the boys, "Let us build a hall here where we can stand, sit, or lie in time of wind, hot sunshine, or rain,—let each one of you bring his piece of money." The thousand boys all did so and the Great Being sent for a master-carpenter and gave him the money, telling him to build a hall in that place. He took the money, and levelled the ground and cut posts and spread out the measuring

line, but he did not grasp the Great Being's idea; so he told the carpenter how he was to stretch out his line so as to do it properly. He replied, "I have stretched it out according to my practical experience, I cannot do it in any other way." "If you do not know even so much as this how can you take our money and build a hall? Take the line, I will measure and shew you," so he made him take the line and himself drew out the plan, and it was done as if Vissakamma had done it. [333] Then he said to the carpenter, "Will you be able to draw out the plan in this way?" "I shall not be able, Sir." "Will you be able to do it by my instructions?" "I shall be able, Sir." Then the Great Being so arranged the hall that there was in one part a place for ordinary strangers, in another a lodging for the destitute, in another a place for the lying-in of destitute women, in another a lodging for stranger Buddhist priests and Brahmins, in another a lodging for other sorts of men, in another a place where foreign merchants should stow their goods, and all these apartments had doors opening

outside. There also he had a public place erected for sports, and a court of justice, and a hall for religious assemblies. When the work was completed he summoned painters, and having himself examined them set them to work at painting beautiful pictures, so that the hall became like Sakka's heavenly palace Sudhammā. Still he thought that the palace was not yet complete, "I must have a tank constructed as well,"—so he ordered the ground to be dug for an architect and having discussed it with him and given him money he made him construct a tank with a thousand bends in the bank and a hundred bathing ghāts. The water was covered with the five kinds of lotuses and was as beautiful as the

lake in the heavenly garden Nandana. On its bank he planted various trees and had a park made like Nandana. And near this hall he established a public distribution of alms to holy men whether Buddhists or Brahmins, and for strangers and for people from the neighbouring villages.

These actions of his were blazed abroad everywhere and crowds gathered to the place, and the Great Being used to sit in the hall and discuss the right and the wrong of the good or evil circumstances of all the petitioners who resorted there and gave his judgment on each, and it became like the happy time when a Buddha makes his appearance in the world.

Now at that time, when seven years had expired, King Vedeha remembered how the four sages had said that a fifth sage should be born who would surpass them in wisdom, and he said to himself, "Where is he now?" and he sent out his four councillors by the four gates of the city, bidding them to find out where he was. When they went out by the other three gates they saw no sign of the Great Being, but when they went out by the eastern gate they saw the hall and its various buildings and they felt sure at once that only a wise man could have built this palace or caused it to be built, [334] and they asked the people, "What architect built this hall?" They replied, "This palace was not built by any architect by his own power, but by the direction of Mahosadha Pandit, the son of the merchant Sirivaḍḍha." "How old is he?" "He has just completed his seventh year." The councillor reckoned up all the events from the day on which the king saw the dream and he said to himself, "This being fulfils the king's dream," and he sent a messenger with this message to the king: "Mahosadha, the son of the merchant Sirivaḍḍha in the East market town, who is now seven years old, has caused such a

hall and tank and park to be made,—shall I bring him into thy presence or not?" When the king heard this he was highly delighted and sent for Senaka, and after relating the account he asked him whether he should send for this sage. But he, being envious of the title, replied, "O king, a man is not to be called a sage merely because he has caused halls and such things to be made; anyone can cause

these things to be made, this is but a little matter." When the king heard his words he said to himself, "There must be some secret reason for all this," and was silent. Then he sent back the messenger with a command that the councillor should remain for a time in the place and carefully examine the sage. The councillor remained there and carefully investigated the sage's actions, and this is the series of the tests or cases of examination [1]:

1. "The piece of meat [2]." One day when the Great Being was going to the play-hall, a hawk carried off a piece of flesh from the slab of a slaughterhouse and flew up into the air; some lads, seeing it, determined to make him drop it and pursued him. The hawk flew in different directions, and they, looking up, followed behind and wearied themselves, flinging stones and other missiles and stumbling over one another. Then the sage said to them, "I will make him drop it," and they begged him to do so. He told them to look; and then himself with looking up he ran with the swiftness of the wind and trod upon the hawk's shadow and then clapping his hands uttered a loud shout. By his energy that shout seemed to pierce the bird's belly through and through and in its terror he dropped the flesh; and the Great Being,

knowing by watching the shadow that it was dropped, [335] caught it in the air before it reached the ground. The people seeing the marvel, made a great noise, shouting and clapping their hands. The minister, hearing of it, sent an account to the king telling him how the sage had by this means made the bird drop the flesh. The king, when he heard of it, asked Senaka whether he should summon him to the court. Senaka reflected, "From the time of his coming I shall lose all my glory and the king will forget my existence,—I must not let him bring him here"; so in envy he said, "He is not a sage for such an action as this, this is only a small matter"; and the king being impartial, sent word that the minister should test him further where he was.

2. "The cattle [3]."A certain man who dwelt in the village of Yavamajjhaka bought some cattle from another village and brought them home. The next day he took them to a field of grass to graze and rode on the back of one of the cattle. Being tired he got down and sat on the ground and fell asleep, and meanwhile a thief came and carried off the cattle. When he woke he saw not his cattle, but as he gazed on every side he beheld the thief running away. Jumping up he shouted, "Where are you taking my cattle?" "They are my cattle, and I am carrying them to the place which I wish." A great crowd collected as they heard the dispute. When the sage heard the noise as they passed by the door of the hall, he sent for them both. When he saw their behaviour

he at once knew which was the thief and which the real owner. But though he felt sure, he asked them what they were

quarrelling about. The owner said, "I bought these cattle from a certain person in such a village, and I brought them home and put them in a field of grass. This thief saw that I was not watching and came and carried them off. Looking in all directions I caught sight of him and pursued and caught him. The people of such a village know that I bought the cattle and took them." The thief replied, "This man speaks falsely, they were born in my house." The sage said, "I will decide your case fairly; will you abide by my decision?" and they promised so to abide. Then thinking to himself that he must win the hearts of the people he first asked the thief, "What have you fed these cattle with, and what have you given them to drink?" "They have drunk rice gruel and have been fed on sesame flour and kidney beans." Then he asked the real owner, who said, "My lord, how could a poor man like me get rice gruel and the rest? I fed them on grass." The pandit caused an assembly to be brought together and ordered panic seeds to be brought and ground in a mortar and moistened with water and given to the cattle, and they forthwith vomited only grass. He shewed this to the assembly, and then asked the thief, "Art thou the thief or not?" He confessed that he was the thief. He said to him, "Then do not commit such a sin henceforth." But the Bodhisatta's attendants carried the man away and cut off his hands and feet and made him helpless. Then the sage addressed him with words of good counsel, "This suffering has come upon thee only in this present life, but in the future life thou wilt suffer great torment in the different hells, therefore henceforth abandon such practices"; he taught him the five commandments. The minister sent an account of the incident to the king, who asked Senaka, but he advised him to wait, "It is only an affair about cattle and anybody could decide it." The king, being impartial, sent the same

command. (This is to be understood in all the subsequent cases, —we shall give each in order according to the list.)

3. "The necklace of thread [1]." A certain poor woman had tied together several threads of different colours and made them into a necklace, which she took off from her neck and placed on her clothes as she went down to bathe in a tank which the pandit had caused to be made. A young woman who saw this conceived a longing for it, took it up and said to her, "Mother, this is a very beautiful necklace, how much did it cost to make? [336] I will make such a one for myself. May I put it on my own neck and ascertain its size?" The other gave her leave, and she put it on her neck and ran off. The elder woman seeing it came quickly out of the water, and putting on her clothes ran after her and seized hold of her dress, crying, "You are running away with a; necklace which I made."

The other replied, "I am not taking anything of yours, it is the necklace which I wear on my neck"; and a great crowd collected as they heard this. The sage, while he played with the boys, heard them quarrelling as they passed by the door of the hall and asked what the noise was about. When he heard the cause of the quarrel he sent for them both, and having known at once by her countenance which was the thief, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he asked the thief, "What scent do you use for this necklace?" She replied, "I always use *sabbasaṁhhāraka* [1] to scent it with." Then he asked the other, who replied, "How shall a poor woman like me get *sabbasaṁhāraka?* I always scent it with perfume made of *piyaṅgu* flowers." Then the sage had a vessel of water

brought and put the necklace in it. Then he sent for a perfume-seller and told him to smell the vessel and find out what it smelt of. He directly recognised the smell of the *piyaṅgu* flower, and quoted the stanza which has been already given in the first book [2]:

"No omnigatherum it is; only the kaṅgu smells;
Yon wicked woman told a lie; the truth the gammer tells."

The Great Being told the bystanders all the circumstances and asked each of them respectively, "Art thou the thief? Art thou not the thief?" and made the guilty one confess, and from that time his wisdom became known to the people.

4. "The cotton thread." A certain woman who used to watch cotton fields was watching one day and she took some clean cotton and spun some fine thread and made it into a ball and placed it in her lap. As she went home she thought to herself, "I will bathe in the great sage's tank," so she placed the ball on her dress and went down into the tank to bathe. Another woman saw it, and conceiving a longing for it took it up, saying, "This is a beautiful ball of thread; pray did you make it yourself?" So she lightly snapped her fingers and put it in her lap as if to examine it more closely, and walked off with it. (This is to be told at full as before.) The sage asked the thief, "When you made the ball what did you put inside [3]?" She replied, "A cotton seed." Then he asked the other, and she replied, "A timbaru seed." When the crowd had heard what each said, he untwisted the ball of cotton and found a timbaru seed inside and forced the thief to confess her guilt. The great multitude were highly pleased and shouted their applause at the way in which the case had been decided.

5. "The son." A certain woman took her son and went down to the sage's tank to wash her face. After she had bathed her son she laid him in her dress and having washed her own face went to bathe. At that moment a female goblin saw the child and wished to eat it, so she took hold of the dress and said, "My friend, this is a fine child, is he your son?" Then she asked if she might give him suck, and on obtaining the mother's consent, she took him and played with him for a while and then tried to run off with him. The other ran after her and seized hold of her, shouting, "Whither are you carrying my child?" The goblin replied, "Why do you touch the child? he is mine." As they wrangled they passed by the door of the hall, and the sage, hearing the noise, sent for them and asked what was the matter. When he heard the story, [337] although he knew at once by her red unwinking eyes that one of them was a goblin, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their promising to do so, he drew a line and laid the child in the middle of the line and bade the goblin seize the child by the hands and the mother by the feet. Then he said to them, "Lay hold of it and pull; the child is hers who can pull it over." They both pulled, and the child, being pained while it was pulled, uttered a loud cry. Then the mother, with a heart which seemed ready to burst, let the child go and stood weeping. The sage asked the multitude, "Is it the heart of the mother which is tender towards the child or the heart of her who is not the mother?" They answered, "The mother's heart." "Is she the mother who kept hold of the child or she who let it go?" They replied, "She who let it go." "Do you know who she is who stole the child?" "We do not know, O sage." "She is a goblin,—she seized it in order to eat it." When they asked how he knew that he replied, "I knew her by her unwinking and red eyes and by her casting no shadow and by her fearlessness and want of mercy."

Then he asked her what she was, and she confessed that she was a goblin. "Why did you seize the child?" "To eat it." "You blind fool," he said, "you committed sin in old time and so were born as a goblin; and now you still go on committing sin, blind fool that you are." Then he exhorted her and established her in the five precepts and sent her away; and the mother blessed him, and saying, "May'st thou live long, my lord," took her son and went her way.

6. "The black ball." There was a certain man who was called Goḷakāḷa,—now he got the name *gola* "ball" from his dwarfish size, and *kāḷa* from his black colour. He worked in a certain house for seven years and obtained a wife, and she was named Dīghatālā. One day he said to her, "Wife, cook some sweetmeats and food, we will pay a visit to your parents." At first she opposed the plan, saying, "What have I to do with parents now?" but after the third time of asking he induced her to cook some cakes, and having taken some provisions and a present he

set out on the journey with her. In the course of the journey he came to a stream which was not really deep, but they, being both afraid of water, dared not cross it and stood on the bank. Now a poor man named Dīghapiṭṭhi came to that place as he walked along the bank, and when they saw him they asked him whether the river was deep or shallow. Seeing that they were afraid of the water he told them that it was very deep and full of voracious fish. "How then will you go across it?" "I have struck up a friendship with the crocodiles and monsters that live here, and therefore they do not hurt me." "Do take us with you," they said. When he consented they gave him some meat and drink; and

when he finished his meal he asked them which he should carry over first. "Take your sister first and then take me," said Goḷakaḷā. Then the man placed her on his shoulders and took the provisions and the present and went down into the stream. When he had gone a little way, he crouched down and walked along in a bent posture. Goḷakāḷa, as he stood on the bank, thought to himself, "This stream must indeed be very deep; if it is so difficult for even such a man as Dīghapiṭṭhi, it must be impassable for me." When the other had carried the woman to the middle of the stream, he said to her, "Lady, I will cherish you, and you shall live bravely arrayed with fine dresses and ornaments and men-servants and maidservants; what will this poor dwarf do for you? listen to what I tell you." She listened to his words and ceased to love her husband, and being at once infatuated with the stranger, she consented, saying, "If you will not abandon me, I will do as you say." So when they reached the opposite bank, they amused themselves and left Goḷakāḷa, bidding him stay where he was. While he stood there looking on, they ate up the meat and drink and departed. When he saw it, he exclaimed, "They have struck up a friendship and are running away, leaving me here." [338] As he ran backwards and forwards he went a little way into the water and then drew back again in fear, and then in his anger at their conduct, he made a desperate leap, saying, "Let me live or die," and when once fairly in, he discovered how shallow the water was. So he crossed it and pursued him and shouted, "You wicked thief, whither are you carrying my wife?" The other replied, "How is she your wife? she is mine"; and he seized him by the neck and whirled him round and threw him off. The other laid hold of Dīghatālā's hand and shouted, "Stop, where are you going? you are my wife whom I got after working for seven years in a house"; and as he thus disputed he came near the hall. A great crowd collected. The

Great Being asked what the noise was about, and having sent for them and heard what each said he asked whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he sent for Dīghapiṭṭhi and asked him his name. Then he asked his wife's name, but he, not knowing what it was, mentioned some other name.

Then he asked him the names of his parents and he told them, but when he asked him the names of his wife's parents he, not knowing, mentioned some other names. The Great Being put his story together and had him removed. Then he sent for the other and asked him the names of all in the same way. He, knowing the truth, gave them correctly. Then he had him removed and sent for Dīghatālā and asked her what her name was and she gave it. Then he asked her her husband's name and she, not knowing, gave a wrong name. Then he asked her her parents' names and she gave them correctly, but when he asked her the names of her husband's parents' names, she talked at random and gave wrong names. Then the sage sent for the other two and asked the multitude, "Does the woman's story agree with Dīghapiṭṭhi or Goḷakāḷa." They replied, "With Goḷakāḷa." Then he pronounced his sentence, "This man is her husband, the other is a thief"; and when he asked him he made him confess that he had acted as the thief.

7. "The chariot." A certain man, who was sitting in a chariot, alighted from it to wash his face. At that moment Sakka was considering and as he beheld the sage he resolved that he would make known the power and wisdom of Mahosadha the embryo Buddha. So he came down in the form of a man [1], and followed

the chariot holding on behind. The man who sat in the chariot asked, "Why have you come?" He replied, "To serve you." The man agreed, and dismounting from the chariot went aside at a call of nature. Immediately Sakka mounted in the chariot and went off at speed. The owner of the chariot, his business done, returned; and when he saw Sakka hurrying away with the chariot, he ran quickly behind, crying, "Stop, stop, where are you taking my chariot?" Sakka replied, "Your chariot must be another, this is mine." Thus wrangling they came to the gate of the hall. The sage asked, "What is this?" and sent for him: as he came, by his fearlessness and his eyes which winked not, the sage knew that this was Sakka and the other was the owner. Nevertheless he enquired the cause of the quarrel, and asked them, "Will you abide by my decision?" They said, "Yes." He went on, "I will cause the chariot to be driven, and you must both hold on behind: the owner will not let go, the other will." Then he told a man to drive the chariot, and he did so, the others holding on behind. The owner [2] went a little way, then being unable to run further he let go, but Sakka went on running with the chariot. When he had recalled the chariot, the sage said to the people: "This man ran a little way [339] and let go; the other ran out with the chariot and came back with it, yet there is not a drop of sweat on his body, no panting, he is fearless, his eyes wink not—

this is Sakka, king of the gods." Then he asked, "Are you king of the gods?" "Yes." "Why did you come here?" "To spread the fame of your wisdom, O sage!" "Then," said he, "don't do that kind of thing again." Now Sakka revealed his power by standing poised in the air, and praised the sage, saying, "A wise judgment this!" So he went to his own place. Then the minister unsummoned

went to the king, and said, "O great king, thus was the Chariot Question resolved: and even Sakka was subdued by him; why do you not recognise superiority in men?" The king asked Senaka, "What say you, Senaka, shall we bring the sage here?" Senaka replied, "That is not all that makes a sage. Wait awhile: I will test him and find out."

8. "The pole." So one day, with a view of testing the sage, they fetcht an acacia pole, and cutting off about a span, they had it nicely smoothed by a turner, and sent it to the East Market-town, with this message: "The people of the Market-town have a name for wisdom. Let them find out then which end is the top and which the root of this stick. If they cannot, there is a fine of a thousand pieces." The people gathered together but could not find it out, and they said to their foreman, "Perhaps Mahosadha the sage would know; send and ask him." The foreman sent for the sage from his playground, and told him the matter, how they could not find it out but perhaps he could. The sage thought in himself, "The king can gain nothing from knowing which is the top and which is the root; no doubt it is sent to test me." He said, "Bring it here, my friends, I will find out." Holding it in his hand, he knew which was the top and which the root; yet to please the heart of the people, he sent for a pot of water, and tied a string round the middle of the stick, and holding it by the end of the string he let it down to the surface of the water. The root being heavier sank first. Then he asked the people, "Is the root of a tree heavier, or the top?" "The root, wise sir!" "See then, this part sinks first, and this is therefore the root." By this mark he distinguished the root from the top. The people sent it back to the king, distinguishing which was the root and which was the top. The king was pleased, and asked, who had found it out? They said, "The sage Mahosadha, son of foreman Sirivaddhi."

"Senaka, shall we send for him?" he asked. "Wait, my lord," he replied, "let us try him in another way."

9. "The head." One day, two heads were brought, one a woman's and one a man's; these were sent to be distinguished, with a fine of a thousand pieces in case of failure. The villagers could not decide and asked the Great Being. He recognised them at sight, because, they say, the sutures in a man's head are straight, and in a woman's head they are crooked. By this mark he told which was which; and they sent back to the king. The rest is as before.

10. "The snake." One day a male and a female snake were brought, and sent for the villagers to decide which was which. They asked the sage, and he knew at once when he saw them; for the tail of the male snake is thick, that of the female is thin; the male snake's head is thick, the female's is long; the eyes of the male are big, of the female small, the head [1] of the male is rounded, that of the female cut short. By these signs [340] he distinguished male from female. The rest is as before.

11. "The cock." One day a message was sent to the people of the East Market-town to this effect: "Send us a bull white all over, with horns on his legs, and a hump on the head, which utters his voice at three times [2] unfailingly; otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces." Not knowing one, they asked the sage. He said: "The king means you to send him a cock. This creature has horns on his feet, the spurs; a hump on his head, the crest; and crowing thrice utters his voice at three times unfailingly. Then send him a cock such as he describes." They sent one.

12. "The gem." The gem which Sakka gave to King Kusa was octagonal. Its thread was broken, and no one could remove the old thread and put in a new. One day they sent this gem, with directions to take out the old thread and to put in a new; the villagers could do neither the one nor the other, and in their difficulty they told the sage. He bade them fear nothing, and asked for a lump of honey. With this he smeared the two holes in the gem, and twisting a thread of wool, he smeared the end of this also with honey, he pushed it a little way into the hole, and put it in a place where ants were passing. The ants smelling the honey came out of their hole, and eating away the old thread bit hold of the end of the woollen thread and pulled it out at the other end. When he saw that it had passed through, he bade them present it to the king, who was pleased when he heard how the thread had been put in.

13. "The calving." The royal bull was fed up for some months, so that his belly swelled out, his horns were washed, he was anointed with oil, and bathed with turmeric, and then they sent him to the East Market-town, with this message: "You have a name for wisdom. Here is the king's royal bull, in calf; deliver him and send him back with the calf, or else there is a fine of a thousand pieces." The villagers, perplexed what to do, applied to the sage; who thought fit to meet one question with another, and asked, "Can you find a bold man able to speak to the king?" "That is no hard matter," they replied. So they summoned him, and the Great Being said—"Go, my good man, let your hair down loose over your shoulders, and go to the palace gate weeping and lamenting sore. Answer

none but the king, only lament; and if the king sends for you to ask why you lament, say, This seven days my son is in labour and cannot bring forth; O help me! tell me how I may deliver him! Then the king will say, What madness! this is impossible; men do not bear children. Then you must say, If that be true, how can the people of the East Market-town deliver your royal bull of a calf?" As he was bidden, so he did. The king asked who thought of that counter-quip; and on hearing that it was the sage Mahosadha he was pleased.

14. "The boiled rice." Another day, to test the sage, this message was sent: "The people of the East Market-town must send us some boiled rice cooked under eight conditions, and these are—[341] without rice, without water, without a pot, without an oven, without fire, without firewood, without being sent along a road either by woman or man. If they cannot do it, there is a fine of a thousand pieces." The people perplext applied to the sage; who said, "Be not troubled, Take some broken rice [1], for that is not rice; snow, for that is not water; an earthen bowl, which is no pot; chop up some wood-blocks, which are no oven; kindle fire by rubbing, instead of a proper fire; take leaves instead of firewood; cook your sour rice, put it in a new vessel, press it well down, put it on the head of a eunuch, who is neither man nor woman, leave the main road and go along a footpath, and take it to the king." They did so; and the king was pleased when he heard by whom the question had been solved.

15. "The sand." Another day, to test the sage, they sent this message to the villagers: "The king wishes to amuse himself in a swing, and the old rope is broken; you are to make a rope of sand, or else pay a fine of a thousand pieces." They knew not what to do, and appealed to the sage, who saw that this was the

place for a counter-question. He reassured the people; and sending for two or three clever speakers, he bade them go tell the king: "My lord, the villagers do not know whether the sand-rope is to be thick or thin; send them a bit of the old rope, a span long or four fingers; this they will look at and twist a rope of the same size." If the king replied, "Sand-rope there never was in my house," they were to reply, "If your majesty cannot make a sand-rope, how can the villagers do so?" They did so; and the king was pleased on hearing that the sage had thought of this counter-quip.

16. "The tank." Another day, the message was: "The king desires to disport him in the water; you must send me a new tank covered with water lilies of all five kinds, otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces." They told the sage, who saw that a counter-quip was wanted. He sent for several men clever at speaking, and said to them: "Go and play in the water till your eyes are red, go to the palace door with wet hair and wet

garments and your bodies all over mud, holding in your hands ropes, staves, and clods; send word to the king of your coming, and when you are admitted say to him, Sire, inasmuch as your majesty has ordered the people of the East Market-town to send you a tank, we brought a great tank to suit your taste; but she being used to a life in the forest, no sooner saw the town with its walls, moats, and watch-towers, than she took fright and broke the ropes and off into the forest: we pelted her with clods and beat her with sticks but could not make her come back. Give us then the old tank which your majesty is said to have brought from the forest, and we will yoke them together and bring the

other back. The king will say, I never had a tank brought in from the forest, [342] and never send a tank there to be yoked and bring in another! Then you must say, If that is so, how can the villagers send you a tank?" They did so; and the king was pleased to hear that the sage had thought of this.

17. "The park." Again on a day the king sent a message: "I wish to disport me in the park, and my park is old. The people of the East Market-town must send me a new park, filled with trees and flowers." The sage reassured them as before, and sent men to speak in the same manner as above.

18. Then the king was pleased, and said to Senaka: "Well, Senaka, shall we send for the sage?" But he, grudging the other's prosperity, said, "That is not all that makes a sage; wait." On hearing this the king thought, "The sage Mahosadha was wise even as a child, and took my fancy. In all these mysterious tests and counter-quips he has given answers like a Buddha. Yet such a wise man as this Senaka will not let me summon him to my side. What care I for Senaka? I will bring the man here." So with a great following he set out for the village, mounted upon his royal horse. But as he went the horse put his foot into a hole and broke his leg; so the king turned back from that place to the town. Then Senaka entered the presence and said: "Sire, did you go to the East Market-town to bring the sage back?" "Yes, sir," said the king. "Sire," said Senaka, "you make me as one of no account. I begged you to wait awhile; but off you went in a hurry, and at the outset your royal horse broke his leg." The king had nothing to say to this. Again on a day he asked Senaka, "Shall we send for the sage, Senaka?" "If so, your majesty, don't go yourself but send a messenger, saying, O sage! as I was on my way to fetch you my horse broke his leg: send us a better horse

and a more excellent one [1]. If he takes the first alternative he will come himself, if the second he will send his father. Then will be a problem to test him." The king sent a messenger with this message. The sage on hearing it recognised that the king wished to see himself and

his father. So he went to his father, and said greeting him, "Father, the king wishes to see you and me. You go first with a thousand merchants in attendance; and when you go, go not empty-handed, but take a sandalwood casket filled with fresh ghee. The king will speak kindly to you, and offer you a householder's seat; take it and sit down. When you are seated, I will come; the king will speak kindly to me and offer me such another seat. Then I will look at you; take the cue and say, rising from your seat, Son Mahosadha the wise, take this seat. Then the question will be ripe for solution." He did so. On arriving at the palace door he caused his arrival to be made known to the king, and on the king's invitation, he entered, and greeted the king, and stood on one side. The king spoke to him kindly, and asked where was his son the wise Mahosadha. "Coming after me, my lord." The king was pleased to hear of his coming, and bade the father sit in a suitable place. He found a place and sat there. [343] Meanwhile the Great Being drest himself in all his splendour, and attended by the thousand youths he came seated in a magnificent chariot. As he entered the town he beheld an ass by the side of a ditch, and he directed some stout fellows to fasten up the mouth of the ass so that it should make no noise, to put him in a bag and carry him on their shoulders. They did so; the Bodhisat entered the city with his great company. The people could not praise him enough. "This," they cried, "is the

wise Mahosadha, the merchant Sirivaḍḍhaka's son; this they say is he, who was born holding a herb of virtue in his hand; he it is who knew the answers to so many problems set to test him." On arriving before the palace he sent in word of his coming. The king was pleased to hear it and said, "Let my son the wise Mahosadha make haste to come in." So with his attendants he entered the palace and saluted the king and stood on one side. The king delighted to see him spoke to him very sweetly, and bade him find a fit seat and sit down. He looked at his father, and his father at this cue uprose from his seat and invited him to sit there, which he did. Thereupon the foolish men who were there, Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, Devinda, and others, seeing him sit there, clapt their hands and laughed loudly and cried, "This is the blind fool they call wise! He has made his father rise from his seat, and sits there himself! Wise he should not be called surely." The king also was crestfallen. Then the Great Being said, "Why, my lord! are you sad?" "Yes, wise sir, I am sad. I was glad to hear of you, but to see you I am not glad." "Why so?" "Because you have made your father rise from his seat, and sit there yourself." "What, my lord! do you think that in all cases the sire is better than the sons?" "Yes, sir." "Did you not send word to me to bring you the better horse or the more excellent horse?" So saying he rose up and looking towards the young fellows, said, "Bring in the ass you have brought." Placing this ass

before the king he went on, "Sire, what is the price of this ass?" The king said, "If it be serviceable, it is worth eight rupees." "But if he get a mule colt out of a thorobred Sindh mare, what will the price of it be?" "It will be priceless." "Why do you say that, my lord? Have you not just said that in all cases the sire is better

than the sons? By your own saying the ass is worth more than the mule colt. Now have not your wise men clapt their hands and laughed at me because they did not know that? What wisdom is this of your wise men! where did you get them?" And in contempt for all four of them he addrest the king in this stanza of the First Book [1]:

"Thinkst thou that the sire is always better than the son, O excellent king?
Then is yon creature better than the mule; the ass is the mule's sire [2]."

After this said, [344] he went on, "My lord, if the sire is better than the son, take my sire into your service; if the son is better than the sire, take me." The king was delighted; and all the company cried out applauding and praising a thousand times —"Well indeed has the wise man solved the question." There was cracking of fingers and waving of a thousand scarves: the four were crestfallen.

Now no one knows better than the Bodhisat the value of parents. If one ask then, why he did so: it was not to throw contempt on his father, but when the king sent the message, "send the better horse or the more excellent horse," he did thus in order to solve that problem, and to make his wisdom to be recognised, and to take the shine out of the four sages [3].

The king was pleased; and taking the golden vase filled with scented water, poured the water upon the merchant's hand, saying, "Enjoy the East Market-town as a gift from the king.—Let the other merchants," he went on, "be subordinate to this." This done he sent to the mother of the Bodhisat all kinds of ornaments. Delighted as he was at the Bodhisat's solution of the Ass Question, he wished to make the Bodhisat as his own son, and to the father said, "Good sir, give me the Great Being to be

my son." He replied, "Sire, very young is he still; even yet his mouth smells of milk: but when he is old, he shall be with you." The king said however, "Good sir, henceforth you must give up your attachment to the boy; from this day he is my son. I can support my son, so go your ways." Then he sent him away. He did obeisance to the king, and embraced his son, and throwing his arms about him kissed him upon the head, and gave him good counsel. The boy also bade his father farewell, and begged him not to be anxious, and sent him away.

The king then asked the sage, whether he would take his meals inside the palace or without it. He thinking that with so large a retinue it

were best to have his meals outside the palace, replied to that effect. Then the king gave him a suitable house, and providing for the maintenance of the thousand youths and all, gave him all that was needful. From that time the sage attended upon the king.

19. Now the king desired to test the sage. At that time there was a precious jewel in a crow's nest on a palm-tree which stood on the bank of a lake near the southern gate, and the image of this jewel was to be seen reflected upon the lake. They told the king that there was a jewel in the lake. He sent for Senaka, [345] saying, "They tell me there is a jewel in the lake; how are we to get it?" Senaka said, "The best way is to drain out the water." The king instructed him to do so; and he collected a number of men, and got out the water and mud, and dug up the soil at the bottom—but no jewel could he see. But when the lake was again full, there was the reflexion of the jewel to be seen once more.

Again Senaka did the same thing, and found no jewel. Then the king sent for the sage, and said, "A jewel has been seen in the lake, and Senaka has taken out the water and mud and dug up the earth without finding it, but no sooner is the lake full than it appears again. Can you get hold of it?" He replied, "That is no hard task, sire, I will get it for you." The king was pleased at this promise, and with a great following he went to the lake, ready to see the might of the sage's knowledge. The Great Being stood on the bank, and looked. He perceived that the jewel was not in the lake, but must be in the tree, and he said aloud, "Sire, there is no jewel in the tank." "What! is it not visible in the water?" So he sent for a pail of water, and said, "Now my lord, see—is not this jewel visible both in the pail and the lake?" "Then where can the jewel be?" "Sire, it is the reflexion which is visible both in the lake and in the pail, but the jewel is in a crow's nest in this palm-tree: send up a man and have it brought down." The king did so: the man brought down the jewel, and the sage put it into the king's hand. All the people applauded the sage and mocked at Senaka —"Here's a precious jewel in a crow's nest up a tree, and Senaka makes strong men dig out the lake! Surely a wise man should be like Mahosadha [1]." Thus they praised the Great Being; and the king being delighted with him, gave him a necklace of pearls from his own neck, and strings of pearls to the thousand boys, and to him and his retinue he granted the right to wait upon him without ceremony [2].

Again, on a day the king went with the sage into the park; [346] when a chameleon, which lived on the top of the arched gateway, saw the king approach and came down and lay flat upon the ground. The king seeing this asked, "What is he doing, wise sir?" "Paying respect to

you, sire." "If so, let not his service be without reward; give him a largess." "Sire, a largess is of no use to him; all he wants is something to eat." "And what does he eat?" "Meat, sire." "How much ought he to have?" "A farthing's worth, sire." "A farthing's worth is no gift from a king," said the king, and he sent a man with orders to bring regularly and give to the chameleon a half-anna's worth of meat. This was done thereafter. But on a fast day, when there is no killing, the man could find no meat; so he bored a hole through the half-anna piece, and strung it upon a thread, and tied it upon the chameleon's neck. This made the creature proud. That day the king again went into the park; but the chameleon as he saw the king draw near, in pride of wealth made himself equal to the king, thinking within himself—"You may be very rich, Vedeha, but so am I." So he did not come down, but lay still on the archway, stroking his head. The king seeing this said, "Wise sir, this creature does not come down to-day as usual; what is the reason?" and he recited the first stanza:

"Yon chameleon used not to climb upon the archway: explain, Mahosadha,
why the chameleon has become stiff-necked."

The sage perceived that the man must have been unable to find meat on this fast day when there was no killing, and that the creature must have become proud because of the coin hung about his neck; so he recited this stanza:

"The chameleon has got what he never had before, a half-anna piece; hence he despises Vedeha lord of Mithilā."

[347] The king sent for the man and questioned him, and he told him all about it truly. Then he was more than ever pleased with the sage, who (it seemed) knew the idea of the chameleon, without asking any questions, with a wisdom like the supreme wisdom of a Buddha; so he gave him the revenue taken at the four gates. Being angry with the chameleon, he thought of discontinuing the gift, but the sage told him that it was unfitting and dissuaded him [1].

Now a lad Piṅguttara living in Mithilā came to Takkasilā, and studied under a famous teacher, and soon completed his education; then after diligent study he proposed to take leave of his teacher and go. But in this teacher's family there was a custom, that if there should be a daughter ripe for marriage she should be given to the eldest pupil. This teacher had a daughter beautiful as a nymph divine, so he said, "My son, I will give you my daughter and you shall take her with you." Now this lad was unfortunate and unlucky, but the girl was very lucky. When he saw her he did not care for her; but though he said so, he agreed, not wishing to disregard his master's words, and the brahmin married the

daughter to him. Night came, when he lay upon the prepared bed; no sooner had she got into the bed than up he got groaning and lay down upon the floor. She got out and lay beside him, then he got up and went to bed again; when she came into the bed again he got out—for ill luck cannot mate with good luck. So the girl stayed in bed and he stayed on the

ground. Thus they spent seven days. Then he took leave of his teacher and departed taking her with him. On the road there was not so much as an exchange of talk between them. Both unhappy they came to Mithilā. Not far from the town, Piṅguttara saw a fig-tree covered with fruit, and being hungry he climbed up and ate some of the figs. The girl also being hungry came to the foot of the tree and called out—"Throw down some fruit for me too." "What!" says he, "have you no hands or feet? Climb up and get it yourself." She climbed up also and ate. No sooner did he see that she had climbed than he came down quickly, [348] and piled thorns around the tree, and made off saying to himself —"I have got rid of the miserable woman at last." She could not get down, but remained sitting where she was. Now the king, who had been amusing himself in the forest, was coming back to town on his elephant in the evening time when he saw her, and fell in love; so he sent to ask had she a husband or no. She replied, "Yes, I have a husband to whom my family gave me; but he has gone away and left me here alone." The courtier told this tale to the king, who said, "Treasure trove belongs to the Crown." She was brought down and placed on the elephant and conveyed to the palace, where she was sprinkled with the water of consecration as his queen consort. Dear and darling she was to him; and the name Udumbarā or Queen Fig was given to her because he first saw her upon a fig-tree.

One day after this, they who dwelt by the city gate had to clean the road for the king to go disporting into his park; and Piṅguttara, who had to earn his living, tucked up his clothes and set to work clearing the road with a hoe. Before the road was clean the king with Queen Udumbarā came along in a chariot; and the queen seeing the wretch clearing the road could not restrain her triumph, but smiled to see the wretch there. The

king was angry to see her smile, and asked why she did so. "My lord," she said, "that road-cleaner fellow is my former husband, who made me climb up the fig-tree and then piled thorns about it and left me; when I saw him I could not help feeling triumphant at my good fortune, and smiled to see the wretch there." The king said, "You lie, you laughed at someone else, and I will kill you!" And he drew his sword. She was alarmed and said, "Sire, pray ask your wise men!" The king asked Senaka whether he believed her. "No, my lord, I do not," said Senaka, "for who would leave such a woman if he once possest her?" When she heard this she was more frightened than ever. But the king

thought, "What does Senaka know about it? I will ask the sage"; and asked him reciting this stanza [1]:

"Should a woman be virtuous and fair, and a man not desire her—do you believe it Mahosadha?"

[349] The sage replied:

"O king, I do believe it: the man would be an unlucky wretch; good luck and ill luck never can mate together."

These words allayed the king's anger, and his heart was calmed, and much pleased he said, "O wise man! if you had not been here, I should have trusted the words of that fool Senaka and lost this precious woman: you have saved me my queen." He recompensed the sage with a thousand pieces of money. Then the queen said to the king respectfully, "Sire, it is all through this wise man that my life has been saved; grant me the boon, that I may treat him as my youngest brother." "Yes, my queen, I

consent, the boon is granted." "Then, my lord, from this day I will eat no dainties without my brother, from this day in season and out of season my door shall be open to send him sweet food—this boon I crave." "You may have this boon also, my lady," quoth the king. Here endeth the Question of Good and Bad Luck [2].

Another day, the king after breakfast was walking up and down in the long walk when he saw through a doorway a goat and a dog making friends. Now this goat was in the habit of eating the grass thrown to the elephants beside their stable before they touched it; the elephant-keepers beat it and drove it away; and as it ran away bleating, one man ran quickly after and struck it on the back with a stick. The goat with its back humped in pain went and lay down by the great wall of the palace, on a bench. Now there was a dog which had fed all its days upon the bones, skin, and refuse of the royal kitchen. That same day the cook had finished preparing the food, and had dished it up, and while he was wiping the sweat off his body the dog could no longer bear the smell of the meat and fish, and entered the kitchen, pushed off the cover [350] and began eating the meat. But the cook hearing the noise of the dishes ran in and saw the dog: he clapt to the door and beat it with sticks and stones. The dog dropt the meat from his mouth and ran off yelping; and the cook seeing him run, ran after and struck him full on the back with a stick. The dog humping his back and holding up one leg came to the place where the goat was lying. Then the goat said, "Friend, why do you hump your back? Are you suffering from colic?" The dog replied, "You are humping your back too, have you an attack of colic?" He told his tale. Then the goat added, "Well, can you ever go to the kitchen again?" "No, it is as

much as my life's worth.—Can you go to the stable again?" "No more than you, ’tis as much as my life's worth." Well, they began to wonder how they could live. Then the goat said, "If we could manage to live together I have an idea." "Pray tell it." "Well, sir, you must go to the stable; the elephant-keepers will take no notice of you, for (think they) he eats no grass; and you must bring me my grass. I will go to the kitchen, and the cook will take no notice of me, thinking that I eat no meat, so I will bring you your meat." "That's a good plan," said the other, and they made a bargain of it: the dog went to the stable and brought a bundle of grass in his teeth and laid it beside the great wall; the other went to the kitchen and brought away a great lump of meat in his mouth to the sane place. The dog ate the meat and the goat ate the grass; and so by this device they lived together in harmony by the great wall. When the king saw their friendship he thought —"Never have I seen such a thing before. Here are two natural enemies living in friendship together. I will put this in the form of a question to my wise men; those who cannot understand it I will banish from the realm, and if anyone guesses it [351] I will declare him the sage incomparable and shew him all honour. There is no time to-day; but to-morrow when they come to wait upon me I will ask them the question. So next day when the wise men had come to wait upon him, he put his question in these words:

"Two natural enemies, who never before in the world could come within seven paces of each other, have become friends and go inseparable. What is the reason?"

After this he added another stanza:

"If this day before noon you cannot solve me this question, I will banish you all. I have no need of ignorant men."

Now Senaka was seated in the first seat, the sage in the last; and thought the sage to himself, "This king is too slow of wit to have thought out this question by himself, he must have seen something. If I can get one day's grace I will solve the riddle. Senaka is sure to find some means to postpone it for a day." And the other four wise men could see nothing, being like men in a dark room: Senaka looked at the Bodhisat to see what he would do, the Bodhisat looked at Senaka. By the way Mahosadha looked Senaka perceived his state of mind; he sees that even this wise man does not understand the question, he cannot answer it to-day but wants a day's grace; he would fulfil this wish. So he laughed loudly in a reassuring manner and said, "What, sire, you will banish us all if we cannot answer your question?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, you know that it is a knotty question, and we cannot solve it; do but wait a little. A knotty question cannot be solved in a crowd. We will think it over,

and afterwards [352] explain it to you. So let us have a chance." So he said relying on the Great Being, and then recited these two stanzas:

"In a great crowd, where is a great din of people assembled, our minds are distracted, our thoughts cannot concentrate, and we cannot solve the question. But alone, calm in thought, apart they will go and ponder on the matter, in solitude grappling with it firmly, then they will solve it for thee, O lord of men."

The king, exasperated though he was at his speech, said, threatening them, "Very well, think it over and tell me; if you do not, I will banish you." The four wise men left the palace, and Senaka said to the others, "Friends, a delicate question this which the king has put; if we cannot solve it there is great fear

for us. So take a good meal and reflect carefully." After this they went each to his own house. The sage on his part rose and sought out Queen Udumbarā, and to her he said, "O queen, where was the king most of to-day and yesterday?" "Walking up and down the long walk, good sir, and looking out of the window." "Ah," thought the Bodhisat, "he must have seen something there." So he went to the place and looked out and saw the doings of the goat and the dog. "The king's question is solved!" he concluded, and home he went. The three others found out nothing, and came to Senaka, who asked, "Have you found out the question?" "No, master." "If so, the king will banish you, and what will you do?" "But you have found it out?" "Indeed no, not I." "If you cannot find it out, how can we? We roared like lions before the king, and said, Let us think and we will solve it; and now if we cannot, he will be angry. What are we to do?" "This question is not for us to solve: [353] no doubt the sage has solved it in a hundred ways." "Then let us go to him." So they came all four to the Bodhisat's door, and sent to announce their coming, and entering spoke politely to him; then standing on one side they asked the Great Being, "Well, sir, have you thought out the question?" "If I have not, who will? Of course I have." "Then tell us too." He thought to himself, "If I do not tell them, the king will banish them, and will honour me with the seven precious things. But let not these fools perish—I will tell them." So he made them sit down on low seats, and to uplift their hands in salutation, and without telling them what the king had really seen, he composed four stanzas, and taught them one each in the Pāli language, to recite when the king should ask them, and sent them away. Next day they went to wait on the king, and sat where they were told to sit, and the king asked Senaka, "Have you solved the question, Senaka?" "Sire, if I do not know it who

can?" "Tell me, then." "Listen, my lord," and he recited a stanza as he had been taught:

"Young beggars and young princes like and delight in ram's [1] flesh; dog's flesh they do not eat. Yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

Although Senaka recited the stanza he did not know its meaning; but the king did because he had seen the thing. "Senaka has found it out," he thought; and then turned to Pukkusa and asked him. "What? am not I a wise man?" asked Pukkusa, and recited his stanza as he had been taught:

"They take off a goatskin to cover the horse's back withal, but a dogskin they do not use for covering: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

[354] Neither did he understand the matter, but the king thought he did because he had seen the thing. Then he asked Kāvinda and he also recited his stanza:

"Twisted horns hath a ram, the dog hath none at all; one eateth grass, one flesh: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

"He has found it out too," thought the king, and passed on to Devinda; who with the others recited his stanza as he had been taught:

"Grass and leaves Both the ram eat, the dog neither grass nor leaves; the dog would take a hare or a cat: yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

Next the king questioned the sage: "My son, do you understand this question?" "Sire, who else can understand it from Avīci to Bhavagga, from lowest hell to highest heaven?" "Tell me, then."

"Listen, sire"; and he made clear his knowledge of the fact by reciting these two stanzas:

"The ram, with eight half-feet on his four feet, and eight hooves, unobserved, brings meat for the other, and he brings grass for him [1]. The chief of Videha, the lord of men, on his terrace beheld with his own eyes the interchange of food given by each to the other, between bow-wow and full-mouth."

[355] The king, not knowing that the others had their knowledge through the Bodhisat, was delighted to think that all five had found out the riddle each by his own wisdom, and recited this stanza:

"No small gain is it that I have men so wise in my house. A matter profound and subtile they have penetrated with noble speech, the clever men!"

So he said to them, "One good turn deserves another," and made his return in the following stanza:

"To each I give a chariot and a she-mule, to each a rich village, very choice, these I give to all the wise men, delighted at their noble speech."

All this he gave. Here endeth the Question of the Goat in the Twelfth Book [2].

But Queen Udumbarā knew that the others had got their knowledge of the question through the sage; and thought she, "The king has given the same reward to all five, like a man who makes no difference between peas and beans. Surely my brother should have had a special reward." So she went and asked the king, "Who discovered the riddle for you, sir?" "The five wise men, madam." "But my lord, through whom did the four get

their knowledge?" "I do not know, madam." "Sire, what do those men know! It was the sage—who wished that these fools should not be ruined through him, and taught them the problem. [356] Then you give the same reward to them all. That is not right; you should make a distinction for the sage." The king was pleased that the sage had not revealed that they had their knowledge through him, and being desirous of giving him an exceeding great reward, he thought, "Never mind: I will ask my son another question, and when he replies, I will give him a great reward." Thinking of this he hit on the Question of Poor and Rich.

One day, when the five wise men had come to wait upon him, and when they were comfortably seated, the king said, "Senaka, I will ask a question." "Do, sire." Then he recited the first stanza in the Question of Poor and Rich:

"Endowed with wisdom and bereft of wealth, or wealthy and without wisdom—I ask you this question, Senaka: Which of these two do clever men call the better?"

Now this question had been handed down from generation to generation in Senaka's family, so he replied at once:

"Verily, O king, wise men and fools, men educated or uneducated, do service to the wealthy, although they be high-born and he be base-born. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, and the wealthy is better."

The king listened to this answer; then without asking the other three, he said to the sage Mahosadha who sat by:

"Thee also I ask, lofty in wisdom, Mahosadha, who knowest all the Law: A fool with wealth or a wise man with small store, which of the two do clever men call the better?"

[357] Then the Great Being replied, "Hear, O king:

"The fool commits sinful acts, thinking "In this world I am the better"; he looks at this world and not at the next, and gets the worst of it in both. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

This said, the king looked at Senaka: "Well, you see Mahosadha says the wise man is the best." Senaka said, "Your majesty, Mahosadha is a child; even now his mouth smells of milk. What can he know?" and he recited this stanza:

"Science does not give riches, nor does family or personal beauty. Look at that idiot Gorimanda greatly prospering, because Luck favours the wretch [1]. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the wealthy is better."

[358] Hearing this the king said, "What now, Mahosadha my son?" He answered, "My lord, what does Senaka know? He is like a crow where rice is scattered, like a dog trying to lap up milk: sees himself but sees not the stick which is ready to fall upon his head. Listen, my lord," and he recited this stanza:

"He that is small of wit, when he gets wealth, is intoxicated: struck by misfortune he becomes stupefied: struck by ill luck or good luck as chance may come, he writhes like a fish in the hot sun. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

"Now then, master!" said the king on hearing this. Senaka said, "My lord, what does he know? Not to speak of men, it is the fine tree full of fruit which the birds go after," and he recited this stanza:

"As in the forest, the birds gather from all quarters to the tree which has sweet fruit, so to the rich man who has treasure and wealth crowds flock together for their profit. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the wealthy is the better."

"Well, my son, what now?" the king asked. The sage answered, "What does that pot-belly know? Listen, my lord," and he recited this stanza:

"The powerful fool does not well to win treasure by violence; roar loud as he will, they [1] drag the simpleton off to hell. [359] Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

Again the king said, "Well, Senaka?" to which Senaka replied:

"Whatsoever streams pour themselves into the Ganges, all these lose name and kind. The Ganges falling into the sea, is no longer to be distinguished. So the world is devoted to wealth. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

Again the king said, "Well, sage?" and he answered, "Hear, O king!" with a couple of stanzas:

"This mighty ocean of which he spoke, whereinto always flow rivers innumerable, this sea beating incessantly on the shore can never pass over it, mighty ocean though it be. So it is with the chatterings of the fool: his prosperity cannot overpass the wise. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the prosperous fool."

[360] "Well, Senaka?" said the king. "Hear, O king!" said he, and recited this stanza:

"A wealthy man in high position may lack all self-control, but if he says anything to others, his word has weight in the midst of his kinsfolk; but wisdom has not that effect for the man without wealth. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

"Well, my son?" said the king again. "Listen, sire! what does that stupid Senaka know?" and he recited this stanza:

"For another's sake or his own the fool and small of wit speaks falsely; he is put to shame in the midst of company, and hereafter he goeth to misery. Beholding this I

say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

Then Senaka recited a stanza:

"Even if one be of great wisdom, but without rice [1] or grain, and needy, should he say anything, his word has no weight in the midst of his kinsfolk, [361] and prosperity does not come to a man for his knowledge. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

Again the king said, "What say you to that, my son?" And the sage replied, "What does Senaka know? he looks at this world, not the next," and he recited this stanza:

"Not for his own sake nor another's does the man of great wisdom speak a lie; he is honoured in the midst of the assembly, and hereafter he goes; r happiness. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

Then Senaka recited a stanza:

"Elephants, kine, horses, jewelled earrings, women, are found in rich families; these all are for the enjoyment of the rich man without supernatural power. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

The sage said, "What does he know?" and continuing to explain the matter he recited this stanza:

"The fool, who does thoughtless acts and speaks foolish words, the unwise, is cast off by Fortune as a snake casts the old skin. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

[362] "What now?" asked the king then; and Senaka said, "My lord, what can this little boy know? Listen!" and he recited this

stanza, thinking that he would silence the sage:

"We are five wise men, venerable sir, all waiting upon you with gestures of respect; and you are our lord and master, like Sakka, lord of all creatures, king of the gods. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the rich is better."

When the king heard this he thought, "That was neatly said of Senaka; I wonder whether my son will be able to refute it and to say something else." So he asked him, "Well, wise sir, what now?" But this argument of Senaka's there was none able to refute except the Bodhisat; so the Great Being refuted it by saying, "Sire, what does this fool know? He only looks at himself and knows not the excellence of wisdom. Listen, sire," and he recited this stanza:

"The wealthy fool is but the slave of a wise man, when questions of this kind arise; when the sage solves it cleverly, then the fool falls into confusion. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

As if he drew forth golden sand from the foot of Sineru, as though he bought the full moon up in the sky, so did he set forth this argument, so did the Great Being shew his wisdom. Then the king said to Senaka, "Well, Senaka, cap that if you can!" But like one who had used up all the corn in his granary, he sat without answer, disturbed, [363] grieving.

If he could have produced another argument, even a thousand stanzas would not [1] have finished this Birth. But when he remained without an answer, the Great Being went on with this stanza in praise of wisdom, as though he poured out a deep flood:

"Verily wisdom is esteemed of the good; wealth is beloved because men are devoted to enjoyment. The knowledge of the Buddhas is incomparable, and wealth never surpasses wisdom."

Hearing this the king was so pleased with the Great Being's solution of the question, that he rewarded him with riches in a great shower, and recited a stanza:

"Whatsoever I asked he has answered me, Mahosadha [2] the only preacher of the Law. A thousand kine, a bull and an elephant, and ten chariots drawn by thorobreds, and sixteen excellent villages, here I give thee, pleased with thy answer to the question [3]."

Here endeth the Question of Rich and Poor (Book XX).

From that day the Bodhisat's glory was great, and Queen Udumbarā managed it all. When he was sixteen she thought: "My young brother has grown up, and great is his glory; we must find a wife for him." This she said to the king, and the king was well pleased. "Very good," said he, "tell him." [364] She told him, and he agreed, and she said, "Then let us find you a bride, my son." The Great Being thought, "I should never be satisfied if they choose me a wife; I will find one for myself." And he said, "Madam, do not tell the king for a few days, and I will go seek a wife to suit my taste, and then I will tell you." "Do so, my son," she replied. He took leave of the queen, and went to his house, and informed his companions. Then he got by some means the outfit of a tailor, and alone went out by the northern gate into North Town. Now in that place was an ancient and decayed merchant-family, and in this family was a daughter, the lady Amarā, a beautiful girl, wise, and with all the marks of good luck. That morning early, this girl had set out to the place where her father was plowing, to bring him rice-gruel which she had cooked, and it so happened that she went by the same road.

When the Great Being saw her coming he thought, "A woman with all lucky marks! If she is unwed she must be my wife." She also when she beheld him thought, "If I could live in the house of such a man, I might restore my family." The Great Being thought, "Whether she be wed or not I do not know: I will ask her by hand-gesture, and if she be wise she will understand." So standing afar off he clenched his fist. She understood that he was asking whether she had a husband, and spread out her hand. Then he went up to her, and asked her name. She said, "My

name is that which neither is, nor was, nor ever shall be." "Madam, there is nothing in the world immortal, and your name must be Amarā, the Immortal." "Even so, master." "For whom, madam, do you carry that gruel?" "For the god of old time." "Gods of old time are one's parents [1], and no doubt you mean your father." "So it must be, master." "What does your father do?" "He makes two out of one." Now the making two out of one is plowing. "He is plowing, madam." [365] "Even so, master." "And where is your father plowing?" "Where those who go come not again." "The place whence those who go come not again is the cemetery: he is plowing then near a cemetery." "Even so, master." "Will you [2] come again to-day, madam?" "If a come I will not come [3], if a come not I will come." "Your father, methinks, madam, is plowing by a riverside, and if the flood come you will not come, if it come not you will." After this interchange of talk, the lady Amarā offered him a drink of the gruel. The Great Being, thinking it ungracious to refuse, said he would like some. Then she put down the jar of gruel; and the Great Being thought, "If she offer it to me without first washing the pot and giving me

water to wash my hands, I will leave her and go." But she took up water in the pot and offered him water for washing, placed the pot empty upon the ground not in his hands, stirred up the gruel in the jar, filled the pot with it. But there was not much rice in it, and the Great Being said, "Why, madam, there is very little rice here!" "We got no water, master." "You mean when your field was in growth, you got no water upon it." "Even so, master." So she kept some gruel for her father, and gave some to the Bodhisat. He drank, and gargled his mouth, and said, "Madam, I will go to your house; kindly shew me the way." She did so by reciting a stanza which is given in the First Book:

"By the way of the cakes and gruel, and the double-leaf tree in flower, by the hand wherewith I eat I bid thee go, not by that wherewith I eat not: that is the way to the market-town, that secret path you must find [4]."

Here endeth the Question of the Secret Path.

[366] He reached the house by the way indicated; and Amarā's mother saw him and gave him a seat. "May I offer you some gruel, master?" she asked. "Thank you, mother—sister Amarā gave me a little." She at once recognized that he must have come on her daughter's account.

The Great Being, when he saw their poverty, said, "Mother, I am a tailor: have you anything to mend?" "Yes, master, but nothing to pay." "There is no need to pay, mother; bring the things and I will mend them." She brought him some old clothes, and each as she brought it the Bodhisat mended. The wise man's business always goes well, you know. He said then, "Go tell the people in the street." She published it abroad in the village; and in one day

by his tailoring the Great Being earned a thousand pieces of money. The old dame cooked him a midday meal, and in the evening asked how much she should cook. "Enough, mother, for all those who live in this house." She cooked a quantity of rice with some curry and condiments.

Now Amarā in the evening came back from the forest, bearing a faggot of wood upon her head and leaves on her hip. She threw down the wood before the front door and came in by the back door. Her father returned later. The Great Being ate of a tasteful meal; the girl served her parents before herself eating, washed their feet and the Bodhisat's feet. For several days he lived there watching her. Then one day to test her, he said, "My dear Amarā, take half a measure of rice and with it make me gruel, a cake, and boiled rice." She agreed at once; and husked the rice; with the big grains she made gruel, the middling grains she boiled, and made a cake with the little ones, adding the suitable condiments. She gave the gruel with its condiments to the Great Being; [367] he no sooner took a mouthful of it than he felt its choice flavour thrill through him: nevertheless to test her he said, "Madam, if you don't know how to cook why did you spoil my rice?" and spat it out on the ground. But she was not angry; only gave him the cake, saying, "If the gruel is not good eat the cake." He did the same with that, and again rejecting the boiled rice, said, "If you don't know how to cook why did you waste my property?" As though angry he mixed all three together and smeared them all over her body from the head downwards, and told her to sit at the door. "Very good, master," she said, not angry at all, and did so. Finding that there was no pride in her he said, "Come here, madam." At the first word she came.

When the Great Being came, he had brought with him a thousand rupees and a dress in his betel-nut-bag. Now he took out this dress and placed it in her hands, saying, "Madam, bathe with your companions and put on this dress and come to me." She did so. The sage gave her parents all the money he had brought or earned, and comforted them, and took her back to the town with him. There to test her he made her sit down in the gatekeeper's house, and telling the gatekeeper's wife of his plans, went to his own house. Then he sent for some of his men, and said, "I have left a woman in such and such a house; take a thousand pieces of money with you and test her." He gave them the money and sent them

away. They did as they were bid. She refused, saying, "That is not worth the dust on my master's feet." The men came back and told the result. He sent them again, and a third time; and the fourth time he bade them drag her away by force. They did so, and when she saw the Great Being in all his glory she did not know him, but smiled and wept at the same time as she looked at him. He asked her why she did this. She replied, "Master, I smiled when I beheld your magnificence, and thought that this magnificence was not given you without cause, but for some good deed in a former life: see the fruit of goodness! I thought, and I smiled. But I wept to think that now you would sin against the property which another watched and tended, [368] and would go to hell: in pity for that I wept." After this test he knew her chastity, and sent her back to the same place. Putting on his tailor's disguise, he went back to her and there spent the night.

Next morning he repaired to the palace and told Queen Udumbarā all about it; she informed the king, and adorning Amarā with all kinds of ornaments, and seated her in a great chariot, and with great honour brought her to the Great Being's house, and made a gala day. The king sent the Bodhisat a gift worth a thousand pieces of money: all the people of the town sent gifts from the doorkeepers onwards. Lady Amarā divided the gifts sent by the king into halves, and sent one portion back to the king; in the same way she divided all the gifts sent to her by the citizens, and returned half, thus winning the hearts of the people. From that time the Great Being lived with her in happiness, and instructed the king in things temporal and spiritual.

One day Senaka said to the other three who had come to see him, "Friends, we are not enough for this common man's son Mahosadha; and now he has gotten him a wife cleverer than himself. Can we find a means to make a breach between him and the king?" "What do we know, sir teacher—you must decide." "Well, never mind, there is a way. I will steal the jewel from the royal crest; you, Pukkusa, take his golden necklace; you, Kāvinda, take his woollen robe; you, Devinda, his golden slipper." They all four found a way to do these things. Then Senaka said, "We must now get them into the fellow's house without his knowledge." So Senaka put the jewel in a pot of dates and sent it by a slave-girl, saying, "If anyone else wants to have this pot of dates, refuse, but give them pot and all to the people in Mahosadha's house." She took it and went to the sage's house, and walked up and down crying, "D'ye lack dates?" But the lady Amarā standing by the door saw this: she noticed that the girl went nowhere else, there must be something behind it; so making a sign for her servants to approach, she cried herself to

the girl, "Come here, girl, I will take the dates." [369] When she came, the mistress called for her servants, but none answered, so she sent the girl to

fetch them. While she was gone Amarā put her hand into the pot and found the jewel. When the girl returned Amarā asked her, "Whose servant are you, girl?" "Pandit Senaka's maid." Then she enquired her name and her mother's name and said, "Well, give me some dates." "If you want it, mother, take it pot and all—I want no payment." "You may go, then," said Amarā, and sent her away. Then she wrote down on a leaf, "On such a day of such a month the teacher Senaka sent a jewel from the king's crest for a present by the hand of such and such a girl." Pukkusa sent the golden necklet hidden in a casket of jasmine flowers; Kāvinda sent the robe in a basket of vegetables; Devinda sent the golden slipper in a bundle of straw. She received them all and put down names and all on a leaf, which she put away, telling the Great Being about it. Then those four men went to the palace, and said, "Why, my lord! won't you wear your jewelled crest?" "Yes, I will—fetch it," said the king. But they could not find the jewel or the other things. Then the four said, "My lord, your ornaments are in Mahosadha's house, and he uses them: that common man's son is your enemy!" So they slandered him. Then his well-wishers went and told Mahosadha; and he said, "I will go to the king and find out." He waited upon the king, who was angry and said, "I know him not! what does he want here?" He would not grant him an audience. When the sage learnt that the king was angry he returned home. The king sent to seize him; which the sage hearing from well-wishers indicated to Amarā that it was time he departed. So he escaped out of the city in disguise to

South Town where he plied the trade of a potter in a potter's house. All the city was full of the news that he had run away. Senaka and the other three hearing that he was gone, each unknown to the rest sent a letter to the lady Amarā, to this effect: "Never mind: are we not wise men?" [370] She took all four letters, and answered to each that he should come at such a time. When they came, she had them clean shaven with razors, and threw them into the jakes, and tormented them sore, and wrapping them up in rolls of matting sent word to the king. Taking them and the four precious things together she went to the king's courtyard and there greeting him said: "My lord, the wise Mahosadha is no thief; here are the thieves. Senaka stole the jewel, Pukkusa stole the golden necklace, Devinda stole the golden slipper: on such a day of such a month by the hand of such and such a slave-girl these four were sent as presents. Look at this leaf. Take what is yours, and cast out the thieves." And thus heaping contumely on these four persons she returned home. But the king was perplext about this, and since the Bodhisat had gone and there were no other wise men he said nothing, but told them to bathe and go home.

Now the deity that dwelt in the royal parasol no longer hearing the voice of the Bodhisat's discourse wondered what might be the cause, and

when she had found it out determined to bring the sage back. So at night she appeared through a hole in the circuit of the parasol, and asked the king four questions which are found in the Questions of the Goddess, Book IV [1], the verses beginning "He strikes with hands and feet." The king could not answer, and

said so, but offered to ask his wise men, asking a day's delay. Next day he sent a message summoning them, but they replied, "We are ashamed to shew ourselves in the street, shaven as we are." So he sent them four skullcaps to wear on their heads. (That is the origin of these caps, so they say.) Then they came, and sat where they were invited to go, and the king said, "Senaka, last night the deity that dwells in my parasol asked me four questions, which I could not solve but said I would ask my wise men. Pray solve them for me." And then he recited the first stanza:

"He strikes with hands and feet, and beats on the face; yet, O king, he is dear, and grows dearer than a husband [2]."

Senaka stammered out whatever came first, "Strikes how, strikes whom," [371] and could make neither head nor tail of it; the others were all dumb. The king was full of distress. When again at night the goddess asked whether he had found out the riddle, he said, "I asked my four wise men, and not even they could say." She replied, "What do they know? Save wise Mahosadha there is none can solve it. If you do not send for him and get him to solve these questions, I will cleave your head with this fiery blade." After thus frightening him she went on: "O king, when you want fire don't blow a firefly, and when you want milk don't milk a horn." Then she repeated the Firefly Question [3] of the Fifth Book:

"When light is extinguisht, who that goes in search of fire ever thinks a firefly to be fire, if he sees it at night? If he crumbles over it cow-dung and grass, it is a foolish idea; he cannot make it burn. So also a beast gets no benefit by wrong means, if it milks a cow by the horn where milk will not flow. By many means men obtain benefit, by punishment of enemies and kindness shown to friends. By winning over the chiefs of

the army, and by the counsel of friends, the lords of the earth possess the earth and the fulness thereof."

[372] "They are not like you, blowing at a firefly in the belief that it is a fire: you are like one blowing at a firefly when fire is at hand, like one who throws down the balance and weighs with the hand, like one who wants milk and milks the horn, when you ask deep questions of Senaka and the like of him. What do they know? Like fireflies are they, like a great flaming fire is Mahosadha blazing with wisdom. If you do not find out this question, you are a dead man." Having thus terrified the king, she disappeared [4].

Hereat the king, smitten with mortal fear, sent out the next day four of his courtiers, with orders to mount each in a chariot, and to go forth from the four gates of the city, and wheresoever they should find his son, the wise Mahosadha, to shew him all honour and speedily to bring him back. Three of these found not the sage; but the fourth who went out by south gate found the Great Being in the South Town, who, after fetching clay and turning his master's wheel, sat all clay-besmeared on a bundle of straw eating balls of rice dipt in a little soup. Now the reason why he did so was this: he thought that the king might suspect him of desiring to grasp the sovereign power, but if he heard that he was living by the craft of a potter this suspicion would be put away. When he perceived the courtier he knew that the man had come for himself; he understood that his prosperity would be restored, and he should eat all manner of choice food prepared by the lady Amarā: so he dropt the ball of rice which he held, stood up, and rinsed his mouth. At that moment up came the

courtier: now this was one of Senaka's faction, so he addrest him rudely as follows: "Wise Teacher, what Senaka said was useful information. Your prosperity gone, all your wisdom was unavailing; and now there you sit all besmeared with clay on a truss of straw, eating food like that!" and he recited this stanza from the Bhūri-pañha or Question of Wisdom, Book X [1]:

[373] "Is it true, as they say, that you are one of profound wisdom? So great prosperity, cleverness, and intelligence does not serve you, thus brought to insignificance, while you eat a little soup like that."

Then the Great Being said, "Blind fool! By power of my wisdom when I want to restore that prosperity I will do it "; and he recited a couple of stanzas.

"I make weal ripen by woe, I discriminate between seasonable and unseasonable times, hiding at my own will; I unlock the doors of profit; therefore I am content with boiled rice. When I perceive the time for an effort, maturing my profit by my designs, I will bear myself valiantly like a lion, and by that mighty power you shall see me again."

Then the courtier said: "Wise sir, the deity who lives in the parasol has put a question to the king, and the king asked the four wise men,—not a wise man of them could solve it! Therefore the king has sent me for you." [374] "In that case," said the Great Being, "do you not see the power of wisdom? At such a time prosperity is of no use, but only one who is wise." Thus he praised wisdom. Then the courtier handed over to the Great Being the thousand pieces of money and the suit of clothes provided by the king, that he might bathe him and dress at once. The potter was terrified to think that Mahosadha the sage had been his workman, but the Great Being consoled him, saying, "Fear not, my master,

you have been of great help to me." Then he gave him a thousand pieces; and with the mud-stains yet upon him mounted in the chariot and went to town. The courtier told the king of his arrival. "Where did you find the sage, my son?" "My lord, he was earning his livelihood as a potter in the South Town; but as soon as he heard that you had sent for him, without bathing, the mud yet staining his body, he came." The king thought, "If he were my enemy he would have come with pomp and retinue; he is not my enemy." Then he gave orders to take him to his house, and bathe him, and adorn him, and to bid him come back with the pomp that should be provided. This was done. He returned, and entered, and gave the king greeting, and stood on one side. The king spoke kindly to him, then to test him said this stanza:

"Some do no sin because they are wealthy, but others do no sin for fear of the taint of blame. You are able, if your mind desired much wealth. Why do you not do me harm?"

The Bodhisat said:

"Wise men do not sinful deeds for the sake of the pleasure that wealth gives. [375] Good men, even though struck by misfortune and brought low, neither for friendship nor for enmity will renounce the right."

Again the king recited this stanza, the mysterious saying of a Khattiya [1]:

"He who for any cause, small or great, should upraise himself from a low place, thereafter would walk in righteousness."

And the Great Being recited this stanza with an illustration of a tree:

"From off a tree beneath whose shade a man should sit and rest,
’Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we do detest [2]."

Then he went on: "Sire, if it is treachery to lop a branch from a tree which one has used, what are we to say of one who kills a man? Your majesty has given my father great wealth, and has shewn me great favour: how could I be so treacherous as to injure you?" Thus having demonstrated altogether his loyalty he reproached the king for his fault:

"When any man has disclosed the right to any, or has cleared his doubts, the other becomes his protection and refuge; and a wise man will not destroy this friendship."

Now admonishing the king he said these two stanzas [3]:

"The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in the sage can ne’er be justified.
[376] The warrior prince takes careful thought, and well-weighed verdict gives,
When kings their judgment ponder well, their fame for ever lives [4]."

When he had thus said, the king caused the Great Being to sit on the royal throne under the white parasol outspread, and himself sitting on a low seat he said: "Wise sir, the deity who dwells in the white parasol asked me four questions. I consulted the four wise men and they could not find them out: solve me the questions, my son!" "Sire, be it the deity of the parasol, or be they the four great kings, or be they who they may; let who will ask a question

and I will answer it." So the king put the question as the goddess had done, and said:

"He strikes with hands and feet, he beats the face; and he, O king, is dearer than a husband."

When the Great Being had heard the question, the meaning became as clear as though the moon had risen in the sky. "Listen, O king!" he said, "When a child on the mother's lap happy and playful beats his mother with hands and feet, pulls her hair, beats her face with his fist, she says, Little rogue, why do you beat me? And in love she presses him close to her breast unable to restrain her affection, and kisses him; and at such a time he is dearer to her than his father." Thus did he make clear this question, as though he made the sun rise in the sky; and hearing this the goddess shewed half her body from the aperture in the royal parasol, and said in a sweet voice, "The question is well solved!" Then she presented the Great Being with a precious casket full of divine perfumes and flowers, and disappeared. The king also [377] presented him with flowers and so forth, and asked him the second question, reciting the second stanza:

"She abuses him roundly, yet wishes him to be near: and he, O king, is dearer than a husband."

The Great Being said, "Sire, the child of seven years, who can now do his mother's bidding, when he is told to go to the field or to the bazaar, says, If you will give me this or that sweetmeat I will go; she says, Here my son, and gives them; then he eats them and says, Yes, you sit in the cool shade of the house and I am to go out on your business! He makes a grimace, or mocks her with gestures, and won't go. She is angry, picks up a stick

and cries—You eat what I give you and then won't do anything for me in the field! She scares him, off he runs at full speed; she cannot follow and cries—Get out, may the thieves chop you up into little bits! So she abuses him roundly as much as she will; but what her mouth speaks she does not wish at all, and so she wishes him to be near. He plays about the livelong day, and at evening not daring to come home he goes to the house of some kinsman. The mother watches the road for his coming, and sees him not, and thinking that he durst not return has her heart full of pain; with tears streaming from her eyes she searches the houses of her kinsfolk, and when she sees her son she hugs and kisses

him and squeezes him tight with both arms, and loves him more than ever, as she cries, Did you take my words in earnest? Thus, sire, a mother ever loves her son more in the hour of anger." Thus he explained the second question: the goddess made him the same offering as before and so did the king. Then the king asked him the third question in another stanza:

"She reviles him without cause, and without reason reproaches; yet he, O king, is dearer than a husband."

The Great Being said, "Sire, when a pair of lovers in secret [378] enjoy their love's delights, and one says to the other, You don't care for me, your heart is elsewhere I know! all false and without reason, chiding and reproaching each other, then they grow dearer to each other. That is the meaning of the question." The goddess made the same offering as before, and so did the king; who then asked him another question, reciting the fourth stanza:

"One takes food and drink, clothes and lodging,—verily the good men carry them off: yet they, O king, are dearer than a husband."

He replied, "Sire, this question has reference to righteous mendicant brahmins. Pious families that believe in this world and the next give to them and delight in giving: when they see such brahmins receiving what is given and eating it, and think, It is to us they came to beg, our own food which they eat—they increase affection towards them. Thus verily they take the things, and wearing on the shoulder what has been given, they become dear." When this question had been answered the goddess exprest her approval by the same offering as before, and laid before the Great Being's feet a precious casket full of the seven precious things, praying him to accept it; the king also delighted made him Commander in Chief. Henceforward great was the glory of the Great Being. Here endeth the Question of the Goddess [1].

Again these four said, "This common fellow is waxen greater: what are we to do?" Senaka said to them, "All right, I know a plan. Let us go to the fellow and ask him, To whom is it right to tell a secret? If he says, To no one, we will speak against him to the king and say that he is a traitor." So the four went to the wise man's house, and greeted him, and said, "Wise sir, we want to ask you a question." "Ask away," said he. Senaka said, "Wise sir, wherein should a man be firmly established?" "In the truth." "That done, [379] what is the next thing to do?" "He must make wealth." "What next after that?" "He must learn good counsel." "After that what next?" "He must tell no man his own secret." "Thank you, sir," they said, and went away happy, thinking, "This day we shall see the fellow's back!" Then they entered the king's presence and said to him, "Sire, the fellow is a traitor to you!"

The king replied, "I do not believe you, he will never be traitor to me." "Believe it, sire, for it is true! but if you do not believe, then ask him to whom a secret ought to be told; if he is no traitor, he will say, To so and so; but if he is a traitor he will say, A secret should be told to no one; when your desire is fulfilled, then you may speak. Then believe us, and be suspicious no longer." Accordingly one day when all were seated together he recited the first stanza of the Wise Man's Question, Book XX :

"The five wise men are now together, and a question occurs to me: listen. To whom should a secret be revealed, whether good or bad?"

This said, Senaka, thinking to bring the king over to their side, repeated this stanza:

"Do thou declare thy mind, O lord of the earth! thou art our supporter and bearest our burdens. The five clever men will understand thy wish and pleasure, and will then speak, O master of men!"

Then the king in his human infirmity recited this stanza:

"If a woman be virtuous, and faithful, subservient to her husband's wish and will, affectionate, [380] a secret should be told whether good or bad to the wife."

"Now the king is on my side!" thought Senaka, and pleased he repeated a stanza, explaining his own course of conduct:

"He who protects a sick man in distress and who is his refuge and support, may reveal to his friend a secret whether good or bad."

Then the king asked Pukkusa: "How does it seem to you, Pukkusa? to whom should a secret be told? " and Pukkusa

recited this stanza:

"Old or young or betwixt, if a brother be virtuous and trusty, to such a brother a secret may be told whether good or bad."

Next the king asked Kāvinda, and he recited this stanza:

"When a son is obedient to his father's heart, a true son, of lofty wisdom, to that son a secret may be revealed whether good or bad."

And then the king asked Devinda, who recited this stanza:

"O lord of men! if a mother cherishes her son with loving fondness, to his mother he may reveal a secret whether good or bad."

[381] After asking them the king asked, "How do you look upon it, wise sir?" and he recited this stanza:

"Good is the secrecy of a secret, the revealing of a secret is not to be praised. The clever man should keep it to himself whilst it is not accomplished; but after it is done he may speak when he will."

When the sage had said this the king was displeased: then the king looked at Senaka and Senaka looked at the king. This the Bodhisat saw, and recognized the fact, that these four had once before slandered him to

the king, and that this question must have been put to test him. Now whilst they were talking the sun had set, and lamps had been lit. "Hard are the ways of kings," thought he, "what will happen no one can tell; I must depart with speed." So he rose from his seat, and greeted the king, and went away thinking, "Of

these four, one said it should be told to a friend, one to a brother, one to a son, one to a mother: they must have done or seen something; or I think, they have heard others tell what they have seen. Well, well, I shall find out to-day." Such was his thought. Now on other days, these four on coming out of the palace used to sit on a trough at the palace door, and talk of their plans before going home: so the sage thought that if he should hide beneath that trough he might learn their secrets. Lifting the trough accordingly, he caused a rug to be spread beneath it and crept in, giving directions to his men to fetch him when the four wise men had gone away after their talk. The men promised and departed. Meanwhile Senaka was saying to the king, "Sire, you do not believe us, [382] now what do you think?" The king accepted the word of these breedbates without investigation, and asked in terror, "What are we to do now, wise Senaka?" "Sire, without delay, without a word to anyone, he must be killed." "O Senaka, no one cares for my interests but you. Take your friends with you and wait at the door, and in the morning when the fellow comes to wait upon me, cleave his head with a sword." So saying he gave them his own precious sword. "Very good, my lord, fear nothing, we will kill him." They went out saying, "We have seen the back of our enemy!" and sat down on the trough. Then Senaka said, "Friends, who shall strike the fellow?" The others said, "You, our teacher," laying the task on him. Then Senaka said, "You said, friends, that a secret ought to be told to such and such a person: was it something you had done, or seen, or heard?" "Never mind that, teacher: when you said that a secret might be told to a friend, was that something which you had done?" "What does that matter to you?" he asked. "Pray tell us, teacher," they repeated. He said, "If the king come to know this secret, my life would be forfeit." "Do not fear, teacher, there's no one here to betray your secret, tell us, teacher." Then, tapping

upon the trough, Senaka said, "What if that clodhopper is under this!" "O teacher! the fellow in all his glory would not creep into such a place as this! He must be intoxicated with his prosperity. Come, tell us." Senaka told his secret and said, "Do you know such and such a harlot in this city?" "Yes, teacher." "Is she now to be seen?" "No, teacher." "In the sāl-grove I lay with her, and afterwards killed her to get her ornaments, which I tied up in a bundle and took to my house and hung up on an elephant's tusk in such a room of such a storey: but use them [383] I cannot until it has blown over. This

crime I have disclosed to a friend, and he has not told a soul; and that is why I said a secret may be told to a friend." The sage heard this secret of Senaka's and bore it in mind. Then Pukkusa told his secret. "On my thigh is a spot of leprosy. In the morning my young brother washes it, puts a salve on it and a bandage, and never tells a soul. When the king's heart is soft he cries, Come here, Pukkusa, and he often lays his head on my thigh. But if he knew he would kill me. No one knows this except my young brother; and that is why I said, A secret may be told to a brother." Kāvinda told his secret. "As for me, in the dark fortnight on the fast-day a goblin named Naradeva takes possession of me, and I bark like a mad dog. I told my son of this; and he, when he sees me to be possest, fastens me up indoors, and then he leaves me shutting the door, and to hide my noises he gathers a party of people. That is why I said that a secret might be told to a son." Then they all three asked Devinda, and he told his secret. "I am inspector of the king's jewels; and I stole a wonderful lucky gem, the gift of Sakka to King Kusa, and gave it to my mother. When I go to Court she hands it to me, without a word to anyone; and by

reason of that gem I am pervaded with the spirit of good fortune when I enter the palace. The king speaks to me first before any of you, and gives me each day to spend eight rupees, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or sixty-four. If the king knew of my having that gem concealed I'm a dead man! That is why I said that a secret might be told to a mother."

The Great Being took careful note of all their secrets; [384] but they, after disclosing their secrets as if they had ript up their bellies and let the entrails out, rose up from the seat and departed, saying, "Be sure to come early and we will kill the churl."

When they were gone the sage's men came and turned up the trough and took the Great Being home. He washed and drest and ate; and knowing that his sister Queen Udumbarī would that day send him a message from the palace, he placed a trusty man on the look-out, bidding him send in at once anyone coming from the palace. Then he lay down on his bed.

At that time the king also was lying upon his bed and remembering the virtue of the sage. "The sage Mahosadha has served me since he was seven years old, and never done me wrong. When the goddess asked me her questions but for the sage I had been a dead man. To accept the words of revengeful enemies, to give them a sword and bid them slay a peerless sage, this I ought never to have done. After to-morrow I shall see him no more!" He grieved, sweat poured from his body, possest with grief his heart had no peace. Queen Udumbarī, who was with him on his couch, seeing him in this frame, asked, "Have I done any offence

against you? or has any other thing caused grief to my lord?" and she repeated this stanza:

"Why art thou perplext, O king? we hear not the voice of the lord of men! What dost thou ponder thus downcast? there is no offence from me, my lord."

Then the king repeated a stanza:

"They said, "the wise Mahosadha must be slain"; and condemned by me to death is the most wise one. As I think on this I am downcast. There is no fault in thee, my queen."

[385] When she heard this, grief crushed her like a rock for the Great Being; and she thought, "I know a plan to console the king: when he goes to sleep I will send a message to my brother." Then she said to him, "Sire, it is your doing that the churl's son was raised to great power; you made him commander-in-chief. Now they say he has become your enemy. No enemy is insignificant; killed he must be, so do not grieve." Thus she consoled the king; his grief waned and he fell asleep. Then up rose the queen and went to her chamber, and wrote a letter to this effect. "Mahosadha, the four wise men have slandered you; the king is angry, and to-morrow has commanded that you be slain in the gate. Do not come to the palace to-morrow morning; or if you do come, come with power to hold the city in your hand." She put the letter within a sweetmeat, and tied it up with a thread, and put it in a new jar, perfumed it, sealed it up, and gave it to a handmaid, saying, "Take this sweetmeat and give it to my brother." She did so. You must not wonder how she got out in the night; for the king had erewhiles given this boon to the queen, and therefore no one hindered her. The Bodhisat received the present and dismissed the woman, who returned and reported that she had delivered it. Then the queen went and lay down by the king. The Bodhisat opened the sweetmeat, and

read the letter, and understood it, and after deliberating what should be done went to rest.

Early in the morning, the other four wise men sword in hand stood by the gate, but not seeing the sage they became downcast, and went in to the king. "Well," said he, "is the clodhopper killed?" They replied, "We have not seen him, sire." And the Great Being at sunrise got the whole city into his power, set guards here and there, and in a chariot with a great host of men and great magnificence came to the palace gates. The king stood looking out of an open window. Then the Great Being got down from his chariot and saluted him; and the king thought, "If he were my enemy, [386] he would not salute me." Then the king sent for him, and sat upon his throne. The Great Being came in and sat on one side: the four wise men also sat down there. Then the king made as if he knew nothing and said, "My son, yesterday you left us and now you come

again; why do you treat me thus negligently?" and he repeated this stanza:

"At evening you went, now you come. What have you heard? what doth your mind fear? Who commanded you, O most wise? Come, we are listening for the word: tell me."

The Great Being replied, "Sire, you listened to the four wisemen and commanded my death, that is why I did not come," and reproaching him repeated this stanza:

"The wise Mahosadha must be slain": if you told this last night secretly to your wife, your secret was disclosed and I heard it."

When the king heard this he looked angrily at his wife thinking that she must have sent word of it on the instant. Observing this the Great Being said, "Why are you angry with the queen, my lord? I know all the past, present, and future. Suppose the queen did tell your secret: who told me the secrets of master Senaka, and Pukkusa, and the rest of them? But I know all their secrets "; and he told Senaka's secret in this stanza:

"The sinful and wicked deed which Senaka did in the sāl-grove [387] he told to a friend in secret, that secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

Looking at Senaka, the king asked, "Is it true?" "Sire, it is true," he replied, and the king ordered him to be cast into prison. Then the sage told Pukkusa's secret in this stanza:

"In the man Pukkusa, O king of men, there is a disease unfit for a king's touching: he told it in secret to his brother. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

The king looking upon him asked, "Is it true?" "Yes, my lord," said he; and the king sent him also to prison. Then the sage told Kāvinda's secret in this stanza:

"Diseased is yon man, of evil nature, possest of Naradeva. He told it in secret to his son: this secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

[388] "Is it true, Kāvinda?" the king asked; and he answered, "It is true." Then the king sent him also to prison. The sage now told Devinda's secret in this stanza:

"The noble and precious gem of eight facets, which Sakka gave to your grandfather, that is now in Devinda's hands, and he told it to his mother in secret. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

"Is it true, Devinda?" the king asked; and he answered, "It is true." So he sent him also to prison. Thus they who had plotted to slay the Bodhisat were all in bonds together. And the Bodhisat said, "This is why I say, a man should tell his secret to no one; those who

said that a secret ought to be told, have all come to utter ruin." And he recited these stanzas, proclaiming a higher doctrine:

"The secrecy of a secret is always good, nor is it well to divulge a secret. When a thing is not accomplished the wise man should keep it to himself: when he has accomplished his aim let him speak an he will. One should not disclose a secret thing, but should guard it like a treasure; for a secret thing is not well revealed by the prudent. Not to a woman would the wise man tell a secret, not to a foe, nor to one who can be enticed by self-interest, nor for affection's sake. He who discloses a secret thing unknown, through fear of broken confidence must endure to be the other's slave. As many as are those who know a man's secret, so many are his anxieties: therefore one should not disclose a secret. Go apart to tell a secret by day; by night in a soft whisper: [389] for listeners hear the words, therefore the words soon come out [1]."

When the king heard the Great Being speak he was angry, and thought he, "These men, traitors themselves to their king, make out that the wise man is traitor to me!" Then he said, "Go drive them out of the town, and impale them or cleave their heads!" So they bound their hands behind them, at every street corner gave them a hundred blows. But as they were dragged along, the sage said, "My lord, these are your ancient ministers, pardon them their fault!" The king consented, and gave them to be his slaves. He set them free at once. Then the king said, "Well, they shall not live in my dominion," and ordered that they should be

banished. But the sage begged him to pardon their blind folly, and appeased him, and persuaded him to restore their positions. The king was much pleased with the sage: if this were his tender mercy towards his foes, what must it be to others! Thenceforward the four wise men, like snakes with their teeth drawn and their poison gone, could not find a word to say, we are told.

Here endeth the Question of the Five Wise Men, and likewise the Story of Calumny [2].

After this time he used to instruct the king in things temporal and spiritual: and he thought, "I am indeed the king's white parasol; it is I manage the kingdom: [390] vigilant I must therefore be." He caused a great rampart to be built for the city. Along the rampart were watchtowers at the gates, and between the watch-towers he dug three moats—a water-moat, a mud-moat, and a dry-moat. Within the city he caused all the old houses to be restored: large banks were dug and made reservoirs for water; all the storehouses were filled with corn. All the confidential priests had to bring down from Himavat mud and edible lily-seeds. The water conduits were cleaned out, and the old houses outside were also restored. This was done as a defence against future dangers. Merchants who came from one place or another were asked whence they came; and on their replying, they were asked what their king liked; when this was

told, they were kindly treated before they went away. Then he sent for a hundred and one soldiers and said to them, "My men, take these gifts to the hundred and one royal cities, and give them to their several kings to please them: live there in their

service, listen to their actions and plans, and send me word. I will care for your wives and children." And he sent with them earrings for some, and golden slippers for others, and golden necklets for others, with letters engraved upon them, which he appointed to reveal themselves when it should suit his purpose. The men went this way and that, and gave these gifts to the kings, saying that they were come to live in their service. When asked whence they came, they told the names of other places than that from which they had really come. Their offer accepted, they remained there in attendance, and made themselves to be trusted.

Now in the kingdom of Ekabala was a king named Saṁkhapāla, who was collecting arms and assembling an army. The man who had come to him sent a message to the sage, saying, "This is the news here, but what he intends I know not; send and find out the truth of the matter." Then the Great Being called a parrot and said, "Friend, go and find out what King Saṁkhapāla is doing in Ekabala, [391] then travel over all India and bring me the news." He fed it with honey and grain, and gave it sweet water to drink, anointed the joints of the wings with oil a hundred and a thousand times refined, stood by the eastern window, and let it go. The parrot went to the man aforesaid and found out the truth. As he passed back through India he came to Uttarapañcāla city in the kingdom of Kampilla. There was reigning a king named Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, who had for spiritual and temporal adviser a brahmin Kevaṭṭa, wise and learned. The brahmin one morning awoke at dawn, and looking by the light of the lamp upon his magnificent chamber, as he regarded its splendour, thought, "To whom does this splendour belong? To no one but to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta. A king who gives splendour like this ought to be the chief king in all India, and I

will be his chaplain-in-chief." And so early in the morning he went to the king, and when he had enquired whether he had slept well, he said, "My lord, there is something I wish to say." "Say on, teacher." "My lord, a secret cannot be told in the town, let us go into the park." "Very well, teacher." The king went to the park with him, and left the retinue without, and set a guard, and entered the park with the brahmin, and sat down upon the royal seat. The parrot, seeing this, thought that there must be something afoot; "To-day I shall hear something which must be sent to my wise master." So he flew into the park, and perched amid the leaves of the royal sāl-tree. The king said, "Speak on, teacher." He said, "Sire, bend your ear this way; this is a plan for four ears only. If, sire, you will do what I advise, I will make you chief king in all India." The king heard him greedily, and answered

well pleased, "Tell me, my teacher, and I will do it." "My lord, let us raise an army, and first besiege a small city. Then I will enter the city by a postern gate, and will say to the king, Sire, there is no use in your fighting: just be our man; your kingdom you may keep, but if you fight with our mighty force, [392] you will be utterly conquered. If he does [1] what I advise, we will receive him; if not, we will fight and kill him, and with two armies go and take another city, and then another, and in this way we shall gain dominion over all India and drink the cup of victory. Then we will bring the hundred and one kings to our city, and make a drinking booth in the park, and seat them there, and provide them with poisoned liquor, and so kill them all and cast them into the Ganges. Thus we will get the hundred and one royal capitals into our hands, and you will become chief king of all

India." "Very well, my teacher," said he, "I will do so." "Sire, this plan is for four ears only, no one else must know of it. Make no delay but set forth at once." The king was pleased with this advice and resolved to do so. The parrot which had overheard all their conversation let fall on Kevaṭṭa's head a lump of dung as though it dropt from a twig. "What's that?" cried he, looking upwards with mouth gaping wide: whereupon the bird dropt another into his mouth and flew off crying out, "Cree cree! O Kevaṭṭa, you think your plan is for four ears only, but now it is for six; by and by it will be for eight ears and for hundreds of them!" "Catch him, catch him!" they cried; but swift as the wind he flew to Mithilā and entered the wise man's house. Now the parrot's custom was this: If news from any place was for the sage's ears alone, he would perch on his shoulder; if Queen Amarā was also to hear it, he perched on his lap; if the company might hear it, upon the ground. This time he perched on the shoulder, and at that sign the company retired, knowing it to be secret. The sage took him up to the top storey and asked him, "Well, my dear, what have you seen, what have you heard?" He said, "My lord, in no other king of all India have I seen any danger; but only Kevaṭṭa, chaplain to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta in the city of Uttarapañcāla, took his king into the park and told him a plan for their four ears: I was sitting amidst the branches and dropt a ball of dung in his mouth, and here I am!" Then he told the sage all he had seen and heard. [393] "Did the king agree to it?" asked he. "Yes, he did," said the parrot. So the sage tended the bird as was fitting, and put him in his golden cage strewn with soft rugs. He thought to himself, "Kevaṭṭa methinks does not know that I am the wise Mahosadha. I will not allow him to accomplish his plan." Then he removed outside all the poor people who lived in the city, and he brought from all the kingdom, the country side, and the suburb villages, and settled within

the city the rich families of the powerful, and he gathered great quantities of corn.

And Cūḷani-Brahmadatta did as Kevaṭṭa had proposed: he went with his army and laid siege to a city. Kevaṭṭa, as he had suggested, went into the city and explained matters to the king and won him over. Then joining the two armies Cūḷani-Brahmadatta followed Kevaṭṭa's advice and went on to another kingdom, until he had brought all the kings of India under his power except King Vedeha. The men provided by the Bodhisat kept on sending messages to say, "Brahmadatta has taken such and such towns, be on your guard": to which he replied, "I am on my guard here, be watchful yourselves without remissness." In seven years and seven months and seven days Brahmadatta gained possession of all India, excepting Vedeha. Then he said to Kevaṭṭa: "Teacher, let us seize the empire of Vedeha at Mithilā!" "Sire," he said, "we shall never be able to get possession of the city where wise Mahosadha lives: he is full of this sort of skill, very clever in device." Then he expatiated on the virtue of the Great Being, as though he drew it on the disk of the moon. Now he was himself very skilful in device, so he said, "The kingdom of Mithilā is very small, and the dominion of all India is enough for us." Thus he consoled the king; but the other princes said, "No, we will take the kingdom of Mithilā and drink the cup of victory!" Kevaṭṭa would have stayed them, saying, "What good will it be to take Vedeha's kingdom? That king is our man already. Come back." Such was his counsel: they listened to him and turned back. The Great Being's men sent him word that Brahmadatta with a hundred and one kings on his way to Mithilā turned back

[394] and went to his own city. He sent word in answer, that they were to observe what he did.

Now Brahmadatta deliberated with Kevaṭṭa what was next to do. Hoping to drink the cup of victory, they adorned the park, and told the servants to set out wine in thousands of jars, to prepare fish and flesh of all sorts. This news also the sage's men sent to him. Now they did not know of the plan to poison the kings, but the Great Being knew it from what the parrot had told him; he sent a message to them accordingly, that they should inform him of the day fixt for this festival, and they did so. Then he thought, "It is not right that so many kings should be killed while a wise man like myself lives. I will help them." He sent for ten thousand warriors, his birth-fellows, and said, "Friends, on such a day Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, they tell me, wishes to adorn his park and to drink wine with the hundred and one kings. Go ye thither, and before anyone sits on the seats provided for the kings, take possession of the seat of honour next to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, saying, This is for our king. When they ask whose men you are, tell them King Vedeha's. They will make a great outcry and say, What! for seven years and seven months

and seven days we have been conquering kingdoms, and not once did we see your king Vedeha! What king is he? Go find him a seat at the end! You must then squabble and say, Except Brahmadatta, no king is above our king! If we cannot get even a seat for our king we will not let you eat or drink now! So shouting and jumping about, terrify them with the noise, break all the pots with your great clubs, scatter the food, and make it unfit to eat, rush amongst the crowd at the top of your speed,

and make a din like titans invading the city of the gods, calling aloud, We are the wise Mahosadha's men of Mithilā city: catch us if you can! Thus shew them that you are there, and then return to me." They promised to obey, [395] and took their leave; and, armed with the five weapons, set off. They entered the decorated park like Nandana Grove, and beheld all its magnificent array, the seats placed for the hundred and one kings, the white parasols outspread, and all the rest. They did all as directed by the Great Being, and after causing confusion amongst the crowd they returned to Mithilā.

The king's men told him what had happened: Brahmadatta was angry, that such a fine plan to poison the princes had failed; whilst the princes were angry, because they had been deprived of the cup of victory; and the soldiers were angry, because they had lost the chance of free drink. So Brahmadatta said to the princes, "Come, friends, let us go to Mithilā, and cut off King Vedeha's head with the sword, and trample it underfoot, and then come back and drink the cup of victory! Go tell your armies to get them ready." Then going apart with Kevaṭṭa, he told him about it, saying, "See, we shall capture the enemy who has threatened this fine plan. With the hundred and one princes and the eighteen complete armies we shall assail that town. Come, my teacher!" But the brahmin was wise enough to know that they could never capture the sage Mahosadha, but all they would get would be disgrace; the king must be dissuaded. So he said: "Sire! this king of Vedeha has no strength; the management is in the hands of the sage Mahosadha, and he is very powerful. Guarded by him, as a lion guards his den, Mithilā can be taken by none. We shall only be disgraced: do not think of going." But the king, mad with soldier's pride and the intoxication of empire, cried out, "What will he do!" and departed, with the hundred and

one princes and the eighteen complete armies [1]. Kevaṭṭa, unable to persuade him to take his advice, and thinking that it was of no use to thwart him, went with him.

But those warriors came to Mithilā, in one night, and told the sage all that had passed. And the men whom he had before sent into service sent him word, that Cūḷani-Brahmadatta was on his way with the hundred and one kings to take King Vedeha; he must be vigilant. The messages

came one after another: "To-day he is in such a place, [396] to-day in such a place, to-day he will reach the city." On hearing this the Great Being redoubled his care. And King Vedeha heard it noised about on all sides that Brahmadatta was on his way to take the city. Now Brahmadatta in the early evening surrounded the city by the light of a hundred thousand torches. He girdled it with fences of elephants and of chariots and of horses, and at regular intervals placed a mass of soldiers: there stood the men, shouting, snapping their fingers, roaring, dancing, crying aloud. With the light of the torches and the sheen of the armour the whole city of Mithilā in its seven leagues was one blaze of light, the noise of elephants and horses, of chariots, and men made the very earth to crack. The four wise men, hearing the waves of sound and not knowing what it should be, went to the king and said, "Sire, there is a great din, and we know not what it is: will the king enquire?" Hereat the king thought, "No doubt Brahmadatta is come"; and he opened a window, and looked out. When he saw that he was indeed come, the king was dismayed, and said to them, "We are dead men! to-morrow he will kill us all doubtless!" So they sat talking together. But when

the Great Being saw that he had come, fearless as a lion he set guards in all the city, and then went up into the palace to encourage the king. Greeting him, he stood on one side. The king was encouraged to see him, and thought, "There is no one can save me from this trouble except the wise Mahosadha!" and he addressed him as follows:

"Brahmadatta of Pañcāla has come with all his host; this army of Pañcāla is infinite, O Mahosadha! Men with burdens on their backs [1], foot-soldiers, men skilful in fight, men ready to destroy, a great din, the noise of drums and conchs, here is all skill in the use of steel weapons, here are banners and knights in mail, accomplished warriors and heroes! Ten sages are here, profound in wisdom, secret in stratagem, and eleventh, the mother of the king [2] encouraging

the host of Pañcāla. [397] Here are a hundred and one warrior-princes in attendance, their kingdoms reft from them, terror-stricken and overcome by the men of Pañcāla. What they profess that they do for the king;—will they nill they speak fair they must; with Pañcāla they go perforce, being in his power. Mithilā the royal city is surrounded by this host arrayed with three intervals [1], digging about it on all sides. It is surrounded as it were by stars on all sides. Think, Mahosadha! How shall deliverance come?"

[398] When the Great Being heard this, he thought, "This king is terribly in fear of his life. The sick man's refuge is the physician, [399] the hungry man's is food, and drink the thirsty man's, but I and I alone am his refuge. I will console him." Then, like a lion roaring upon the Vermilion uplands [2], he cried, "Fear not, sire, but enjoy your royal power. As I would scare a crow with a clod, or a monkey with a bow, I will scatter that mighty host, and leave them not so much as a waistcloth of their own." And he recited this stanza:

"Stretch out your feet, eat and be merry: Brahmadatta shall leave the host of Pañcāla and flee away."

After encouraging the king, the wise man came out and caused the drums of festival to beat about the city, with a proclamation —"Oyez! Have no fear. Procure garlands, scents, and perfumes, food and drink, and keep seven days' holiday. Let the people stay where they will, drink deep, sing and dance and make merry, shout and cheer and snap their fingers: all be at my cost. I am the wise Mahosadha: behold my power!" Thus he encouraged the townsfolk. They did so: and those without heard the sound of singing and musick. Men came in by the postern gate. Now it was not their way to arrest strangers at sight, except a foe; so the access was not closed. These men therefore saw the people taken up with merrymaking. And Cūḷani-Brahmadatta heard the noise in the town, and said to his courtiers: "Look ye, we have encompassed this city with eighteen great hosts, and the people shew neither

fear nor anxiety: but full of delight and happiness they snap fingers, they make merry, they leap and sing. What is the meaning of this?" Then the men sent aforetime to foreign service spoke falsely as follows: "My lord, we entered the city by the postern on some business, and seeing the people all taken up in merrymaking we asked, [400] Why are you so careless when all the kings of India are here besieging your city? And they replied, When our king was a boy he had a wish to hold festival when all the kings of India should have besieged the city; and now that wish is fulfilled: therefore he sent round a proclamation, and himself keeps festival in the palace." This made the king angry;

and he sent out a division of his army with these orders: "Disperse all about the city, fill up the trenches, break down the walls, raze the gate-towers, enter the city, use the people's heads like pumpkins cast on a cart, and bring me here the head of King Vedeha." Then the mighty warriors, armed with all manner of weapons, marched up to the gate, assisted by the sage's men with red-hot missiles [1], showers of mud, and stones thrown upon them. When they were in the ditch attempting to destroy the wall, the men in the gate-towers dealt havock with arrows, javelins, and spears. The sage's men mocked and jeered at the men of Brahmadatta, with gestures and signs of the hands, and crying, "If you can't take us, have a bite or a sup, do!" and holding out bowls of toddy and skewers with meat or fish, which they ate and drank themselves, and promenaded the walls. The others quite unsuccessful returned to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, and said, "My lord, no one but a magician could get in." The king waited four or five days, not seeing how to take what he wanted to take. Then he asked Kevaṭṭa: "Teacher, take the city we cannot, not a man can get near it! What's to be done?" "Never mind, your majesty. The city gets water from outside, we will cut off the water and so take it. They will be worn out for want of water, and will open the gates." "That is the plan," said the king. After that, they hindered the people from getting near the water. The wise man's spies wrote on a leaf, and fastened it on an arrow, and so sent word to him. Now he had already given orders, that whosoever sees a leaf fastened upon an arrow [401] was to bring it to him. A man saw this, and took it to the sage, who read the message. "He knows not that I am the sage Mahosadha," he thought. Procuring bamboo poles sixty cubits long, he had them split in two, the knots removed, and then joined again, covered over with leather, and smeared with mud. He then sent for the soil and lily-seed brought from Himavat by the hermits, he

planted the seed in the mud by the edge of the tank, and placed the bamboo over it, and filled it with water. In one night it grew up and flowered, rising a fathom above the top of the

bamboo. Then he pulled it up and gave it to his men with orders to take it to Brahmadatta. They rolled up the stalk, and threw it over the wall, crying out, "Ho servants of Brahmadatta! don't starve for want of food. Here you are, wear the flower and fill your bellies with the stalk!" One of the wise man's spies picked it up, and brought it to the king, and said, "See, your majesty, the stalk of this lily: never was so long a stalk seen before!" "Measure it," said the king. They measured it and made it out to be eighty fathoms instead of sixty. The king asked, "Where did that grow?" One replied with a made-up tale: "One day, my lord, being thirsty for a little toddy, I went into the city by the postern, and I saw the great tanks made for the people to play in. There was a number of people in a boat plucking flowers. That was where this grew by the edge of the tank; but those which grew in the deep water would be a hundred cubits high." Hearing this the king said to Kevaṭṭa, "Teacher, we cannot take them by cutting off the water; make an end of that attempt." "Well," said he, "then we will take them by cutting off their food; the city gets its food from outside." "Very good, teacher." The sage learnt this as before, and thought, "He does not know that I am the sage Mahosadha!" Along the rampart he laid mud and there planted rice. Now the wishes of the Bodhisats always do succeed: in one night the rice sprang up and shewed over the top of the rampart. [402] This Brahmadatta saw, and asked, "Friend, what is that which shews green above the rampart?" A scout of the sage's replied, as though catching the words from the king's lips,

"My lord, Mahosadha the farmer's son, foreseeing danger to come, collected from all the realm grain with which he filled his granaries, throwing out the residue upon the ramparts. No doubt this rice, warmed with the heat and soaked in the rain, grew up there into plants. I myself one day went in by the postern on some business, and picked up a handful of this rice from a heap on the rampart, and dropt it in the street; whereupon the people laughed at me, and cried, "You're hungry, it seems! tie up some of it in the corner of your robe, take it home, and cook it and eat it." Hearing this, the king said to Kevaṭṭa, "Teacher, by cutting off the grain we shall not take this place; that is not the way." "Then, my lord, we will take it by cutting off the supply of wood, which the city gets from without." "So be it, teacher." The Bodhisat as before got to know of it; and he built a heap of firewood which shewed beyond the rice. The people laughed at the Brahmadatta's men, and said, "If you are hungry, here is something to cook your food with," throwing down great logs of wood as they said it. The king asked, "What is this firewood shewing above the rampart?" The scouts said, "The farmer's son, foreseeing danger to come, collected firewood, and stored it in the sheds behind the houses; what was over he stacked by the rampart side." Then the king said to Kevaṭṭa, "Teacher, we cannot take

the place by cutting off the wood; enough of that plan." "Never mind, sire, I have another plan." "What is that plan, teacher? I see no end to your plans. Videha we cannot take; let us go back to our city."My lord, if it is said that Cūḷani-Brahmadatta with a hundred and one princes could not take Videha, we shall be disgraced. Mahosadha is not the only wise man, for I am

another: I will use a stratagem." "What stratagem, teacher?" "We will have a Battle of the Law." [403] "What do you mean by that?" "Sire, no army shall fight. The two sages of the two kings shall appear in one place, and of these whichever shall salute the other shall be conquered. Mahosadha does not know this idea. I am older and he is younger, and when he sees me he will salute me. Thus we shall conquer Vedeha, and this done we will return home. So we shall not be disgraced. That is what is meant by a Battle of the Law." But the Bodhisat learnt this secret as before. "If I let Kevaṭṭa conquer me thus," he thought, "I am no sage." Brahmadatta said, "A capital plan": and he wrote a letter and sent it to Vedeha by the postern, to this effect: "To-morrow there shall be a Battle of the Law between the two sages; and he who shall refuse to fight shall be accounted vanquished." On receipt of this Vedeha sent for the sage and told him. He answered, "Good, my lord: send word to prepare a place for the Battle of the Law by the western gate, and there to assemble. So he gave a letter to the messenger, and next day they prepared the place for the Battle of the Law to see the defeat of Kevaṭṭa. But the hundred and one princes, not knowing what might befall, surrounded Kevaṭṭa to protect him. These princes went to the place prepared, and stood looking towards the east, and there also was the sage Kevaṭṭa. But early in the morning, the Bodhisat bathed in sweet-scented water, and clothed himself in a Kāsi robe worth a hundred thousand pieces, and adorned himself fully, and after a dainty breakfast went with a great following to the palace-gate. Bidden to enter, he did so, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. "Well, sage Mahosadha?" said the king. "I am going to the place of the Battle." "And what am I to do?" "My lord, I wish to conquer Kevaṭṭa with a gem; I must have the eight-sided gem." "Take it, my son." He took it, and took his leave, and surrounded by the thousand warriors, his birthmates,

[404] he entered the noble chariot drawn by a team of white thorobreds, worth ninety thousand pieces of money, and at the time of the mid-day meal he came to the gate.

Kevaṭṭa stood watching for his arrival, and saying, "Now he comes, now he comes," craning his neck till it seemed to be lengthened, and sweating in the heat of the sun. The Great Being, with his retinue, like an inundating sea, like a roused lion, fearless and unruffled, caused the gate to be opened and came forth from the city; descending from his

chariot like a lion aroused, he went forward. The hundred and one princes beholding his majesty, acclaimed him with thousands of cries, "Here is the sage Mahosadha, son of Sirivaddha, who hath no peer for wisdom in all India!" And he like Sakka surrounded with his troop of gods, in glory and grandeur unparalleled, holding in his hand the precious gem, stood before Kevaṭṭa. And Kevaṭṭa at first sight of him had not force to stand still, but advanced to meet him, and said, "Sage Mahosadha, we are sages both, and although I have been dwelling near you all this time, you have never yet sent me so much as a gift. Why is this?" The Great Being said, "Wise sir, I was looking for a gift which should be not unworthy of you, and to-day I have found this gem. Pray take it; there is not its like in the world." The other seeing the gem ablaze in his hand, thought that he must be desiring to offer it, and said, "Give it me then," holding out his hand. "Take it," said the Great Being, and dropt it upon the tips of the fingers of his outstretched hand. But the brahmin could not support the weight of the gem in his fingers, and it slipt down and rolled to the Bodhisat's feet; the brahmin in

his greed to get it, stooped down to the other's feet. Then the Great Being would not let him rise, but with one hand held his shoulderblades and with the other his loins, as he cried, "Rise teacher, rise, I am younger than you, young enough to be your grandson; do no obeisance to me." As he said this again and again, he rubbed his face and forehead against the ground, till it was all bloody, then with the words "Blind fool, did you think to have an obeisance from me?" [405] he caught him by the throat and threw him away from himself. He fell twenty fathoms away; then got up and ran off. Then the Great Being's men picked up the gem, but the echo of the Bodhisat's words, "Rise up, rise, do no obeisance to me!" rose above the din of the crowd. All the people shouted aloud with one voice, "Brahmin Kevaṭṭa did obeisance to the sage's feet!" And the kings, Brahmadatta and all, saw Kevaṭṭa bowed before the feet of the Great Being. "Our sage," they thought, "has done obeisance to the Great Being; now we are conquered! he will make an end of us all"; and each mounting his horse they began to flee away to Uttarapañcāla. The Bodhisat's men seeing them flee, again made a clamour, crying, "Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta is in flight with his hundred and one princes!" Hearing this, the princes terrified more and more, ran on and scattered the great host; while the Bodhisat's men, shouting and yelling, made a yet louder din. The Great Being with his retinue returned to the city; while Brahmadatta's army ran in rout for three leagues. Kevaṭṭa mounted upon a horse came up with the army wiping off the blood from his forehead, and cried, "Ho there, do not run! I did not bow to the churl! Stop, stop!" But the army would not stop, and made mock of Kevaṭṭa, reviling him, "Man of sin! villain brahmin! You would make a Battle of the Law, and then

bow before a stripling young enough to be your grandson! Is not this a thing most unmeet for you!" They would not listen to him, but went on. He dashed on into the army, and cried, "Ho you, you must believe me, I did not bow to him, he tricked me with a gem!" So by one means or another, he convinced the princes and made them believe him, and rallied the broken army.

Now so great was this host, that if each man of them had taken a clod or a handful of earth and thrown it into the moat, they could have filled the moat and made a heap as high as the rampart. But we know that the intentions of the Bodhisats are fulfilled; and there was not one who threw a clod or a handful of earth towards the city. They all returned back to their position. [406] Then the king asked Kevaṭṭa, "What are we to do, teacher?" "My lord, let no one come out from the postern, and cut off all access. The people unable to come out will be discouraged and will open the gate. Thus we shall capture our enemies." The sage was informed as before of the matter, and thought: "If they stay here long we shall have no peace; a way must be found to get rid of them. I will devise a stratagem to make them go." So he searched for a man clever in such things, and found one named Anukevaṭṭa. To him he said, "Teacher, I have a thing which I want you to carry out." "What am I to do, wise sir? Tell me." "Stand on the rampart, and when you see our men incautious, immediately let down cakes, fish, meat, and other food to Brahmadatta's men, and say, Here, eat this and this, don't be downhearted; try to stay here a few days longer; before long the people will be like hens in a coop and will open the gate of themselves, and then you will be able to capture Vedeha and that villain of a farmer's son. Our men when they hear this, with harsh upbraiding, will bind you hand and foot in the sight of Brahmadatta's army, and will pretend to beat you with bamboos, and pull you down, and

tying your hair in five knots [1] will daub you with brickdust, put a garland of kanavera [2] upon you, belabour you soundly until weals rise on your back, take you up on the rampart, tie you up, and let you down by a rope to Brahmadatta's men, crying out, Go, traitor! Then you will be taken before Brahmadatta, and he will ask your offence; you must say to him, Great king, once I was held in great honour, but the farmer's son denounced me to my king for a traitor and robbed me of all. I wished to make the man shorter by a head who had ruined me, and in pity for the despondency of your men [407] I gave them food and drink. For that, with the old grudge in his heart, he brought this destruction upon me. Your own men, O king, know all about it. Thus by one means or another you must win the king's confidence, and then say to him: Sire, now you have me, trouble

no more. Now Vedeha and the farmer's son are dead men! I know the strong places and the weak places of the ramparts in this city. I know where crocodiles are in the moat and where they are not; before long I will bring the city into your hands. The king will believe you and do you honour, and will place the army in your charge. Then you must bring down the army into the places infested by snakes and crocodiles; the army in fear of the crocodiles will refuse to go down. You must then say to the king, Your army, my lord, has been corrupted by the farmer's son; there is not a man of them, not even teacher Kevaṭṭa and the princes, who has not been bribed. They just walk about guarding you, they are all the creatures of the farmer's son, and I alone am your man. If you do not believe me, order the kings to come before you in full dress; then examine their dresses, their ornaments, their swords, all given them by the farmer's son and

inscribed with his name, and assure yourself. He will do so, and make sure, and in fear will dismiss the princes. Then he will ask you what is to be done? and you must reply, My lord, the farmer's son is full of resource, and if you stay here a few days he will gain over all the army and capture yourself. Make no delay, but this very night in the middle watch let us take horse and depart, that we die not in the enemy's hands. He will follow your advice; and while he flees away you must return and tell my people." Thereupon Anukevaṭṭa replied, "Good, wise sir, I will do your bidding." "Well then, you must put up with a few blows." [408] "Wise sir, do what you will with my body, only spare my life and my limbs."

Then after shewing all respect to Anukevaṭṭa's family, he caused him to be roughly handled in this manner and handed him over to Brahmadatta's men. The king tested him, and trusted him, honoured him and gave him charge of the army; he brought the army down to the places which were infested by snakes and crocodiles; and the men terrified by the crocodiles, and wounded by arrows, spears, and lances cast by soldiers who stood upon the battlements, thus perished, after which none were so brave as to approach. Then Anukevaṭṭa approached the king, and said to him, "O great king, there is not a man to fight for you: all have been bribed. If you do not believe me, send for the princes, and see the inscriptions upon their garments and accoutrements." This the king did; and seeing inscriptions upon all their garments and accoutrements, he felt sure that indeed these had taken bribes. "Teacher," he said, "what's to be done now?" "My lord, there's nothing to be done; if you delay, the farmer's son will capture you. Sire, if the teacher Kevaṭṭa does walk about with a sore on his forehead, yet he also has taken his bribe; he accepted that precious gem, and made you run in rout for three

leagues, and then won your confidence again and made you return. He is a traitor! I would not obey him a single night; this very night in the

middle watch you should escape. You have not a friend but me." "Then, teacher, get my horse and chariot ready yourself." Finding that the king was assuredly bent on escape, he encouraged him and bade him fear nothing; then he went out and told the scouts that the king was to escape that night, let them not think of sleep. He next prepared the king's horse, arranging the reins so that the more he pulled the faster the horse would go; and at midnight he said, "My lord, your horse is ready; see, it is time." The king mounted the horse and fled. Anukevaṭṭa also got on horseback, as though to go with him, but after going a little way he turned back; and the king's horse, by the arrangement of its reins, [409] pull as the king would, went on. Then Anukevaṭṭa came amongst the army, and shouted with a loud voice, "Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta has fled!" The scouts and their attendants cried out too. The other princes, hearing the noise, thought in their terror, "Sage Mahosadha must have opened the gate and come out; we shall all be dead men!" Giving but a look at all the materials of their use and enjoyment [1], away they ran. The men shouted the louder, "The princes are in rout!" Hearing the noise, all the others who stood at the gate and on the towers shouted and clapt their hands. Then the whole city within and without was one great roar, as though the earth cleft asunder, or the great deep were broken up, whilst the innumerable myriads of that mighty host in mortal terror, without refuge or defence, cried aloud, "Brahmadatta is taken by Mahosadha with the hundred and one kings!" Away they ran in rout, throwing down even their

waistclothes. The camp was empty. Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta entered his own city with the hundred and one chiefs.

Next morning, the soldiers opened the city gates and went forth, and seeing the great booty, reported it to the Great Being, asking what they were to do. He said, "The goods which they have left are ours. Give to our king that which belonged to the princes, and bring to me that which belonged to Kevaṭṭa and the other private persons; all the rest let the citizens take." It took half a month to remove the jewels of price and valuable goods, four months for the rest. The Great Being gave great honour to Anukevaṭṭa. From that day the citizens of Mithilā had plenty of gold.

Now Brahmadatta and those kings had been a year in the city of Uttarapañcālā; when one day, Kevaṭṭa, looking upon his face in a mirror, saw the scar on his forehead and thought, "That is the doing of the farmer's son: he made me a laughingstock before all those kings!" Anger arose in him. "How can I manage to see his back?" he thought. "Ah, here is a plan. Our king's daughter, Pañcālacaṇḍī [410] is peerless in beauty, like a divine nymph; I will shew her to King Vedeha. He

will be caught by desire like a fish that has swallowed the hook: I will land him and Mahosadha with him, and kill them both, and drink the cup of victory!" With this resolve, he approached the king. "My lord," said he, "I have an idea." "Yes, teacher, your idea left me once without a rag to cover me. What will you do now? Hold your peace." "Sire, there never was a plan equal to this." "Speak on, then." "Sire, we two must be alone." "So be it." The brahmin took him into an upper storey, and said, "Great king! I

will attract King Vedeha by desire, to bring him here, and kill him." "A good plan, teacher, but how are we to arouse his desire?" "Sire, your daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī is peerless in beauty; we will have her charms and accomplishments celebrated in verse by poets, and have those poems sung in Mithilā. When we find that he is saying to himself, If the mighty monarch Vedeha cannot get this pearl of maidens, what is his kingdom to him? and that he is caught in the attraction of the idea, I will go and fix a day; on the day fixt by me he will come, like a fish that has swallowed the hook, and the farmer's son with him; then we will kill them." This pleased the king, and he agreed: "A fine plan that, my teacher! so we will do."

But a maynah bird, that watched the king's bed, took note of it.

And so the king sent for clever poets, and paid them richly, and shewed them his daughter, bidding them make a poem on her beauty; and they made songs of exceeding great sweetness, and recited them to the king. He rewarded them richly. Musicians learnt these songs from the poets, and sang them in public, and thus they were spread abroad. When they had been spread abroad, the king sent for the singers, and said, "My children, climb into the trees by night with some birds, sit there and sing, and, in the morning, [411] tie bells about their necks, let them fly, and come down." This he did that the world might say, the very gods sing the beauty of the King of Pañcāla's daughter. Again the king sent for these poets, and said to them, "My children, make poems to this effect, that such a princess is not for any king in all India save Vedeha King of Mithilā, praising the king's majesty and the girl's beauty." They did so, and reported it; the king paid them well, and told them to go to Mithilā and sing in the same way. They went to Mithilā, singing these songs on

the way, and there sang them in public. Crowds of people heard the songs, and amidst loud applause paid them well. At night they would climb into the trees and sing, and, in the morning, tied bells about the birds' necks before they came down. People heard the sound of the bells in the air, and all the city rang with the news, that the very gods were singing the beauty of the king's daughter. The king hearing of it sent for the poets, and made an audience in his palace. He was to think that they wanted to give him the peerless daughter of King Cūlani. So he paid them well, and they came back and

told Brahmadatta. Then Kevaṭṭa said to him, "Now, sire, ’tis time for me to go and settle the day." "Very good, teacher, what must you take with you?" "A little present." He gave it. The other went with it, accompanied by a large following, to Vedeha's kingdom. On his arrival being made known, all the city was in an uproar: "King Mani and Vedeha, they say, will strike a friendship; Cūlani will give his daughter to our king, and Kevaṭṭa, they say, is coming to fix a day." King Vedeha also heard this; and the Great Being heard it, and thought, "I like not his coming; I must find out about it exactly." So he sent word to spies that lived with Cūlani. They replied, "We do not quite understand this business. The king and Kevaṭṭa were sitting and talking in the royal bedchamber; but the maynah which watches the bedchamber will know about it." On hearing this, the Great Being thought: [412] "That our enemies may not have an advantage, I will parcel out the whole city and decorate it, and not allow Kevaṭṭa to see it." So from the city gate to the palace, and from the palace to his own house, on both sides of the road he erected lattice-work, and covered all over with mats, covered all with pictures,

scattered flowers upon the ground, set jars full of water in place, hung flags and banners. Kevaṭṭa as he entered the city could not see its arrangements; he thought the king had decorated it for his sake, and did not understand that it had been done that he might not see. When he came before the king, he offered his gift, and with a courteous greeting sat down on one side. Then after an honourable reception, he recited two stanzas, to announce the reason of his arrival:

"A king who wishes for thy friendship sends thee these precious things: now let worthy sweet-spoken ambassadors come from that place; let them utter gentle words which shall give pleasure, and let the people of Pañcāla and Videha be one."

"Sire," he went on, "he would have sent another in place of me, but me he sent, feeling sure that no other could tell the tale so pleasantly as I should do. Go, teacher, quoth he, win over the king to look favourably upon it, and bring him back with you. Now, sire, go, and you shall receive an excellent and beautiful princess, and there shall be friendship established between our king and you." The king was pleased at this proposal; he was attracted by the idea that he should receive a princess of peerless beauty, and replied, "Teacher, there was a quarrel between you and the wise Mahosadha at the Battle of the Law. Now go and see my son; [413] you two wise men must make up your differences; and after a talk together, come back." Kevaṭṭa promised to go and see the sage, and he went.

Now the Great Being that day, determined to avoid talking with this man of sin, in the morning drank a little ghee; they smeared the floor

with wet cow-dung, and smeared the pillars with oil; all chairs and seats they removed except one narrow couch on which he lay. To his servants he gave orders as follows: "When the brahmin begins to talk, say, Brahmin, do not talk with the sage; he has taken a dose of ghee to-day. And when I make as though to talk with him, stop me, saying, My lord, you have taken a dose of ghee—do not talk." After these instructions the Great Being covered himself with a red robe, and lay down on his couch, after posting men at the seven gate-towers [1]. Kevaṭṭa, reaching the first gate, asked where the wise man was? Then the servants answered, "Brahmin, do not make much noise; if you wish to go in, go silently. To-day the sage has taken ghee, and he cannot stand a noise." At the other gates they told him the same thing. When he came to the seventh gate, he entered the presence of the sage, and the sage made as though to speak: but they said, "My lord, do not talk; you have taken a strong dose of ghee—why should you talk with this wretched brahmin?" So they stayed him. The other came in, but could not find where to sit, nor a place to stand by the bed. He passed over the wet cow-dung and stood. Then one looked at him and rubbed his eyes, one lifted his eyebrow, one scratched his elbow. When he saw this, he was annoyed, and said, "Wise sir, I am going." Another said, "Ha, wretched brahmin, don't make a noise! If you do, I'll break your bones for you!" Terrified he looked back, when another struck him on the back with a bamboo stick, another caught him by the throat and pushed him, another slapt him on the back, until he departed in fear, like a fawn from the panther's mouth, and returned to the palace.

Now the king thought: [414] "To-day my son will be pleased to hear the news. What a talking there will be between the two wise men about the Law! To-day they will be reconciled together, and I

shall be the gainer." So when he saw Kevaṭṭa, he recited a stanza, asking about their conversation together:

"How did your meeting with Mahosadha come off, Kevaṭṭa? Pray tell me that. Was Mahosadha reconciled, was he pleased?"

To this Kevaṭṭa replied, "Sire, you think that is a wise man, but there is not another man less good," and he recited a stanza:

"He is a man ignoble of nature, lord of men! disagreeable, obstinate, wicked in disposition, like one dumb or deaf: he said not a word."

This displeased the king, but he found no fault. He provided Kevaṭṭa and his attendants with all that they needed and a house to live in, and bade him go and rest. After he had sent him away the king thought

to himself, "My son is wise, and knows well how to be courteous; yet he would not speak courteously to this man and did not want to see him. Surely he must have seen cause for some apprehension in the future!" and he composed a stanza of his own:

"Verily this resolution is very hard to understand; a clear issue has been foreseen by this strong man. Therefore my body is shaken: who shall lose his own and fall into the hands of his foe?"

[415] "No doubt my son saw some mischief in the brahmin's visit. He will have come here for no friendly purpose. He must have wished to attract me by desire, and make me go to his city, and there capture me. The sage must have foreseen some danger to come." As he was turning over these thoughts in his mind, with

alarm, the four wise men came in. The king said to Senaka, "Well, Senaka, do you think I ought to go to the city of Uttarapañcāla and marry King Cūḷanī's daughter?" He replied, "O sire, what is this you say! When luck comes your way, who would drive it off with blows? If you go there and marry her, you will have no equal save Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta in all India, because you will have married the daughter of the chief king. The king knows that the other princes are his men, and Vedeha alone is his peer, and so desires to give you his peerless daughter. Do as he says and we also shall receive dresses and ornaments." When the king asked the others, they all said the same. And as they were thus conversing, Brahmin Kevaṭṭa came from his lodging to take his leave of the king, and go; and he said, "Sire, I cannot linger here, I would go, prince of men!" The king shewed him respect, and let him go.

When the Great Being heard of his departure, he bathed and dressed and went to wait on the king, and saluting him sat on one side. Thought the king: "Wise Mahosadha my son is great and full of resource, he knows past, present and future; he will know whether I ought to go or not"; yet befooled by passion he did not keep to his first resolve, but asked his question in a stanza:

"All six have one opinion, and they are sages supreme in wisdom. To go or not to go, to abide here—Mahosadha, tell me your opinion also."

[416] At this the sage thought, "This king is exceedingly greedy in desire: blind and foolish he listens to the words of these four. I will tell him the mischief of going and dissuade him." So he repeated four stanzas:

"Do you know, great king: mighty and strong is King Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta, and he wants you to kill, as a hunter catches the deer by decoy. As a fish greedy for food does not recognize the hook hidden in the bait, or a mortal his death, so you O king, greedy in desire, do not recognize Cūḷanī's daughter, you, mortal, your own death. Go to Pañcāla, and in a little time you will destroy yourself, as a deer caught on the road comes into great danger."

[417] At this heavy rebuke [1], the king was angry. "The man thinks I am his slave," he thought, "he forgets I am a king. He knows that the chief king has sent to offer me his daughter, and says not a word of good wishes, but foretells that I shall be caught and killed like a silly deer or a fish that swallows the hook or a deer caught on the road!" and immediately he recited a stanza:

"I was foolish, I was deaf and dumb, to consult you on high matters. How can you understand things like other men, when you grew up hanging on to the plow-tail?"

With these opprobrious wordy, he said, "This clodhopper is hindering my good luck! away with him!" and to get rid of him he uttered this stanza:

"Take this fellow by the neck and rid my kingdom of him, who speaks to hinder my getting a jewel."

But he, seeing the king's anger, thought, "If any one at the bidding of this king seize me by hand or by neck, or touch me, I shall be disgraced to my dying day; therefore I will go of myself." [418] So he saluted the king and went to his house. Now the king had merely spoken in anger: but out of respect for the Bodhisat he did not command any one to carry out his words. Then the Great Being thought, "This king is a fool, he knows not his own

profit or unprofit. He is in love; and determined to get that princess, he does not perceive the danger to come; he will go to his ruin. I ought not to let his words lie in my mind. He is my great benefactor, and has done me much honour. I must have confidence in him. But first I will send the parrot and find out the facts, then I will go myself." So he sent the parrot.

To explain this the Master said:

"Then he went out of Vedeha's presence, and spake to his messenger, Māṭhara [sic] the clever parrot: "Come, my green parrot, do a service for me. The king of Pañcāla has a maynah that watches his bed: ask him in full, for he knows all, knows all the secret of the king and Kosiya." Māṭhara *(sic)* the clever parrot listened, and went—the green parrot—to the maynah bird. Then this clever parrot Māṭhara spake to the sweet-voiced maynah in her fine cage: "Is all well with you in your fine cage? is all happy, O Vessā [2]? Do they give you parched honey-corn in your fine cage?" "All is well with me, sir, indeed, all is happy, they do give me parched honey-corn, O clever parrot. Why have you come, sir, and why were you sent? I never saw you or heard of you before."

[419] On hearing this, he thought: "If I say, I am come from Mithilā, for her life she will never trust me. On my way I noticed the town Ariṭṭhapura in this kingdom of Sivi; so I will make up a false tale, how the king of Sivi has sent me hither," and he said—

"I was King Sivi's chamberlain in his palace, and from thence that righteous king set the prisoners free from bondage."

[420] Then the maynah gave him the honey-corn and honey-water which stood ready for her in a golden dish, and said, "Sir, you have come a long way: what has brought you?" He made up a tale, desirous to learn the secret, and said,

"I once had to wife a sweet-voiced maynah, and a hawk killed her before my eyes."

Then she asked, "But how did the hawk kill your wife?" He told her this story. "Listen, madam. One day our king invited me to join him at a water-party. My wife and I went with him, and amused ourselves. In the evening we returned with him to the palace. To dry our feathers, my wife and I flew out of a window and sat on the top of a pinnacle. At that moment a hawk swooped down to catch us as we were leaving the pinnacle. In fear of my life I flew swiftly off; but she was heavy then, and could not fly fast; hence before my eyes he killed her and carried her off. The king saw me weeping for her loss, and asked me the reason. On hearing what had occurred, he said, "Enough, friend, do not weep, but look for another wife." I replied, "What need I, my lord, to wed another, wicked and vicious? Better to live alone." He said, "Friend, I know a bird virtuous like your wife; King Cūḷani's chamberlain is a maynah like her. Go and ask her will, and let her reply, and if she likes you come and tell me; then I or my queen will go with great pomp and bring her back." With these words he sent me, and that is why I am come." And he said:

"Full of love for her I am come to you: if you give me leave we might dwell together."

[421] These words pleased her exceedingly; but without shewing her feelings she said, as though unwilling:

"Parrot should love parrot, and maynah maynah: how can there be union between parrot and maynah?"

The other hearing this thought, "She does not reject me; she is only making much of herself. Indeed she loves me doubtless. I will find some parables to make her trust me." So he said—

"Whomsoever the lover loves, be it a low Caṇḍālī, all are alike: in love there is no unlikeness."

This said, he went on, to shew the measure of the differences in the birth of men,

"The mother of the king of Sivi is named Jambāvatī, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva the Kaṇha."

Now the king of Sivi's mother, Jambāvatī, was of the Caṇḍāla caste, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva, one of the Kaṇhāgana clan, the eldest of ten brothers. The story goes, that he one day went out from Dvāravatī into the park; and on his way he espied a very beautiful

girl, standing by the way, as she journeyed on some business from her Caṇḍāla village to town. He fell in love, and asked her birth; and on hearing that she was a Caṇḍālī, he was distressed. Finding that she was unmarried, he turned back at once, and took her home, surrounded her with precious things, and made her his chief queen. She brought forth a son Sivi, who ruled in Dvāravatī at his father's death.

[422] After giving this example, he went on: "Thus even a prince such as he mated with a Caṇḍāla woman; and what of us, who are but of the animal kingdom? If we like to mate together, there is no more to be said." And he gave another example as follows:

"Rathavatī, a fairy, also loved Vaccha, and the man loved the animal. In love there is no unlikeness.

"Vaccha was a hermit of that name, and the way she loved him was this. In times gone by, a brahmin, who had seen the evil of the passions, left great wealth to follow the ascetic life, and lived in Himavat in a hut of leaves which he made him. Not far from this hut in a cave lived a number of fairies, and in the same place lived a spider. This spider used to spin his web, and crack the heads of these creatures, and drink their blood. Now the fairies were weak and timid, the spider was mighty and very poisonous: they could do nothing against him, so they came to the hermit, and saluted him, and told him how a spider was destroying them and they could see no help; wherefore they begged him to kill the spider and save them. But the ascetic drove them away, crying, "Men like me take no life!" A female of these creatures, named Rahavatī, was unmarried; and they brought her all finely arrayed to the hermit, and said, "Let her be your handmaiden, and do you slay our enemy." When the hermit saw her he fell in love, and kept her with him, and lay in wait for the spider at the cave's mouth, and as he came out for food killed him with a club. So he lived with the fairy and begat sons and daughters on her, and then died. Thus she loved him."

The parrot, having described this example, said, "Vaccha the hermit, although a man, lived with a fairy, who belonged to the animal world; why should not we do the same, who both are birds?"

When she heard him she said, "My lord, the heart is not always the same: I fear separation from my beloved." But he, being wise and versed in the wiles of women, further tested her with this stanza:

"Verily I shall go away, O sweet-voiced maynah. This is a refusal; no doubt you despise me."

[423] Hearing this she felt as though her heart would break; but before him she made as though she was burning with newly awakened love, and recited a stanza and a half:

"No luck for the hasty, O wise parrot Māṭhara. Stay here until you shall see the king, and hear the sound of tabours and see the splendour of our king."

So when evening came they took their pleasure together; and they lived in friendship and pleasure and delight. Then the parrot thought, "Now she will not hide the secret from me; now I must ask it of her and go.—Maynah," quoth he. "What is it, my lord?" "I want to ask you something; shall I say it?" "Say on, my lord." "Never mind, to-day is a festival; another day I will see about it." "If it be suitable to a festival, say it, if not, my lord, say nothing." "Indeed, this is a thing fit for a festival day." "Then speak." "If you will listen, I will speak." Then he asked the secret in a stanza and a half:

"This sound so loud heard over the countryside—the daughter of the king of Pañcāla, bright as a star—he will give her to the Videhas, and this will be their wedding!"

[424] When she heard this she said, "My lord! on a day of festival you have said a thing most unlucky!" "I say it is lucky, you say it is unlucky: what can this mean?" "I cannot tell you, my lord." "Madam, from the time when you refuse to tell me a secret which you know, our happy union ends." Importuned by him she replied, "Then, my lord, listen:—

"Let not even your enemies have such a wedding, Māṭhara, as there shall be betwixt the kings of Pañcāla and Videha."

Then he asked, "Why do you ask such a thing, madam?" She replied, "Listen now, and I will tell you the mischief of it," and she repeated another stanza:

"The mighty king of Pañcāla will attract Videha, and then he will kill him; his friend she will not be."

So she told the whole secret to the wise parrot; and the wise parrot, hearing it, extolled Kevaṭṭa: "This teacher is fertile in resource; ’tis a wonderful plan to kill the king. But what is so unlucky a thing to us? silence is best." Thus he attained the fruit of his journey. And after passing the night with her, he said, "Lady, I would go to the Sivi country, and tell the king how I have got a loving wife"; and he took leave in the following words:

[425] "Now give me leave for just seven nights, that I may tell the mighty king of Sivi, how I have found a dwelling-place with a maynah."

The maynah hereat, although unwilling to part with him, yet unable to refuse, recited the next stanza:

"Now I give you leave for seven nights; if after seven nights you do not return to me, I see myself gone down into the grave; I shall be dead when you return [1]."

The other said: "Lady, what is this you say! if I see you not after seven days, how can I live?" So he spake with his lips, but thought in his heart, "Live or die [1], what care I for you?" He rose up, and after flying for a short distance towards the Sivi country, he turned off and went to Mithilā. Then descending upon the

wise man's shoulder, when the Great Being had taken him to the upper storey, and asked his news, he told him all. The other did him all honour as before.

This the Master explained as follows:

"And then Māṭhara, the wise parrot, said to Mahosadha: "This is the story of the maynah."

On hearing it the Great Being thought: "The king will go, will I nill I, and if he go, he will be utterly destroyed. [426] And if by bearing a grudge against such a king who gave me such wealth, I refrain from doing well to him, I shall be disgraced. When there is found one so wise as I, why should he perish? I will set out before the king, and see Cūḷani; and I will arrange all well, and I will build a city for King Vedeha to dwell in, and a smaller passage a mile long, and a great tunnel of half a league; and I will consecrate King Cūḷani's daughter and make her our king's handmaiden; and even when our city is surrounded by the hundred and one kings with their army of eighteen myriads, I will save our king, as the moon is saved from the jaws of Rāhu, and bring him home. His return is in my hands." As he thought thus, joy pervaded his body, and by force of this joy he uttered this aspiration:

"A man should always work for his interest in whose house he is fed."

Thus bathed and anointed he went in great pomp to the palace, and saluting the king, stood on one side. "My lord," he asked, "are you going to the city of Uttarapañcāla?" "Yes, my son; if I cannot gain Pañcālacaṇḍī, what is my kingdom to me? Leave me not, but come with me. By going thither, two benefits will be mine: I shall gain the most precious of women, and make

friendship with the king." Then the wise man said, "Well, my lord, I will go on ahead, and build dwellings for you; do you come when I send word." Saying this, he repeated two stanzas:

"Truly I will go first, lord of men, to the lovely city of Pañcāla's king, to build dwellings for the glorious Vedeha. When I have built dwellings for the glorious Vedeha, come, mighty warrior, when I send word."

[427] The king on hearing this was pleased that he should not desert him, and said, "My son, if you go on ahead, what do you want?" "An army, sire." "Take as many as you wish, my son." The other went on, "My lord, have the four prisons opened, and break the chains that bind the

robbers therein, and send these also with me." "Do as you will, my son," he replied. The Great Being caused the prisons to be opened, and brought forth mighty heroes who were able to do their duty wherever they should be sent, and bade them serve him; he shewed great favour to these, and took with him eighteen companies of men, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, men skilled in all arts and crafts, with their razor-adzes, spades, hoes, and many other tools. So with a great company he went out of the city.

The Master explained it by this stanza:

"The Mahosadha went on ahead, to the goodly town of the king of Pañcāla, to build dwellings for Vedeha the glorious."

On his way, the Great Being built a village at every league's end, and left a courtier in charge of each village, with these

directions: "Against the king's return with Pañcāla-caṇḍī you are to prepare elephants, horses, and chariots, to keep off his enemies, and to convey him speedily to Mithilā." Arrived at the Ganges' bank, he called Ānandakumāra, and said to him, "Ānanda, take three hundred wrights, go to Upper Ganges, procure choice timber, build three hundred ships, make them cut stores of wood for the town, fill the ships with light wood, and come back soon." Himself in a ship he crossed over the Ganges, and from his landing-place he paced out the distances, thinking —"This is half a league, here shall be the great tunnel: in this place shall be the town for our king to dwell in; from this place to the palace, a mile long, [428] shall be the small passage." So he marked out the place; and then entered the city.

When King Cūlaṇi heard of the Bodhisat's coming, he was exceedingly well pleased; for thought he, "Now the desire of my heart shall be fulfilled; now that he is come, Vedeha will not be long in coming: then will I kill them both and make one kingdom in all India." All the city was in a ferment: "This, they say, is the wise Mahosadha, who put to flight the hundred and one kings as a crow is scared by a clod!" The Great Being proceeded to the palace gates whilst the citizens gazed at his beauty; then dismounting from the car, he sent word to the king. "Let him come," the king said; and he entered, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. Then the king spoke politely to him, and asked, "My son, when will the king come?" "When I send for him, my lord." "But why are you come, then?" "To build for our king a place to dwell in, my lord." "Good, my son." He gave an allowance for the escort, and shewed great honour to the Great Being, and allotted him a house, and said: "My son, until your king shall come, live here, and do not be idle, but do what should be done." But as he entered the palace, he stood at the foot of

the stairs, thinking, "Here must be the door of the little tunnel"; and again this came into his mind, "The king

told me to do for him anything that had to be done; I must take care that this stairway does not fall in while we are digging the tunnel." So he said to the king, "My lord, as I entered, standing by the stair-foot, and looking at the new work, I saw a fault in the great staircase. If it please you, give me word and I will make it all right." "Good, my son, do so." He examined the place carefully, and determined where the exit of the tunnel should be [1]; then he removed the stair, and to keep the earth from falling into this place, he arranged a platform of wood, and thus fixed the stair firmly so that it should not collapse. The king all unwitting thought this to be done from goodwill to himself. The other spent that day [429] in superintending the repairs, and on the next day he said to the king, "My lord, if I could know where our king is to dwell, I could make it all right and take care of it." "Very good, wise sir: choose a place for his dwelling where you will in the city, except my palace." "Sire, we are strangers, you have many favourites: if we take their houses, your soldiers will quarrel with us. What are we to do?" "Wise sir, do not listen to them, but choose the place which may please you." "My lord, they will come to you over and over again with complaints, and that will not be pleasant for you; but if you will, let our men be on guard until we take possession of the houses, and they will not be able to get past the door, but will go away. Thus both you and we shall be content." The king agreed. The Great Being placed his own guards at the foot and head of the stairway, at the great gate, everywhere, giving orders that no one was to pass by. Then he ordered his men to go to the queen-mother's

house, and to make as though they would pull it down. When they began to pull down bricks and mud from the gates and walls, the queen-mother heard the news and asked, "You fellows, why do you break down my house?" "Mahosadha the sage wishes to pull it down and to build a palace for his king." "If that be so, you may live in this place." "Our king's retinue is very large; this place will not do, and we will make a large house for him." "You do not know me: I am the queen-mother, and now I will go to my son and see about it." "We are acting by the king's orders; stop us if you can! " She grew angry, and said, "Now I will see what is to be done with you," and proceeded to the palace gate; but they would not let her go in. "Fellows, I am the king's mother!" "Oh, we know you; but the king has ordered us to let no one come in. Go away!" She was unable to get into the palace, and stood looking at her house. Then one of the men said, [430] "What are you doing here? Away with you!" He seized her by the throat and threw her upon the ground. She thought, "Verily it must be the king's command, otherwise they would not be able to do this: I will visit the sage." She asked him, "Son Mahosadha,

why do you pull down my house?" but he would not speak to her. But a bystander said, "What did you say, madam?" "My son, why does the sage pull down my house?" "To build a dwelling for King Vedeha." "Why, my son! in all this great city can he find no other place to live in? take this bribe, a hundred thousand pieces of money, and let him build elsewhere." "Very good, madam, we will leave your house alone; but do not tell any one that you have given this bribe, that no others may wish to bribe us to spare their houses." "My son! if it were said that the queen-mother had need to bribe, the shame would be mine! I shall tell no one." The

man consented, and took the hundred thousand pieces, and left that house. Then he went to Kevaṭṭa's house; who went to the palace gate, and had the skin of his back torn by bamboo sticks, but being unable to get an entrance, he also gave a hundred thousand pieces. In this way, by seizing houses in all parts of the city, and procuring bribes, they got nine crores of gold pieces.

After this the Great Being traversed the whole city, and returned to the palace. The king asked him whether he had found a place. "Sire," he said, "they are all willing to give; but as soon as we take possession they are stricken with grief. We do not wish to be the cause of unpleasantness. Outside the city, about a mile hence, between the city and the Ganges, there is a place where we could build a palace for our king." When the king heard this, he was pleased; for, thought he, "to fight with men inside the city is dangerous, it is impossible to distinguish friend from foe; but without the city it is easy to fight, therefore without the city [431] I will smite them and kill them." Then he said, "Good, my son, build in the place that you have seen." "We will, sire. But your people must not come to the place where we build, in search of firewood or herbs or such like things; if they do, there is sure to be a quarrel, and this will be pleasant for neither of us." "Very good, my son, forbid all access on that side." "My lord, our elephants like to disport them in the water; if the water becomes muddy, and the people complain that since Mahosadha came we have had no clean water to drink, you must put up with it." The king replied, "Let your elephants play." Then he proclaimed by beat of drum: "Whosoever shall go hence to the place where the sage Mahosadha is building, he shall be fined a thousand pieces."

Then the Great Being took leave of the king, and with his attendants went out of the city, and began to build a city on the spot that had been set apart. On the other side of the Ganges he built a village called Gaggali: there he stationed his elephants, horses and chariots, his kine and oxen. He busied himself with the making of the city, and assigned to each their task. Having distributed all the work, he set about making the great tunnel; the mouth of which was upon the Ganges' bank. Sixty

thousand warriors were digging the great tunnel: the earth they removed in leather sacks and dropt in the river, and whenever the earth was dropt in the elephants trampled it underfoot, and the Ganges ran muddy. The citizens complained that, since Mahosadha had come, they could get no clean water to drink; the river ran muddy, and what was to be done? Then the wise man's spies told them that Mahosadha's elephants were playing about in the water, and stirring up the mud, and that was why it ran muddy. Now the intentions of the Bodhisats are always fulfilled; therefore in the tunnel all roots and stones sank into the earth. The entrance to the lesser tunnel was in that city; seven hundred men were digging at the lesser tunnel; [432] the earth they brought out in leather sacks and dropt in the city, and as they dropt each load, they mixt it with water, and built a wall, and used it for other works. The entrance into the greater tunnel was in the city: it was provided with a door, eighteen hands high, fitted with machinery, so that one peg being pressed all were closed up [1]. On either side, the tunnel was built up with bricks and worked with stucco; it was roofed over with planks and smeared with cement [2], and whitened. In all there were eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, which all by the pressure

of one peg closed, and by the pressure of one peg opened. On either side there were some hundreds of lamp-cells, also fitted with machinery, so that when one was opened all opened, and when one was shut all were shut. On either side were a hundred and one chambers for a hundred and one warriors: in each one was laid a bed of various colours, in each was a great couch shaded by a white sunshade, each had a throne near the great couch, each had a statue of a woman, very beautiful—without touching them no one could tell they were not human. Moreover, in the tunnel on either side, clever painters made all manner of paintings: the splendour of Sakka, the zones of Mount Sineru, the sea and the ocean, the four continents, Himavat, Lake Anotatta, the Vermilion Mountain, Sun and Moon, the heaven of the four great kings with the six heavens of sense and their divisions—all were to be seen in the tunnel. The floor was strewn with sand white as a silver plate, and on the roof full-blown lotus flowers. On both sides were booths of all sorts; here and there hung festoons of flowers and scented blooms. Thus they adorned the tunnel until it was like the divine hall of Sudhamma.

Now those three hundred wrights, having built three hundred ships, freighted them with loads of articles all ready prepared, and brought them down, and told the sage. He used them in the city, and made them put up the ships in a secret place to bring them out when he should give

the word. In the city, the water-moat, the wall, [433] gate and tower, dwellings for prince and people, elephant-stables, tanks, all were finished. So great tunnel and little tunnel, and all the city, were finished in four months. And at the end of the four

months, the Great Being sent a messenger to the king, to bid him come.

When the king heard this message, he was pleased, and set out with a large company.

The Master said:

"Then the king set out with an army in four divisions, to visit the prosperous city of Kampilliyā, with its innumerable chariots."

In due time he arrived at the Ganges. Then the Great Being went out to meet him, and conducted him to the city which he had built. The king entered the palace, and ate a rich meal, and after resting a little, in the evening sent a messenger to King Cūḷanī to say that he had come.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Then he on arriving sent word to Brahmadatta: "Mighty king, I am come to salute thy feet. Now give me to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens."

[434] Cūḷanī was very glad at the message, and thought, "Where will my enemy go now? I shall cleave both their heads, and drink the cup of victory!" But he shewed only joy to the messenger, and did him respect, and recited the following stanza:

"Welcome art thou, Vedeha, a good coming is thine! Enquire now for a lucky hour, and I will give thee my daughter, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens."

The messenger now went back to Vedeha, and said, "My lord, the king says: "Enquire for an hour suited to this auspicious

event, and I will give you my daughter." He sent the man back, saying, "This very day is a lucky hour!"

The Master explained it thus:

"Then King Vedeha enquired for a lucky hour; which done, he sent word to Brahmadatta: "Give me now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens." And King Cūḷanī said: "I give thee now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens."

But in saying "I will send her now, even now," he lied: and he gave the word to the hundred and one kings: "Make ready for battle with your eighteen mighty hosts, and come forth: we will cleave the heads of our two enemies, and drink the cup of victory!" And he placed in the palace his mother Queen Talatā, and his consort Queen Nandā, and his son Pañcālacaṇḍa, and his daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī, with the women, and came forth himself.

The Bodhisat treated very hospitably the great army which came with King Vedeha: [435] some were drinking spirits, some eating fish and

flesh, some lay wearied with their long march; but King Vedeha, with Senaka and the other wise men, sat on a goodly dais amidst his courtiers. But King Cūḷanī surrounded the city in four lines with three intervals, and kindled several hundreds of thousands of torches, and there they stood, ready to take it when the sun should rise. On learning this, the Great Being gave commission to three hundred of his own warriors: "Go by the little tunnel, and bring in by that tunnel the king's mother and consort, his

son and daughter; take them through the great tunnel, but do not let them out by the door of the great tunnel; keep them safe in the tunnel until we come, but when we come, bring then out of the tunnel, and place them in the Great Court." When they had received these commands, they went along the lesser tunnel, and pushed up the platform beneath the staircase; they seized the guards at the top and bottom of the staircase and on the terrace, the humpbacks, and all the others that were there, bound them hand and foot, gagged them, and hid them away here and there; ate some of the food prepared for the king, destroyed the rest, and went up to the terrace. Now Queen Talatā on that day, uncertain what might befall, had made Queen Nandā and the son and daughter lie with her in one bed. These warriors, standing at the door of the chamber, called to them. She came out and said, "What is it, my children?" They said, "Madam, our king has killed Vedeha and Mahosadha, and has made one kingdom in all India, and surrounded by the hundred and one princes in great glory he is drinking deep: he has sent us to bring you four to him also." They came down to the foot of the staircase. When the men took them into the tunnel, they said: "All this time we have lived here, and never have entered this street before!" The men replied, "Men do not go into this street every day; this is a street of rejoicing, and because this is a day of rejoicing, the king [436] told us to fetch you by this way." And they believed it. Then some of the men conducted the four, others returned to the palace, broke open the treasury, and carried off all the precious things they wanted. The four went on by the greater tunnel, and seeing it to be like the glorious hall of the gods, thought that it had been made for the king. Then they were brought to a place not far from the river, and placed in a fine chamber within the tunnel: some kept watch over them, others went and told the Bodhisat of their arrival.

"Now," thought the Bodhisat, "my heart's desire shall he fulfilled." Highly pleased, he went into the king's presence and stood on one side. The king, uneasy with desire, was thinking, "Now he will send his daughter, now, now": and getting up he looked out of the window. There was the city all one blaze of light with those thousands of torches, and surrounded by a great host! In fear and suspicion he cried, "What is this?" and recited a stanza to his wise men:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches blaze with light; what do they mean, wise sirs?"

To this Senaka replied: "Do not trouble, sire: large numbers of torches are blazing; I suppose the king is bringing his daughter to you." And Pukkusa said, "No doubt he wishes to shew honour at your visit, and therefore has come with a guard." They told him whatever they liked. But the king heard the words of command—"Put a detachment here, set a guard there, be vigilant!" and he saw the soldiers under arms; so that he was frightened to death, and longing to hear some word from the Great Being, he recited another stanza:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches ablaze with light: what will they do, wise sir?"

[437] Then the Great Being thought, "I will first terrify this blind fool for a little, then I will shew my power and console him." So he said,

"Sire, the mighty Cūḷanīya is watching you, Brahmadatta is a traitor: in the morning he will slay you."

On hearing this all were frightened to death: the king's throat was parched, the spittle ceased, his body burnt; frightened to death and whimpering he recited two stanzas:

"My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith's fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within me and is not seen outside."

When the Great Being heard this lament, he thought, "This blind fool would not do my bidding at other times; I will punish him still more," and he said:

"Warrior, you are careless, neglectful of advice, unwise: now let your clever advisers save you. A king who will not do the bidding of a wise and faithful counsellor, being bent on his own pleasure, is like a deer caught in a trap. As a fish, greedy for the bait, does not notice the hook hidden in the meat which is wrapped round it, does not recognise its own death: so you, O king, greedy with lust, like the fish, do not recognise Cūḷaneyya's daughter as your own death. If you go to Pañcāla, (I said,) you will speedily lose your happiness, as a deer caught on the highway will fall into great danger. A bad man, my lord, would bite like a snake in your lap; no wise man should make friends with him; unhappy must be the association with an evil man. [438] Whatsoever man, my lord; one should recognise for virtuous and instructed, he is the man for the wise to make his friend: happy would be the association with a good man."

Then to drive home the reproach, that a man should not be so treated, he recalled the words which the king had once said before, and went on—

"Foolish thou art, O king, deaf and dumb, that didst upbraid the best advice in me, asking how I could know what was good like another, when I had grown up at the plow-tail? Take yon fellow by the neck, you said, and cast him out of my kingdom, who tries by his talk to keep me from getting a precious thing [1]!"

Having recited these two stanzas, he said, "Sire, how could I, a clodhopper, know what is good as Senaka does and the other wise men? That is not my calling. I know only the clodhopper's trade, but this matter is known to Senaka and his like; they are wise gentlemen, and now to-day [439] let them deliver you from the eighteen mighty hosts that compass you round about; and bid them take me by the throat and cast me forth. Why do you ask me now?" Thus he rebuked him mercilessly. When the king heard it, he thought, "The sage is reciting the wrongs that I have done. Long ago he knew the danger to come, that is why he so bitterly reproaches me. But he cannot have spent all this time idly; surely he must have arranged for my safety." So to reproach the other, he recited two stanzas:

"Mahosadha, the wise do not throw up the past in one's teeth; why do you goad me like a horse tied fast? If you see deliverance or safety, comfort me: why throw up the past against me?"

Then the Great Being thought, "This king is very blind and foolish, and knows not the differences amongst men: a while I will torment him, then I will save him"; and he said—

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself. There are elephants which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Horses there are which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Birds also there are, and goblins, which do the like. But it is too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot save you, and you must decide for yourself."

[440] The king, hearing this, sat still without a word; but Senaka thought, "There is no help but the sage for the king or for us; but the king is too much afraid to be able to answer him. Then I will ask him." And he asked him in two stanzas:

"A man who cannot see the shore in the mighty ocean, when he finds a footing is full of joy. So to us and the king thou, Mahosadha, art firm ground to stand on; thou art our best of counsellors; deliver us from woe."

The Great Being reproached him in this stanza:

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself, Senaka."

The king, unable to find an opening, and terrified out of his life, could not say a word to the Great Being; but thinking that perhaps Senaka might have a plan, he asked him in this stanza:

"Hear this word of mine: you see this great danger, and now Senaka, I ask you—what do you think ought to be done here?"

[441] Senaka thinking, "The king asks a plan: good or bad, I will tell him one," recited a stanza:

"Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live: let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death."

The king fell in a passion to hear this; "That will do for your funeral pyre and your children's," he thought; and he then asked Pukkusa and the rest, who also spoke foolishly each after his own kind; here is the tradition:

"Hear this word: you see this great danger. Now I ask Pukkusa—what do you think ought to be done here?" "Let us take poison and die, and we shall soon cease to live: let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death."; "Now I ask Kāvinda." "Let us fasten a noose and die, let us cast ourselves from a height, let not Brahmadatta kill us by a lingering death." "Now I ask Devinda." "Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live: I cannot save us, but Mahosadha can do so easily."

Devinda thought, "What is the king doing? Here is fire, and he blows at a firefly! Except Mahosadha, there is none other can save us: [412] yet he leaves him and asks us! What do we know about it?" Thus thinking, and seeing no other plan, he repeated the plan proposed by Senaka, and praised the Great Being in two stanzas:

"This is my meaning, sire: Let us all ask the wise man; and if for all our asking Mahosadha cannot easily save us, then let us follow Senaka's advice."

On hearing this, the king remembered his ill-treatment of the Bodhisat, and being unable to speak to him, he lamented in his hearing thus:

"As one that searches for sap in the plantain tree or the silk-cotton tree, finds none; so we searching for an answer to this problem have found none. Our dwelling is in a bad place, like elephants in a place where no water is, with worthless men and fools that know nothing. My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith's fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within and is not seen outside."

Then the sage thought, "The king is exceedingly troubled: If I do not console him, he will break his heart and die." So he consoled him.

[443] This the Master explained by saying:

"Then this wise sage Mahosadha, discerning of the good, when he beheld Vedeha sorrowful thus spake to him. "Fear not, O king, fear not, lord of chariots; I will set thee free, like the moon when it is caught by Rāhu, like the sun when it is caught by Rāhu, like an elephant sunk in the mud, like a snake shut up in a basket, like fish in the net; I will set thee free with thy chariots and thy army; I will scare away Pañcāla, as a crow is scared by a clod. Of what use indeed is the wisdom or the counsellor of such a kind as cannot set thee free from trouble when thou art in difficulties?"

When he heard this, he was comforted: "Now my life is safe!" he thought: all were delighted when the Bodhisat spoke out like a lion. Then Senaka asked, "Wise sir, how will you get away with us all?" "By a decorated tunnel," he said, "make ready." So saying, he gave the word to his men to open the tunnel:

[444] "Come, men, up and open the mouth of the entrance: Vedeha with his court is to go through the tunnel."

Up rose they and opened the door of the tunnel, and all the tunnel shone in a blaze of light like the decorated hall of the gods. The Master explained it by saying:

"Hearing the wise man's voice, his followers opened the tunnel door and the mechanical bolts."

The door opened, they told the Great Being, and he gave the word to the king: "Time, my lord! come down from the terrace." The king came down, Senaka took off his headdress, unloosed his gown. The Great Being asked him what he did; he replied, "Wise sir, when a man goes through a tunnel, he must take off

his turban and wrap his clothes tight around him." The other replied, "Senaka, do not suppose that you must crawl through the tunnel upon your knees. If you wish to go on an elephant, mount your elephant: lofty is our tunnel, eighteen hands high, with a wide door; dress yourself as fine as you will, and go in front of the king." Then the Bodhisat made Senaka go first, and went himself last, with the king in the middle, and this was the reason: in the tunnel was a world of eatables and drinkables, and the men ate and drank as they gazed at the tunnel, saying, "Do not go quickly, but gaze at the decorated tunnel"; but the Great Being went behind urging the king to go on, while the king went on gazing at the tunnel adorned like the hall of the gods.

[445] The Master explained it, saying,

"In front went Senaka, behind went Mahosadha, and in the midst King Vedeha with the men of his court."

Now when the king's coming was known, the men brought out of the tunnel the other king's mother and wife, son and daughter, and set them in the great courtyard; the king also with the Bodhisat came out of the tunnel. When these four saw the king and the sage, they were frightened to death, and shrieked in their fear—"Without doubt we are in the hands of our enemies! it must have been the wise man's soldiers who came for us! " And King Cūḷanī, in fear lest Vedeha should escape—now he was about a mile from the Ganges—hearing their outcry in the quiet night, wished to say, "It is like the voice of Queen Nandā!" but he feared that he might be laughed at for thinking such a thing, and said nothing. At that moment, the Great Being placed Princess Pañcālacaṇḍi upon a heap of treasure, and administered the ceremonial sprinkling, as he said, "Sire, here is

she for whose sake you came; let her be your queen!" They brought out the three hundred ships; the king came from the wide courtyard and boarded a ship richly decorated, and these four went on board with him. The Master thus explained it:

"Vedeha coming forth from the tunnel went aboard ship, and when he was aboard, Mahosadha thus encouraged him: "This is now your father-in-law [1], my

lord, this is your mother-in-law, O master of men: as you would treat your mother, so treat your mother-in-law. As a brother by the same father and mother, so protect Pañcālacaṇḍa, O lord of chariots. Pañcālacaṇḍī is a royal princess, much wooed [1]; love her, she is your wife, O lord of chariots."

[446] The king consented. But why did the Great Being say nothing about the queen-mother? Because she was an old woman. Now all this the Bodhisat said as he stood upon the bank. Then the king, delivered from great trouble, wishing to proceed in the ship, said, "My son, you speak standing upon the shore": and recited a stanza—

"Come aboard with speed: why do you stand on the bank? From danger and trouble we have been delivered; now, Mahosadha, let us go."

The Great Being replied, "My lord, it is not meet that I go with you," and he said,

"This is not right, sire, that I, the leader of an army, should desert my army and come myself. All this army, left behind in the town, I will bring away with the consent of Brahmadatta.

"Amongst these men, some are sleeping for weariness after their long journey, some eating and drinking, and know not of our

departure, some are sick, after having worked with me four months, and there are many assistants of mine. I cannot go if I leave one man behind me; no, I will return, and all that army I will bring off with Brahmadatta's consent, without a blow. You, sire, should go with all speed, not tarrying anywhere; I have stationed relays of elephants and conveyances on the road, so that you may leave behind those that are weary, and with others ever fresh may quickly return to Mithilā." Then the king recited a stanza:

"A small army against a great, how will you prevail? The weak will be destroyed by the strong, wise sir!"

[447] Then the Bodhisat recited a stanza:

"A small army with counsel conquers a large army that has none, one king conquers many, the rising sun conquers the darkness."

With these words, the Great Being saluted the king, and sent him away. The king remembering how he had been delivered from the hands of enemies, and by winning the princess had attained his heart's desire, reflecting on the Bodhisat's virtues, in joy and delight described to Senaka the wise man's virtues in this stanza:

"Happiness truly comes, O Senaka, by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of my enemies."

To this Senaka replied with another, praising the sage:

"Even so, sire, there is happiness amongst the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies."

Then Vedeha crossed over the river, and at a league's distance he found the village which the Bodhisat had prepared; there the men posted by the Bodhisat supplied elephants and other transport and gave them food and drink. He sent back elephants or horses and transport when they were exhausted, and took others, and proceeded to the next village; and in this way he traversed the journey of a hundred leagues, and next morning he was in Mithilā.

[448] But the Bodhisat went to the gate of the tunnel; and drawing his sword, which was slung over his shoulder, he buried it in the sand, at the gate of the tunnel; then he entered the tunnel, and went into the town, and bathed him in scented water, and ate a choice meal, and retired to his goodly couch, glad to think that the desire of his heart had been fulfilled. When the night was ended, King Cūḷanī gave his orders to the army, and came up to the city. The Master thus explained it:

"The mighty Cūḷanīya watched all night, and at sunrise approached Upakārī. Mounting his noble elephant, strong, sixty years old, Cūlanīya, mighty king of Pañcāla, addressed his army; fully armed with jewelled harness, an arrow [1] in his hand, he addressed his men collected in great numbers."

Then to describe them in kind—

"Men mounted on elephants, lifeguardsmen, charioteers, footmen, men skilful in archery, bowmen, all gathered together."

Now the king commanded them to take Vedeha alive:

"Send the tusked elephants, mighty, sixty years old, let them trample down the city which Vedeha has nobly built. Let the arrows [2] fly this way and that way, sped by the bow, arrows like the teeth of calves [3], sharp-pointed, piercing the very bones. Let

heroes come forth in armour clad, with weapons finely decorated, bold and heroic, ready to face an elephant. Spears bathed in oil, their points glittering like fire, stand gleaming like the constellation of a hundred stars. [449] At the onset of such heroes, with mighty weapons, clad in mail and armour, who never run away, how shall Vedeha escape, even if he fly like a bird? My thirty and nine thousand [4] warriors, all picked men, whose like I never saw, all my mighty host.

"See the mighty tusked elephants, caparisoned, of sixty years, on whose backs are the brilliant and goodly princes; brilliant are they on their backs, as the gods in Nandana, with glorious ornaments, glorious dress and robes: swords of the colour of the sheat-fish [5], well oiled, glittering, held fast by mighty men, well-finished, very sharp, shining, spotless, made of tempered steel [6], strong,

held by mighty men who strike and strike again. In golden trappings and bloodred girths they gleam as they turn like lightning in a thick cloud. Mailed heroes with banners waving, skilled in the use of sword and shield, grasping the hilt, accomplished soldiers, mighty fighters on elephant-hack,—encompassed by such as these thou hast no escape; I see no power by which thou canst come to Mithilā."

[450] Thus he threatened Vedeha, thinking to capture him then and there; and goading his elephant, bidding the army seize and strike and kill, King Cūḷanī came like a flood to the city of Upakārī.

Then the Great Being's spies thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and with their attendants surrounded him. Just then the Bodhisat rose from his bed, and attended to his bodily needs, and after breakfast adorned and dressed himself, putting on his kāsi robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and with his red robe over one shoulder, and holding his presentation staff inlaid with the seven precious jewels, golden

sandals upon his feet, and being fanned with a yakstail fan like some divine nymph richly arrayed, came up on the terrace, and opening a window showed himself to King Cūḷanī, as he walked to and fro with the grace of the king of the gods. And King Cūḷanī, seeing his beauty, could not find peace of mind, [451] but quickly drove up his elephant, thinking that he should take him now. The sage thought, "He has hastened hither expecting that Vedeha is caught; he knows not that his own children are taken, and that our king is gone. I will show my face like a golden mirror, and speak to him." So standing at the window, he uttered these words in a voice sweet as honey:

"Why have you driven up your elephant thus in haste? You come with a glad look; you think that you have got what you want. Throw down that bow, put away that arrow, put off that shining armour set with jewels and coral."

When he heard the man's voice, he thought, "The clodhopper is making fun of me; to-day I will see what is to be done with him "; then threatened him, saying,

"Your countenance looks pleased, you speak with a smile. It is in the hour of death that such beauty is seen."

As they thus talked together, the soldiers noticed the Great Being's beauty; "our king," they said, "is talking with wise Mahosadha; what can it be about? Let us listen to their talk." So they drew near the king. But the sage, when the king had finished speaking, replied, "You do not know that I am the wise Mahosadha. I will not suffer you to kill me. Your plan [452] is thwarted; what was thought in the heart

of you and Kevaṭṭa has not come to pass, but that has come to pass which you said with your lips." And he explained this by saying,

"Your thunders are in vain, O king! your plan is thwarted, man of war!. The king is as hard for you to catch as a thorobred for a hack. Our king crossed the Ganges yesterday, with his courtiers and attendants. You will be like a crow trying to chase the royal goose."

Again, like a maned lion without fear, he gave an illustration in these words:

"Jackals, in the night time, seeing the Judas tree in flower, think the flowers to be lumps of meat [1], and gather in troops, these vilest of beasts. When the watches of the night are past, and the sun has risen, they see the Judas tree in flower, and lose their wish, those vilest of beasts. Even so you, O king, for all that you have surrounded Vedeha, shall lose your wish and go, as the jackals went from the Judas tree."

When the king heard his fearless words, he thought, "The clodhopper is bold enough in his speech: no doubt Vedeha must have escaped." He was very angry. "Long ago," he thought, [453] "through this clodhopper I had not so much as a rag to cover me; now by his doing my enemy who was in my hands has escaped. In truth he has done me much evil, and I will be revenged on him for both." Then he gave orders as follows:

"Cut off his hands and feet, ears and nose, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy from my hands; cut off his flesh and cook it on skewers, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hands. As a bull's hide is spread out on the ground, or a lion's or tiger's fastened flat with pegs, so I will peg him out and pierce him with spikes, for he delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hand."

The Great Being smiled when he heard this, and thought, "This king does not know that his queen and family have been conveyed by me to Mithilā, and so he is giving all these orders about me. But in his anger he might transfix me with an arrow, or do something else that might please him; I will therefore overwhelm him with pain and sorrow, and will make him faint on his elephant's back, while I tell him about it." So he said:

"If you cut off my hands and feet, my ears and nose, so will Vedeha deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, so with Pañcālacaṇḍī, so with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. [454] If you cut off my flesh and cook it on skewers, so will Vedeha cook that of Pañcālacaṇḍa, of Pañcālacaṇḍī, of Queen Nandā, your wife and children. If you peg me out and pierce me with spikes, so will Vedeha deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, with Pañcālacaṇḍi, with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. So it has been secretly arranged between Vedeha and me. Like as a leather shield of a hundred layers, carefully wrought by the leather-workers, is a defence to keep off arrows; so I bring happiness and avert trouble from glorious Vedeha, and I keep off your devices as a shield keeps off an arrow."

[455] Hearing this, the king thought, "What is this clodhopper talking of? As I do to him, quotha, so King Vedeha will do to my

family? He does not know that I have set a careful guard over my family, but he is only threatening me in fear of instant death. I don't believe what he says."

The Great Being divined that he thought him to be speaking in fear, and resolved to explain. So he said

"Come, sire, see your inner apartments are empty: wife, children, mother, O warrior, were carried through a tunnel and put in charge of Vedeha."

Then the king thought, "The sage speaks with much assurance. I did hear in the night beside the Ganges the voice of Queen Nandā; very wise is the sage, perhaps he speaks the truth!" Great grief came upon him, but he gathered all his courage, and dissembling his grief, sent a courtier to enquire, and recited this stanza:

"Come, enter my inner apartments and enquire whether the man's words be truth or lies."

The messenger with his attendants went, and opened the door, and entered; there with hands and feet bound, and gags in their mouths, hanging to pegs, he discovered the sentries of the inner apartments, the dwarfs and hunchbacks, and so forth: broken vessels were scattered about, with food and drink, the doors of the treasury were broken open, and the treasure plundered, the bedroom with open doors, and a tribe of crows which had come in by the open windows; [456] it was like a deserted village, or a place of corpses. In this inglorious state he beheld the palace; and he told the news to the king, saying,

"Even so, sire, as Mahosadha said: empty is your inner palace, like a waterside village inhabited by crows."

The king trembling with grief at the loss of his four dear ones, said, "This sorrow has come on me through the clodhopper!" and like a snake struck with a stick, he was exceedingly wroth with the Bodhisat. When the Great Being saw his appearance, he thought, "This king has great glory; if he should ever in anger say, "What do I want with so and so?" in a warrior's pride he might hurt me. Suppose I should describe the beauty of Queen Nandā to him, making as if he had never seen her; he would then remember her, and would understand that he would never

recover this precious woman if he killed me. Then out of love to his spouse, he would do me no harm." So standing for safety in the upper storey, he removed his golden-coloured hand from beneath his red robe, and pointing the way by which she went, he described her beauties thus:

"This way, sire, went the woman beauteous in every limb, her lips like plates of gold, her voice like the music of the wild goose. This way was she taken, sire, the woman beauteous in every limb, clad in silken raiment, dark, with fair girdle of gold. Her feet reddened, fair to see, with girdles of gold and jewels, with eyes like a pigeon, slender, with lips like bimba fruit, and slender

waist, well-born, slender-waisted like a creeper or a place of sacrifice [1], her hair long, black, and a little curled at the end, well-born, like a fawn, like a flame of fire in winter time. Like a river hidden in the clefts of a mountain under the low reeds, [457] beauteous in nose or thigh, peerless, with breasts like the tindook fruit,—not too long, not too short, not hairless and not too hairy."

As the Great Being thus praised her grace, it seemed to the king as if he had never seen her before: great longing arose in him, and the Great Being who perceived this recited a stanza:

"And so you are pleased at Nandā's death, glorious king: now Nandā and I will go before Yama."

[458] In all this the Great Being praised Nandā and no one else, and this was his reason: people never love others as they do a beloved wife; and he praised her only, because he thought that if the king remembered her he would remember his children also. When the wise Great Being praised her in this voice of honey, Queen Nandā seemed to stand in person before the king. Then

the king thought: "No other save Mahosadha can bring back my wife and give her to me": as he remembered, sorrow came over him. Thereupon the Great Being said, "Be not troubled, sire: queen and son and mother shall all come back; my return is the only condition. Be comforted, majesty!" So he comforted the king; and the king said, "I watched and guarded my own city so carefully, I have surrounded this city of Upakārī with so great a host, yet this wise man has taken out of my guarded city queen and son and mother, and has handed them over to Vedeha! whilst we were besieging the city, without a single one's knowing, he sent Vedeha away with his army and transport! Can it be that he knows magic, or how to delude the eyes?" And he questioned him thus:

"Do you study magical art, or have you bewitched my eyes, that you have delivered Vedeha my enemy out of my hand?"

On hearing this, the Great Being said: "Sire, I do know magic, for wise men who have learnt magic, when danger comes, deliver both themselves and others:

"Wise men, sire, learn magic in this world; they deliver themselves, wise men, full of counsel. I have young men who are clever at breaking barriers; by the way which they made me Vedeha has gone to Mithilā."

[459] This suggested that he had gone by the decorated tunnel; so the king said, "What is this underground way?" and wished to see it. The Great Being understood from his look that this was what he wanted, and offered to shew it to him:

"Come see, O king, a tunnel well made, big enough for elephants or horses, chariots or foot soldiers, brightly illuminated, a tunnel well built."

Then he went on, "Sire, behold the tunnel which was made by my knowledge: bright as though sun and moon rose within it, decorated, with eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, with a hundred and one bedchambers, and many hundreds of lamp-niches; come with me in joy and delight, and with your guard enter the city of Upakārī." With these words he caused the city gate to be thrown open; and the king with the hundred and one princes came in. The Great Being descended from the upper storey, and saluted the king, and led him with his retinue into the tunnel. When the king saw this tunnel like a decorated city of the gods, he spoke the praise of the Bodhisat:

"No small gain is it to that Vedeha, who has in his house or kingdom men so wise as you are, Mahosadha [1]!"

[460] Then the Great Being shewed him the hundred and one bedchambers: the door of one being opened, all opened, and one shut, all shut. The king went first, gazing at the tunnel, and the wise man went after; all the soldiers also entered the tunnel. But when the sage knew that the king had emerged from the tunnel, he kept the rest from coming out by going up to a handle and shutting the tunnel door: then the eighty great doors and the sixty-four small doors, and the doors of the hundred and one bedchambers, and the doors of the hundreds of lamp-niches all shut together; and the whole tunnel became dark as hell. All the great company were terrified.

Now the Great Being took the sword, which he had hidden yesterday [2] as he entered the tunnel: eighteen cubits from the ground he leapt into the air, descended, and catching the king's arm, brandished the sword, and frightened him, crying—"Sire,

whose are all the kingdoms of India?" "Yours, wise sir! spare me!" He replied, "Fear not, sire. I did not take up my sword from any wish to kill you, but in order to shew my wisdom." Then he handed his sword to the king, and when he had taken it, the other said, "If you wish to kill me, sire, kill me now with that sword; if you wish to spare me, spare me." "Wise sir," he replied, "I promise you safety, fear not." So as he held the sword, they both struck up a friendship in all sincerity. Then the king said to the Bodhisat, "Wise sir, with such wisdom as yours, why not seize the kingdom?" "Sire, if I wished it, this day I could take all the kingdoms of India and slay all the kings; but it is not the wise man's part to gain glory by slaying others." "Wise sir, a great multitude is in distress, being unable to get out; open the tunnel door and spare their lives:" He opened the door: all the tunnel became a blaze of light, the people were comforted, all the kings with their retinue came out and approached the sage, who

stood in the wide courtyard with the king. [461] Then those kings said: "Wise sir, you have given us our lives; if the door had remained shut for a little while longer, all would have died there." "My lords, this is not the first time your lives have been saved by me." "When, wise sir?" "Do you remember when all the kingdoms of India had been conquered except our city, and when you went to the park of Uttarapañcāla ready to drink the cup of victory?" "Yes, wise sir." "Then this king, with Kevaṭṭa, by evil device had poisoned the drink and food, and intended to murder you; but I did not wish you to die a foul death before me; so I sent in my men, and broke all the vessels, and thwarted their plan, and gave you your lives." They all in fear asked Cūḷanī, "Is this true, sire?" "Indeed what I did was by Kevaṭṭa's advice;

the sage speaks truth." Then they all embraced the Great Being, and said, "Wise sir, you have been the salvation of us all, you have saved our lives." They all bestowed ornaments upon him in respect. The sage said to the king, "Fear not, sire; the fault lay in association with a wicked friend. Ask pardon of the kings." The king said, "I did the thing because of a bad man: it was my fault; pardon me, never will I do such a thing again." He received their pardon; they confessed their faults to each other, and became friends. Then the king sent for plenty of all sorts of food, perfumes and garlands, and for seven days they all took their pleasure in the tunnel, and entered the city, and did great honour to the Great Being; and the king surrounded by the hundred and one princes sat on a great throne, and desiring to keep the sage in his court, he said,

"Support, and honour, double allowance of food and wages, and other great boons I give; eat and enjoy at will: but do not return to Vedeha; what can he do for you?"

[462] But the sage declined in these words:

"When one deserts a patron, sire, for the sake of gain, it is a disgrace to both oneself and the other. While Vedeha lives I could not be another's man; while Vedeha remains, I could not live in another's kingdom."

Then the king said to him, "Well, sir, when your king attains to godhead, promise me to come hither." "If I live, I will come, sire." So the king did him great honour for seven days, and after that as he took his leave, he recited a stanza, promising to give him this and that:

"I give you a thousand *nikkhas* of gold, eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred female slaves, and a hundred wives. Take all your army, and go in peace, Mahosadha."

And he replied: "Sire, do not trouble about your family. When my king went back to his country, I told him to treat Queen Nandā as his own mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as his younger brother, and I married your daughter to him with the ceremonial sprinkling. I will soon send

back your mother, wife, and son." "Good!" said the king, and gave him a dowry for his daughter, men slaves and women slaves, dress and ornaments, gold and precious metal, decorated elephants and horses and chariots. He then gave orders for the army to execute: [463]

"Let them give even double quantity to the elephants and horses, let them content charioteers and footmen with food and drink."

This said, he dismissed the sage with these words:

"Go; wise sir, taking elephants, horses, chariots, and footmen; let King Vedeha see you back in Mithilā."

Thus he dismissed the sage with great honour. And the hundred and one kings did honour to the Great Being, and gave him rich gifts. And the spies who had been on service with them surrounded the sage. With a great company he set out; and on the way, he sent men to receive the revenues of those villages which King Cūḷanī had given him. Then he arrived at the kingdom of Vedeha.

Now Senaka had placed a man in the way, to watch and see whether King Cūḷanī came or not, and to tell him of the coming of anyone. He saw the Great Being at three leagues off, and

returning told how the sage was returning with a great company. With this news he went to the palace. The king also looking out by a window in the upper storey saw the great host, and was frightened. "The Great Being's company is small, this is very large: can it be Cūḷanī come himself?" He put this question as follows:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a great army is visible, with four divisions, terrible in aspect; what does it mean, wise sirs?"

Senaka replied:

"The greatest joy is what you see, sire: Mahosadha is safe, with all his host."

The king said to this, "Senaka, the wise man's army is small, this [464] is very great." "Sire, King Cūḷanī must have been pleased with him, and therefore must have given this host to him." The king proclaimed through the city by beat of drum:

"Let the city be decorated to welcome the return of the wise man."

The townspeople obeyed. The wise man entered the city and came to the king's palace; then the king rose, and embraced him, and returning to his throne spoke pleasantly to him:

"As four men leave a corpse in the cemetery, so we left you in the kingdom of Kampilliya and returned. But you—by what colour, or what means, or what device did you save yourself?"

The Great Being replied:

"By one purpose, Vedeha, I overmastered another, by plan I outdid plan, O warrior, and I encompassed the king as the ocean encompasses India."

This pleased the king. Then the other told him of the gift which King Cūḷanī had made:

"A thousand nikkhas of gold were given to me, and eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred slave women, and a hundred wives, and with all the army I have returned safe home."

Then the king, exceedingly pleased and overjoyed, uttered this pious hymn in praise of the Great Being's merit:

[465] "Happiness truly comes by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies."

Senaka answered him thus:

"Even so, sire, there is happiness with a wise man. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from the net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies."

Then the king set the drum of festival beating around the city: "Let there be a festival for seven days, and let all who have goodwill to me do honour and service to the wise man." The Master thus explained it:

"Let them sound all manner of lutes, drums and tabors, let conchs of Magadha boom, merrily roll the kettledrums."

Townsfolk and countryfolk in general, eager to do honour to the sage, on hearing the proclamation made merry with a will. The Master explained it thus:

"Women and maids, vesiya and brahmin wives, brought plenty of food and drink to the sage. Elephant drivers, lifeguardsmen, charioteers, footmen, all did the like; and so

did all the people from country and villages assembled. The multitude were glad to see the sage returned, and at his reception shawls were waved in the air."

[466] At the end of the festival, the Great Being went to the palace and said, "Sire, King Cūḷanī's mother and wife and son should be sent back at once." "Very good, my son, send them back." So he shewed all respect to those three, and entertained also the host that had come with him; thus he sent the three back well attended, with his own men, and the hundred wives and the four hundred slave women whom the king had given him, he sent with Queen Nandā, and the company that came with him he also sent. When this great company reached the city of Uttarapañcāla, the king asked his mother, "Did King Vedeha treat you well, my mother?" "My son, what are you saying? he treated me with the same honour as if I had been a goddess." Then she told how Queen Nandā had been treated as a mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as a younger brother. This pleased the king very much, and he sent a rich gift; and from that time forward both lived in friendship and amity [1].

Now Pañcālacaṇḍī was very dear and precious to the king; and in the second year she bore him a son. In his tenth year, King Vedeha died. The Bodhisat raised the royal parasol for him, and asked leave to go to his grandfather, King Cūḷanī. The boy said, "Wise sir, do not leave me in my childhood; I will honour you as a father." And Pañcālacaṇḍī said, "Wise sir, there is none to protect us if you go; do not go." But he replied, "My promise has been given; I cannot but go." So amidst the lamentations of the multitude, he departed with his servants, and came to Uttarapañcāla city. The king hearing of his arrival came to meet

him, and led him into the city with great pomp, and gave him a great house, and besides the eighty villages given at first, [467] gave him another present; and he served that king. At that time a religious woman, named Bherī, used to take her meals constantly in the palace; she was wise and learned, and she had never seen the Great Being before; she heard the report that the wise Mahosadha was serving the king. He also had never seen her before, but he heard that a religious woman named Bherī had her meals in the palace. Now Queen Nandā was ill pleased with the Bodhisat, because he had separated her from her husband's love, and caused her annoyance; so she sent for five women whom she trusted, and said, "Watch for a fault in the wise man, and let us try to make him fall out with the king." So they went about looking for an occasion against him. And one day it so happened that this religious woman after her meal was going forth, and caught sight of the Bodhisat in the courtyard on his way to wait on the king. He saluted her, and stood still. She thought, "This they say is a wise man: I will see whether he be wise or no." So she asked him a question by a gesture of the hand: looking towards the Bodhisat, she opened her hand. Her idea was to enquire whether the king took good care or not of this wise man whom he had brought from another country. When the Bodhisat saw that she was asking him a question by gesture, he answered it by clenching his fist: what he meant was, "Your reverence [1], the king brought me here in fulfilment of a promise, and now he keeps his fist tight closed and gives me nothing." She understood; and stretching out her hand she rubbed her head, as much as to say, "Wise sir, if you are displeased, why do you not become an ascetic like me?" At this the Great Being stroked his stomach, as who should say, "Your reverence [1], there are many that I have to support, and that is why I do not become an ascetic." After this dumb questioning

she returned to her dwelling, and the Great Being saluted her and went in to the king. Now the queen's confidantes saw all this from a window; and coming before the king, they said, "My lord, Mahosadha has made a plot with Bherī

the ascetic to seize your kingdom, and he is your enemy." So they slandered him. "What have you heard or seen?" the king asked. [468] They said, "Sire, as the ascetic was going out after her meal, seeing the Great Being, she opened her hand; as who should say, "Cannot you crush the king flat like the palm of the hand or a threshing-floor, and seize the kingdom for yourself? And Mahosadha clenched his fist, making as though he held a sword, as who should say, "In a few days I will cut off his head and get him into my power." She signalled, "Cut off his head," by rubbing her own head with her hand; the Great Being signalled, "I will cut him in half," by rubbing his belly. Be vigilant, sire! Mahosadha ought to be put to death." The king, hearing this, thought, "I cannot hurt this wise man; I will question the ascetic." Next day accordingly, at the time of her meal, he came up and asked, "Madam, have you seen wise Mahosadha?" "Yes, sire, yesterday, as I was going out after my meal." "Did you have any conversation together?" "Conversation? no; but I had heard of his wisdom, and in order to try it I asked him, by dumb signs, shutting my hand, whether the king was openhanded to him or closefisted, did he treat him with kindness or not. He closed his fist, implying that his master had made him come hither in fulfilment of a promise, and now gave him nothing. Then I rubbed my head, to enquire why he did not become an ascetic if he were not satisfied; he stroked his belly, meaning that there were many for him to feed, many bellies to fill, and therefore he

did not become an ascetic." "And is Mahosadha a wise man?" "Yes, indeed, sire: in all the earth there is not his like for wisdom." After hearing her account, the king dismissed her. After she had gone, the sage came to wait upon the king; and the king asked him, "Have you seen, sir, the ascetic Bherī?" "Yes, sire, I saw her yesterday on her way out, and she asked me a question by dumb signs, and I answered her at once." And he told the story as she had done. The king in his pleasure that day gave him the post of commander-in-chief, and put him in sole charge. Great was his glory, second only to the king's. He thought: "The king all at once [469] has given me exceeding great renown; this is what kings do even when they wish to slay. Suppose I try the king to see whether he has goodwill towards me or not. No one else will be able to find this out; but the ascetic Bherī is full of wisdom, and she will find a way." So taking a quantity of flowers and scents, he went to the ascetic and, after saluting her, said, "Madam, since you told the king of my merits, the king has overwhelmed me with splendid gifts; but whether he does it in sincerity or not I do not know. It would be well if you could find out for me the king's mind." She promised to do so; and next day, as she was going to the palace, the Question of Dakarakkhasa the Water-Demon came into her mind. Then this

occurred to her: "I must not be like a spy, but I must find an opportunity to ask the question, and discover whether the king has goodwill to the wise man." So she went. And after her meal, she sat still, and the king saluting her sat down on one side. Then she thought, "If the king bears illwill to the sage, and when he is asked the question if he declares his illwill in the presence of a number of people, that will not do; I will ask him apart." She

said, "Sire, I wish to speak to you in private." The king sent his attendants away. She said, "I want to ask your majesty a question." "Ask, madam, and if I know it I will reply." Then she recited the first stanza in the Question of Dakarakkhasa [1]:

"If there were seven of you voyaging on the ocean, and a demon seeking for a human sacrifice should seize the ship, in what order would you give them up and save yourself from the water-demon?"

[470] The king answered by another stanza, in all sincerity:

"First I would give my mother, next my wife, next my brother, fourth my friend, fifth my brahmin, sixth myself, but I would not give up Mahosadha."

Thus the ascetic discovered the goodwill of the king towards the Great Being; but his merit was not published thereby, so she thought of something else: "In a large company I will praise the merits of these others, and the king will praise the wise man's merit instead; thus the wise man's merit will be made as clear as the moon shining in the sky." So she collected all the denizens of the inner palace, and in their presence asked the same question and received the same answer; then she said, "Sire, you say that you would give first your mother: but a mother is of great merit, and your mother is not as other mothers, she is very useful." And she recited her merits in a couple of stanzas:

"She reared you and she brought you forth, and for a long time was kind to you, when Chambhī offended against you she was wise and saw what was for your good, and by putting a counterfeit in your place she saved you from harm. Such a mother, who gave you life, your own mother who bore you in her womb, for what fault could you give her to the water-demon [2]?"

[472] To this the king replied, "Many are my mother's virtues, and I acknowledge her claims upon me, but mine are still more numerous [1]," and then he described her faults in a couple of stanzas:

"Like a young girl she wears ornaments which she ought not to use, she mocks unseasonably at doorkeepers and guards, unbidden she sends messages to rival kings; and for these faults I would give her to the water-demon."

[473] "So be it, sire; yet your wife has much merit," and she declared her merit thus:

"She is chief amongst womankind, she is exceeding gracious of speech, devoted, virtuous, who cleaves to you like your shadow, not given to anger, prudent, wise, who sees your good: for what fault would you give your wife to the water-demon?"

He described her faults:

"By her sensual attractions she has made me subject to evil influence, and asks what she should not for her sons. In my passion I give her many and many a gift; I relinquish what is very hard to give, and afterwards I bitterly repent: for that fault I would give my wife to the water-demon."

The ascetic said, "Be it so: but your younger brother Prince Tikhiṇamantī is useful to you; for what fault would you give him?

[474] "He who gave prosperity to the people, and when you were living in foreign parts brought you back home, he whom great wealth could not influence, peerless bowman and hero, Tikhiṇamantī: for what fault would you give your brother to the water-demon [1]?"

The king described his fault:

"He thinks, "I gave prosperity to the people, I brought him back home when he was living in foreign parts, great wealth could not influence me, I am a peerless bowman and hero, and sharp in counsel, by me he was made king." He does not come to wait on me, madam, as he used to do; that is the fault for which I would give my brother to the water-demon."

[475] The ascetic said, "So much for your brother's fault: but Prince Dhanusekha is devoted in his love for you, and very useful"; and she described his merit:

"In one night both you and Dhanusekhavā were born here, both called Pañcāla, friends and companions: through all your life he has followed you, your joy and pain were his, zealous and careful by night and day in all service: for what fault would you give your friend to the water-demon?"

Then the king described his fault:

"Madam, through all my life he used to make merry with me, and to-day also he makes free excessively for the same reason. If I talk in secret with my wife, in he comes unbidden and unannounced. Give him a chance and an opening, he acts shamelessly and disrespectfully. That is the fault for which I would give my friend to the water-demon."

The ascetic said, "So much for his fault; but the chaplain is very useful to you," and she described his merit:

"He is clever, knows all omens and sounds, skilled in signs and dreams, goings out and comings in, [476] understands all the tokens in earth and air and stars: for what fault would you give the brahmin to the water-demon?"

The king explained his fault:

"Even in company he stares at me with open eyes; therefore I would give this rascal with his puckered brows to the water-demon."

Then the ascetic said: "Sire, you say you would give to the water-demon all these five, beginning with your mother, and that you would give your own life for the wise Mahosadha, not taking into account your great glory: what merit do you see in him?" and she recited these stanzas:

"Sire, you dwell amidst your courtiers in a great continent surrounded by the sea, with the ocean in place of an encircling wall: lord of the earth, with a mighty empire, victorious, sole emperor, your glory has become great. You have sixteen thousand women drest in jewels and ornaments, women of all nations, resplendent like maidens divine. Thus provided for every need, every desire fulfilled, you have lived long in happiness and bliss. Then by what reason or what cause do you sacrifice your precious life to protect the sage?"

[477] On hearing this, he recited the following stanzas in praise of the wise man's merit:

"Since Mahosadha, madam, came to me, I have not seen the stedfast man do the most trifling wrong. If I should die before him at any time, he would bring happiness to my sons and grandsons. He knows all things, past or future. This man without sin I would not give to the water-demon."

Thus this Birth came to its appropriate end. Then the ascetic thought: "This is not enough to shew forth the wise man's merits; I will make them known to all people in the city, like one that spreads scented oil over the surface of the sea." So taking the king with her, she came down from the palace, and prepared a seat in the palace courtyard, and made him sit there; then gathering the people together, she asked the king that Question of the Water-Demon over again from the beginning; and when

he had answered it as described above, she addressed the people thus:

"Hear this, men of Pañcāla, which Cūḷanī has said. To protect the wise man he sacrifices his own precious life. [478] His mother's life, his wife's and his brother's, his friend's life and his own, Pañcāla is ready to sacrifice. So marvellous is the power of wisdom, so clever and so intelligent, for good in this world and for happiness in the next."

So like one that places the topmost pinnacle upon a heap of treasure, she put the pinnacle on her demonstration of the Great Being's merit.

Here endeth the Question of the Water-Demon [1], and here endeth also the whole tale of the Great Tunnel.

This is the identification of the Birth:

"Uppalavaṇṇī was Bherī, Suddhodana was the wise man's father, Mahāmāyā his mother, the beautiful Bimbā was Amarā, Ānanda was the parrot, Sāriputta was Cūḷanī, Mahosadha was the lord of the world: thus understand the Birth. Devadutta was Kevaṭṭa, Cullanandikā was Talatā, Sundarī was Pañcālacaṇḍī, Yasassikā was the queen, Ambaṭṭha was Kāvinda, Poṭṭhapāda was Pukkusa, Pilotika was Devinda, Saccaka was Senaka, Diṭṭhamangalikā was Queen Udumbarā, Kuṇḍalī was the maynah bird, and Lāḷudāyī was Vedeha."

Footnotes

156:1 There is an English translation of the Sinhalese version of this story: Ummagga-Jātaka (The Story of the Tunnel), translated from the Sinhalese by T. B. Yatawara; Luzac, 1898.

157:1 In the Pali, *Pācīnayavamajjhaka, Dakkhiṇayavamajjhaka*, &c.

160:1 Three verses are here given containing a list of the Tests for committing to memory.

160:2 *"Mainsain."*

160:3 *"Goṇo."*

161:1 *"Gaṇṭhi."*

162:1 A perfume compounded of many different scents.

162:2 No. 110, Vol. I. p. 424 (trans., p. 254). The verse is not there given, but only alluded to. Prof. Cowell does not translate it.

162:3 To roll it round.

165:1 Here Prof. Cowell's MS. comes to an end, and the mark remains in his copy of the text.

165:2 Read °*sāmiko.*

167:1 *savatthiko?* I follow the Burmese version.

167:2 The Burmese version has "three notes":—"when it crows it gives forth clearly three notes—one short, one middling, and one long."

168:1 *kaṇike.*

169:1 *assataran no pesetu seṭṭhatarañ ca.* There is a play on the words; *assatara* may mean a mule, or a calf.

171:1 Vol. I. p. 474 (trans., p. 254); cf. I. p. 53. See also *Milinda,* 205.

171:2 The metre shows corruption; I do not understand *haṁsi.*

171:3 *"Gadrabha-pañho niṭṭhito."*

172:1 There is no need to add *na,* as the editor suggests.

172:2 *"Ekūnavīsati-pañho niṭṭhito"*; end of the Nineteen Problems.

173:1 *"Kakantaka-pañho niṭṭhito."* Here endeth the Chameleon Question

175:1 See Vol. II. p. 115.

175:2 *"Sirikāḷakaṇṇi-pañho niṭṭhito."*

177:1 The words *meṇḍo* and *urabbho* mean "ram," and I have translated them literally in the following stanzas, reserving "goat" for eḷaka.

178:1 I have transposed the two last lines, to suit the obvious sense; the grammar is incorrect as they stand. One might almost suppose that Senaka was reciting his verse learnt by rote.

178:2 *Meṇḍaka-pañho:* see IV. 186 (trans., p. 115).

179:1 Read *sirī hīnaṁ* as two words.

180:1 I.e. *"nirayapālā,"* the guardians of hell.

181:1 *anālayo.* Following the Burmese version I derive this from *nāli,* a measure (of rice, &c.).

182:1 *na* seems to be wanted before *niṭṭhapeyya.*

182:2 I translate as though *Mahosadho*; I cannot understand the syntax of the text.

182:3 *Sirimanda-pañho niṭṭhito.*

183:1 *pubbadevatā nāma mātāpitaro.*

183:2 Reading with B^{d} *essasīti,* or C^{ks} *essathā ti.*

183:3 *essati* in the original, having no subject, might refer to the father, "if he come." This increases the subtlety of the riddle.

183:4 The scholiast explains thus: "Entering the village you will see a cake-shop and then a gruel-shop, further on an ebony tree in flower (*koviḷāro,* Bauhinia Variegate): take a path to the right (south)."—*Channapatha-pañho niṭṭhito.*

187:1 Vol. III. p. 152 alludes to this.

187:2 Reading *kantena.*

187:3 *Khajjopanaka-pañho*: III. 197.

187:4 *Khajjopanaka-pañho niṭṭhito.* Here endeth the Firefly Question.

188:1 Vol. IV. p. 72.

189:1 *khattiyamāyā:* cf. Dhp. p. 155.

189:2 Vol. V. p. 240 = trans., p. 123.

189:3 See III. 105, 154 = trans., pp. 70, 103, IV. 451 = trans., p. 279.

189:4 *Bhūripañho niṭṭhito.*

191:1 *Devātāpucchita-pañho niṭṭhito.*

192:1 Vol. IV. p. 473, trans., p. 293.

197:1 See V. 81 (trans., p. 45).

197:2 *Pañcapaṇḍita-pañho: Pārībhindana-kathā.*

199:1 Reading *karissati.*

201:1 "Eighteen akkhohinī's," each being $10{,}000{,}000^{6}$.

202:1 *piṭṭhimatī* (fem.): explained by schol. as containing a force of carpenters laden with all necessary materials.

202:2 To explain this, the scholiast tells the following story.—Amongst those wise men the king's mother, they say, was still more wise. One day a man set out to cross over a river, holding a bundle of husked rice, a meal of boiled rice wrapt in a leaf, and a thousand rupees. When he came to the mid-river he could get no further, and so he called out to the men on the bank—"See, I have in my hand a bundle of husked rice, a leaf of boiled rice, and a thousand rupees; I will give whichever of these I like if anyone will take me across." Then a strong man girt up his loins and dived in, caught the man by the hands and pulled him

across. "Now," quoth he, "give me my due." "You may have the husked rice or the boiled rice," said the man. [398] "What!" said he, "I saved you without thinking of my own life! That is not what I want—give me the money." "I told you that I would give you what I liked, and now what I like I give you. Take it if you will." The other told a bystander, and he also said, "The man gives you what he likes; then take it." "Not I!" said the other, and complained before the judges of court. They all said the same. The man discontented with this sentence complained to the king, who sent[p. 203] for the judges and heard both sides, and knowing no better decision gave it against the man who had risked his life. At this moment the king's mother, Queen Talatā, who sat near, hearing the king's mistaken award, asked him if he had carefully considered his sentence. He replied, "Mother, that is the best I can do; decide it better if you can." "And so I will," said she. Then she said to the man: "Friend, put down on the ground the three things which you held in your hand; put them in order. And tell me, when you were in the water what did you say?" He told her. "Now then," said she, "take which you like." He took up the money. As he began to go away she asked him, "So you like the money?" "Yes." "And did you, or did you not say to the man, that you would give him which you liked?" "Yes, I did say so." "Then you must give him the money." He gave it weeping and wailing. Then king and courtiers applauded in great delight; and after this her wisdom became noised abroad everywhere.

203:1 One between each of the encircling bands and the wall.

203:2 *Manosilātalaṁ,* in the Himalaya.

204:1 I do not understand *māḷa,* and the variety of readings suggests a corruption here. Some sort of missile is wanted, sand perhaps, or red-hot metal. *Pakka* is red-hot.

208:1 See V. 246[4], trans., V. p. 125, note 2.

208:2 Perhaps Sanscr. *karavīra.* See IV. 119, note 1 (trans.).

210:1 *upabhogaparibhoga-:* this compound occurs in *Jāt.* II. 431[25], and in Buddhist Sanskrit: *Çiksāsamuccaya* 64[8], 68[21], 89[12].

213:1 *sattamesu* means seventh; there seems to be a confusion of two versions, one of which is represented by the Burmese story, "He lay down in the innermost of the seven closets on the ground floor." So *C[ks].*

215:1 Reading, as Fausbøll suggests, *atiniggaṇhante* for *-to.*

215:2 *sāḷikā kira sakuṇese vessajātikā nānma.* Schol.

218:1 Reading *āgamissasi* with Comm. and the Burmese version; all three MSS. have *-ti.*

219:1 The text is not intelligible; but the variants suggest that the Burmese version, which I follow, gives the right sense.

221:1 Omitting *mā* with B[d]; I can think of no correction.

223:1 Perhaps there has been an omission (see just below); one barrier is mentioned, yet the verb is plural.

223:2 *ulloka-?*

226:1 See p. 215 above.

229:1 The brother takes the place of the absent father-in-law, according to the scholiast.

230:1 *abhijjhitā* = अभिध्याता.

231:1 The text *gharam ādāya pāṇinaṁ* makes no sense; the Burmese paraphrase, "with the device of an arrow on his finger-nail," suggests that we should read *saram* and take *pāṇinaṁ* as locative. Singhalese ඝ = gh, ස = s; Burmese ဃ = gh, သ = s.

231:2 *senā* = arrows, as fitted with hawk's feathers.

231:3 I.e. white or shining.

231:4 So the scholiast and the Burmese version both interpret *timsā...nāvutyo.*

231:5 Silurus Boalis.

231:6 *sikāyasamayā:* "sattavāre koñcasakuṇe khādāpetvā gahitena *sikāyasena* katā." The Burmese version explains it as follows: "Steel was obtained by burning the excrement of Koslihiṇiyas, which had been fed on flesh mixt with steel dust got fromp. 232 the filings of Jāti steel. The steel obtained from the excrement was again filed and mixt with flesh as before and given to the birds. And so the process was seven times repeated. From the steel obtained from the seventh burning the swords were made."

233:1 See II. 265 (trans. p. 185).

235:1 *velli* = वेदि, the ground being raised and narrow in the middle.

236:1 Cp. p. 178 above.

236:2 Reading *hiyyo* for *bhiyyo* (so Burmese version).

239:1 *Mahāummagga-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitam.*

240:1 *ayyo* in both cases; the n. s. masc. has apparently become stereotyped. The Burmese version has a male ascetic in this story.

242:1 Mentioned in V. 75 (p. 42 of translation).

242:2 Cūḷani's father was named Mahācūḷanī; and when the child was young, the mother committed adultery with the chaplain Chambhī, then poisoned her husband and made the brahmin king in his place, and became his queen. One day [471] the boy said he was hungry, and she gave him molasses to eat: but flies swarmed about it, so the boy, to get rid of the flies, dropt some upon the ground and drove away those that were near him. The flies flew away and settled on the molasses that was on the ground. So he ate his sweetmeat, washed his hands, rinsed his mouth, and went away. But the brahmin, seeing this, thought: "If he has found out this way of getting rid of the flies, when he grows up he will take the kingdom from me; so I will kill him now." He told Queen Talatā, and she said, "Very good, my lord; I killed my husband for love of you, and what is the boy to me? But let us kill him secretly." So she deceived the brahmin. But being clever and skilful she hit on a plan. Sending[p. 243] for the cook, she said to him, "Friend, my son prince Cūḷani and your son young Dhanusekha were born on one day, they have grown up together in friendship. The brahmin Chambhī wants to kill my son; prithee save his life!" He was willing, and asked how. "Let my son," she said, "be often in your house; you and he must

both sleep in the great kitchen for several days to avoid suspicion. When all is safe, put a heap of sheep's bones in the place where you lie, and at the time when men go to sleep, set fire to the kitchen, and without a word to anyone take my son and yours, go out by the house door, and go to another country, and protect my son's life without letting anyone know that he is a prince." He promised, and she gave him a quantity of treasure. He did as she bade, and went with the boy to the city of Sāgala in the Madda kingdom, where he served the king: he dismissed his former cook and took this in his place. The two boys used to go to the palace with him. The king asked whose sons they were; the cook said they were his. "Surely they are not alike!" said the king. "They had different mothers," he said. As time went on they played about in the palace with the king's daughter. Then Cūḷanī and the princess, from seeing each other constantly, fell in love. In the playroom, the prince used to make the princess fetch his ball or dice; if she would not, he hit her on the head and made her cry; the king hearing her cry asked who had done it, and the nurses would come to enquire; but the princess thought, "If I say he did it, my father will play the king over him," and for love of him she would not tell, but said no one had struck her. But one day the king saw him do it; and he thought, "This lad is not like the cook, he is handsome and attractive and very fearless; he cannot be his son." So after that he showed favour to the lad. The nurses used to bring food for the princess in the playroom, and she gave some to the other children; they used to go down on their knees to take it, but prince Cūḷani without stopping his play put out his hand for it as he stood. The king saw this. One day, Cūḷani's ball ran under the king's little couch. The lad went to get it, but in pride of his own majesty [472] pulled it out with a stick, that he might not bend under the bed of a foreign king. When the king saw this, he felt sure that the lad was no cook's

son; so he sent for the cook, and asked him whose son he was. "Mine, my lord," he said. "I know who is your son and who is not; tell me the truth—if you do not, you are a dead man," and he drew his sword. The cook, terrified out of his wits, said, "My lord, I will tell you, but I ask you for secrecy." The king granted his request, and promised immunity. Then he told the truth. Then the king adorned his daughter, and gave her to the lad for his handmaiden.—Now on the day when these ran away, there was a great outcry throughout the city, "The cook and his son and prince Cūlani are burnt up in the kitchen!" Queen Talatā, hearing it, told the brahmin that his wish had been fulfilled, and they were all three burnt up in the kitchen. He was highly pleased, and Queen Talatā, shewing him the goat's bones as prince Cūḷani's, had them burnt.

243:1 The text can hardly be right. *agunā* is wanted, as the context shews, and *mam'* is not wanted. The Burmese version has "her faults are more than the virtues." Read *pan' ev' agunā?*

244:1 He was born while his mother lived with the brahmin. When he grew up, the brahmin put a sword in his hand, told him to take it and stand by him. He, thinking that the brahmin was his father, did so. But one of the courtiers told him that he was not that man's son. "When you were in your mother's womb," said he, "Queen Talatā murdered the king and made this man king instead; you are the son of King Mahācūḷanī." He was angry, and determined to find a way to kill the brahmin. He entered the palace, and gave the sword to one servant, and then said to another, "Make a brawl at the palace gate, and declare that this sword is yours." Then he went in, and they began brawling. The prince sent a messenger to enquire what the noise was. He returned and said it was a quarrel about the sword. The brahmin

hearing it asked, what sword? The prince said, "Is the sword which you gave me another's property?" "What have you said, my son!" "Well, shall I send for it? will you recognize it?" He sent for it, and, drawing it from the scabbard, said, "Look at it"; on pretence of shewing it to the brahmin he went up to him, and with one blow cut off his head, which dropt at his feet. Then he cleansed the palace, and decorated the city, and was proclaimed king. Then his mother told him how prince Cūḷanī was living in Madda; whereupon the prince went thither with an army and brought back his brother and made him king.

No. 547.

VESSANTARA-JĀTAKA.

[479] "*Ten boons,*" *etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling near Kapilavatthu in the Banyan Grove, about a shower of rain.

When the Master turning the precious Wheel of the Law came in due course to Rājagaha, where he spent the winter, with Elder Udāyi leading the way, and attended by twenty thousand saints, he entered Kapilavatthu: whereupon the Sakya princes gathered together to see the chief of their clan. They inspected the Blessed One's abode, saying, "A delightful place this Banyan Grove, worthy of Sakka." Then they made all due provision for guarding it; and making ready to meet him with fragrant posies in their hands, they sent first all the youngest boys and girls of the township drest in their best, next the princes and princesses, and amongst these themselves did honour to the Master with fragrant flowers and powders, escorting the Blessed One as far as the Banyan Park; where the Blessed One took his seat, surrounded by twenty thousand saints upon the Buddha's goodly seat, which was appointed for him. Now the Sākiyas are a proud and stiff-necked race; and they, thinking within themselves, "Siddhattha's boy is younger than we; he is our younger brother, our nephew, our grandson," said to the younger princes: "You do him obeisance; we will sit behind you." As they sat there without doing obeisance to him, the Blessed One, perceiving their intent, thought to himself: "My kinsfolk do me no obeisance; well, I will make them do so." So he caused to arise in him that ecstasy which is based on transcendent faculty, rose up into the air, and as though shaking off the dust of his

feet upon their heads, performed a miracle like the twofold miracle at the foot of the knot-mango tree [2]. The king, seeing this wonder, said, "Sir, on the day of your birth, when I saw your feet placed upon the head of Brahmin Kāladevala who had come to do you obeisance, I did obeisance to you, and that was the first time. On the day of the Plowing Festival [3], when you sate on the royal seat under the shade of a rose-apple tree,

when I saw that the shadow of the tree moved not, I did obeisance to your feet; and that was the second time. And now again, I see a miracle which never I saw before, and do obeisance to your feet: this is the third time." But when the king had thus done obeisance, not one Sākiya could sit still and refrain, they did obeisance one and all.

The Blessed One, having thus made his kinsfolk do him obeisance, came down from the air and sat upon the appointed seat; when the Blessed One was there seated, his kinsfolk were made wise, and sat with peace in their hearts. Then a great cloud arose, and burst in a shower of rain: down came the rain red and with a loud noise, and those who desired to be wet were wetted, [480] but he who did not, had not even a drop fallen upon his body. All who saw it were astonished at the miracle, and cried one to another—"Lo a marvel! to a miracle! to the power of the Buddhas, on whose kinsfolk such a shower of rain is falling!" On hearing this, the Buddha said: "This is not the first time, Brethren, that a great shower of rain has fallen upon my kinsfolk"; and then, at their request, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, a king named Sivi, reigning in the city of Jetuttara in the kingdom of Sivi, had a son named Sañjaya. When the lad came of age, the king brought him a princess named Phusatī, daughter of king Madda, and handed over the kingdom to him, making Phusatī his queen consort. Her former connexion with the world was as follows. In the ninety-first age from this, a Teacher arose in the world named Vipassī. Whilst he was dwelling in the deer-park of Khema, near the city of Bandhumatī, a certain king sent to King Bandhuma a golden wreath worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, with precious sandal wood. Now the king had two daughters; and being desirous to give this present to them, he gave the sandal wood to the elder and the golden wreath to the younger. But both declined to use these gifts for themselves; and with the intent to offer them in respect to the Master, they said to the king: "Father, we will offer to the Dasabala this sandal wood and this golden wreath." To this the king gave his consent. So the elder princess powdered the sandal wood, and filled with the powder a golden box; and the younger sister caused the golden wreath to be made into a golden necklet, and laid it in a golden box. Then they both proceeded to the hermitage in the deer-park; and the elder sister, reverently sprinkling the Dasabala's golden body with the sandal wood powder, scattered the rest in his cell, and said this prayer: "Sir, in time to come, may I be the mother of a Buddha like you." The younger reverently placed upon the Dasabala's golden body the gold-lace necklet which had been made out of the golden wreath, and prayed, "Sir, until I attain sainthood, may this ornament never part from my body." And the Master granted their prayers.

[481] Both these, after their life was past, came into being in the world of gods. The elder sister, passing from the world of gods to

the

world of men and back again, at the end of the ninety-first age became Queen Māyā mother of the Buddha. The younger sister passing to and fro in like manner, in the time of the Dasabala Kassapa became the daughter of King Kiki; and being born with the semblance of a necklet upon her neck and shoulders, beautiful as though drawn by a painter, she was named Uracchadā. When she was a girl of sixteen years, she heard a pious utterance of the Master, and attained to the fruit of the First Path, and so the very same day she attained sainthood, and then entered the Order, and entered Nirvana.

Now King Kiki had seven other daughters, whose names were:

"Samaṇī, Samaṇā, the holy Sister Guttā,
Bhikkhudāsikā, and Dhammā and Sudhammā,
And of the sisters the seventh Saṁghadāsī."

In this manifestation of the Buddha, these sisters were—

"Khemā, Uppalavaṇṇā, the third was Paṭācārā,
Gotamā, Dhammadinnā, and sixthly Mahāmāyā,
And of this band of sisters the seventh was Visākhā."

Now of these Phusatī became Sudhammā; who did good deeds and gave alms, and by fruit of the offering of sandal wood done to Buddha Vipassī, had her body as it were sprinkled with choice sandal wood. Then passing to and fro between the worlds of men and of gods, eventually she became chief queen of Sakka king of the gods. After her days there were done [1], and the five

customary signs were to be seen, Sakka king of the gods, realizing that her time was exhausted, escorted her with great glory to the pleasaunce in Nandana grove; then as she reclined on a richly adorned seat, he, sitting beside it, said to her: "Dear Phusatī, ten boons I grant you: choose." With these words, he uttered the first stanza in this Great Vessantara Birth with its thousand stanzas:

"Ten boons I give thee, Phusatī, O beauteous lady bright:
Choose thou whatever on the earth is precious in thy sight."

[482] Thus came she to be established in the world of gods by the preaching in the Great Vessantara.

But she, not knowing the circumstances of her re-birth, felt faint, and said the second stanza:

"Glory to thee, O king of gods! what sin is done by me,
To send me from this lovely place as winds blow down a tree?"

And Sakka perceiving her despondency uttered two stanzas:

"Dear art thou still as thou hast been, and sin thou hast not done:
I speak because thy merit now is all used up and gone.

Now thy departure is at hand, the hour of death draws nigh:
Ten boons I offer thee to choose; then choose, before thou die."

Hearing these words of Sakka, and convinced that she must die, she said, choosing the boons [1]:

"King Sakka, lord of beings all, a boon hath granted me:
I bless him: craving that my life in Sivi's realm may be.

Black eyes, black pupils like a fawn, black eyebrows may I have,
And Phusatī my name: this boon, O bounteous one, I crave.

A son be mine, revered by kings, famed, glorious, debonair,
Bounteous, ungrudging, one to lend a ready ear to prayer.

And while the babe is in my womb let not my figure go,
Let it be slim and graceful like a finely fashioned bow.

[483] Still, Sakka, may my breasts be firm, nor white-haired may I be [2];
My body all unblemished, may I set the death-doomed free [3].

Mid herons' cries, and peacocks' calls, with waiting women fair,
Poets and bards to sing our praise, shawls waving in the air [4],

When rattling on the painted door the menial calls aloud,
"God bless King Sivi! come to meat!" be I his queen avowed."

Sakka said:

"Know that these boons, my lady bright, which I have granted thee,

In Sivi kingdom, beauteous one, all ten fulfilled shall be."

[484]"So spake the monarch of the gods, the great Sujampati,
Called Vāsava, well pleased to grant a boon to Phusatī."

When she had thus chosen her boons, she left that world, and was conceived in the womb of King Madda's queen [5]; and when she was born, because her body was as it were sprinkled with the perfume of sandal wood, on her name-day they called her by the name Phusatī. She grew up amidst a great company of attendants until in her sixteenth year she surpassed all other in beauty. At that time Prince Sañjaya, son of the King of Sivi, was to be invested with the White Umbrella; the princess was sent for to be his bride, and she was made Queen Consort at the head of sixteen thousand women; wherefore it is said—

"Next born a princess, Phusatī was to the city led

Jetuttara, and there anon to Sañjaya was wed."

Sañjaya loved her lief and dearly. Now Sakka pondering remembered how that nine of his ten boons given to Phusatī were fulfilled. "But one is left unfulfilled," he thought, "a goodly son; this I will fulfil for her." At that time the Great Being was in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three, and his time was done; perceiving which Sakka approached him, and said, "Venerable Sir, you must enter the world of men; without delay you must be conceived in the womb of Phusatī, Queen Consort of the King of Sivi."

With these words, asking the consent of the Great Being and the sixty thousand sons of the gods who were destined to re-birth, he went to his own place. The Great Being came down and was re-born there, and the sixty thousand gods were born in the families of sixty thousand courtiers. Phusatī, when the Great Being was conceived in her womb, finding herself with child, desired six alms-halls to be built, one at each of the four gates, one in the middle of the city, and one at her own door; that each day she might distribute six hundred thousand pieces. The king, learning how it was with her, consulted the fortune-tellers, who said, "Great King, in thy wife's womb is conceived a being devoted to almsgiving, who will never be satisfied with giving." Hearing this he was pleased, and made a practice of giving as before said.

[485] From the time of the Bodhisat's conception, there was no end one might say to the king's revenue; by the influence of the king's goodness, the kings of all India sent him presents.

Now the queen while with child remained with her large company of attendants, until ten months were fulfilled, and then

she wished to visit the city. She informed the king, who caused the city to be decorated like to a city of the gods: he set his queen in a noble chariot, and made procession about the city rightwise. When they had reached the midst of the Vessa [1] quarter, the pains of travail [2] seized upon her. They told the king, and then and there he caused a lying-in chamber to be made and made her go there; and then she brought forth a son; wherefore it is said—

"Ten months she bore me in her womb; procession then they made;
And Phusatī in Vessa Street of me was brought to bed."

The Great Being came from his mother's womb free from impurity, open-eyed, and on the instant holding out his hand to his mother, he said, "Mother, I wish to make some gift; is there anything?" She replied, "Yes, my son, give as you will," and dropped a purse of a thousand pieces into the outstretched hand. Three times the Great Being spoke as soon as born: in the Ummagga Birth, in this Birth, and in his last Birth. On

his name-day, because he was born in the Vessa Street, they gave him the name Vessantara; wherefore it is said:

"My name not from the mother's side nor from the father's came;
As I was born in Vessa Street, Vessantara's my name."

On his very birthday, a female flying elephant brought a young one, esteemed to be of lucky omen, white all over, and left it in the royal stables. Because this creature came to supply a need of the Great Being, they named it Paccaya. The king appointed four times sixty [1] nurses for the Great Being, neither too tall nor too

short, and free from all other fault, with sweet milk; he appointed also nurses for the sixty thousand children born with him, and so he grew up surrounded by this great company of sixty thousand children. The king caused to be made a prince's necklace with a hundred thousand pieces of money, and gave it to his son; but he, being of four or five years of age, [486] gave it away to his nurses, nor would he take it back when they wished to give it. They told this to the king, who said, "What my son has given is well given; be it a Brahmin's gift," and had another necklace made. But the prince still in his childhood gave this also to his nurses, and so nine times over.

When he was eight years old, as he reclined on his couch, the boy thought to himself: "All that I give comes from without, and this does not satisfy me; I wish to give something of my very own. If one should ask my heart, I would cut open my breast, and tear it out, and give it; if one ask my eyes, I would pluck out my eyes and give them; if one should ask my flesh, I would cut off all the flesh of my body and give it." And thus he pondered with all his being and the depths of his heart; this earth, forty thousand quadrillions of leagues [2] in extent, and two hundred thousands of leagues in depth, quaked thundering like a great mad elephant; Sineru chief of mountains bowed like a sapling in hot steam, and seemed to dance, and stood leaning towards the city of Jetuttara; at the earth's rumbling the sky thundered with lightning and rain; forked lightning flashed; the ocean was stirred up: Sakka king of the gods clapt his arms, Mahābrahmā gave a sign of approval, high as Brahma's World all was in uproar; wherefore it is said also:

"When I was yet a little boy, but of the age of eight,

Upon my terrace, charity and gifts I meditate.

If any man should ask of me blood, body, heart, or eye,
Or blood or body, eye or heart I'd give him, was my cry.

And as with all my being I pondered with thoughts like these
The unshaken earth did shake and quake with mountains, woods and trees."

By the age of sixteen, the Bodhisatta had attained a mastery of all sciences. Then his father, desiring to make him king, consulted with his mother; from the family of King Madda they brought his first cousin, named Maddī, with sixteen thousand attendant women, and made her his Queen Consort, and sprinkled him with the water of coronation. From the time of his receiving the kingdom he distributed much alms, giving each day six hundred thousand pieces of money.

By and by Queen Maddī [487] brought forth a son, and they laid him in a golden hammock, for which reason they gave him the name of Prince Jāli. By the time he could go on foot the queen bore a daughter, and they laid her in a black skin, for which reason they gave her the name of Kaṇhājinā. Each month the Great Being would visit his six alms-halls six times, mounted upon his magnificent elephant.

Now at that time there was drought in the kingdom of Kāliṅga: the corn grew not, there was a great famine, and men being unable to live used robbery. Tormented by want, the people gathered in the king's courtyard and upbraided him. Hearing this the king said, "What is it, my children?" They told him. He replied, "Good, my children, I will bring the rain," and dismissed them. He pledged himself to virtue, and kept the holy-day vow, but he could not make the rain come; so he summoned the citizens together, and said to them, "I pledged myself to virtue, and

seven days I kept the holy-day vow, yet I could not make the rain come: what is to be done now?" They replied, "If you cannot bring the rain, my lord, Vessantara in the city of Jetuttara, King Sañjaya's son, is devoted to charity; he has a glorious elephant all white, and wherever he goes the rain falls; send brahmins, and ask for that elephant, and bring him hither." The king agreed; and assembling the brahmins he chose out eight of them, gave them provisions for their journey, and said to them, "Go and fetch Vessantara's elephant." On this mission, the brahmins proceeded in due course to Jetuttara city; in the alms-hall they received entertainment; sprinkled their bodies with dust and smeared them with mud; and on the day of the full moon, to ask for the king's elephant, they went to the eastern gate at the time the king came to the alms-hall. Early in the morning, the king, intending a visit to the alms-hall, washed himself with sixteen pitchers of perfumed water, and broke his fast, and mounted upon the back of his noble elephant richly adorned proceeded to the eastern gate. The brahmins found no opportunity there, and went to the southern gate, standing upon a mound and watched the king giving alms at the eastern gate. When he came to the southern gate, stretching out their hands they cried, "Victory to the noble Vessantara!" The Great Being, as he saw the brahmins, drove the elephant to the place whereon they stood, and seated upon its back uttered the first stanza: [488]

p. 253

"With hairy armpits, hairy heads, stained teeth, and dust on poll,
O brahmins, stretching forth your hands, what is it that you crave?"

To this the brahmins replied:

"We crave a precious thing, O prince that dost thy people save:
That choice and saving [1] elephant with tusks like any pole."

When the Great Being heard this, he thought, "I am willing to give anything that is my own, from my head onwards, and what they ask is something without me; I will fulfil their wish"; and from the elephant's back, he replied:

"I give, and never shrink from it, that which the brahmins want,
This noble beast, for riding fit, fierce tuskèd elephant";

and thus consenting:

"The king, the saviour of his folk, dismounted from its back,
And glad in sacrificing, gave the brahmins what they lack."

The ornaments on the elephant's four feet were worth four hundred thousand, those on his two sides were worth two hundred thousand, the blanket under his belly a hundred thousand, on his back were nets of pearls, of gold, and of jewels, three nets worth three hundred thousand, in the two ears two hundred thousand, on his back a rug worth a hundred thousand, the ornament on the frontal globes worth a hundred thousand, three wrappings [2] three hundred thousand, the small ear-ornaments two hundred thousand, those on the two tusks two hundred thousand, the ornament for luck on his trunk a hundred thousand, that on his tail a hundred thousand, not to mention the priceless ornaments on his body two and twenty hundred thousand, a ladder to mount, by one hundred thousand, the food-vessel a hundred thousand, [489] which comes to as much as four and twenty hundred thousand: moreover the jewels great and small upon the canopy, the jewels in his necklace of pearls, the jewels in the goad, the jewels in the

pearl necklace about his neck, the jewels on his frontal globes, all these without price, the elephant also without price, making with the elephant seven priceless things—all these he gave to the brahmins; besides five hundred attendants with the grooms and stablemen: and with that gift the earthquake came to pass, and the other portents as related above.

To explain this, the Master spoke:

"Then was a mighty terror felt, then bristling of the hair;
When the great elephant was given the earth did quake for fear.

Then was a mighty terror felt, then bristling of the hair;
When the great elephant was given, trembled the town for fear.

With a resounding mighty roar the city all did ring
When the great elephant was given by Sivi's foster-king."

The city of Jetuttara all did tremble. The brahmins, we are told, at the southern gate received the elephant, mounted upon his back, and amidst a thronging multitude passed through the midst of the city. The crowd, beholding them, cried out, "O brahmins, mounted upon our elephant, why are ye taking our elephant?" The brahmins replied, "The great king Vessantara has given the elephant to us: who are you?" and so with contumelious gestures to the crowd, through the city they passed and out by the northern gate by aid of the deities [1]. The people of the city, angry with the Bodhisat, uttered loud reproaches.

To explain this, the Master said:

"Upon that loud and mighty sound, so terrible to hear,

When the great elephant was given the earth did quake for fear.

Upon that loud and mighty sound, so terrible to hear,
When the great elephant was given trembled the town to hear.

So loud and mighty was the sound all terrible did ring,
When the great elephant was given by Sivi's foster-king."

[490] The citizens, trembling at heart for this gift, addressed themselves to the king. Therefore it is said:

"Then prince and brahmin, Vesiya and Ugga [2], great and small,

Mahouts and footmen, charioteers and soldiers, one and all,

The country landowners, and all the Sivi folk come by.
Seeing the elephant depart, thus to the king did cry:

"Thy realm is ruined, sire: why should Vessantara thy son
Thus give away our elephant revered by every one?

Why give our saviour elephant, pole-tuskèd, goodly, white [3],
Which ever knew the vantage-ground to choose in every fight?

With jewels and his yak-tail fan; which trampled down all foes;
Long-tuskèd, furious, white as Mount Kelāsa with his snows;

With trappings and white parasol, fit riding for a king,
With leech and driver, he has given away this precious thing."

After saying this, they said again:

"Whoso bestoweth food and drink, with raiment, fire and fleet,

That is a right and proper gift, for brahmins that is meet.

O Sañjaya, thy people's friend, say why this thing was done
By him, a prince of our own line, Vessantara, thy son?

The bidding of the Sivi folk if ye refuse to do,
The people then will act, methinks, against your son and you."

[491] Hearing this, the king suspected that they wished to slay Vessantara; and he said:

"Yea, let my country be no more, my kingdom no more be,
Banish I will not from his realm a prince from fault quite free,
Nor will obey the people's voice: my true-born son is he.

Yea, let my country be no more, my kingdom no more be,
Banish I will not from his realm a prince from fault quite free,
Nor will obey the people's voice: my very son is he.

No, I will work no harm on him; all noble is he still;
And it would be a shame for me, and it would cause much ill.
Vessantara, my very son, with sword how could I kill?"

The people of Sivi replied:

"Not chastisement doth he deserve, nor sword, nor prison cell,
But from the kingdom banish him, on Vaṁka's mount to dwell."

The king said:

"Behold the people's will! and I that will do not gainsay.
But let him bide one happy night before he go away.

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,
Together let the people come and banish him away."

They agreed to the king's proposal for just the one night. Then he let them go away, and thinking to send a message to his son, he commissioned an agent, who accordingly went to Vessantara's house and told him what had befallen.

[492] To make this clear, the following stanzas were said:

"Rise, fellow, hie away post-haste, and tell the prince my word.

"The people all, and citizens, in wrath, with one accord,

Uggas and princes, Vesiyas and brahmins too, my son,
Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers, and footmen, every one,
All citizens, all country folk, together here have run,—

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,
They will assemble one and all and banish thee away."

This fellow sent by Sivi's king swift on his errand pressed,
Upon an armed elephant, perfumed, and finely drest,

Head bathed in water, jewelled rings in ears,—and on he rode
Till to that lovely town he came, Vessantara's abode.

Then he beheld the happy prince abiding in his land,
Like Vāsava the king of gods; round him the courtiers stand.

Thither in haste the fellow went, and to the prince said he—
"I bear ill tidings, royal sir: O be not wroth with me!"

With due obeisance, weeping sore, he said unto the king:
"Thou art my master, sire, and thou dost give me every thing:
Bad news I have to tell thee now: do thou some comfort bring.

The people all and citizens, in wrath, with one consent,
Uggas and princes, Vesiyas and brahmins, all are bent,

Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers, the footmen every one,
All citizens and country folk together now have run,

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,
Determined all to come in crowds and banish thee away."

The Great Being said:

"Why are the people wroth with me? for no offence I see.

Tell me, good fellow, wherefore pray they wish to banish me?"

[493] The agent said:

"Uggas and Vesiyas, charioteers, and brahmins every one,

Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers and footmen, thither run,

All angry at thy giving gifts, and therefore banish thee."

Hearing this, the Great Being, in all content, said:

"My very eye and heart I'd give: why not what is not mine,

Or gold or treasure, precious stones, or pearls, or jewels fine?

Comes any one to ask of me, I'd give my hand, my right [1],
Nor for a moment hesitate: in gifts is my delight.

Now let the people banish me, now let the people kill,
Or cut me sevenfold, for cease from gifts I never will."

On hearing this, the agent again spoke, no message of the king's or of the people's, but another command out of his own mind:

"This is the Sivi people's will; they bade me tell you so:

Where Kontimārā by the hill Ārañjara doth flow,

Thither depart, where banished men, good sir, are wont to go."

This he said, we are told, by inspiration of a deity.

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta replied: "Very well, I shall go by the road that those go who have offended; but me the citizens do not banish for any offence, they banish me for the gift of the elephant. In this case I wish to give the great gift of the seven hundreds, and I pray the citizens to grant me one day's delay for that. To-morrow I will make my gift, the next day I will go":

[494] "So I by that same road shall go as they who do offend:

But first to make a gift, one night and day I pray them lend."

"Very good," said the agent, "I will report this to the citizens," and away he went.

The man gone, the Great Being summoning one of his captains said to him, "To-morrow I am to make the gift called the gift of the seven hundreds. You must get ready seven hundred elephants, with the same number of horses, chariots, girls, cows, men slaves and women slaves, and provide every kind of food and drink, even the strong liquor, everything which is fit to give." So having arranged for the great gift of the seven hundreds, he dismissed his courtiers, and alone departed to the dwelling of Maddī; where seating himself on the royal couch, he began to address her.

The Master thus described it:

"Thus did the king to Maddī speak, that lady passing fair:
"All that I ever gave to thee, or goods or grain, beware,

Or gold or treasure, precious stones, and plenty more beside,
Thy father's dower, find a place this treasure all to hide."

Then out spake Maddī to the king, that princess passing fair:
"Where shall I find a place, my lord, to hide it? tell me where?"

p. 257

Vessantara said:

"In due proportion on the good thy wealth in gifts bestow,
No other place than this is safe to keep it, well I know."

[495] She consented, and withal he exhorted her in this wise:

"Be kind, O Maddī, to thy sons, thy husband's parents both,
To him who will thy husband be do service, nothing loth.

And if no man should wish to be thy husband, when I'm gone,
Go seek a husband for thyself, but do not pine alone."

Then Maddī thought, "Why I wonder does Vessantara say such a thing to me?" And she asked him, "My lord, why do you say to me what you ought not to say?" The Great Being replied, "Lady, the people of Sivi, angry with me for the gift of the elephant, are banishing me from the realm: to-morrow I am to make the gift of the seven hundreds, and next day I depart from the city." And he said:

"To-morrow to a forest drear, beset with beasts of prey,
I go: and whether I can live within it, who can say?'

Then spake the princess Maddī, spake the lady passing fair:
"It is not so! a wicked word! to say it do not dare!

It is not meet and right, my king, that thou alone shouldst fare:
Whatever journey thou shalt go, I also will be there.

Give me the choice to die with thee, or live from thee apart,
Death is my choice, unless I can live with thee where thou art.

Kindle a blazing fiery flame the fiercest that can be,—
There I would rather die the death than live apart from thee.

[496] As close behind an elephant his mate is often found
Moving through mountain pass or wood, o'er rough or level ground,

So with my boys I'll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed [1]."

With these words she began to praise the region of Himalaya as if she had seen it:

"When you shall see your pretty boys, and hear their prattle ring
Under the greenwood, you'll forget that ever you were king.

To see your pretty boys at play, and hear their prattle ring
Under the greenwood, you'll forget that ever you were king.

When you shall see your pretty boys, and hear their prattle ring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

To see your pretty boys at play, and hear their prattle ring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

To see your boys all gay-bedeckt, the flowers to watch them bring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

To see your boys at play all gay, the flowers to watch them bring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

When you behold your dancing boys their wreaths of flowers bring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

When you behold them dance and play, and wreaths of flowers bring
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

The elephant of sixty years, all lonely wandering
The woodland, will make you forget that ever you were king.

The elephant of sixty years, at even wandering
And early, will make you forget that ever you were king.

[497] When you behold the elephant his herd of subjects bring,
The elephant of sixty years, and hear his trumpeting,
To hear the sound you will forget that ever you were king.

The woodland glades, the roaring beasts, and every wished-for thing
When you behold, you will forget that ever you were king.

The deer that come at eventide, the varied flowers that spring,
The dancing frogs—you will forget that ever you were king.

When you shall hear the rivers roar, the fairy creatures sing,
Believe me, you will clean forget that ever you were king.

When you shall hear the screech-owl's note in mountain cave dwelling,
Believe me, you will clean forget that ever you were king.

Rhinoceros and buffalo, that make the woodland ring,
Lion and tiger—you'll forget that ever you were king.

When on the mountain top you see the peacock dance and spring
Before the peahens, you'll forget that ever you were king.

To see the egg-born peacock dance and spread his gorgeous wing
Before the peahens, you'll forget that ever you were king.

The peacock with his purple neck, to see him dance and spring
Before the peahens—you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the trees all flowering
Waft their sweet odours, you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the plants all flowering,
The bimbajāla, kuṭaja, and lotus [1], scattering
Abroad their odours, you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the forest flowering
And blooming lotus, you'll forget that ever you were king."

[498] Thus did Maddī sing the praises of Himavat in these stanzas, as though she were dwelling therein. Here endeth the Praise of Himavat [2].

Now Queen Phusatī thought: "A harsh command has been laid upon my son: what will he do? I will go and find out." In a covered carriage she went, and taking up her position at the door of their chamber, she overheard their converse and uttered a bitter lamentation.

Describing this, the Master said:

"She heard the princess and her son, the talk that passed between,

Then bitterly she did lament, that great and glorious queen.

"Better drink poison, better leap from off a cliff, say I,
Or better bind a strangling noose about my neck and die:
Why banish they Vessantara my unoffending son?

So studious and free from greed, giving to all who came,

Respected by his rival kings, of great and glorious fame,

Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?

His parents' prop, who did respect his elders every one,
Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?

Belovèd by the king and queen, by all his kith and kin,
Belovèd by his friends, the realm and all that are therein,
Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?"

[499] After this bitter lament, she consoled her son and his wife, and went before the king and said:

"Like mangoes fallen to the ground, like money waste and spent,

So falls thy kingdom, if they will banish the innocent.

Like a wild goose with crippled wing, when all the water's gone,
Deserted by thy courtiers, thou wilt live in pain alone.

I tell thee true, O mighty king: let not thy good go by,
Nor banish him, the innocent, because the people cry."

Hearing which, the king answered:

"Thy son, the people's banner, if I send to exile drear,

My royal duty I obey, than life itself more dear."

On hearing this, the queen said, lamenting:

"Once hosts of men escorted him, with goodly banners flown,

Like forests full of flowering trees: to-day he goes alone [1].

[500] Bright yellow robes, Gandhāra make, once round about him shone,
Or glowing scarlet, as he went: to-day he goes alone.

With chariot, litter, elephant he went in former days:
To-day the King Vessantara afoot must tramp the ways.

He once by sandal-scent perfumed, awaked by dance and song,
How wear rough skins, how axe and pot and pingo bear along?

Why will they not bring yellow robes, why not the garb of skin,
And dress of bark, the mighty woods that he may enter in?

How can a banisht king put on the robe of bark to wear,
To dress in bark and grass how will the princess Maddī bear?

Maddī, who once Benares cloth and linen used to wear,
And fine kodumbara, how bark and grasses will she bear?

She who in litter or in car was carried to and fro,
The lovely princess, now to-day on foot how can she go?

With tender hands and tender feet in happiness she stood:
How can the lovely princess go trembling into the wood?

With tender hands and tender feet she lived in happy state:
The finest slippers she could wear would hurt her feet of late;
To-day how can the lovely one afoot now go her gait?

Once she would go begarlanded amidst a thousand maids:
How can the beauteous one alone now walk the forest glades?

Once if she heard the jackal howl she would be all dismayed:
How can the timid beauteous one now walk the forest glade?

She who of Indra's royal race would ever shrink afraid,

Trembling like one possest, to hear the hoot some owl had made,

How can the timid beauteous one now walk the forest glade?

Like as a bird beholds the nest empty, the brood all slain,
So when I see the empty place long shall I burn in pain.

[501] Like to a bird that sees the nest empty, the brood all slain,
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see my dear son ne’er again.

Like to a bird that sees the nest empty, the brood all slain,
I'll run distracted, if I see my dear son ne’er again.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,
So when I see the empty place long shall I live in pain.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see my dear son ne’er again.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,
I'll run distracted, if I see my dear son ne’er again.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,
Long shall I live in pain, to see no more my dearest son.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see no more my dearest son.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,
I'll fly distracted, if I see no more my dearest son.

And if you banish from the realm my unoffending son,
In spite of this my sore complaint, methinks my life is done."

[502] Explaining this matter, the Master said:

"Hearing the queen bewailing sore, straight all together went
The palace dames, their arms outstretcht, to join in her lament.

And in the palace of the prince, prone lying all around
Women and children lay like trees blown down upon the ground.

And when the night was at an end, and the sun rose next day,
Then King Vessantara began his gifts to give away.

"Food to the hungry give, strong drink to those who drink require [1],
Give clothes to those who wish for clothes, each after his desire."

"Let not one suitor hither come go disappointed back,
Shew all respect, and food or drink to taste let no man lack."

And so they gathered thick and fast with joy and merry play,
As Sivi's great and fostering king prepared to go away.

They did cut down a mighty tree that full of fruit did stand,
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

They did cut down a wishing-tree, with every boon at hand,
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

They did cut down a wishing-tree, with choicest boons at hand,
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

Both old and young, and all between, did weep and wail that day,
Stretching their arms out, when the king prepared to go away,
Who fostered Sivi's realm.

Wise women [1], eunuchs, the king's wives, did weep and wail that day,

Stretching their arms out, when the king prepared to go away,

Who fostered Sivi's realm.

And all the women in the town did weep and wail that day,
When Sivi's great and fostering king prepared to go away.

The brahmans and ascetics too, and all who begged for need,
Stretching their arms out, cried aloud, "It is a wicked deed!"

To all the city while the king his bounty did present,
And by the people's sentence, fared forth into banishment.

[503] Seven hundred elephants he gave, with splendour all bedight [2],
With girths of gold, capārīsoned with trappings golden bright,

Each ridden by his own mahout, with spikèd hook in hand:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Seven hundred horses too he gave, bedeckt in bright array,
Horses of Sindh, and thorobreds, all fleet of foot are they,

Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Seven hundred chariots all yoked, with banners flying free,
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,

Each driven by mailèd charioteers, all armed with bow in hand:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Seven hundred women too he gave, each standing in a car,—
With golden chains and ornaments bedeckt these women are,

With lovely dress and ornaments, with slender waist and small,
Curved brows, a merry smile and bright, and shapely hips withal:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Seven hundred kine he also gave, with silver milkpails all:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Seven hundred female slaves he gave, as many men at call:
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

Cars, horses, women, elephants he gave, yet after all,
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land!

That was a thing most terrible, that made the hair to stand,
When now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land [3]!"

[505] Now a deity told the news to the kings of all India: how Vessantara was giving great gifts of high-born maidens and the like. Therefore the Khattiyas by the divine power came in a chariot, and returned with the high-born maidens and so forth that they had received. Thus did Khattiyas, brahmans, Vessas, and Suddas, all receive gifts at his hands before they departed. He was still distributing his gifts when evening fell; so he returned to his dwelling, to greet his parents and that

night to depart. In gorgeous chariot he proceeded to the place where his parents dwelt, and with him Maddī went, in order to take leave of his parents with him. The Great Being greeted his father and announced their coming.

To explain this, the Master said:

"Give greeting to King Sañjaya the righteous: bid him know
That since he now doth banish me, to Vaṁka hill I go.

Whatever beings, mighty king, the future time shall know,
With their desires unsatisfied to Yama's house shall go.

For wrong [1] I did my people, giving bounty from my hand,
By all the people's sentence I go banished from the land.

That sin I now would expiate i’ the panther-haunted wood:
If you will wallow in the slough [2], yet I will still do good."

These four stanzas the Great Being addressed to his father: and then he turned to his mother, asking her permission to leave the world with these words:

"Mother, I take my leave of you: a banished man I stand.

For wrong I did my people, giving bounty from my hand,

By all the people's sentence I go banished from the land.

[506] That sin I now would expiate i’ the panther-haunted wood:
If you will wallow in the slough, yet I will still do good."

In reply, Phusatī said:

"I give you leave to go, my son, and take my blessing too:

Leave Maddī and the boys behind, for she will never do;

Fair rounded limbs and slender waist, why need she go with you?"

Vessantara said:

"Even a slave against her will I would not take away:

But if she wishes, let her come; if not, then let her stay."

On hearing what his son said, the king proceeded to entreat her.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"And then unto his daughter-in-law the king began to say:

"Let not your sandal-scented limbs bear dust and dirt, I pray,

Wear not bark-fibre wraps instead of fine Benares stuff;
Blest princess, go not! forest life indeed is hard enough."

Then princess Maddī, bright and fair, her father-in-law addrest:
"To be without Vessantara I care not to be blest."

Then Sivi's mighty fostering king thus spake to her again:
"Come, Maddī, listen while the woes of forests I explain.

The swarms of insects and of gnats, of beetles and of bees
Would sting you in that forest life, unto your great disease.

[507] For dwellers on the river banks hear other plagues that wait:
The boa-constrictor (poisonless 'tis true, but strong and great),

If any man or any beast come near, will take firm hold,
And drag them to his lurking-place enwrapt in many a fold.

Then there are other dangerous beasts with black and matted hair;

They can climb trees to catch a man: this beast is called a bear.

Along the stream Sotumbarā there dwells the buffalo;
Which with his great sharp-pointed horns can give a mighty blow.

Seeing these herds of mighty kine wander the forest through,
Like some poor cow that seeks her calf say what will Maddī do?

When crowds of monkeys in the trees gather, they will affright
You, Maddī, in your ignorance with their uncomely sight.

Once on a time the jackal's howl would bring great fear to you:
Now dwelling on the Vaṁka hill, Maddī, what will you do?

Why would you go to such a place? Even at high midday,
When all the birds are stilled to rest, the forest roars away."

Then beauteous Maddī to the king spake up and answered so:
"As for these things so terrible, which you have tried to shew,
I willingly accept them all; I am resolved to go.

[508] Through all the hill and forest grass, through clumps of bulrush reed,
With my own breast I'll push my way, nor will complain indeed.

She that would keep a husband well must all her duties do;
Ready to roll up balls of dung [1], ready for fasting too,

She carefully must tend the fire, must mop up water still,
But terrible is widowhood: great monarch, go I will.

The meanest harries her about; she eats of leavings still:
For terrible is widowhood—great monarch, go I will.

Knocked down and smothered in the dust, haled roughly by the hair—
A man may do them any hurt, all simply stand and stare.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

Men pull about the widow's sons with cruel blows and foul,
Though fair and proud of winning charm, as crows would peck an owl.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

Even in a prosperous household, bright with silver without end,
Unkindly speeches never cease from brother or from friend.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

Naked are rivers waterless, a kingdom without king,
A widow may have brothers ten, yet is a naked thing.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

A banner is the chariot's mark, a fire by smoke is known,
Kingdoms by kings, a wedded wife by husband of her own.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

The wife who shares her husband's lot, be it rich or be it poor,
Her fame the very gods do praise, in trouble she is sure.

My husband I will follow still, the yellow robe to wear,
To be the queen [2] of all the earth without, I would not care.
O terrible is widowhood! great monarch, go I will.

Those women have no heart at all, they're hard and cannot feel,
Who when their husbands are in woe, desire to be in weal.

When the great lord of Sivi land goes forth to banishment,
I will go with him; for he gives all joy and all content."

[509] Then up and spake the mighty king to Maddī bright and fair:

"But leave your two young sons behind: for what can they do there,

Auspicious lady? we will keep and give them every care."

Then Maddī answered to the king, that princess bright and fair:
"My Jāli and Kaṇhājinā are dearest to my heart:
They'll in the forest dwell with me, and they will ease my smart."

[510] Thus answer made the monarch great, thus Sivi's foster-king:
"Fine rice has been their food and well-cooked viands hitherto:
If they must feed on wild-tree fruit, what will the children do?

From silver dishes well adorned or golden hitherto,
They ate: but with bare leaves instead what will the children do?

Benares cloth has been their dress, or linen hitherto:
If they must dress in grass or bark, what will the children do?

In carriages or palanquins they've ridden hitherto
When they must run about on foot, what will the children do?

In gabled chambers they would sleep safe-bolted hitherto:
Beneath the roots of trees to lie, what will the children do?

On cushions, rugs or broidered beds they rested hitherto:
Reclining on a bed of grass, what will the children do?

They have been sprinkled with sweet scents and perfumes hitherto:
When covered all with dust and dirt, what will the children do?

When peacock's feathers, yak's tail fans have fanned them hitherto,
Bitten by insects and by flies, what will the children do?"

As they conversed thus together, the dawn came, and after the dawn up rose the sun. They brought round for the Great Being a gorgeous carriage with a team of four Sindh horses, and stayed it at the door. Maddī did obeisance to her husband's parents, and, bidding farewell to the other women, took leave, and with her two sons went before Vessantara and took her place in the carriage.

Explaining this matter, the Master said:

"Then Maddī answered to the king, that lady bright and fair:

"Do not lament for us, my lord, nor be perplexèd so:

The children both will go with us wherever we shall go."

With these words Maddī went away, that lady bright and fair:
Along the highroad, and the two children her path did share.

[511] Then King Vessantara himself, his vow performed as bound,
Does reverence to his parents both, and passes rightwise round.

Then, mounting in the chariot swift, drawn by its team of four,
With wife and children off he sped where Vaṁka's peak did soar.

Then drove the King Vessantara where most the crowd did swell,
And cried—"We go! a blessing on my kinsfolk—fare ye well!"

Addressing these words to the crowd, the Great Being admonished them to be careful, to give alms and do good deeds. As he went, the Bodhisat's mother, saying, "If my son desires to give, let him give," sent to him two carts, one on each side, filled with ornaments, laden with the seven precious things. In eighteen gifts he distributed to beggars he met on the road all he had, including even the mass of ornaments which he wore on his own body. When he had got away from the city, he turned

round and desired to look upon it; then according to his wish the earth cleft asunder to the measure of the chariot, and turning round, brought the chariot to face the city, and he beheld the place where his parents dwelt. So then followed earthquakes and other wonders; wherefore it is said:

"When from the city he came forth, he turned again to look:

And, therefore, like a banyan tree great Mount Sineru shook."

And as he looked, he uttered a stanza to induce Maddī to look also:

"See, Maddī, see the lovely place from which we now have come—
The king of Sivi s dwelling-house and our ancestral home!"

[512] Then the Great Being looking towards the sixty thousand courtiers, who were born when he was, and the rest of the people, made them turn back; and as he drove on with the carriage, he said to Maddī: "Lady, look out and see if any suitors are walking behind." She sat watching. Now four brahmins, who had been unable to be present at the gift of the Seven Hundreds, had come to the city; and finding that the distribution was over, ascertained that the prince had gone. "Did he take anything with him?" they asked. "Yes: a chariot." So they resolved to ask for the horses. These men Maddī saw approaching. "Beggars, my lord!" said she; the Great Being stayed the chariot. Up they came and asked for the horses: the Great Being gave them.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Then did four brahmins catch him up, and for the horses plead:
He gave the horses on the spot—each beggar had one steed."

The horses disposed of, the yoke of the chariot remained suspended in the air; but no sooner were the brahmins gone than four gods in the guise of red deer came and caught it. The Great Being who knew them to be gods uttered this stanza:

"See, Maddī, what a wondrous thing—a marvel, Maddī, see!
These clever horses, in the shape of red deer, drawing me!"

But then as he went up came another brahmin and asked for the chariot. The Great Being dismounted his wife and children, and gave him the chariot; and when he gave the chariot, the gods disappeared.

To explain the gift of the chariot, the Master said:

"A fifth came thereupon, and asked the chariot of the king:
He gave this also, and his heart to keep it did not cling.

Then made the King Vessantara his people to dismount,
And gave the chariot to the man who came on that account."

[513] After this, they all went on afoot. Then the Great Being said to Maddī:

"Maddī, you take Kaṇhājinā, for she is light and young,
But Jāli is a heavy boy, so I'll bring him along."

Then they took up the two children, and carried them on their hips.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"He carrying his boy, and she her daughter, on they went,
Talking together on the road in joy and all content [1]."

When they met anyone coming to meet them along the road, they asked the way to Vaṁka hill, and learnt that it was afar off. Thus it is said:

"Whenever they met travellers coming along the way,
They asked directions for their road, and where Mount Vaṁka lay.

The travellers all wept full sore to see them on the way,
And told them of their heavy task: "The road is long," they say."

The children cried to see fruit of all kinds on the trees which grew on both sides of the road. Then by the Great Being's power, the trees bowed down their fruit so that their hands could reach it, and they picked out the ripest and gave it to the little ones. Then Maddī cried out, "A marvel!" Thus it is said:

"Whene’er the children did behold trees growing on the steep

Laden with fruit, the children for the fruit began to weep.

But when they saw the children weep, the tall trees sorrowful
Bowed down their branches to their hands, that they the fruit might pull.

Then Maddī cried aloud in joy, that lady fair and bright,
To see the marvel, fit to make one's hair to stand upright.

One's hair might stand upright to see the marvel here is shewn:
By power of King Vessantara the trees themselves bend down!"

[514] From the city of Jetuttara, the mountain named Suvaṇṇagiritāla is five leagues distant; from thence the river Kontimārā is five leagues away, and five leagues more to Mount Arañjaragiri, five leagues again to the brahman village of Dunniviṭṭha, thence ten leagues to his uncle's city: thus from Jetuttara the journey was thirty leagues. The gods shortened the journey, so that in one day they came to his uncle's city. Thus it is said:

"The Yakkhas made the journey short, pitying the children's plight,

And so to Ceta kingdom they arrived before the night."

Now they left Jetuttara at breakfast time, and in the evening they came to the kingdom of Ceta and to his uncle's city.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Away to Ceta they proceed, a journey great and long,
A kingdom rich in food and drink, and prosperous, and strong."

Now in his uncle's city dwelt sixty thousand Khattiyas. The Great Being entered not into the city, but sat in a hall at the city gate. Maddī brushed off the dust on the Great Being's feet, and rubbed them; then with a view to announce the coming of Vessantara, she went forth from

the hall, and stood within sight. So the women who came in and out of the city saw her and came round.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Seeing the auspicious lady there the women round her throng.
"The tender lady! now afoot she needs must walk along.

In palanquin or chariot once the noble lady rode:
Now Maddī needs must go afoot; the woods are her abode."

[515] All the people then, seeing Maddī and Vessantara and the children arrived in this unbecoming fashion, went and informed the king; and sixty thousand princes came to him weeping and lamenting.

To explain this, the Master said:

"Seeing him, the Ceta princes came, with wailing and lament.
"Greet thee, my lord: we trust that you are prosperous and well [1],
That of your father and his realm you have good news to tell.

Where is your army, mighty king? and where your royal car?
With not a chariot, not a horse, you now have journeyed far:
Were you defeated by your foes that here alone you are?"

Then the Great Being told the princes the cause of his coming:

"I thank you, sirs; be sure that I am prosperous and well;

And of my father and his realm I have good news to tell.

I gave the saviour elephant, pole-tuskèd, goodly white [2],
Which ever knew the vantage-ground to choose in every fight;

His jewels, and his yak's tail fan; which trampled down the foes,
Long-tuskèd, furious, white as Mount Kelāsa with his snows;

With trappings and white parasol, fit riding for a king,
With leech and driver: yes, I gave away this precious thing.

Therefore the people were in wrath, my father took it ill:
Therefore he banished me, and I now go to Vaṁka hill.
I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still."

The princes answered:

[516] "Now welcome, welcome, mighty king, and with no doubtful voice:

Be lord of all that here is found, and use it at your choice.

Take herbs, roots, honey, meat, and rice, the whitest and the best:
Enjoy it at your will, O king, and you shall be our guest."

Vessantara said:

"Your proffered gifts I here accept, with thanks for your goodwill.

But now the king has banished me; I go to Vaṁka hill.

I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still."

The princes said:

"Stay here in Ceta, mighty king, until a message go
To tell the king of Sivi land what we have come to know."

Then they behind him in a throng escorting him did go,
All full of joy and confidence: this I would have thee know."

The Great Being said:

"I would not have you send and tell the king that I am here:
He is not king in this affair: he has no power, I fear.

The palace folk and townsfolk all in wrath came gathering,
All eager that because of me they might destroy the king."

[517] The princes said:

"If in that kingdom came to pass so terrible a thing,
Surrounded by the Ceta folk stay here, and be our king.

The realm is prosperous and rich, the people strong and great:
Be minded, sir, to stay with us and govern this our state."

Vessantara said:

"Hear me, O sons of Ceta land! I have no mind to stay,
As I go forth a banished man, nor here hold royal sway.

The Sivi people one and all would be ill pleased to know
That you had sprinkled me for king, as banished forth I go.

If you should do it, that would be a most unpleasant thing,
To quarrel with the Sivi folk: I like not quarrelling.

Your proffered gifts I here accept, with thanks for your goodwill.
But now the king has banished me: I go to Vaṁka hill.
I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still."

Thus the Great Being, in spite of so many requests, declined the kingdom. And the princes paid him great honour; but he would not enter within the city; so they adorned that hall where he was, and surrounded it with a screen, and preparing a great bed, they kept careful watch round about. One day and one night he abode in the hall well-guarded; and next day, early in the morning, after a meal of all manner of fine-flavoured food, attended by the princes, he left the hall, and sixty thousand Khattiyas went with him for fifteen leagues, [518] then standing at the entering in of the wood, they told of the fifteen leagues which yet remained of his journey.

"Yes, we will tell you how a king who leaves the world may be
Good, peaceful by his sacred fire, and all tranquillity.

That rocky mountain, mighty king, is Gandhamādana,
Where with your children and your wife together you may stay.

The Ceta folk, with faces all bewept and streaming eyes,
Advise you to go northward straight where high its peaks uprise.

There you shall see Mount Vipula (and blessing with thee go),
Pleasant with many a growing tree that casts cool shade below.

When you shall reach it, you shall see (a blessing with thee still)
Ketumatī, a river deep and springing from the hill.

Full of all fish, a safe resort, its deep flood flows away:
There you shall drink, and there shall bathe, and with your children play.

And there, upon a pleasant hill, cool-shaded, you will see,
Laden with fruit as honey sweet, a noble banyan tree.

Then you will see Mount Nālika, and that is haunted ground:
For there the birds in concert sing and woodland sprites abound.

There further still towards the north is Mucalinda Lake,

On which the lilies blue and white a covering do make.

Then a thick forest, like a cloud, with grassy sward to tread,
Trees full of flowers and of fruit, all shady overhead,
Enter: a lion seeking prey wherewith he may be fed.

There when the forest is in flower, a shower of song is heard,
The twitter here and twitter there of many a bright-winged bird.

And if those mountain cataracts you follow to their spring,
You'll find a lily-covered lake with blossoms [1] flowering,

Full of all fish, a safe resort, deep water without end,
Foursquare and peaceful, scented sweet, no odour to offend:

There build yourself a leafy cell, a little to the north,
And from the cell which you shall make in search of food go forth."

[519] Thus did the princes tell him of his fifteen-league journey, and let him go. But to prevent any fear of danger in Vessantara, and with a view to leave no hold for any adversary, they gave directions to a certain man of their country, wise and skilful, to keep an eye upon his goings and comings; whom they left at the entering in of the forest, and returned to their own city.

And Vessantara with his wife and children proceeded to Gandhamādana; that day he abode there, then setting his face northwards he passed by the foot of Mount Vipula, and rested on the bank of the river Ketumatī, to eat a goodly repast provided by the forester, and there they bathed and drank, presenting their guide with a golden hairpin. With mind full of calmness he crossed the stream, and resting awhile under the banyan which stood on a flat space on the mountain, after eating its fruit, he rose up and went on to the hill called Nālika. Still moving onwards, he passed along the banks of Lake Mucalinda to its northeastern corner: whence by a narrow

footpath he penetrated [2] into the thick forest, and passing through, he followed the course of the stream which rose out of the mountain until he came to the foursquare lake.

At this moment, Sakka king of the gods looked down and beheld that which had happened. "The Great Being," he thought, "has entered Himavat, and he must have a place to dwell in." [520] So he gave orders to Vissakamma: "Go, pray, and in the dells of Mount Vaṁka, build a hermitage on a pleasant spot." Vissakamma went and made two hermitages with two covered walks, rooms for the night and rooms for the day; alongside of the walks he plants rows of flowering trees and clumps of banana, and makes ready all things necessary for hermits. Then he writes an inscription, "Whoso wishes to be a hermit, these are for him," and driving away all unhuman creatures and all harsh-voiced beasts and birds, he went to his own place.

The Great Being, when he beheld a path, felt sure that it must lead to some hermits' settlement. He left Maddī and the two children at the entrance of the hermitage, and went in; when seeing the inscription, he recognized that Sakka's eye was upon him. He opened the door and entered, and putting off his bow and sword, with the garments which he wore, he donned the garb of a hermit, took up the staff, and coming forth entered the covered walk and paced up and down, and with the quietude of a Pacceka Buddha approached his wife and children. Maddī fell at his feet in tears; then with him entering the hermitage, she went to her own cell and donned the ascetic dress. After this they made their children to do the like. Thus the four noble hermits dwelt in the recesses of Mount Vaṁka.

Then Maddī asked a boon of the Great Being. "My lord, do you stay here with the children, instead of going out in search of wild fruits; and let me go instead." Thenceforward she used to fetch the wild fruits from the forest and feed them all three. The Bodhisatta also asked her for a boon. "Maddī, we are now hermits; and woman is the canker of chastity. Henceforward then, do not approach me unseasonably." She consented.

By the power of the Great Being's compassion, even the wild animals, all that were within three leagues of their borders, had compassion one of another. Daily at dawn, Maddī arises, provides water for their drinking and food to eat, brings water and tooth-brush for cleansing the mouth, sweeps out the hermitage, leaves the two children with their father, basket, spade, and hook in hand [521] hies to the forest for wild roots and fruits, with which she fills her basket: at evening she returns, lays the wild fruits in the cell, washes the children; then the four of them sit at the door of the cell and eat their fruits. Then Maddī takes her two [1] children, and retires to her own cell. Thus they lived in the recesses of the mountain for seven months [2].

At that time, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, and in a Brahmin village named Dunniviṭṭha, lived a brahmin Jūjaka. He by quest of alms having obtained a hundred rupees deposited them with a certain brahmin family, and went out to get more wealth. As he was long away, the family spent that money; the other came back and upbraided them, but they could not return the money, and so they gave him their daughter named Amittatāpanā. He took the maiden with him to Dunniviṭṭha, in Kāliṅga, and there dwelt. Amittatāpanā tended the brahmin well. Some other brahmins, young men, seeing her dutifulness, reproached their own wives with it: "See how carefully she tends an old man,

whilst you are careless of your young husbands!" This made the wives resolve to drive her out

of the village. So they would gather in crowds at the river side and everywhere else, reviling her.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Once in Kāliṅga, Jūjaka a brahmin spent his life,
Who had Amittatāpanā, quite a young girl, to wife.

The women who with waterpots down to the river came
Cried shame upon her, crowding up, and roundly cursed her name.

"A "foe" indeed your mother was, a "foe" your father too [1],
To let an old decrepit man wed a young wife like you.

Your people brewed a secret plot, a bad, mean, cruel plan,
To let a fine young girl be wed to an old decrepit man.

[522] A hateful thing your life must be, as youthful as you are,
With an old husband to be wed; nay, death were better far.

It surely seems, my pretty one, your parents were unkind
If for a fine young girl they could no other husband find.

Your fire-oblation, and your ninth [2] were offered all for naught
If by an old decrepit man so young a wife was caught.

Some brahmin or ascetic once no doubt you have reviled,
Some virtuous or learned man, some hermit undefiled,
If by an old decrepit man so young a wife was caught.

Painful a spear-thrust, full of pain the serpent's fiery bite:
But a decrepit husband is more painful to the sight.

With an old husband there can be no joy and no delight,
No pleasant talk: his very laugh is ugly to the sight.

When men and maidens, youth with youth, hold intercourse apart
They make an end of all the woes that harbour in the heart.

You are a girl whom men desire, you're young and you are fair:
How can an old man give you joy? Go home and tarry there!"

When she heard their mockery, she went home with her waterpot, weeping. "Why are you weeping?" the husband asked; and she replied in this stanza:

[523] "I cannot fetch the water home, the women mock me so:

Because my husband is so old they mock me when I go."

Jūjaka said:

"You need not fetch the water home, you need not serve me so:

Do not be angry, lady mine: for I myself will go."

The woman said:

"You fetch the water? no, indeed! that's not our usual way.

I tell you plainly, if you do, with you I will not stay.

Unless you buy a slave or maid this kind of work to do,
I tell you plainly I will go and will not live with you."

Jūjaka said:

"How can I buy a slave? I have no craft, no corn, no pelf:

Come, be not angry, lady mine: I'll do your work myself."

The woman said:

"Come now, and let me tell to you what I have heard them say.

Out yonder in the Vaṁka hill lives King Vessantara:

Go, husband, to Vessantara and ask him for a slave;
The prince will certainly consent to give you what you crave."

Jūjaka said:

"I am an old decrepit man; the road is rough and long;

But do not worry, do not weep—and I am far from strong:

But be not angry, lady mine: I'll do the work myself."

[524] The woman said:

"You're like a soldier who gives in before the fight: but why?

And do you own that you are beat before you go [1] and try?

Unless you buy a slave or maid this kind of work to do,
I tell you plainly, I will go, I will not live with you.
That will be a most unpleasant thing, a painful thing for you.

When happy in another's arms you shall behold me soon,
Drest gaily at the season's change, or changes of the moon.

And as in your declining years my absence you deplore,
Your wrinkles and your hoary hairs will double more and more."

Explaining this, the Master said:

"And now the brahmin full of fears to his wife's will gives way;

So then tormented by his love, you might have heard him say:

"Get me provision for the road: make me some honey-cake,
Prepare some bannocks too, and set the barley-bread to bake.

And then an equal [2] pair of slaves with me I'll bring away,
Who without wearying shall wait upon you night and day."

Quickly she prepared the provision, and informed him that it was done. Meanwhile he repairs the weak places about his cottage, secures the door, brings in wood from the forest, draws water in the pitcher, fills all the pots and pans, and donning the garb of

the ascetic he leaves her with the words, "Be sure not to go out at improper times, and be careful until I return." Then putting on his shoes, he puts his bag of provisions over his shoulder, walks round his wife rightwise, and departs with streaming eyes.

[525] Explaining this, the Master said:

"This done, the brahmin dons his shoes; then rising presently,
And walking round her towards the right he bids his wife good-bye.

So went he, dressed in holiness, tears standing in his eyes:
To the rich Sivi capital to find a slave he hies."

When he came to that city, he asked the assembled people where Vessantara was.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"When further he had come, he asked the people gathered round—
"Say, where is King Vessantara? where can the prince be found?"
To him replied the multitude who were assembled round:

"By such as you he's ruined; for by giving, giving still,
He's banisht out of all the realm and dwells in Vaṁka hill.

By such as you he's ruined; for by giving, giving still,
He took his wife and children and now dwells in Vaṁka hill."

"So you have destroyed our king, and now come here again! Stand still, will you," and with sticks and clods, kicks and fisticuffs, they chased him away. But he was guided by the gods into the right road for Vaṁka hill.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"So he, upbraided by his wife, in greedy passion's sway,

Paid for his error in the wood where beasts and panthers prey.

Taking his staff and begging-bowl and sacrificial spoon,
He sought the forest where abode the giver of every boon.

Once in the forest, came the wolves thronging around his way:
He leapt aside, and went confused far from the path astray [1].

This brahmin of unbridled greed, finding himself astray,
The way to Vaṁka now quite lost, began these lines to say.

[526] "Who'll tell me of Vessantara, the prince all conquering,
Giver of peace in time of fear, the great and mighty king?

Refuge of suitors, as the earth to all that living be,
Who'll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

All who seek favours go to him as rivers to the sea:
Who'll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like to a safe and pleasant lake, with water fresh and cool,
With lilies spread, whose filaments cover the quiet pool:
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like a great fig-tree on the road, which growing there has made
A rest for weary wayfarers who hasten to its shade:
Who'll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like banyan, sāl, or mango-tree, which on the road has made
A rest for weary wayfarers that hasten to its shade:
Who'll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Who will give ear to my complaint, the forest all around?
Glad I should be, could anyone tell where he may be found!

Who will give ear to my complaint, the forest all around?
Great blessing it would be, if one could tell where he may be found."

[527] Now the man who had been set to watch, who was ranging the woods as a forester, heard this lamentable outcry; and thought he—

"Here is a brahmin crying out about Vessantara's dwelling-place; he cannot be here for any good purpose. He will ask for Maddī or the children, no doubt. Well, I will kill him." So he approached the man, and as he drew his bow, threatened him with the words —"Brahmin, I will not spare your life!"

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The hunter ranging in the wood heard this lament, and said:

"By such as you he's ruined; for by giving, giving still,
He's banisht out of all the realm and dwells in Vaṁka hill.

By such as you he's ruined; for by giving, giving still,
He took his wife and children and now dwells in Vaṁka hill.

A good-for-nothing fool you are, if leaving home you wish
To seek the prince in forests, like a crane that seeks a fish.

Therefore, my worthy man, I will not spare your life; and so
My arrow now shall drink your blood when shot from out my bow.

I'll split your head, tear out your heart and liver in a trice,
Like birds to spirits of the road I'll make you sacrifice.

I'll take your flesh, I'll take your fat, I'll take your heart and head,
And you shall be a sacrifice [1] as soon as you are dead.

You'll be a welcome sacrifice, a goodly offering;
And then you'll not destroy the wife and children of the king."

[528] The man, on hearing these words, was frightened to death, and made a false reply.

"The ambassador's inviolate, and no man may him kill:

This is a very ancient rule; so listen, if you will.

The people have repented them, his father misses him,
His mother pines away for grief—her eyes are waxing dim.

I come as their ambassador, Vessantara to bring:
Hear me, and tell me if you know where I may find the king."

Then the man was pleased to hear that he was come to fetch Vessantara; he fastened up his dogs, and called the brahmin down, and seating him upon a pile of twigs he recited this stanza:

"I love the envoy and the prince: and here I give to you
A gift of welcome—leg of deer and pot of honey too;
Our benefactor how to find I'll tell you what to do."

So saying, the man gave the brahmin food, with a gourd of honey and a roast leg of deer, and set him on his way, raising his right hand to point out the place where the Great Being lived: and he said—

"Sir brahmin, yonder rocky mount is Gandhamādan hill
Where lives the King Vessantara with wife and children still.

With brahmin's dress, with hook [2] and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care.

See yonder, trees with many fruits, green on the mountain side,
While the dark mountain-peaks uplift till in the clouds they hide.

There shrubs, and creepers, horsear, sāl, and many another tree [1]
Sway in the wind like drunken men for anyone to see.

High up above the rows of trees the birds in concert sing,
Najjuha [2], cuckoo, flocks of them, from tree to tree flitting.

[529] Thronging among the leafy twigs they bid the stranger come,
Welcome the guest, delighting all who make the woods their home,
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king.

With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,
Skinclad he lies upon the ground, and tends the fire with care."

Moreover he said, in praise of the hermitage:

"Mango, rose-apple, jackfruit, sāl, all kinds of myrobolan,

Bo, golden tindook, many more, including the banyan [3];

Plenty of figs, all growing low, all ripe, as sweet as sweet,
Dates, luscious grapes, and honeycomb, as much as you can eat.

The mango-trees are some in flower, some with the fruit just set,
Some ripe and green as any frog, while some are unripe yet.

A man may stand beneath the trees and pluck them as they grow:
The choicest flavour, colour, taste, both ripe and unripe shew.

It makes me cry aloud to see that great and wondrous sight,
Like heaven where the gods abide, the garden of delight.

Palmyra, date-palm, coconut grow in that forest high,
Festoons of flowers garlanded as when the banners fly,
Blossoms of every hue and tint like stars that dot the sky.

[530] Ebony, aloe, trumpet-flower, and many another tree [4],
Acacias, berries, nuts, and all as thick as thick can be.

Hard by there is a lake bespread with lilies blue and white,
As in the garden of the gods, the Garden of Delight.

And there the cuckoos make the hills re-echo as they sing,
Intoxicated with the flowers which in their season spring.

See on the lilies drop by drop the honey-nectar fall,
And feel the breezes blowing free from out the south and west,
Until the pollen of the flowers is waften over all.

Plenty of rice and berries [1] ripe about the lake do fall,

Which fish and crabs [2] and tortoises dart seeking with a zest,

And honey drips like milk or ghee from the flowers one and all.

A frequent breeze blows through the trees where every scent is found,
And seems to intoxicate with flowers the forest all around.

The bees about the scented flowers fly thronging with their hum,
There fly the many-coloured birds together, all and some,
Cooing and chirping in delight, each with his mate they come.

"O pretty chicky, happy chap!" they twitter and they tweet—
O lovey dovey, deary dear, my pretty little sweet [3]!"

Festoons of flowers garlanded as when the banners fly,
Blossoms of every hue and tint, sweet odours wafted by,
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king.
With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care."

[531] Thus did the countryman describe the place where Vessantara lived; and Jūjaka delighted saluted him in this stanza:

"Accept this piece of barley-bread all soaked with honey sweet,

And lumps of well-cookt honey-cake: I give it you to eat."

To this the countryman answered:

"I thank you, but I have no need: keep your provision still;

And take of my provision; then go, brahmin, where you will.

[532] Straight onward to a hermitage the pathway there will lead,
Where Accata a hermit dwells, black-tooth'd, with dirty head,
With brahmin dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care:
Go thither, ask the way of him, and he will give you speed."

When this he heard, the brahmin walked round Ceta towards the right,
And went in search of Accata, his heart in high delight.

Then Bhāradvāja [4] went along until he came anigh
Unto the hermit's place, to whom he spake thus courteously:

"O holy man, I trust that you are prosperous and well [5],
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?"

The ascetic said:

"I thank you, brahmin—yes, I am both prosperous and well,

With grain to eat and roots and fruit abundant where I dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things I suffer not annoy,

And from wild beasts of prey I here immunity enjoy.

In all the innumerable years I've lived upon this ground,
No harmful sickness that I know has ever here been found.

Welcome, O brahmin! bless the chance directed you this way,
Come enter with a blessing, come, and wash your feet I pray.

The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet,
And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat,

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O noble brahmin, take of it, drink if it be your will."

Jūjaka said:

[533] "Accepted is your offering, and your oblation, sir.

I seek the son of Sañjaya, once banisht far away

By Sivi's people: if you know where he abides, please say."

The ascetic said:

"You seek the King of Sivi, sir, not with a good intent:

Methinks your honour's real desire upon his wife is bent:

Kaṇhājinā for handmaiden, Jāli for serving-man,
Or you would fetch the mother with her children, if you can,
The prince has no enjoyments here, no wealth or food, my man."

On hearing this, Jūjaka said:

"I wish no ill to any man, no boon I come to pray:
But sweet it is to see the good, pleasant with them to stay.

I never saw this monarch, whom his people sent away:
I came to see him: if you know where he abides, please say."

The other believed him. "Good, I will tell you; only stay with me here to-day." So he entertained him with wild fruits and roots; and next day, stretching out his hand, he shewed him the road. (He then recites the verses given above, p. 274, "Sir brahmin—with care," and adds:)

[534] "The foliage of the pepper-tree in that fair spot is seen,
No dust is ever blown aloft, the grass is ever green.

The grasses like a peacock's neck, soft-cotton to the touch,
Grow never more than inches four, but always just so much.

Kapittha, mango, rose-apple, and ripe figs dangling low,
All trees whose fruit is good to eat in that fine forest grow.

There sweet and clean and fragrant streams as blue as beryl flow,
Through which disporting up and down the shoals of fishes go.

A lake lies in a lovely spot, with lilies blue and, white,
Hard by, like that which is in heaven i’ the Garden of Delight.

Three kinds of lilies in that lake present them to the sight,
With varied colours: some are blue, some blood-red, others white."

Thus he praised the foursquare lake of lilies, and went on to praise Lake Mucalinda:

"As soft as linen are the flowers, those lilies blue and white,
And other herbs grow there: the lake is Mucalinda hight.

And there in number infinite the full-blown flowers you see,
In summer and in winter both as high as to the knee.

Always the many-coloured flowers blow fragrant on the breeze,

And you may hear drawn by the scent the buzzing of the bees.

[535] All round about the water's edge are standing in a row
The ebony, the trumpet-flower, and tall kadamba-trees.

Six-petals and many another tree [1] with flowers all a-blow,
And leafy bowers all standing round about the lake one sees.

There trees of every shape and size, there flowers of every hue,
All shrubs and bushes, high and low are spread before the view:

The breezes sweetly waft the scent from flowers white, blue, and red,
That grow about the hermitage wherein the fire is fed.

[536] Close round about the water's edge grow many plants and trees,
Which tremble as they echo to the murmurs of the bees.

The scent of all the lovely blooms that grow about that shore
Will last you if you keep them for a week, or two, or more.

Three kinds of gourds, all distinct, grow in this lake, and some
Have fruit as big as waterpots, others big as a drum.

Mustard, green garlic, lilies blue to pick, and flowers full-blown,
Jasmine, sweet sandal, creepers huge about the trees are grown.

[537] Sweet jasmine, cotton, indigo, and plants of many a name,
Cress, trumpet-flower, grow all around like tongues of golden flame.

Yea, every kind of flower that grows in water or on land,
In and about this lovely lake lo and behold they stand.

There crocodiles and water-beasts abide of every sort,
Red deer and other animals for water do resort.

Turmeric, camphor, panick-seed, the liquorice-plant, and all
Most fragrant seeds and grasses grow with stalks exceeding tall.

There lions, tigers, elephants a seeking for a mate,
Deer red and dappled, jackals, dogs, and fawns so swift of gait,

[538] Yaks, antelopes, and flying fox, and monkeys great and small,
Bears, bulls, and other mighty beasts come flocking one and all:

Rhinoceros, mungoose, squirrel, boar, dog, jackal, buffalo,
Loris, hare, speckled panther, wolf and lizard, there they go:

Spiders and snakes and hairy things, and every kind of bird,
Which as they chirp and twitter round all make their voices heard:

Hawk, woodcock, heron, piper, owl, the cuckoo with his flute,
Partridge, geese, ospreys, pheasants, cranes, and redbacks, follow suit.

[539] There sweetly singing to their mates the gorgeous-coloured things,
White-tufted, blue-neckt, peacock-hued flutter their pretty wings.

Why should I try their thousand names in detail to rehearse?
Imagine every kind of bird, and add them to my verse.

There a melodious company their thousand songs they make
And fill the air with pleasant noise round Mucalinda Lake.

The wood is full of elephants, of antelopes and deer,
Where hanging down from all the trees great creepers do appear.

There mustard grows, and sugar-cane, and many kinds of rice,
And beans and other plants and herbs, all comers to suffice.

Yonder the footpath leads you straight unto his settling-ground
Where never hunger, never thirst, and no distaste is found,
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king:

p. 279

With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,

Skinclad he lies upon the ground, and tends the fire with care."

[540] When this he heard, the brahmin walked around him towards the right,
And went to seek Vessantara, his heart in high delight.

Jūjaka went on by the road pointed out to him by Accata the Hermit, and arrived at the foursquare lake. "It is now late evening," he thought: "Maddī will by now be returned from the forest, and women are always in the way. To-morrow, when she

has gone into the forest, I will go to Vessantara, and ask him for the children, and before she comes back I will be away." So he climbed a flat-topt hill not far off, and lay down in a pleasant spot. Now at dawn of the next morning, Maddī had a dream, and her dream was after this fashion: A black man clothed in two yellow robes, with red flowers in his two ears, came and entered the hut of leaves, clutched Maddī by the hair of her head and dragged her out, threw her down on the ground backwards, and amidst her shrieks tore out her two eyes, cut off two arms, cut open her breast, and tearing out the heart dripping with blood carried it away. She awoke in affright, thinking—"An evil dream have I seen; I have no one here but Vessantara to interpret my dream, so I will ask him about it." [541] Then going to the hut of the Great Being, she knocked at the door. "Who's there?" "I, my lord, Maddī." "Lady, why have you come here unseasonably, and broken our compact?" "My lord, it is not from desire that I come; but I have had an evil dream." "Tell it to me then, Maddī." She told it as it had appeared: the Great Being understood what the dream meant. "The perfection of my giving," he thought, "is to be fulfilled: this day comes a suitor to ask for my children. I will console Maddī and let her go." So he said, "Your mind must have been disturbed by uneasy sleep or by indigestion; fear nothing." With this deceit he consoled her, and let her go. And when the night grew light, she did all that had to be done, embraced and kissed the children, and said, "Last night I had a bad dream; be careful, my dears!" Then she gave them in charge of the Great Being, begging him to take care of them, took her basket and tools, wiped her tears, and away to the woods for fruits and roots.

But Jūjaka, thinking that she would now be gone, came down from the hill and went up the footpath towards the hermitage.

And the Great Being came out of his hut, and seated himself upon a slab of stone like a golden image. "Now the suitor will come!" he thought, like a drunkard, thirsting for a draught, and sat watching the road by which he would come, his children playing about his feet. And as he looked down the road, he saw the brahmin coming; taking up as it were the burden of his giving, for seven months laid down, he cried in joy—"Brahmin, pray draw near!" and to the boy Jāli he addressed this stanza:

"Jāli, arise and stand: behold a brahmin in my sight!
'Tis the old time come back again, and fills me with delight!"

p. 280

Hearing this, the boy says:

[542] "Yes, yes, my father, I behold the brahmin whom you see;
He comes as though a boon to ask; our guest he needs must be."

And with these words, to shew him honour, the boy rose up from his seat, and went to meet the brahmin, offering to relieve him of his baggage. The brahmin looked at him, and thought, "This must be Jāli, the son of Vessantara: from the very first I will speak harshly to him." So he snapt his fingers at him, crying—"Go away, go away!" The boy thought, "A harsh man this, to be sure!" and looking at his body, he perceived in him the eighteen blemishes of a man. But the brahmin came up to the Bodhisatta, and politely greeting him, said

"O holy man, we trust that you are prosperous and well,
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?"

The Bodhisatta answered politely

"I thank you, brahmin, and reply: we prosper and are well

With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where we dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things we suffer no annoy,
And from wild beasts of prey we here immunity enjoy [1].

Seven months we have lived happy in this forest, and have not
Once seen a brahmin, as we now see you, godlike, I wot,
With vilva-staff and tinder-box, and with the waterpot.

Welcome, O brahmin! blest the chance directed you this way;
Come, enter with a blessing, come and wash your feet, I pray.

The tindook and the piyal leaves, the kāsumāri sweet,
And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O noble brahmin, take of it, drink if it be your will [2]."

After these words, the Great Being thought: "Not without cause is this brahmin come to this great forest; I will ask him the reason without delay "; and he recited this stanza:

[543] "Now tell me what may be the cause, what can the reason be,

That brings you to this mighty wood? I pray you tell it me."

Jūjaka said:

"As a great water-flood is full, and fails not any day,

So you, from whom I come to beg—give me your children, pray!"

On hearing this, the Great Being was delighted in heart; and said, like one who sets in the outstretched hand a purse of a thousand pieces of money [3]:

"I give, and shrink not: you shall be their master. But my queen
Went out this morning for our food; at evening she'll be seen.

Stay here this night: the morning light shall see you on your way.
She'll wash them and perfume them both [1], and garland them with flowers.

Stay here this night: the morning light shall see you on your way.
Deckt out with flowers they both shall be, with scents and perfumes sweet;
Take them away, and plenty take of fruits and roots to eat."

Jūjaka said:

[544] "No, mighty monarch, I would go; I do not wish to stay:
I'll go, lest some impediment should thwart me in the way.

Women no generous givers are, to thwart they always try,
They know all sorts of cunning spells, and always go awry.

Let him who gives a gift in faith not see his mother's face,
Or she will find impediments: O king, I'd go apace.

Give me your children; let them not behold their mother's face:
For he that gives a gift in faith, his merit grows apace.

Give me your children; let them not behold their mother's face:
He who gives wealth to such as I, to heaven he goes apace."

Vessantara said:

"If you wish not to see my wife,—a faithful wife is she!
Let Jāli and Kaṇhājinā their grandsire go and see.

When these fair children, sweet of speech, shall come within his sight,
He'll give you wealth in plenty, full of joy and high delight."

Jūjaka said:

"I fear the spoiling of my goods: O prince, I prithee hear!
The king may deal me punishment, may slay, or sell, I fear;
Sans wealth and servants, how my wife would mock at me, and jeer!"

[545] Vessantara said:

When these fair children, sweet of speech, shall come within his sight,
The foster-king of Sivi folk, who always does the right,
Will give you wealth in plenty, filled with pleasure and delight."

Jūjaka said:

"No, no, I will not do this thing which you would recommend:
I'll take the children, on my wife as servants to attend."

The children, hearing these harsh words, slunk behind the hut, and away they ran from behind the hut, and hid close to a clump of bushes. Even there they seemed to see themselves caught by Jūjaka: trembling, they could not keep still anywhere, but ran hither and thither, until they came to the bank of the square lake; where, wrapping the bark garments tightly about them, they plunged into the water and stood there concealed, their heads hidden under the lily leaves.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"So Jāli and Kaṇhājinā hither and thither ran,
In deep distress to hear the voice of the pursuing man."

And Jūjaka, when he saw nothing of the children, upbraided the Bodhisatta: "Ho Vessantara! when you gave me the children just now,

as soon as I told you that I would not go to the city of Jetuttara, but would make the children my wife's attendants, you made them some sign, and caused them to run away, sitting there like innocence itself! Such a liar there is not in the world, I'm thinking." The Great Being was moved. "They have run away, no doubt," he thought, and said aloud, "Do not trouble about it, sir, I'll fetch them." So he arose and went behind the hut; perceiving that they must have fled to the woods, [546] he followed their footprints to the lakeside, and then seeing a footprint where they went down into the water, he perceived that they must have gone into the water: so he called, "Jāli, my boy!" reciting these two stanzas:

"Come hither, my beloved son, my perfect state fulfil;
Come now and consecrate my heart, and follow out my will.

Be thou my ship to ferry me safe o'er existence' sea,
Beyond the worlds of birth and gods I'll cross and I'll be free."

"Come, Jāli, my boy!" cried he; and the lad hearing his voice thought thus:—"Let the brahmin do with me what he will, I, will not quarrel with my father!" He raised his head, parted the lily-leaves, and came out of the water, throwing himself upon the Great Being's right foot; embracing the ankle he wept. Then the Great Being said: "My boy, where is your sister?" He answered, "Father, all creatures take care of themselves in time of danger." The Great Being recognized that the children must have made a bargain together, and he cried out, "Here, Kaṇhā!" reciting two stanzas:

"Come hither, my beloved girl, my perfect state fulfil,
Come now and consecrate my heart, and follow out my will.

Be thou my ship to ferry me safe o’er existence’ sea,
Beyond the worlds of men and gods I'll cross and lift [1] me free!"

She also thought, "I will not quarrel with my father "; and in a moment out she came, and falling on her father's left foot clasped his ankle and wept. Their tears fell upon the Great Being's feet, coloured like a lily-leaf; and his tears fell on their backs, which had the colour of golden slabs. Then the Great Being raised up his children and comforted them, saying, "My son Jāli, don't you know that I have gladly given you away? So do that my desire may attain fulfilment." And then and there he put a price on the children, as one puts a price on cattle. To his son he said: "Son Jāli, if you wish to become free, you must pay the brahmin [547] a thousand pieces of gold [2]. But your sister is very beautiful; if any person of low birth should give the brahmin so and so much to make her free, he would break her birthright. None but a king

can give all things by the hundred; therefore if your sister would be free let her pay the brahmin a hundred male and a hundred female slaves, with elephants, horses, bulls, and gold pieces, all a hundred each." Thus did he price the children, and comforted them, and took them back to the hermitage. Then he took water in his waterpot, and calling the brahmin to come near, he poured out the water, praying that he might attain omniscience. "Dearer than my son a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a hundred thousandfold is omniscience!" he cried, making the earth resound, and to the brahmin he gave this precious gift of his children.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The foster-king of Sivi land then took his children both,

And gave this gift most precious to the brahmin, nothing loth.

Then was there terror and affright, and the great earth did quake,
What time the king with folded hands bestowed the children both;
Then was there terror and affright, and the great earth did shake,
When Sivi's king his children gave the brahmin, nothing loth."

[548] When the Great Being had made the gift, he was joyful, thinking how good a gift he had made, as he stood looking upon the children. And Jūjaka went into the jungle, and bit off a creeper, and with it he bound the boy's right hand to the girl's left, and drove them away beating them with the ends of the creeper.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The cruel brahmin bit a length of creeper off; which done,

He with the creeper bound their hands, and dragged the children on [1].

And then the brahmin, staff in hand, holding the creeper tight,
Beat them and drove them on and on before their father's sight."

Where he struck them, the skin was cut, the blood ran, when struck they staggered against each other back to back. But in a rugged place the man stumbled and fell: with their tender hands the children slipt off the light bond, and ran away weeping to the Great Being.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The children thus at liberty then from the brahmin fly;

The boy looks on his father's face, the tears are in his eye.

Then like a fig-leaf in the wind the little boy did quake,
Embracing threw his arms around his father's feet, and spake

"Father, will you dispose of us while mother is away?
O do not give us till she come! till she return, O stay!

And will you then dispose of us while mother is away?
O wait until she shall return, then give us if you will!
Then let the brahmin sell us both, then let the brahmin kill!

His foot is huge, his nails are torn, his flesh hangs sagging down,
Long underlip and broken nose, all trembling, tawny-brown,

Pot-bellied, broken-backed, with eyes that chew an ugly squint [2],
All spots and wrinkles, yellow-haired, with beard of bloody tint,

Yellow, loose-jointed, cruel, huge, in skins of goats bedight,

A crooked and inhuman thing, a most terrific sight;

[549] A man, or monstrous cannibal? and canst thou tamely see
This goblin come into the wood to ask this boon of thee?

And is thy heart a piece of stone fast bound about with steel,
To care not when this greedy man, who can no pity feel,
Binds us, and drives us off like kine? At least I would appeal

That sister Kaṇha, who as yet no trouble knows, may stay,
Now crying like a sucking fawn lost from the herd away."

[550] To this the Great Being answered not one word. Then the boy said, lamenting on account of his parents [1]:

"I care not for the pain of death, that is the lot of all:

Ne’er more to see my mother's face, ’tis this that doth appal.

I care not for the pain of death, that is the lot of all:
Ne’er more to see my father's face, ’tis this that doth appal.

Long will my parents mourn and weep, long will they nurse their woe,
At midnight and at dawn their tears will like a river flow,
No more to see Kaṇhājinā, whom they had cherished so.

Those clusters of rose-apple trees which droop around the lake,
And all the fruitage of the woods this day we do forsake.

Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan broad and every tree that grows,
Yea! all the fruitage of the woods this day we do forsake.

There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows,
The place where once we used to play, this day we do forsake.

The fruit that once we used to eat, the flowers we used to wear,
That yonder grow upon the hill, this day we do forsake.

And all the pretty little toys that once we played with there,
The horses, oxen, elephants, this day we do forsake."

[551] In despite of these lamentations, Jūjaka came and drove him away with his sister.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The children to their father said as they were led away:

"O father! wish our mother well, and happy be your day!

These oxen, horses, elephants wherewith we used to play,
Give them to mother, and they will somewhat her grief allay.

These oxen, horses, elephants wherewith we used to play,
When she looks on them, will anon somewhat her grief allay."

Now great pain arose in the Great Being because of his children, and his heart grew hot within him: he trembled violently, like an elephant seized by a maned lion, like the moon swallowed in Rāhu's jaws. Not strong enough to endure it, he went into the hut, tears streaming from his eyes, and wept pitifully.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"The warrior prince Vessantara thus gave his gift, and went,

And there within his leafy bower he sadly did lament."

What follow are the verses of the Great Being's lamentation.

"O when at morning or at eve for food my children cry,

Opprest by hunger or by thirst, who will their want supply?

[552] How will their little trembling feet along the roadway go,
Unshod? who'll take them by the hand and lead them gently so?

How could the brahmin feel no shame, while I was standing by,
To strike my harmless innocents? a shameless man say I!

No man with any sense of shame would treat another so,
Were it a servant of my slave, and I brought very low.

I cannot see him, but he scolds and beats my children dear,
While like a fish caught in a trap I'm standing helpless here."

These thoughts came into the Great Being's mind, through his affection for the children; he could not away with the pain to think how the brahmin cruelly beat his children, and he resolved to go in chase of the man, and kill him, and to bring the children back. But no, he thought: that was a mistake; to give a gift, then to repent because the children's trouble would be very great, that was not the way of the righteous. And the two following stanzas contain the reflexions which throw light on that matter.

"He bound his sword upon his left, he armed him with his bow;

I'll bring my children back again; to lose them is great woe.

But even if my children die 'tis wicked to feel pain [1]:
Who knows the customs of the good, yet asks a gift again?"

[553] Meanwhile Jūjaka beat the children as he led them along. Then the boy said lamenting:

"How true that saying seems to be which men are wont to tell:

Who has no mother of his own is fatherless as well [2].

Life's nothing to us: let us die; we are his chattels now,
This cruel greedy violent man, who drives us like his cow.

These clusters of rose-apple trees, which droop around the lake,
And all the verdure of the woods, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan tree, and every tree that grows,
Yea all the many kinds of fruit, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows;
The place where once we used to play, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

The fruit that once we used to eat, the flowers we used to wear,
That yonder grow upon the hill, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

And all the little pretty toys that once we played with there,
The horses, oxen, elephants, O Kaṇhā, we forsake."

Again the brahmin fell down in a rough place: the cord fell from his hand, and the children, trembling like wounded fowls, ran away without stopping back to their father.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"Now Jāli and Kaṇhājinā, thus by the brahmin led,

Somehow got free, and then away and on and on they fled."

[554] But Jūjaka quickly got up, and followed them, cord and stick in hand, spitting like the fire at the world's end; "Very clever you are indeed," said he, "at running away"; and he tied their hands and brought them back.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"And so the brahmin took his cord, and so his staff he took,

And brought them back with beating, while the king was forced to look."

As they were led away, Kaṇhājinā turned back, and lamented to her father. Explaining this, the Master said:

"Then spake Kaṇhājinā and said: "My father, prithee see—
As though I were a home-born slave this brahmin thrashes me!

Brahmins are men of upright life: no brahmin he can be.
A goblin sure in brahmin-shape, that leads us off to eat.
And can you stay and see us led to be a goblin's meat?"

As his young daughter lamented, trembling as she went, dire grief arose in the Great Being: his heart grew hot within him; his nose was not large enough, so from his mouth he sent forth hot pantings; tears like drops of blood fell from his eyes. Then he thought: "All this pain comes from affection, and no other cause; I must quiet this affection, and be calm." Thus by power of his knowledge he did away with that keen pang of sorrow, and sat still as usual.

Ere they had yet reached the entering in of the mountains, the girl went on lamenting:

"Sore are these little feet of mine, hard in the way we go,
The brahmin drives us on and on, the sun is sinking low.

[555] On hills and forests, and on those that dwell in them, we call,
We reverently bow to greet the spirits, one and all

That haunt this lake; its plants and roots and creepers, and we pray
To wish our mother health: but us the brahmin drives away.
If she would follow after us, let her make no delay.

Straight leads unto the hermitage this path by which we go;
And if she will but follow this, she soon will find us so.

Thou gatherer of wild fruits and roots, thou of the knotted hair,
To see the empty hermitage will cause thee great despair.

Long stayed our mother on her quest, great store she must have found,
Who knows not that a cruel man and greedy hath us bound,
A very cruel man, who now like cattle drives us round.

Ah, had our mother come at eve, and had they chanced to meet,
Had she given him a meal of fruit with honey mixt, to eat,—

He would not drive us cruelly, when he his meal had hent:

Cruel he drove us, and our feet loud echoed as we went!"

So for their mother longing sore the children did lament [1].

[556] Now whereas the king gave his dearly beloved children to the brahmin, the earth did resound with a great uproar that reached even to Brahma's heaven and pierced the hearts of the deities which dwelt in Himavat: who, hearing the children's lamentation as the man drove them along, thought with themselves, "If Maddī come betimes to the hermitage, not seeing her children she will ask Vessantara about it; great will be her longing when she hears that they have been given away; she will run after them, and will get into great trouble: so they instructed three [2] of the gods to take upon them the shape of a lion and a tiger and a pard, and to obstruct [3] her way, not to let her go back for all her asking until the setting of the sun, that she might only get back by moonlight, guarding her safe from the attacks of lions and other wild beasts.

Explaining this, the Master said:

"A Lion, Tiger, and a Pard, three creatures of the brake,

Which heard this lamentation loud, thus each to other spake:

"Let not the princess back return at eve from seeking food,
Lest the wild beasts should slay her in our kingdom of the wood.

If lion, pard, or tiger should the auspicious mother slay,
O where would then Prince Jāli be, O where Kaṇhājinā
The parent and the children both do you preserve this day."

They agreed, and obeyed the words of the gods. Becoming a lion, a tiger, and a pard, they lay down near the road by which she must go Now Maddī was thinking to herself, [557] "Last night I saw a bad dream; I will collect my fruits and roots and get me betimes to the hermitage." Trembling she searched for the roots and fruits: the spade fell from her hand, the basket fell from her shoulder, her right eye went a-throbbing, fruit-trees appeared as barren and barren trees as fruitful, she could not tell whether she were on head or heels [4]. "What can be the meaning," she thought, "of this strangeness to-day!" and she said—

"Down falls my spade, a throbbing now in my right eye I feel,

The fruitful trees unfruitful seem, all round me seems to reel!"

And when she turned at evening time to go, the day's work done,
Wild beasts beset her homeward path at setting of the sun.

"The hermitage is far, methinks, the sun is sinking low
And all the food they have to eat is what I bring, I know.
And there my prince sits all alone within the leafy hut,
The hungry children comforting: and I returning not.

It is the time of evening meal, O woe is me! ’tis late:

Thirsting for water or for milk my children me await;

They come to meet me, standing like calves looking for their dam;
Like wild-goose chicks above the lake—O wretched that I am!

This is the sole and only path, with ponds and pits around:
And I can see no other road now I am homeward bound.

O mighty monarchs of the woods, O royal beasts, I cry,
Be brothers now in righteousness [1], and let me safe go by!

I am a banisht prince's wife, a prince of glory fair;
As Sītā did for Rāma, so I for my husband care.

When you go home at evening time, your children you can see:
So Jāli and Kaṇhājinā be given once more to me!

Here are abundant roots and fruits, much food I have to chew:
The half I offer now to you: O let me safely go!

[558] A king my father, and a queen my mother—hear my cry!
Be brothers now in righteousness, and let me safe go by!"

Then the gods, observing the time, saw that it was time to let her go; and they rose up and departed. The Master explained it thus:

"The beasts that heard her thus lament with great exceeding woe,
In voice of sweet and gentle sound, went off and let her go."

When the beasts had departed, she returned to the hermitage. Now it was the night of the full moon; and when she came to the end of the covered walk, where she had been used to see her children, and saw them not, she cried out:

[559] "The children, dusty, close to home, are wont to meet me here
Like calves that seek the mother-cow, like birds above the mere.

Like little deer, with prickt-up ear, they meet me on the way:
With joy and happiness they skip and frolick in their play:
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

As goat and lioness may leave their young, a bird her cage,
To seek for food, so have I done their hunger to assuage:
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

Here are their traces, close by home, like snakes upon the hill,
The little heaps of earth they made all round, remaining still:
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

All covered up with dust to me my children used to run,
Sprinkled with mud, but now indeed I can see neither one.

Like kids to welcome back their dam they ran from home away
As from the forest I returned; I see them not to-day.

Here they were playing, here this yellow vilva fruit let fall:
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

These breasts of mine are full of milk, my heart will break withal:
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

They used to cling about my hips, one hanging from my breast:
How they would meet me, dust-begrimed, at time of evening rest!
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

p. 289

Once on a time this hermitage became our meeting-ground:

But now I see no children here, the whole place spins around.

[560] My children must be dead! the place so silent has become—
The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb."

Lamenting in this fashion, she came up to the Great Being, and set down the basket of fruit. Seeing him sitting in silence, and no children with him, she said:

"Why art thou silent? how that dream comes to my thought again:

The birds and ravens make no sound, my children must be slain!

O sir, have they been carried off by some wild beast of prey?
Or in the deep deserted wood have they been led astray?

[561] O do the pretty prattlers sleep? on errands do they fare?
O have they wandered out afar in frolic or in play?

I cannot see their hands and feet, I cannot see their hair:
Was it a bird that swooped? or who has carried them away?"

To this the Great Being made no reply. Then she asked, "My lord, why do you not speak to me? what is my fault?" and said:

"'Tis like the wound of arrow-shot, and still more bitter smart
(But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day!)

This is a second wound that thou hast struck me to the heart,
That I my children cannot see, that thou hast nought to say.

And so, O royal prince! this night since thou wilt not reply,
I think my days are done indeed, and thou wilt see me die."

The Great Being thought that he would assuage his pain for the children by harsh speech, and recited this stanza:

[562] "O Maddī, royal princess born, whose glory is so great,
Thou wentst for food in early morn: why comest thou so late?"

She replied:

"Did you not hear the lion and the tiger loudly roar
When by the lake their thirst to slake they stood upon the shore?

As in the woods I walked, there came the sign I knew so well:
My spade fell from my hand, and from my arm the basket fell.

Then hurt, alarmed, I worshipt all the quarters, one by one,
Praying that good might come of this, my hands outstretcht in prayer:

And that no lion and no pard, hyena, wolf or bear,
Might tear or harry or destroy my daughter or my son.

A lion, tiger, and a pard, three ravening beasts, laid wait
And kept me from my homeward path: so that is why I'm late."

This was all that the Great Being said to her until sunrise: after which Maddī uttered a long lament:

[563] "My husband and my children I have tended day and night,
As pupil tends a teacher, when he tries to do the right.

In goatskins clothed, wild roots and fruits I from the forest brought,
And every day and every night for your convenience sought.

I brought you yellow vilva fruit, my little girl and boy,
And many a ripe woodland fruit, to play and make you joy.

This lotus root and lotus stalk, of golden yellow hue,
Join with your little ones, O prince, and eat your portion too.

Give the white lily to your girl, to Jāli give the blue,
And see them dance in garlands deckt: O call them, Sivi, do!

O mighty monarch! lend an ear while with delightful sound
Kaṇhājinā sings sweetly, and enters our settling-ground.

Since we were banisht, joy and woe in common shared has been:
O answer! my Kaṇhājinā and Jāli hast thou seen?

How many holy brahmins I must have offended sore,
Of holy life, and virtuous, and full of sacred lore,
That Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day!"

[564] To this lament the Great Being answered not one word. As he said nothing, trembling she sought her children by the light of the moon; and wheresoever they used to play, under the rose-apple trees or where not, she sought them, weeping the while, and saying:

"These clusters of rose-apple trees, that droop around the mere,
And all the fruitage of the woods—my children are not here!

Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan broad, and every tree that grows,
Yea, all the fruitage of the woods—my children are not here!

There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows,
The place where once they used to play—but now they are not here.

The fruit that once they used to eat, the flowers they used to wear
That yonder grow upon the hill—the children are not there!

And all the little toys that once they played with, there are those,
The oxen, horses, elephants—the children are not there!

Here are the many hares and owls, the dark and dappled deer,
With which the children used to play, but they themselves not here!

The peacocks with their gorgeous wings, the herons and the geese,
With which the children used to play, but they themselves not here!"

Not finding her darling children in the hermitage, she entered a clump of flowering plants and looked here and there for them, saying:

"The woodland thickets, full of flowers that every season blow,

Where once the children used to play, but they themselves not here!

The lovely lakes that listen, when the ruddy geese give call,
When lotus white and lotus blue and trees like coral grow [1],
Where once the children played, but now no children are at all."

[565] But nowhere could she see the children. Then returning to the Great Being, whom she beheld with his face cast down, she said to him:

"The kindling wood you have not split, the fire you have not lit,

Nor brought the water as before: why do you idly sit?

When I return unto my den my toil is done away,
But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day!"

Still the Great Being sat silent; and she distrest at his silence,

trembling like a wounded fowl, went again round the places which she had searched before, and returning said:

"O husband mine, I cannot see by whom their death has come:
The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb."

Still the Great Being said no word. And she, in her longing for the little ones, a third time searched the same places quick as the wind: in one night the space which she traversed in seeking them was fifteen leagues. Then the night gave place to dawn, and at sunrise she came again to the Great Being, and stood before him lamenting. The Master explained it thus:

"When she had traversed in the search each forest and each hill,
Back to her husband she returned, and stood lamenting still.

[566] "In hills, woods, caves I cannot see by whom their death has come:
The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb."

Then Maddī, dame of high renown, princess of royal birth,
Lamenting with her arms outstretcht fell down upon the earth."

"She's dead!" thought the Great Being, and trembled. "Ah, this is no place for Maddī to die! Had she died in Jetuttara city, great pomp there would have been, two kingdoms would have quaked. But I am alone in the forest, and what can I do?" Great trouble came upon him; then recovering himself somewhat, he determined to do what he could. Rising up he laid a hand on her heart, and felt it to be still warm: he brought water in a pitcher, and although for seven months past he had not touched her body, in his distress he could no longer keep to the ascetic's part, but with tears in his eyes he raised her head and laid it upon his lap, sprinkling it with water, and chafing her face and bosom as he sat. Then Maddī after a little while regains her senses, and, rising up in confusion, does obeisance to the Great Being, and asks, "My lord Vessantara, where are the children gone?" "I have

given them," says he, "to a brahmin." The Master thus explained it:

"He sprinkled her with water as she fell down faint as dead,
And when she had come back again to consciousness, he said":—

[567] She asked him, "My dear, if you had given the children to a brahmin, why did you let me go weeping about all night, without saying a word?" The Great Being replied:

"I did not speak at once, because I shrank to cause you pain.
A poor old brahmin came to beg, and so, of giving fain,
I gave the children: do not fear, O Maddī! breathe again.

O Maddī, do not grieve too sore, but set your eyes on me:
We'll get them back alive once more, and happy shall we be.

Good men should ever give when asked, sons, cattle, wealth, and grain.
Maddī, rejoice! a greater gift than children cannot be."

Maddī replied:

"I do rejoice! a greater gift than children cannot be.
By giving set your mind at rest; pray do the like again:

For you, the mighty fostering king of all the Sivi land,
Amidst a world of selfish men gave gifts with lavish hand."

To this the Great Being answered: "Why do you say this, Maddī? If I had not been able to set my mind at peace by giving my children, these miracles would not have happened to me"; and then he told her all the earth-rumblings and what else had happened. [568] Then Maddī rejoicing described the miracles in these words:

"The earth did rumble, and the sound the highest heaven fills,

The lightning flared, the thunder woke the echoes of the hills!

Then Nārada and Pabbata both greatly did rejoice,
Yea, all the Three and Thirty Gods with Indra, at that voice [1].

Thus Maddī, dame of royal birth, princess of high degree,
Rejoiced with him: a greater gift than children none can be."

Thus the Great Being described his own gift; and thus did Maddī repeat the tale, affirming that he had given a noble gift, and there she sat rejoicing in the same gift: on which occasion the Master repeated the stanza, "Thus Maddī," etc. [2]

As they were thus talking together, Sakka thought: "Yesterday Vessantara gave his children to Jūjaka, and the earth did resound. Now suppose a vile creature should come and ask him for Maddī herself, the incomparable, the virtuous, and should take her away with him leaving the king alone: he will be left helpless and destitute. Well, then, I will take the form of a brahmin, and beg for Maddī. Thus I will enable him to attain the supreme height of perfection; I shall make it impossible that she should be given to anyone else and then I will give her back." So at dawn, to him goes Sakka. The Master explained it thus:

"And so when night was at an end, about the peep of day,

Sakka in brahmin's form to them first early made his way.

[569] "O holy man, I trust that you are prosperous and well,
With grain to glean, and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell [3].

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?"

The Great Being replied:

"Thank you, brahmin—yes, I am both prosperous and well,

With grain to glean, and fruits and roots abundant where I dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things I suffer no annoy,
And from wild beasts of prey I here immunity enjoy.

I've lived here seven sad months, and you the second brahmin found,

Holding a goat-staff in his hand, to reach this forest-ground.

Welcome, O brahmin! blest the chance directed you this way [1];
Come enter with a blessing, come, and wash your feet, I pray.

The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsumārī sweet,
And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,
O noble brahmin! take of it, drink if it be your will [2]."

As thus they talked pleasantly together he asked of his coming:

"And now what reason or what cause directed you this way?

Why have you sought the mighty woods? resolve me this, I pray."

Then Sakka replied: "O king, I am old, but I have come here to beg your wife Maddī; pray give her to me," and he repeated this stanza:

"As a great water-flood is full and fails not any day,

So you, from whom I come to beg—give me your wife, I pray."

To this the Great Being did not reply—"Yesterday I gave away my children to a brahmin, how can I give Maddī to you and be left alone in the forest!" No, he was as though putting a purse of a thousand pieces in his hand: indifferent, unattached, with no

clinging of mind, he made the mountain re-echo with this stanza:

[570] "Weary am I, nor hide I that: yet in my own despite,
I give, and shrink not: for in gifts my heart doth take delight."

This said, quickly he drew water in a pitcher, and poured it upon his hand [3], and made over Maddī to the brahmin. At that moment, all the portents which had occurred before were again seen and heard. The Master thus explained it:

"Then he took up a water-jar, the king of Sivi land,
And taking Maddī, gave her straight into the brahmin's hand.

Then was there terror and affright, then the great earth did quake,
What time he rendered Maddī for his visitor to take.

The face of Maddī did not frown [4], she did not chafe or cry,
But looked on silent, thinking, He knows best the reason why.

"Both Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I let another take,
And Maddī my devoted wife, and all for wisdom's sake.

Not hateful is my faithful wife, nor yet my children are,
But perfect knowledge, to my mind, is something dearer far."

Then the Great Being looked upon Maddī's face to see how she took it; and she, asking him why he looked upon her, cried aloud with a lion's voice in these words:

"From maidenhood I was his wife, he is my master still:
Let him to whomso he desire or give, or sell, or kill."

[571] Then Sakka, seeing her excellent resolution, gave her praise; and the Master explained it thus:

"Thereat spake Sakka, seeing how her wishes did incline:

"Conquered is every obstacle, both human and divine.

The earth did rumble, and the sound the highest heaven fills,
The lightning flares, the thunder wakes the echoes of the hills.

Now Nārada and Pabbata to hear this mighty voice,
Yea, all the Three and Thirty Gods at this hard feat rejoice.

'Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,
Bad men can hardly imitate the life that good men live.

And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth [1].

This is the Noble Vehicle [2]: both wife and child were given,
Therefore let him descend [3] no more, but this bear fruit in heaven."

When thus Sakka had expressed his approval, he thought, "Now I must make no more delay here, but give her back and go"; and he said:

[572] "Sir, now I give you Maddī back, your fair and lovely wife,

A pair well-matched, and fitted for a most harmonious life.

Like the inevitable bond 'twixt water and a shell,
So you with Maddī; mind and heart are both according well.

Of equal birth and family on either parents' side
Here in a forest hermitage together you abide,
That ye may go on doing good where in the woods you dwell."

This said, he went on, offering a boon:

"Sakka the King of Gods am I, here come thy place to see:

Choose thou a boon, O royal sage, eight boons I give to thee."

As he spoke, he rose into the air ablaze like the morning sun. Then the Bodhisatta said, choosing his boons:

"Sakka, the lord of all the earth, has given me a boon.

Prithee my father reconcile, let him recall me soon
And set me in my royal seat: this the first boon I crave.

May I condemn no man to death, not though he guilty be:
Condemned, may I release from death: this second boon I crave.

May all the people for their help look only unto me,
The young, the old, the middle-aged: this the third boon I crave.

May I not seek my neighbour's wife, contented with my own,
Nor subject to a woman's will: this the fourth boon I crave.

I prithee, Sakka, grant long life to my beloved son,

Conquering the world in righteousness: this the fifth boon I crave.

Then at the end of every night, at dawning of the day,
May food celestial be revealed: this the sixth boon I crave.

May means of giving never fail, and may I give alway
With hearty gladness and content: this the seventh boon I crave.

[573] Hence freed, may I be straight advanced to heaven, then that I may
No more be born upon the earth: this the eighth boon I crave."

When Sakka, King of Gods, had heard his saying, thus said he:

"Ere long, the father whom you love, will wish his son to see."

With this address, Sakka went back to his own place. Explaining this, the Master said:

"The Mighty One, the King of Gods, this said, Sujampati,

After the giving of the boons straight back to heaven went he [1]."

Now the Bodhisatta and Maddī lived happily together in the hermitage which Sakka had given them; but Jūjaka, with the

children, went on a journey of sixty leagues. The deities watched over the children; Jūjaka when the sun went down used to tie up the children with osiers and leave them lying upon the ground, but himself in fear of cruel and wild beasts would climb up a tree and would sit in the fork of the boughs. Then a god would come to the children in the form of Vessantara, and a goddess in the form of Maddī; they would set free the children, and chafe their hands and feet, wash them and dress them, would give them food and put them to rest on a celestial couch: [574] then at dawn they would lay them down again in their bonds, and would disappear. Thus by help of the gods the children went on their way unhurt. Jūjaka also was guided by the gods, so that intending to go to the kingdom of Kalinga, in fifteen days he came to the city of Jetuttara. The same night, Sañjaya, king of Sivi, dreamt a dream, and his dream was on this fashion: As he was seated in high durbar, a man came and gave him two blossoms into his hand, and he hung them one on either ear; and the pollen fell from them upon his chest. When he awoke in the morning, he asked his brahmins what it meant. They said, "Some knights of yours, sire, who have been long absent, will return." So next morning, after feasting on many a dainty dish, he sat in his durbar, and the deities brought this brahmin and set him in the courtyard of the palace. In a moment the king saw the children, and said:

"Whose face is this that yellow shines, dry as though fire did scorch,
Like some gold bangle—one as though all shrivelled with a torch?

Both like in body, like in marks—who can these children be?
Like Jāli is the boy, and like Kaṇhājinā is she.

They're like two little lion cubs that from their cave descend,
And like each other: and they seem all golden as they stand."

After thus praising them in three stanzas the king sent a courtier to them, with instructions to bring them to him. Quickly he brought them; and the king said to the brahmin:

"Good Bhāradvāja, tell me whence you have those children brought?"

Jūjaka said:

"A fortnight since one gave them me, well pleased with what he wrought."

[575] The king said:

"By what soft speech or word of truth did you make him believe?
From whom these children, chiefest of all gifts, did you receive?"

Jūjaka said:

"It was the King Vessantara, in forest lands who lives,
Gave them as slaves, who like the earth to all suitors freely gives.

'Twas King Vessantara who gave his own as slaves to me,
To whom all suitors go, as go all rivers to the sea."

Hearing this, the courtiers spake in dispraise of Vessantara:

"Were he at home, it were ill done by any king that's good:
How could he give his children then, when banisht in the wood?

O listen to me, gentles all, that here assembled stand,
How could the king his children give to serve another's hand?

Slaves male or female he might give, a horse, a mule, a car,
Or elephants: but how give those who his own children are?"

But the boy hearing this, could not stomach his father's blame; but as though raising with his arm Mount Sineru smitten by the windblast [1], he recited this stanza:

"How, grandsire, can he give, when none in his possession are,
Slaves male or female, elephants, a horse, a mule, a car?"

The king said:

[576] "Children, I praise your father's gift: no word of blame I say.
But then how was it with his heart when he gave you away?"

The lad replied:

"All full of trouble was his heart, and it burned hot as well,
His eyes were red like Rohinī, and down the teardrops fell."

Then spake Kaṇhājinā and said:

"Father, this brahmin see—
With creepers, like his homeborn slave, my back he loves to beat.
This is no brahmin, father dear! for brahmins righteous be;
A goblin this in brahmin shape, who drives us off to eat.
How can you see us driven off with all this cruelty?"

The king, seeing that the brahmin did not let them go, recited a stanza:

"You children of a king and queen, royal your parents are:
Once you would climb upon my hip; why do you stand afar?"

The lad replied:

"We're children of a king and queen, royal our parents are,
But now a brahmin's slaves are we, and so we stand afar."

The king said:

"My dearest children, speak not so; my heart is parcht with heat,
My body's like a blazing fire, uneasy is this seat.

My dearest children, speak not so; you make me sorrow sore.
Come, I will buy you with a price, ye shall be slaves no more.

[577] Come tell me truly as it is,—I will the brahmin pay—
What price your father set on you when he gave you away?"

The lad replied:

"A thousand pieces was my price: to set my sister free,
Of elephants and all the rest [1] a hundred each fixed he."

The king bade pay the price for the children.

"Up, bailiff, pay the brahmin quick, and let the price be told:
A hundred male and female slaves, and cattle from the fold,
A hundred elephants and bulls, a thousand pounds in gold.'

The bailiff paid the brahmin quick, at once the price was told:
A hundred male and female slaves, and cattle from the fold,
A hundred bulls and elephants, a thousand pounds in gold."

Thereto he gave him a seven-storeyed palace; great was the brahmin's pomp! He put away all his treasure, and went up into his palace, and lay down on his fine couch, eating choice meats.

The children were then washed and fed and drest; the grandfather took one on his hip, the grandmother took the other. To explain this, the Master said:

"The children bought, well washt and drest, richly adorned, and fed,

[578] And set on their grandparents' hips, the king then spake and said:

"Jāli, your parents are we trust both prosperous and well [2],
With grain to glean and roots and fruits abundant where they dwell.

Have they been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
And have they from wild beasts of prey immunity enjoyed?"

The lad replied:

"I thank thee, king, and answer thus: my parents both are well,

With grain to glean and roots and fruits abundant where they dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things they suffer not annoy,
And from wild beasts of prey they there immunity enjoy.

Wild bulbs and radishes she digs, catmint and herbs seeks she,
With jujubes, nuts, and vilva fruit she finds us food alway.

And when she brings wild fruits and roots, whatever they may be,

We all together come and eat by night and eke by day.

Our mother's thin and yellow grown by seeking for our food,
Exposed to heat, exposed to wind in the beast-haunted wood.

Like to a tender lotus flower held in the hand which fades:
Her hair is thin [1] with wandering amid the forest glades.

Beneath her armpits clotted dirt, her hair in topknot bound,
She tends the fire, and clothed in skins she sleeps upon the ground."

Thus having described his mother's hardships, he reproached his grandfather in these words:

"It is the custom in the world that each man loves his son;

But this in one case it would seem your honour has not done."

[579] The king acknowledged his fault:

"It was ill done of me indeed to ruin the innocent,

When by the people's voice I drove my son to banishment.

Then all the wealth which I possess, all that I have in hand,
Be his; and let Vessantara come and rule in Sivi land."

The lad replied:

"Not for my word will he return, the chief of Sivi land:

Then go thyself and fill thy son with blessings from thy hand."

Then to his general-in-chief King Sañjaya thus said:

"My horses, chariots, elephants, and soldiers go prepare,

And let the people come around, the chaplains all be there.

The sixty thousand warrior lords armed and adorned so fair,
Drest up in blue or brown or white, with bloodred crests, be there.

Like as the spirit-haunted hills, where trees a plenty grow,
Are bright and sweet with plants divine, so here the breezes blow.

Bring fourteen thousand elephants, with trappings all of gold,
With drivers holding lance and hook: as many horse be told.

Sindh horses, all of noble breed, and very swift to go,
Each ridden by a henchman bold, and, holding sword and bow [2].

[580] Let fourteen thousand chariots be yoked and well arrayed,
Their wheels well wrought of iron bands, and all with gold inlaid.

Let them prepare the banners there, the shields and coats of mail,
And bows withal, those men of war that strike and do not fail."

Thus the king described the constitution of his army; and he gave orders to level the road from Jetuttara away to Mount Vaṁka to a width of eight rods [3], and thus and thus to decorate it. He said:

"Strow lāja flowers all about, and scented garlands strow,

Let there be pious offerings on the way that he shall go.

Each hamlet bring a hundred jars of wine for those who wish,
And set them down beside the road by which my son shall go.

Let flesh and cakes be ready there, soup garnisht well with fish,

And set them down beside the road by which my son shall go.

Wine, oil, and ghee, milk, millet, rice, and curds in many a dish,
Let them be set beside the road by which my son shall go.

Cooks and confectioners be there, and men to sing or play,
Dancers and tumblers, tomtom men, to drive dull care away.

The lutes give voice, the harsh-mouth'd conch, and let the people thrum
On timbrels and on tabours and on every kind of drum."

[581] Thus the king described the preparation of the road.

But Jūjaka ate too much and could not digest it, so he died on the spot. The king arranged for his funeral: proclamation was made through the city by beat of drum, but no relative could be found, and his goods fell to the king again.

On the seventh day, all the host assembled. The king in great ceremony set out with Jāli as his guide. This the Master explained as follows:

"Then did the mighty host set forth, the army of the land,

And went towards the Vaṁka hill, while Jāli led the band.

The elephant of sixty years gave forth a trumpet sound [1],
Loud trumpeted the mighty beast what time his girth they bound.

Then rattled loud the chariot wheels, then neighed the horses loud,
As the great army marched along the dust rose in a cloud.

For every need provided well the host marcht with a will,
And Jāli led the army on as guide to Vaṁka hill.

They entered in the forest wide, so full of birds and trees,
With every kind of flowering plant and any fruit you please.

There when the forest is in flower, a shower of song is heard,
The twitter here and twitter there of many a bright-winged bird.

A night and day they marcht, and came to the end of their long road,
And entered on the district where Vessantara abode [2]"

[582] On the banks of Lake Mucalinda, Prince Jāli caused them to intrench a camp: the fourteen thousand chariots he set facing the road by which they came, and a guard here and there to keep off lions, tigers, rhinoceros, and other wild beasts. There was a great noise of elephants and so forth; this the Great Being heard, and scared to death thought he—"Have they killed my father and come hither after me!" Taking Maddī with him he climbed a hill and surveyed the army. Explaining this, the Master said:

"The noise of this approaching host Vessantara did hear;

He climbed a hill and looked upon the army, full of fear.

O listen, Maddī, how the woods are full of roaring sound,
The neighing of the horses hear, the banners see around.

Can they be hunters, who with pits or hunting-nets or knives

Seek the wild creatures in the woods with shouts to take their lives?

So we, exiled though innocent, in this wild forest land,
Expect a cruel death, now fallen into an enemy's hand."

When she had heard these words, she looked at the army, and convinced that it was their own army, she recited this stanza to

comfort him:

[583] "All will be well: thy enemies can do no hurt to thee,
No more than any flame of fire could overcome the sea."

So the Great Being was reassured, and with Maddī came down from the hill and sat before his hut. This the Master explained:

"Then King Vessantara hereat descended from the hill,
And sat before his leafy hut and bad his heart be still."

At that moment, Sañjaya sent for his queen, and said to her: "My dear Phusatī, if we all go together it will be a great shock, so I will first go alone. When you feel that they must be quiet and reassured, you may come with a company." After a little time he told Jāli and Kaṇhājinā to come. He turned his chariot to face the road by which he had come, and set a guard in this place and in that, mounted upon his caparisoned elephant, and went to seek his son. The Master explained it thus:

"He set his army in array, his car turned to the road,
And sought the forest where his son in loneliness abode.

Upon his elephant, his robe over one shoulder thrown,
Clasping his upraised hands, he went to give his son the throne.

Then he beheld the beauteous prince, fearless, composed in will,
Seated before his hut of leaves and meditating still.

[584] Vessantara and Maddī then their father went to greet,
As they beheld him drawing nigh, eager his son to see.
Then Maddī made obeisance, laid her head before his feet,
Then he embraced them; with his hand he stroked them pleasantly."

Then weeping and lamenting for sorrow, the king spoke kindly to them.

"I hope and trust, my son, that you are prosperous and well,

With grain to glean and fruits and roots abundant where you dwell.

Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,
And have you from wild beasts of prey immunity enjoyed?"

The Great Being answered his father:

"My lord, the life we had to live a wretched life has been;

We had to live as best we could, to eat what we could glean.

Adversity breaks in a man, just as a charioteer
Breaks in a horse: adversity, O king, has tamed us here.

But ’tis our parents' absence which has made our bodies thin,
Banisht, O king, and with the woods and forests to live in."

After this he asked the fate of his children.

"But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā, your hapless heirs, whom now,

A brahmin cruel, merciless, drives on like any cow,

[585] If you know anything of these the royal children, tell,

As a physician tries to make a man with snake-bite well."

The king said:

"Both Jāli and Kaṇhājinā, your children, now are bought:

I paid the brahmin: therefore be consoled, my son, fear nought."

The Great Being was consoled to hear this, and conversed pleasantly with his father.

"I hope, dear father, you are well, and trouble comes no more,

And that my mother does not weep until her eyes are sore."

The king replied:

"Thank you, my son, I am quite well, and trouble comes no more,
So too your mother does not weep until her eyes are sore."

The Great Being said:

"I hope the kingdom all is well, the countryside at peace,
The animals all strong to work, the rain clouds do not cease."

The king replied:

"O yes, the kingdom all is well, the countryside at peace,
The animals all strong to work, the rain clouds do not cease."

As they thus talked together, Queen Phusatī, feeling sure that they must be all relieved from anxiety, came to her son with a great company.

[586] The Master explained it thus:

"Now while they talked together thus, the mother there was seen
Approaching to the door afoot, barefooted though a queen.

Vessantara and Maddī then their mother went to greet,
And Maddī ran and laid her head before her mother's feet.

The children safe and sound afar then Maddī did espy,
Like little calves that see their dam loud greetings they did cry.

And Maddī saw them safe and sound: like one possest she sped,
Trembling, and felt all full of milk the breasts at which they fed."

At that moment the hills resounded, the earth quaked, the great ocean was troubled, Sineru, king of mountains, bent down: the six abodes of the gods were all one mighty sound. Sakka, king of the gods, perceived that six royal personages and their

attendants lay senseless on the ground, and not one of them could arise and sprinkle the others with water; so he resolved to produce a shower of rain. This he did, so that those who wished to be wet were wet, and those who did not, not a drop of rain fell upon them, but the water ran off as it runs from a lotus-leaf. That rain was like rain that falls on a clump of lotus-lilies. [587] The six royal persons were restored to their senses, and all the people cried out at the marvel, how the rain fell on the group of kinsfolk, and the great earth did quake. This the Master explained as follows:

"When these of kindred blood were met, a mighty sound outspake,
That all the hills reechoed round, and the great earth did quake.

God brought a mighty cloud wherefrom he sent a shower of rain,
When as the King Vessantara his kindred met again.

King, queen, and son, and daughter-in-law, and grandsons, all were there,
When they were met their flesh did creep with rising of the hair.
The people clapt their hands and loud made to the king a prayer:

They called upon Vessantara and Maddī, one and all:
"Be thou our lord, be king and queen, and listen to our call [1]!"

Then the Great Being addressed his father:

"You and the people, countryfolk and townsfolk, banisht me,
When I upon my royal throne was ruling righteously."

The king replied, to allay his son's resentment:

"It was ill done of me indeed to ruin the innocent,
When by the people's voice I drove my son to banishment."

After reciting this verse, he added yet another, to ask for relief from his own sorrow:

"A father's or a mother's pain, or sister's, to relieve,
A man should never hesitate his very life to give."

[588] The Bodhisat, who had been desirous of resuming his royalty, but had refrained from saying so much in order to inspire respect, now agreed; whereupon the sixty thousand courtiers, his birthmates, cried out—

"'Tis time to wash, O mighty king—wash off the dust and dirt!"

But the Great Being replied, "Wait a little." Then he entered his hut, and took off his hermit's dress, and put it away. Next he came out of the hut, and said, "This is the place where I have spent nine months and a half in ascetic practices, where I attained the summit of perfection in giving, and where the earth did quake": thrice he went about the hut rightwise and made the five-fold prostration before it [2]. Then they attended to his hair and beard, and poured over him the water of consecration, while he shone in all his magnificence like the king of the gods. So it is said,

"Then did the King Vessantara wash off the dust and dirt."

Great was his glory: every place quaked that he looked on, those skilled in auspicious words uttered them, they caught up all manner of musical instruments; over the mighty ocean there was a sound like the noise of thunder; the precious elephant they brought richly caparisoned, and girding himself with the sword of price he mounted the precious elephant, whilst the

sixty thousand courtiers, his birthmates, compassed him around in gorgeous array.

p. 303

Maddī also they bathed and adorned and sprinkled with the water of consecration, and as they poured the water they cried aloud, "May Vessantara protect thee!" with other words of good omen. The Master explained it thus:

"With washen head and goodly robes and ornaments of state,
Girt with his awful sword he rode the elephant his mate [1].

And then the sixty thousand chiefs, so beauteous to view,
His birthmates, came about their lord and did obeisance due.

[589] The women then bathed Maddī, and all together pray—
"Vessantara and Sañjaya preserve you all alway!"

Thus reestablished, and their past trouble remembering,
There in the pleasant master's land they made a merry cheer.

Thus reestablished, and the past trouble remembering,
Happy and glad the lady went with her own children dear."

So in happiness she said to her children:

"I only ate one meal a day, I slept upon the ground,
That was my vow for love of you until you should be found.

But now my vow is brought to pass, and now again I pray,
What good so ever we have done preserve you both alway,
And may the great king Sañjaya preserve you both alway

What good so ever has been done by father or by me,
By that truth grow thou never old, immortal do thou be."

[590] Queen Phusatī said also, "Henceforth let my daughter-in-law be robed in these robes, and wear these ornaments!" These

she sent her in boxes. This the Master explained thus:

"Garments of cotton and of silk, linen and cloth so fine
Her mother-in-law to Maddī sent which made her beauty shine.

Necklet and bracelet, frontlet-piece, foot-bangle, jewelled zone
Her mother-in-law to Maddī sent, wherewith her beauty shone.

And when the princess passing fair her jewellery surveyed,
She shone, as shines in Nandana the goddesses arrayed.

With washen head and ornaments and goodly robes to see,
She shone, like to some heavenly nymph before the Thirty-Three.

As when in Cittalatā Grove [2] the wind a plantain sways,
The princess of the beauteous lips looked lovely as that tree.

Like as a brilliant-feathered bird that flies the airy ways,
She with her pretty pouting lips and beauty did amaze.

[591] They brought a fine young elephant, a mighty and a strong,
Which neither spear nor battle din could fright, whose tusks were long.

She mounts upon the elephant, so mighty and so strong,
Which neither spear nor battle din could fright, whose tusks were long."

So they two in great pomp proceeded to the camp. King Sañjaya and his innumerable host [3] amused themselves in hill sports and woodland

sports for a whole month. During that time, by the Great Being's glory, no hurt was done in all that great forest by wild beast or bird. The Master thus explained it:

"By glory of Vessantara, through all that mighty wood,
No beast or bird did any harm to the others, all did good.

And when he was to go away, they all with one consent,
Birds, beasts, and all the creatures of the wood, together went:

But silent were all pleasant sounds when he had left the wood."

[592] After the month's merry-making, Sañjaya summoned his captain-in-chief, and said, "We have stayed a long time in the forest; is the road ready for my son's return?" He replied, "Yes, my lord, it is time to go." He sent word to Vessantara, and with his army departed, following with all his host the road which had been prepared from the heart of Vaṁka hill to the city of Jetuttara. This the Master explained as follows:

"The royal road was newly made, with flowers and bunting fair arrayed
From where he lived in forest glade down to the town Jetuttara.

His sixty thousand mates around, and boys and women places found,
Brahmins and Vesiyas, homeward bound unto the town Jetuttara.

There many an elephant mahout, the charioteers and men afoot,
With all the royal guard to boot were going to Jetuttara.

Warriors that skulls [1] or pelties wore, of mailed men with swords good store,
To guard the prince went on before down to the town Jetuttara."

The king traversed this journey of sixty leagues in two months. He then entered Jetuttara, decorated to receive him, and went up to the palace. This the Master explained:

"Then the fair city entered they, with walls and arches high,
With songs and dances, food and drink in plentiful supply.

Delighted were the country folk and people of the town
To welcome back to Sivi land their prince of high renown.

All waved their kerchiefs in the air to see the giver come;
Now is a gaol-delivery proclaimed by beat of drum."

[593] So King Vessantara set free all creatures, down to the very cats; and on the day that he entered the city, in the evening, he thought: "When day dawns, the suitors who have heard of my

return will come, and what shall I give them?" At that moment Sakka's throne grew hot: he considered, and saw the reason. He brought down a rain of the seven kinds of jewels like a thundershower, filling the back and front of the palace with them waist-high, and over all the city knee-deep. Next day, he allotted this or that place to various families and let them pick up the jewels; the rest he made to be collected and placed in his own dwelling with his treasure; and in his treasuries he had enough to distribute always in future. This the Master explained as follows:

"When as Vessantara came back, Sivi's protector king,
The god a shower of precious gold upon the place did bring.

So when Vessantara the prince his generous gifts had given;
He died at last, and fully wise, he passed away to heaven."

When the Master had ended this discourse of Vessantara, with its thousand stanzas, he identified the Birth: "At that time, Devadatta was Jūjaka, the lady Cincā was Amittatāpanī, Channa was Cetaputta, Sāriputta was the ascetic Accuta, Anuruddha was Sakka, King Suddhodana was King Sañjaya, Mahāmāyā was Phusatī, Rāhula's mother was Queen Maddī, Rāhula was Prince Jāli, Uppalavaṇṇā was Kaṇhājinā, the followers of Buddha were the rest of the people, and King Vessantara was I myself [1]."

Footnotes

246:1 *Dakarākkhasa-pañho niṭṭhito.*

246:2 See No. 483 (trans. IV. 167).

246:3 See Hardy, *Manual,* p. 150; and Vol. IV. p. 104 of this translation.

248:1 I.e. before she became the mother of Buddha.

249:1 The Ten Boons, according to the scholiast, are: (1) to be chief queen, (2) to have dark eyes, (3) to have dark eyebrows, (4) to be named Phusatī, (5) to have a son, (6) to keep her figure slim, (7) that her breasts be firm, (8) not to become grey-haired, (9) to have soft skin, (10) to save the condemned. This section is called *Dasa-vara-gāthā.*

249:2 Reading *n'assan tu* for *nassantu.* Cf. the Burmese version, p. 7: "grant that my hair may not whiten."

249:3 I.e. may I be fair enough to keep my influence over the king.

249:4 The compound *khujjatecalākkhakākiṇṇe* I cannot understand. It may contain *khujja* "humpback" and *ceṭaka* "slave"; but the second part may possibly represent some such word as *celaṁ* "cloth," or even *celukkhepa* "waving of cloths in token of joy." The next compound I translate as though it were *sūtamāgadha°,* as Fausbøll suggests in his note. *Citraggalerughusite* seems to contain *aggala* "a peg" and *ugghosita* "sounded," in some form; the scholiast uses the word "door."

249:5 Here the story proper begins; we have returned to the time referred to in the introduction, p. 247.

250:1 *Vaiçya.*

250:2 *kammajavātā.*

251:1 So the Burmese, p. 9: but *catusaṭṭhi* usually means 64. The idea was however that four should attend on him in each of the sixty divisions of the day and night.

251:2 Four *nahutas* (the *nahuta* is one followed by 28 ciphers).

253:1 *urūḷhavo?*

253:2 *vaṭṁsakā?*

254:1 *devatāvattanena* seems to be out of place; it should go with *nikkhamiṁsu* according to the Burmese, and common sense.

254:2 Ugga: a mixed caste, by a Kshatriya father from a Çūdra mother. The scholiast, however, explains the word by *uggatā paññātā,* as though from *uggacchati.*

254:3 See below, p. 267 (text, p. 515).

256:1 Reading *dakkhiṇaṁ* with B^{d}; *adakkhiṇam* violates the metre.

257:1 The last two stanzas are repeated, with a difference, from V. 259^{21-4}, trans. V. p. 133.

258:1 The plants named are: *kuṭaja* (Wrightia Antidysenterica), *bimbajāla* (Momordica Monadelpha), *lemapadmaka* (hairy lotus).

258:2 *Himavanta-vaṇṇanā.*

259:1 Four stanzas, almost the same, are here condensed into one. The tree is *kaṇikāra* (Pterospermum Acerifolium).

260:1 The scholiast says: "He knew that the gift of spirits brings no fruit with it, but gave it nevertheless, that tipplers might have the "noble gift" and might not be able to say that they could not get what they wanted." This shews a tolerance not always seen in the pious.

261:1 *atiyakkhā:* "bhūtavijjā ikkhaṇikā," "women possest who have seen demons."

261:2 Compare above, p. 47[22] (trans., p. 30), V. 258 [28] (trans., p. 132), and the following lines.

261:3 The scholiast, in his comment paraphrasing the above, adds another stanza (p. 504):

"Then sounded forth a mighty sound, a terrible great roar;
"For giving gifts they banish thee—now hast thou given more!"

262:1 *abhisasiṁ:* "*pīḷesiṁ,*" schol.

262:2 *paṁkamhi:* "*kāmapaṁkamhi,*" schol.

263:1 *gohanubbeṭhanena: gohanaṁ* is cowdung (see V. 246). I take this to refer to the patties of cowdung used as fuel.

263:2 *icche* occurs for the first time here; it comes from , "to rule" (schol. "issarā hoti").

266:1 "Here endeth the Gift Section (Dāna-khaṇḍam)."

267:1 Compare 584[11] below, 532[14], and *Mahābhārata* (Calcutta) XII. 13, 727.

267:2 Above, p. 254 (text, p. 490).

269:1 *karañja* (Pongamia Glabra), *kakudha* (Terminalia Arjuna).

269:2 Read *pavisitvā taṁ.*

270:1 Read *dva* for *deva.*

270:2 "Here endeth the Entering into the Forest (Vanappavesana-khaṇḍaṁ)."

271:1 A pun on *amitto,* "foe."

271:2 A sacrifice nine days after birth?

272:1 Reading *agantva.*

272:2 "Equal in caste, quality, and position," schol.

273:1 The scholiast says: "When he entered the wood, not knowing the road to Vaṁka hill he became perplext and went astray: as he sat there, the dogs of a countryman of Ceta surrounded him to keep watch; then he climbed up a tree and cried with a loud voice" *(kandi)*. I take it rather from स्कन्द्, as in IV. 471[1], i.e. he leapt aside, went astray. The scholiast anticipates what is soon to come.

274:1 Reading *āhutiṁ* = आहुतिं.

274:2 *āsadañcamasañjaṭaṁ.* The division of the words is doubtful. Schol. *ākaḍḍhitvā phalānaṁ gaṇhanattham aṁkusañ ca aggidahanañ ca jaṭañ ca dhārento.* I see nothingp. 274 to suggest a "hook," unless perhaps *āsada,* "food-giver" (आशु): but the rest of the couplet describes the religious trappings of the ascetic. *camasa* should be "bowl" or "spoon," and *āsada,* perhaps "fire,"

as suggested by schol. B[d], *aggijuhana-kaṭacchusank-hātimasañ ca.* This couplet might have described the ascetic who comes in later.

275:1 *dhara* (Grislea Tomentosa), *assakaṇṇa* (Vatica Robusta), *khadira* (Acacia Catechu), *phandana* (Butea Frondosa).

275:2 *najjuha:* I cannot identify this bird.

275:3 Other trees mentioned are: *kapittha* (Feronia Elephantum), *kapitthana = kapitana?* (Thespesia Populneoides).

275:4 The names of the trees are given in full, and may be found in Childers. We may add the following: *kuṭajī = kuṭajo?, kuṭṭha* (Costus Speciosus कुष्ट)

uddhālaka (unknown), *somarukkha = somavakka?, puttajiva* (Putranjīva Roxburghii).

276:1 The words *siṁghātakā, samsādiya, pasādiyā* need explanation. They appear to be plants; the two latter are explained as a kind of rice. *bhiṁsa* is a flower = भीष्मं, *Mahavastu* III. 92[12], etc.

276:2 *upayanakā: "kakkaṭakā."*

276:3 This couplet is made up of words which express joy and affection, and seems to contain names for the birds playfully made; *jīvaputto* means one who has living children. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to hear an echo of their melodious chirping. The scholiast says: *tesam etān' eva nāmāni ahesuṁ.*

276:4 Jūjaka.

276:5 The following lines occur: V. 323 (trans., V. p. 170; see also IV. p. 270).

278:1 Again I omit many names in this description, for which I know no English equivalents.

280:1 See VI. 532[14] (above, p. 276); V. 323[16], 377[21] (trans., pp. 171, 200); cp. IV. 427[26] (trans., p. 207).

280:2 See p. 277 above.

280:3 Perhaps with an allusion to his mother's gift, p. 250 above. So the Burmese.

281:1 *upaghāte: "sīsaṁhi upasiṁghite."*

282:1 *uddharissam:* of coming out of the river on the other side. So *Mahāvastu* II. 244[8], *nadīto kacchapo uddharitvā.*

282:2 *nikkha*: equal to five *suvaṇṇas.*

283:1 *anumajjatha?*

283:2 *visamacakkhulo:* or "of different colours," as the Burmese version has it.

284:1 See above, p. 80. The verses have been compressed in translation.

285:1 This line does not scan, and does not give the required sense, "it is nothing to me" (*mama na kiñci hotu,* sch.). Read with *B*[d] *aṭhāna me* for *aṭṭhānam* (cp. line 25 of text), "this is wrong," and omit *taṁ* (or omit *me*).—Perhaps *aṭṭhānam etaṁ* is concealed here.

285:2 Reading: *sakā mātā, pitā n' atthi* (*B*^{d} has *pitā*). So Burmese version.

287:1 "Here endeth the Children's Section *(kumārapaṅhaṁ)*." Schol.

287:2 *te.* So Burmese version. The versicle has *tayo.*

287:3 *rumbhitvā?*

287:4 *dasa disā na paññāyiṁsu.*

288:1 She appeals to them as a princess. Schol.

290:1 See IV. 359[1] (p. 226 of the translation).

292:1 Four lines in another metre interrupt this couplet, which mention the names of Indra, Brahma, Prajāpati, with kings Soma, Varna, and Vessavana.

292:2 "Here endeth the Chapter of Maddī." Schol.

292:3 See above, p. 276.

293:1 See above, pp. 48, 277, 280.

293:2 See p. 280.

293:3 As a symbol of donation, water was poured upon the right hand *(dakkhinodakaṁ)*.

293:4 bhakuṭī भकुटी "a frown." Not in Childers.

294:1 See II. 86 (trans., p. 59), IV. 65 (trans., p. 42).

294:2 No trace has hitherto been found in the South of the Three Vehicles of Northern Buddhism *(Çiksāsamuccaya* 328[8], cp. *Lotus de la Bonne Loi* 315*)*; it is therefore worth while quoting the note on the word *brahmayānaṁ:* "seṭṭhayānaṁ, tividho hi sucaritadhammo evarūpo dānadhammo ariyamaggassa paccayo hotīti, brahmayānam ti vuccati."

294:3 *anokkamma:* "apāyabhūmim anokkamitvā" used absolutely. No example in Childers.

295:1 "Here endeth the Sakka Chapter." Schol. *(Sakka-pabbaṁ)*.

296:1 The world is destroyed sometimes by fire or water, sometimes by wind. The construction is difficult; I take *vātābhihatassa sineruno* as gen. absol., and the object as understood.

297:1 Reading *hatthinādisatena* with B[d]. This must be the sense, but the reading is uncertain.

297:2 See III. 371[21] (trans., p. 234).

298:1"Torn out by the twigs of the trees." Schol.

298:2 Compare V. 259[4] (trans., p. 132).

298:3 *usabhaṁ* = 20 yaṭṭhis.

299:1 "The people of Kāsi had returned him to Sañjaya, ruin having fallen in their country; he trumpeted with joy because he expected to see his mother again." Schol.

299:2 "Here endeth the Mahārājā Section *(Mahārājā-pabbaṁ)*." Schol.

302:1 "Here endeth the Section of the Six Princes *(Chakhattiya-khaṇḍaṁ)*." Schol.

302:2 Touching the earth with forehead, elbows, waist, feet, and knees.

303:1 *paccayo:* "born on the same day as himself." Schol.

303:2 One of Indra's gardens.

303:3 *akkhohinī,* the proverbial word for an army complete in all points and numbering 10,000,000[6].

304:1 karotiyā: sīsakarotiko ti laddhanāmā sīse paṭimukkakaroṭino yodhā.

305:1 A number of verses follow, describing the contents of the Jātaka book. They are the work of some copyist.

INDEX.

Ābhassara deity 32

abhijjhitā 230

abhisasim 269

Accata 276

Acceptable service 109

Accimukhī 101, 113

Accuta 305

Act of Truth 1, 51

Actors 102

adda 149

adubbha 149

Ajātasattu 68

Ajjuna 108

Akāsiyā 111

Akitti 55

Ālambāna 99

Alambāyam ff

Alāta, Alātaka 115

Aḷavaka 156

Aims-hall 54, 250, 251 252

Alms *versus* holiness 55 ff.

Amarā 182, 246

Ambaṭṭha 246

Amittatāpanī 305

anālayo 181

Ānanda 37, 52, 53, 68, 113, 126, 156, 246

Aṅga 108, 127, 132, 134

Aṅgati 114

Aṅgīrasa 55

Aṅgulimāla 156

Animals with magic properties 227

anokkamma 294

Anujjā 141

Anukevaṭṭa ff.

anumajjatha 283

anūnanāmo? 152

Anuruddha 52, 68, 156, 205

Anuttatāpanā 270

Ārañjara 256, 266

Architect's plan 158

Ariṭṭha 86

Ariṭṭhajanaka 19, 21 28

Ariṭṭhapura 215

Armour 231, 233, 304

āsada 275

Ascetic 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 29, 30, 40, 115, 240, 275

Ass question 169

Assaka 55

Assakaṇṇa 66

Assatara 85, 169

Attainments 18, 37

Aṭṭhaka 55, 125

atthara 13

atiyakkhā 261

Avici hell 6, 178

bahula 137

Bahusodari 47

Baka 156

Balance 119

Bandhuma 247

Bandhumatī 247

Banyan Grove 246

Bark garments 13, 45

Bath 21

Battle of the Law 206

Benares 1, 18, 40, 43, 65, 69, 80, 81, 82, 83, 85, 88, 104

Benares cloth 259

Bhaddaji 126

Bhaddakāpilānī 52

Bhaddasena 71

Bhaddiya 72

bhadra 137

Bhaggari 18

Bhagīrasa 55

bhakuṭi 293

Bhāradvāja 276

Bhārata 55

Bhavagga 178

Bhavaseṭṭhi 117

Bheṇṇākaṭa 120

Bherī 240, 246

Bhikkhudāsikā 248

Bhogavati 132

bhuja 50

Bhūridatta 87, 113

Bhūri-pañho 188

Bījaka 117, 126

Bimbā 246

Bīraṇī 62

Birth ceremonies 2

Birth fellows 157

Birth fellows of a Buddha 2

Birth, miraculous 41

Black ball question 163

Black mountain 126, 131, 146

Blessed One 38, 69, 114, 246, 247

Bodhisatta 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 13, 15, 16, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 31, 34, 36, 37, 41, 42, 43, 49, 52, 70, 76, 79, 80, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 101, 108, 109, 113, 121, 126, 156, 171, 177, 181, 182, 185, 186, 196, 207, 208, 215, 225, 240, 250, 252, 254, 256, 264, 270, 280, 281

Boiled rice question 168

Boons 294

Bow, mighty 25

Brahma 18, 110, 114, 121, 125, 126, 251, 287, 292

Brahma's world 37, 40, 52, 53, 54, 68, 125, 127, 156

Brahmadatta 80, 81

Brahman 11, 40, 44, 107, 108, 110, 112, 115, 155, 239, 261, 304

Breath of snakes 42

Buddha 39, 54, 65, 68, 70, 80, 113, 114, 116, 127, 130, 141, 155, 156, 169, 173, 182, 247, 248, 305

Buddha born with medicinal plant in hand 157

Building 158

Burnouf referred to 32

Butea shoot held in sacrifice 111

Cakkavāla 137

Calumny, story of 197

Calving question 167

Campā 20

Canda 69 ff., 80, 122, 130

Candādevī 1, 2, 4, 7, 12, 15, 17

Candaka 118

Caṇḍāla 216

Candasena 80

Castes 11, 44, 56, 107, 110, 239, 250, 255, 261, 304

Cattle question 160

Catuposatha-khaṇḍaṁ 129

catusaṭṭh.i 251

Cetā 141, 266

Cetaputta 305

Ceylon 18

Chakhattiya-khaṇḍaṁ 302

Chambhī 242

Chameleon question 173

Chāndogya-upanishad Comm. referred to 137

Channa 305

channapatha- 183

Chariot, magic 25

Chariot question 165

Çikṣāsamuccaya referred to 57, 121, 210

Cincā 305

citraggalerughusiṭe 249

Cittakūḷa 83

Cittakūṭa 66

Cittalatā 136, 303

Clothes 259

Cock question 167

Comparative merits of mother, wife, brother, friend, brahmin, self, and wise man 242

Cotton thread question 162

Cow of plenty 110

Cūḷanī 246

Cūlani-Brahmadatta ff.

Cullanandikā 246

Cup of inauguration 31

Dakarakkhasa, question of 241, 242

Dakarakkhasa-pañho 246

dakkhinodakaṁ 293

Dāna-khaṇḍam 266

dasa disā na paññāyiṁsu 287

Dasabala 247, 248

Dasaṇṇa 120

Dasa-rara-gāthā 249

Datta 86

Degrees of holiness, three 55

Deity, how attained 108

Desire 17, 29

Devadatta 68, 69, 80, 113, 126, 246, 305

Devātāpucchita-pañho 191

Devinda 156 ff., 246

Dhammā 248

Dhammadinnā 248

Dhammapada referred to 31, 189

Dhammapāla 141

Dhanañjaya ff., 156

Dhanusekha 243

Dhātā 107

Dhataraṭṭha 83, 125

Dīghapiṭṭhi 164

Dighatālā 163

Dīghāvu 28, 34, 37

Diṭṭhamangalikā 246

Dogs of hell 124

Dohaḷakhaṇḍam 134

dosinā 116

Dream 153, 279

Dream at conception of Buddha 156

Drink 15, 200

Dudīpa 55

Dujīpa 108

Dukūla, Dukūlaka 40, 41, 42, 48, 49

Dunniviṭṭha 266

Duties, ten 52

Duty of the good man 149

Dvāravatī 216

Ecstatic meditation 18

Education 21

Ekabala 198

Ekarājā 69

Ekūnavisati-pañho 172

Elders 18

Elephant flying 251

Elephants' caparison 253

Elephants charmed by the lute 127

Emendations suggested, with remarks on the text 2, 5, 15, 22, 23, 39, 49, 50, 73, 75, 87, 93, 101, 102, 106, 119, 183, 187, 213, 218, 221, 223, 230, 231, 236, 240, 243, 249, 254, 256,242 269, 270, 272, 274, 285, 296, 297

Enlightened One 39

Erāvaṇa 136

Etiquette of obeisance 207

Eunuchs 261

Excellences 53, 68

Faculties 13, 18, 32, 37

Fairy 78

Fast 22

Father-in-law 229

Fear of hell 4, 5

Feer referred to 10

Fire sacrifice 114

Fire worship 109

Firefly question 187

First Path 248

Five sacred products of the law 153

Food, lawful 35

Fortune tellers 7

Four great kings, heaven of 66

Fourfold sabbath vow 88

Friends, false 189

Friends, honour of 10

Fruit of deeds 151

Gadrabha-pañho 171

Gaming 132, 137

Gaming song 137

Gandhabba 129, 131

Gandhamādana 47, 51, 268

Gandhāra robes 259

Ganges 40, 108, 180, 220, etc.

Gaol-delivery 220

Garden goddesses 24

Garuḷa 93, 94, 102, 127, 129

Gates 20

Gem, octagonal 167

Gem question 167

Gharāvāsa-khaṇḍaṁ 140

Giant with 1,000 arms 108

Gift of the Seven Hundreds 256, 261

Gift to the Buddha rewarded 247

Gijjhakūṭa 68

Goat question 175

Goblin 12, 45, 78, 83, 89, 126, 131, 131, 137, 146, 163, 194, 266

Goddess of white umbrella 3

gohanubbeṭhanena 263

Goḷakāḷa 163

Goḷakāla problem 163

Golden Home 132

Good friend, the 121

Good luck and bad luck question 173

Gorimanda 179

Gotama 68, 80, 248

Gotami 76

Goyāniya 136

Great Being 11, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 25, 33, 34, 35, 36, 43, 45, 46, 51, 52, 54, 67, 87, 89, 91, 97, 98, 105, 107, 112, 123, 124, 138, 139, 140, 141, 144, 145, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 162, 170, 177, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 188, 190, 191, 194, 195, 196, 197, 203, 206, 212, 213, 214, 215, 219, 203, 206, 212, 213, 214, 215, 219, 220, 232, 241, 242, 250, 251, 252, 253, 255, 256, 257, 262, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 274, 279, 280, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 299, 300, 302

Great Renunciation 1, 19, 37

Grey hairs 53

Grierson, *Bihār Peasant Life,* referred to 26

Guṇa 116, 126, 169

Gūtha hell 6

Guttā 248

Hall of Truth 1, 19, 80, 126, 153, 156

haṁsi 171

Hands, impressions of on walls 28

Hardy referred to 28, 29

Hardy, *Manual,* referred to 246

Harṣacarita referred to 28

hatthattharādīhi 28

Head question 166

Heaven 18, 62 ff., 66, 113, 120, 125, 127, 136, 155

Hells 1, 3, 6, 57 ff., 120, 123 ff., 178, 221, 222, 224

Heretic 121

Hermitage 17

Himalaya 29, 32, 37, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 93, 96, 101, 105, 127, 130, 132, 136, 154, 197, 217, 257, 269, 287

Himavanta-vaṇṇanā 258

Hitopadesa referred to 49, 96

Honour before kings, how to attain 142

Householder's life 139

Human sacrifice 274

Hunters' village 40

icche 263

Inauguration 29

Indapatta 126, 134, 149

Indestructibles, seven 117

Indra 260, 292

Indra's right arm 111

Inspector of King's jewels 194

Irandatī 30

Īsadhara 66

Jāli 252, 305

Jambāvatī 216

Jambudīpa 6

Janaka 33

Janasandha 141

Jātakas translated:

- Bhūridatta 80
- Khaṇḍahāla 68

Mahājanaka 19

Mahānārada-Kassapa 114

Mahāummagga 156

Mugapakkha 1

Nimi 53

Sāma 38

p. 310

Jātakas translated:

Vessantara 246

Vidhurapaṇḍita 126

Jātakas referred to in text:

Ayoghara 18

Catuposatha 128

Hatthipāla 18

Kuddālaka 18

Kusa 1

Mūgapakkha 18, 19, 41

Paṇḍara 93

Ummagga 250

Jātakas referred to in notes:

Catuposatha 88

Java 120

Jetattura 247

Jetavana 1, 19, 38, 39, 126, 156

Jewel, a wonderful 135

Judas tree 233

Jūjaka 270, 305

Jungle scenes 258 ff.

Kaccāna 138

Kaccāyana 134

Kakantaka-pañho 173

kakkaṭaka 276

Kālacampā 20, 28, 127 ff.

Kāḷadevala 246

Kālagiri 146

Kālapabbata 146

Kāḷavela 18

Kālikara 55

Kālinga 252

Kāḷūpakāḷa 124

Kambala 85

Kamboja 110

kaṁkham 129

Kampilla 198

Kampilliyā 224

Kāṇāriṭṭha 87, 113

kanavera 208

kandi 273

Kanhāgana clan 216

Kaṇhājinā 252, 305

kaṇike 168

Kapilavatthu 246

Kāra 13

kāraṇikā 60

Karavīka 66

Karma 42

Karma a myth 116, 117

karoṭiyā 304

Kāsi 2, 7, 9, 10, 14, 44, 46, 48, 49, 50, 85, 93, 104, 105, 106, 108

Kāsi cloth 29

Kāsi silk 77

Kāsirājā 1, 2, 18

Kassapa 33, 52, 55, 80, 114, 116 ff.

Kaṭakandhakāra 18

Kaṭarajanaka 68

katatto 143

Kathāsarit-sāgara referred to 26, 31, 127

Kātiya 144

Kātiyāna 147

katte 145

Kaṭṭharaka 13

Kāvinda 156 ff., 246

Kekaka 137

Kelāsa 267

Kesinī 71

Ketumatī 268

Kevaṭṭa 198 ff., 246

Khajjopanaka-pañho 187

khalamkapādo 2

Khaṇḍahāla 69 ff.

khara 124

Khattiya 21, 44, 55, 107, 110, 112, 115, 126, 261, 266

khattiyamāyā 189

Khemā 37, 247, 248

Khuddakatissa, Elder 18

khujjatecalākhhakākiṇṇe 249

Kiki 248

Kiḷana-Khaṇḍam 98

Killing 110, 117

Kimbilā 64

Kimpurusa 130

Kinnara 41, 43, 44

Kisavaccha 55

Kodumbara cloth 259

Kokilā 71

Koñca 140

Kontimārā 256

Koravya 127

Kosambī 120

Kosiya 95

kuḍḍamukhī 118

Kumārapañhaṁ 287

Kuṇḍalī 246

Kuru 126, 129, 136

Kurukhetta 141

Kusa 167

Kūṭadanta 156

Kuvera 107, 132, 147

Lake question 172

Lakkha-khaṇḍaṁ 141

Lalita Vistara referred to 85

Lāḷudāyī 246

"Late Comers" 18

Laṭṭhivana 114

Licchavi 126

Letter 195

Life being used up 61

Life in the woodland 270

Long life 53

Loves of fairies for men 217

Maccha 137

Maddas, the 1

Maddī 252, 305

Maddi-pabbam 292

Magadha 114, 120

Māgha 55

Mahābhārata referred to 31, 267

Mahācūḷanī 242

Mahājanaka, King 19, 21, 23, 26, 34, 37

Mahāmaliyadeva, Elder 18

Mahāmāyā 80, 246, 248, 305

Mahānāga, Elder 18

Mahārājā-pabbam 299

Mahārakkhita, Elder 18

Mahāsattassa panyesani-khaṇḍam 105

Mahāsiva, Elder 18

Mahātissa, Elder 18

Mahāummagga-khaṇḍaṁ 239

Mahāvagga referred to 29, 52

Mahāvaṁsaka, Elder 18

Mahāvastu referred to 57, 114

Mahosadha 159, 246

Makhādeva 53, 54

māla 204

mālika 137

Maliyamakādeva 19

Maṅgana 18

Maṅi-khaṇḍaṁ 136

Maṇimekhalā 22

Manojava 55

Manosilātalaṁ 203

Manu referred to 110

Marks, lucky 2, 7

Masakkasāra 140

Mātali 56 ff.

Māthara 215

Mātiposakhasatta 39

Matted hair 13, 101

Māyā 248

Maynah bird 214

Mayūra 140

Meals 21

Mechanical devices 223

Meṇḍaka-pañho 178

Meru 91

Migācira 127

Migājina 33, 34, 37

Migasammatā 40, 41, 43, 47

Milinda referred to 171

Mind the creator 111

Minstrel, heavenly 9

Miracle 9, 22, 51, 56, 141, 209, 266, 292, 301, 304

Missaka 136

Mithilā 19, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 34, 53, 54, 56, 64, 67, 114, 123, 156 ff.

Moggallāna 37, 80, 113, 126, 156

Moon-days 54

Moon-feast 115

Mortality 16

Mucalinda 55, 269, 277

Mud from Himalaya 197

Muditā 71

Mujalinda 108

Music 14

Music in front of a chariot that contains a rider 25

Nāga 44, 48, 80 ff., 127

Nāgara-khaṇḍam 86

Nāgara pavesana-khaṇḍam 105

najjuha 275

Naked ascetic 115, 119

Nālika 268

Nalinī 150

Nandā 70, 71, 224

Nandana 70, 120, 136, 159, 201

Nandana Grove 248

Nārada 32, 33, 37, 114, 121, 122 292

Naradeva 194

Naraka 61

Necklace of thread question 161

Nemi 54

Nemindhara 66

Nimi 54, 55, 56, 58 ff., 68

Ninth day's sacrifice 271

nippadesato 117

Nirayapālā 180

Nirvana 248

Northern sect 21

Nurses, lucky marks of 251

Nurses, qualities of 2

odhisuṁkhaṁ 136

Oil on the waters 245

Omens 287

Osadha-kumāra 158

Outcasts 79

Pabbata 292

Paccaya 251

paccayo 303

Pacceka Buddha 26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 116, 165, 270

pakka 204

pakkhadivasa 54

paṁkamhi 262

Pañcāla 78, 137

Pañcālacaṇḍa 224 ff.

Pañcālacaṇḍī 210 ff., 246

Pañcapaṇḍita-pañho 197

Paṇṇaka 126

Parable of a chariot 125

Paranimmita heaven 136

Parasol, royal 240

Pārī, Pārikā 40, 41, 42, 49

Pārībhindana-kathā 197

Pārichatta 136

Parinibbāna 19

Park question 169

Parrot, carrier 199

Parrots are of the Vessa caste 215

pasādiyā 276

Paṭācārā 248

Paths 52, 248

Payāga 106

Perfections 1, 2, 20

Peta world 55

Petavatthu referred to 10

Phārusaka 136

Phusatī 247, 248, 305

Phussadeva, Elder 18

Piliyakkha 43, 44, 47, 48

Pilotika 246

Piṅgala 117

Piṅguttara 173

Pit of sacrifice 73, 77

piṭṭhimatī 202

Piyaketa 140

piyaṅgu 162

Play on words 169, 271

Plowing festival 246

Poison of a frog 104

Polajanaka 19, 20, 21, 22

Pole for carrying 13

Pole question 166

Poor and rich question 179

Poṭṭhapāda 246

Prajāpati 292

Precepts 54, 113

Predestination 117

Price of meat question 160

Price set on children 297

Prince, dumb 3

Princess hard to please 24

pubbadevatā 183

Pukkusa 156 ff., 246

Pun 169, 271

Punishments 3, 197

Puṇṇaka 131

Puṇṇamukha 72

Pupphavatī 69, 70, 76

Purification 117

Puthujjana 55

Questions, hard 160

Questions of the goddess 187

Rāhula 37, 80, 156, 305

Rāhula's mother 305

Rain, magical 301, 304

Rain-making 252

Rain, miraculous 247

Rājagaha 120, 132, 246

Rājavasatikhaṇḍaṁ 143

Rama 288

Rāmāyana referred to 31

Rathavatī 217

Regents 91, 136

Requisites 13

Riddles 24, 177, 178, 182, 183

Right side 24

Rightwise movement 8, 67, 276

Ripening of sin 58 ff.

Ritual of sacrifice 111

Roruva hell 120

Rujā 114, 126

rumbhitvā 287

Sabala 124

sabbasaṁhāraka 162

Sabhiya 156

Saccaka 246

Sacrifice and offering 70, 71, 107, 108, 109

Sāgara 55, 108

Sāgara-Brahmadatta 82

Sages, seven 55

Sakka 1, 2, 9, 10, 13, 17, 20, 28, 29, 41, 52, 54. 55, 56, 57, 65, 66, 67, 68, 79, 88, 89, 90, 91, 108, 120, 125, 127, 128, 130, 136, 140, 156, 157, 159, 165, 166, 167, 194, 246, 248, 249, 250, 251, 270, 292, 293, 294, 295, 305

Sakka pabbaṁ 295

Sakya 246

Salt, how it came in the sea 108, 111

Salutation 79

Sāma. 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 124

Samana, the great 114

Samaṇā 248

Samanī 248

Saṁghadāsī 248

Saṁkhapāla 198

saṁsādiyā 82, 276

saṁsumbhamānā 50

Samudda 55

Sand question 168

Sañjaya 247, 305

santi 137

Sāriputta 18, 37, 80, 113, 126, 156, 246, 305

sāvaṭa 137

Sāvatthi 38, 39, 65, 80

savatthiko 167

Secret path question 182

Secrets 192

Sela 55

Senaka 156 ff., 246

Seta 74, 80

Seven Hundreds, gift of the 256, 261

Shadow of tree does not move 247

Shrines in a wood 90

Sīdā 55, 66

Sīdantara 66

Siddhattha 246

Siege 202 ff.

Signs, riddling 241

Sīla-khaṇḍam 97

silesito 125

Simbali 127

simghātakā 276

Sindh horse, magic 131

Sindh horses 14, 116, 171, 261

Sineru 66, 136, 251, 265, 2.46, 301

Siṅgāla 72

Sirikāḷakaṇṇipañho 174

Sirimandapañho 182

Sirivaḍḍhaka 157

Sītā 288

Sīvalī 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 35, 36, 37

Sivi 215, 247

Slavery 72

Snake, dance 98, 102

Snake, how to distinguish male and female 167

Snake in anthill 42

Snake question 167

Snake's breath 42

Solomon, judgment of 162

Soma 107, 292

Somadatta 88, 113

Somayāga 55

Son question 162

Soṇadinna 62

Sotumbarā 262

Spell 93 ff.

Spirits of the woods 268

Spirituous liquors, gift of 260

Sprinkling 229, 252

Steel refined 231

Step-father 244

Stone of ceremony 24, 25

Street of the Vessas 250

Striving 23

Subhaga 86, 113

Suburb towns at city gates 157

Sudassara 66, 86, 113

Sudda 107, 110, 261

Sudhammā 57, 61, 66, 67,159, 246, 248,305

Sujampati 249

Sumanā 157

Sumaṅgana-Vilāsini referred to 151

Sunakkhata 113, 126

Sunāma 115, 126

Sunanda 10, 12, 14

Sunandā 71

Sundarī 246

Supaṇṇa 127 (*see also* Garuḷa)

Sūra 80

Surasena 137

Suriya 71, 80

Suvaṇṇabhūmi 21

Suvaṇṇagiritāla 266

Suvaṇṇasāma 41, 43, 45, 52

Takkasilā 173

Talatā 224, 242, 246

Tank question 168

Tathāgata 19, 38, 68, 69, 80, 114, 126

Temiya-kumāra 3, 4, 6, 8, 13, 14

Temptation 7

Tests, sixteen great 7

Thirty-three, Heaven of the 54, 57, 66, 70, 120, 127, 136, 157, 250

Three Vehicles in Southern Buddhism 294

Throne of Sakka becomes hot 1, 9, 41, 54

Throws with dice 137

Thūṇā 35, 36

Ticket-food 39

tidaṇḍam 125

Tikhiṇamantī 244

Tope 37

Topknot, badge of slavery 72

Toycart referred to 127

Toys 4, 9, 284

Transformations 147

Treasures, sixteen great 24

Trees and plants 258, 259, 269, 275

Trick of the tortoise 83

Tunnel 223

Tusita heaven 136

Udāyi, Elder 246

uddharissam 282

Udumbarā 174, 194, 246

Ugga caste 254, 255

ulloka 223

Umbrella, white 3, 17, 19, 25, 26, 82, 136, 190, 197

Umbrella, Goddess of 3, 190 ff.

upabhoga-paribhoga 210

upādhiratam 14

upaghāte 281

Upārīmaṇḍakamāla 18

Upaseṇī 71

upayanakā 276

Uposatha 1, 54, 64, 80, 88, 98, 128

Uposatha-Khaṇḍam 88

Uppalavaṇṇā 18, 37, 52, 80, 113, 246, 248, 305

Uracchadā 248

urūḷhavo 253

Uruvelā 114

Uruvela-Kassapa 114, 126

usā 45

Usīnara 55, 125

Ussada bell 1, 3

Uttarapañcāla 198 ff.

Vaccha 217

Vaddha 72

Vajjī 120

Vaḷabhi 132

Vāma family 80

Vāmagotta 71

Vāmataggi 125

Vāmatta-pabbhāra 18

Vaṁka 262

Vaṁsa 120

Vanappavesana-Khaṇḍam 92, 270

vappito 98

varapothakattharaṇaṁ 136

varāvaṁ 140

Varuṇa 85, 107, 127, 147, 154, 156

Vāsava 67, 249, 255

Vasavatti 69, 73

Vāsula 75, 80

vaṭaṁsakā 253

Veda 107, 108, 109, 112

Vedas, three 21

Vedeha, Videha 19, 28, 29, 34, 53, 54, 56, 57, 67, 85, 114, 115, 136, 156 ff., 246

Vesiya, Vessa 11, 44, 107, 110, 155, 215, 239, 250, 254, 255, 261, 304

Vejayanta 70, 91, 136

Velaranī 124

velli 235

Vepulla 132

Vermilion uplands 203

Vessāmitta 125

Vessantara 305

Vessavana 131, 150, 154, 292

Vetaraṇī 57, 58

Vicious deeds 57 ff.

Vidhātā 107

Vidhura 126 ff.

Vijaya 115, 126

Vinatā 129, 130, 146, 148

Vinataka 66

Vinaya referred to 114

vinaye rataṁ 118

Vipassī 247

vippito 98

Vipula 268

Virtuous deeds 62 ff.

Virukkha 87

Virūpakkha 87

Visākhā 248

visamacakkhulo 283

Vishṇu Purāna referred to 33

Vissakamma 9, 13, 18, 41, 269

vosagga-vibhangam 111

Water, delicate 55

Water of donation 293

Water worship 109

Wheel of the law 246

Wicked friend 237

Widowhood 263

Wife held in common with another 139

Wife's duties 263

Wisdom 35, 36

Wisdom question 188

Wise judgment 202

Wise men's questions 192

Wise women 261

Wishing-jewel 92

Wishing tree 260

Woodland scenes 278

World of Sakka shakes 20

Yakkha, *see* Goblin

Yakstail 14

Yama 262, 292

Yāma heaven 136

Yāmahanu 55

Yamuna 85

Yamunā 80, 83, 88, 89, 94

Yasassikā 246

yavamajjhaka 157

Yellow dress a dishonour 79

Yugandhara ocean 28, 66

The Jataka, Vol. VI: Page Index

Title Page

page i
page ii
page iii

Preface

page v

Errata

page vi

Contents

page vii
page viii

No. 538.: Mūga-Pakkha Jātaka.

page 1
page 2
page 3
page 4
page 5
page 6
page 7
page 8

page 9
page 10
page 11
page 12
page 13
page 14
page 15
page 16
page 17
page 18
page 19

No. 539.: Mahājanaka-Jātaka.

page 20
page 21
page 22
page 23
page 24
page 25
page 26
page 27
page 28
page 29
page 30
page 31
page 32
page 33
page 34
page 35
page 36
page 37

No. 540.: Sāma-Jātaka.

page 38
page 39
page 40
page 41
page 42
page 43
page 44
page 45
page 46
page 47
page 48
page 49
page 50
page 51
page 52

No. 541.: Nimi-Jātaka.

page 53
page 54
page 55
page 56
page 57
page 58
page 59
page 60
page 61
page 62
page 63
page 64

page 65
page 66
page 67
page 68

No. 542.: The Khaṇḍahāla-Jātaka.

page 69
page 70
page 71
page 72
page 73
page 74
page 75
page 76
page 77
page 78
page 79
page 80

No. 543.: Bhūridatta-Jātaka.

page 81
page 82
page 83
page 84
page 85
page 86
page 87
page 88
page 89
page 90

page 91
page 92
page 93
page 94
page 95
page 96
page 97
page 98
page 99
page 100
page 101
page 102
page 103
page 104
page 105
page 106
page 107
page 108
page 109
page 110
page 111
page 112
page 113

No. 544: Mahānāradakassapa-Jātaka.

page 114
page 115
page 116
page 117
page 118
page 119

page 120
page 121
page 122
page 123
page 124
page 125
page 126

No. 545.: Vidhurapaṇḍita-Jātaka.

page 127
page 128
page 129
page 130
page 131
page 132
page 133
page 134
page 135
page 136
page 137
page 138
page 139
page 140
page 141
page 142
page 143
page 144
page 145
page 146
page 147
page 148

page 149
page 150
page 151
page 152
page 153
page 154
page 155
page 156

No. 546.: The Mahā-Ummagga-Jātaka.

page 157
page 158
page 159
page 160
page 161
page 162
page 163
page 164
page 165
page 166
page 167
page 168
page 169
page 170
page 171
page 172
page 173
page 174
page 175
page 176
page 177

page 178
page 179
page 180
page 181
page 182
page 183
page 184
page 185
page 186
page 187
page 188
page 189
page 190
page 191
page 192
page 193
page 194
page 195
page 196
page 197
page 198
page 199
page 200
page 201
page 202
page 203
page 204
page 205
page 206
page 207
page 208
page 209

page 210
page 211
page 212
page 213
page 214
page 215
page 216
page 217
page 218
page 219
page 220
page 221
page 222
page 223
page 224
page 225
page 226
page 227
page 228
page 229
page 230
page 231
page 232
page 233
page 234
page 235
page 236
page 237
page 238
page 239
page 240
page 241

page 242
page 243
page 244
page 245
page 246

No. 547.: Vessantara-Jātaka.

page 247
page 248
page 249
page 250
page 251
page 252
page 253
page 254
page 255
page 256
page 257
page 258
page 259
page 260
page 261
page 262
page 263
page 264
page 265
page 266
page 267
page 268
page 269
page 270

page 271
page 272
page 273
page 274
page 275
page 276
page 277
page 278
page 279
page 280
page 281
page 282
page 283
page 284
page 285
page 286
page 287
page 288
page 289
page 290
page 291
page 292
page 293
page 294
page 295
page 296
page 297
page 298
page 299
page 300
page 301
page 302

page 303
page 304
page 305

Index

page 306
page 307
page 308
page 309
page 310
page 311
page 312
page 313
page 314